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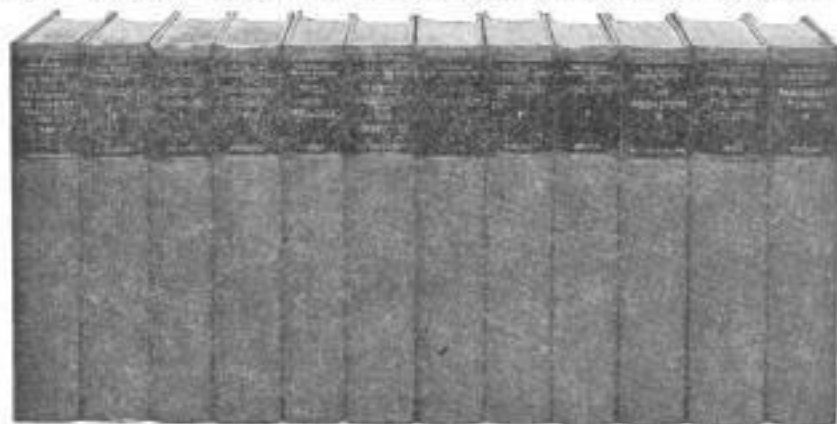
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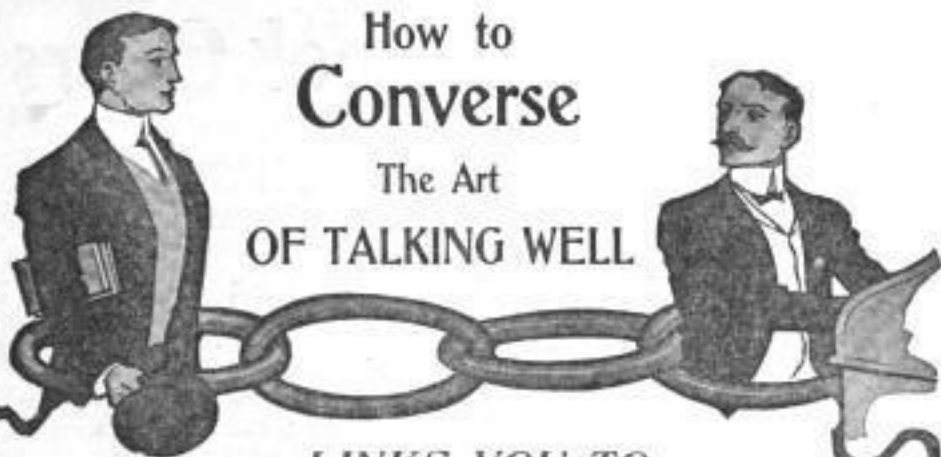
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## The Strand Magazine

EASTER NUMBER



### Dialstone Lane

By W. W. JACOBS

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Old Capt. Bowers finds, in Mr. Chalk, a deeply interested listener to his story about the treasure which he buried with his expedition. "Mr. Chalk, with his mind full of the story, walked homeward like a man in a dream. The scent of lilac revived memories of his childhood and showed him as a boy treading the same road, passing the same houses."

Why couldn't he, Mr. Chalk, organize a Company to go in search of the treasure, go shares—if the money were found. Of course the old Captain must put the expedition. Just see what good he could do with his share. "You could build a hospital! Think of the orphans you could be a father to!" said Mr. Stobell, "and widows," he added. But, no; Capt. Bowers says he can't go. "Before he died he made me promise that the bag should be buried with him and never disturbed. It was full of precious stones—diamonds, rubies and the like; some of them as large as birds' eggs. They blazed like stars. Half a million he put them at or more."

Of course there was no reason why Mr. Chalk and his party should not go in search of the treasure. Pointing to the map he said: "It's buried here. All you have to do is to find the island," and a mischievous smile crossed his beard. "Could the treasure be found now?" asked Mr. Chalk. "Why not?" said the Captain, with a laugh. "The island hasn't run away."

This great serial story will excite even keener interest than the author's previous works, inasmuch as it will display both sides of his genius—not only the humorous, by which he is best known, but the sensational, of which he is quite as great a master. The illustrations, by WILL OWEN, are capital and add much interest to this splendid story.

This story began in the February number. Copies of the February and March numbers can be obtained through your newsdealer or from the publishers.

### Some Other Interesting Features:

**A Nursery for Airships.** By WILLIAM WRIGHT. Illustrations from Photographs.

**"Slaves of the Lamp."** By F. G. GODWIN. Illustrations by ALFRED PEARSE.

**Venerable Babies.** By MARIE CORRIE. Illustrations by GORDON BROWN, R.B.A.

**Echo.** A story by MAX PERMERTON. Illustrations by W. H. WOLLEN, R.I.

**Artists' Types of Beauty.** Illustrations from Paintings and Sketches.

**Old Ballads.** Illustrations from Old Prints.

**Eugene Hunt.** By Mrs. ESKRTON EASTWICK. Illustrations by J. FENIMORE, R.I.

**Battles with Bergs.** By P. T. McGRATH. Illustrations from Photographs.

**A Hermit Priest and his Sculptured Rocks.** By A. FITZGERALD-KNOWLES. Illustrations from Photographs.

**Wizards of Horticulture.** By MARTIN PIERCE. Illustrations from Photographs.

**Wonders of the World.**—A VINERY OF MELONS.—THE ROMANCE OF A RUG. A BURNING SHIP.—A BUTTERFLY BOAT. Illustrations from Photographs.

**A Picture-Puzzle Train.** By EMORY JAMES. Illustrations from Sketches.

### Important Announcement!

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### Collier's War Staff in the East



SINCE the beginning of actual hostilities between Russia and Japan there has been considerable shifting about of war correspondents and photographers, and this map will serve to give an accurate idea of how COLLIER'S is now covering the entire field of action. When it was found impossible for V. Gribayedoff to go to the front on the Russian side, he despatched in his place M. L. Noudeau, a French photographer, who managed to get into Port Arthur several days before the first battle. J. F. J. Archibald is now also in Port Arthur, having reached there shortly after the beginning of hostilities. With the Russian army, whose Manchurian headquarters are established at Harbin, is Victor Bulla, a Russian photographer, sent by COLLIER'S from St. Petersburg, whose pictures will appear exclusively in COLLIER'S. Edwin Emerson, Jr., and H. J. Whigham will both cover the news from the Russian side. With the first Japanese army to advance into Manchuria, COLLIER'S will be represented by Frederick Palmer, correspondent, and James H. Hare, photographer, both of whom were included by the Japanese Government when permits were granted to five American correspondents to accompany the first expedition. With this advance, therefore, COLLIER'S will have two representatives, exclusively, while the "New York Herald," the Chicago "News-Record," and the New York "World" will each have one man. Richard Harding Davis, who has just reached Japan, will go to the front with the second expedition, and will be accompanied by Horace Ashton, photographer. At Seoul, COLLIER'S is represented by R. L. Dunn, whose wonderful pictures of the Japanese occupation of Chemulpo were published last week. By the next mail we should receive photographs of the advance on Seoul and Ping-yang, at both of which places Mr. Dunn has advised us by cable that he was present, although he has been compelled by the Japanese military authorities to return to Seoul. At Tokio COLLIER'S is represented by A. M. Knapp, correspondent, and Genjiro Yeto, the Japanese artist. J. C. O'Loughlin is at St. Petersburg, subject to orders as the situation develops. Gribayedoff, in Paris, gathers from the English and European illustrated papers the originals of their best war material, by special arrangement, for the exclusive use of COLLIER'S in this country. Thus COLLIER'S service includes not only the exclusive letters and photographs of its own large staff at the front, of the drawings of Remington and Reuter, and the articles of Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N., at home, but it is assured of the cream of the material sent by a small army of European correspondents to the papers of London, Paris, Rome, and Berlin.

Next week we shall make a most interesting and important announcement of forthcoming features entirely disconnected with the war.



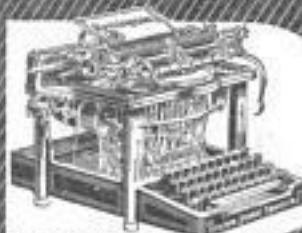
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# COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1904

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## CEREMONY OF THE WASHING OF FEET ON MAUNDY-THURSDAY IN JERUSALEM

Among the many ceremonies performed during the celebration of Holy Week in Jerusalem, perhaps the most characteristic—certainly the most interesting and unusual—occurs on the Thursday before Easter. On this day is commemorated the washing of the Disciples' feet by Jesus. For this ceremony a platform is erected in the court of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Patriarch of the Greek Church, in company with several priests of lower order, mounts to the high platform, and, laying aside his splendid raiment, performs the office. The rapidity of the ceremony apparently makes the washing of the feet a merely formal imitation; but the office is performed with the greatest solemnity, amid the profound silence of the multitude, and is impressive in the highest degree.





**M**R. ROOSEVELT'S CHARACTER is one that puzzles, partly through its simplicity. The human mind likes to see prominent individuals as heroes or as villains, as weak or strong, selfish or disinterested. To think of a politician as ardently wishing to do right, and with equal ardor wishing to remain himself at the head of the procession, is not so easy; yet that state of mind is natural and frequent, and it is the state of Mr. ROOSEVELT. He is a good man and a good President, but his concern about himself is vast. He divides mankind into his supporters and his opponents, and he can not help seeing measures partly as those which help and those which injure him. He is not a hero, except in the ordinary boyish sense, but he is an exceptionally valuable individual to have installed at Washington. He is frequently called the shrewdest politician in the country—a description which does him gross injustice. He

THE PRESIDENT  
AS POLITICIAN

is an enthusiastic politician of enough astuteness to be almost invincible when it is combined with so popular a personality and such unflagging energy. His latest performance, in the pension matter, has brought him nothing but opprobrium, even from his friends, and yet we do not think it was unmixed politics. Of course, Mr. ROOSEVELT would not fight the G. A. R., as Mr. CLEVELAND did. Mr. ROOSEVELT does not take instinctively to losing combats. And he is very glad to have the soldier vote in doubtful States. But this is not all. He admires a soldier, any soldier, every soldier, as he did when he was ten, and he probably believed that taking millions every year away from toiling civilians, to give it to men who were at one time soldiers, quite apart from any injuries received, was a noble and large-hearted act. He seldom does what he himself knows is wrong, and undoubtedly he thought that, if the people would stand for such a deed, his own conscience would be clear.

**T**HE USEFULNESS OF STATESMEN is not measured by their personal attractiveness. Mr. ROOSEVELT's eagerness does not charm a taste that is squeamish, and we defy anybody to surpass us in fastidiousness. A delicately nurtured friend of ours showed such virulent hostility to the ROOSEVELT family that we sought the cause, and she honestly confessed that she saw the ROOSEVELT names too often in the papers. There is nothing aloof and polished, retiring and serene, about our President. He does not, like GEORGE WASHINGTON, long for the privacy of his own vine and fig-tree. He would doubtless agree with VOLTAIRE about the unpleasantness of being hanged in private. There is a story of HENRY JAMES about a man who, when he had no audience, ceased to exist. Mr. ROOSEVELT is not like that, but he certainly exists much more for the public than for solitude. He is no poet and no philosopher. He is merely a strenuous hustler, but as he usually hustles for betterment, he has our hearty approval as a

WHY WE SUP-  
PORT HIM

President. We do not admire his manoeuvre on the pension question, but when his errors and compromises are set against his achievements, the account is very favorable. What is supposed to be his private platform for re-election is a bold and sound one. Two of the four planks may be ignored, as composing what is technically called a cinch; for no living issue can be made against the canal or the "imperialism" of sane and humane methods. The two active planks, defending the Northern Securities decision, or freedom from the tyranny of capital, and the MULLER case, or freedom from the tyranny of labor, are a clear and acceptable explanation of where the President stands upon a sensitive issue. His work in the Post-Office Department has shown him as an effective remover of corruption, and in this regard he has shown an inspiring independence of party lines. His attitude toward the Philippines and Cuba has been just. In face of these large credits, we do not feel like laying emphatic stress on every item on the debit side, much as we may deplore such frailty as the pension order exhibited.

**T**HE TRUST PROBLEM is the most vital now before the public, running as it does into the tariff question, reciprocity, constitutional interpretation, individualism versus paternalism, and purely business arguments. It is a fundamental and imminent problem, but it can be turned at present into a party issue only by gross exaggeration on the Democratic side, or else by more intelligence than, it is to be feared, the Democratic party is likely to exhibit. To agitate for imprisonment in such a matter as the Northern Securities, where the conditions offered for legal decision were publicly known, and the point involved was very abstract, is forced and unreasonable. Something which produced immediate injury, like the Beef Trust, or the Standard Oil Company, might be attacked

criminally with some support from public opinion. Any mere playing upon ignorant passion will, we believe, be doomed to failure in a civilization which is leavened with Anglo-Saxon sense. Cases against the Beef Trust, the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, and BAIRD and others are now before the United States Supreme Court, and there are twenty-three suits in one stage or another—not a promising record for those who would make an issue against the Administration's handling of the trusts, especially as it is the only Administration that has done much of anything in that direction, and some amount of feeling of the way is only reason. Even business men, on the whole, rejoice over the outcome in the Northern Securities case. They would probably support criminal action against the oppressive monopolies of the necessities of life, but they would swing their powerful influence against any wild-cat agitation. If the Democrats are to use the trust issue with any hope of strengthening their party, it must be along the lines of tariff and reciprocity, where the present Administration has departed so far from the latest policy of MCKINLEY.

USEFUL ISSUES

**C**OTTON KINGS make assignments, continue to live in fine houses and drink champagne, and in all their modes of life remain about the same. It is their little followers who suffer, and that is why gambling in stocks is so much worse than roulette, and why forcing the market artificially up and down injures so much larger a number of people than marking a pack of cards. When Mr. SULLY "failed," it was to the interest of many creditors and fellow speculators to put him at once upon his feet. When a small gambler in the street is once sold out, it is often the end of comfort for his family, and not infrequently the end of life for him. From them that have least most is taken away. Nor is it only the little speculator, his wife, and children, who are injured, but many, the world over, who have never gambled at all, but suffer because the businesses in which they are engaged are thrown out of gear by the sudden ups and downs of such a staple as cotton. Security in values is necessary to true prosperity. Stock speculators can not entirely "corner the market," but they can do enough to produce misery for thousands of the innocent poor, and they furnish a lurid picture of man's inhumanity to man.

THE REAL  
FAILURES

**I**MPERIALISM IS ANOTHER ISSUE which can be made effective by the Democrats only if they have the intelligence to keep within the bounds of reasonable public sentiment. Let them show, by all means, the degradation of the Congressional treatment of the Philippines, in using the tariff to take money away from the natives and put it into the pockets of the plutocrats. If, however, they go further and make an assault, all along the line, upon our foreign policy, they will merely add to their losses. There is in the South, in a small part of New England, and in the generation that is passing away, a certain volume of genuine anti-imperialistic feeling; but it is as nothing compared to the opposite spirit, which, without going deeply into arguments, accepts our expanding rôle not only as inevitable, but as rather interesting. Mr. TAFT has done nobly by the Filipinos. Mr. Root has spoken for their independence, and he has boldly said on the general topic of imperialism, in connection with the Isthmus, that "the things done by our officers might not have been permissible in the territory of a strong and orderly government"; but that they were, "according to the universal rules obtaining among civilized nations, not only permissible, but a duty of the highest obligation, in countries whose feeble governments exercise imperfect control." The general position taken by men like TAFT and Root and HAY it would be mere folly for the Democrats to attack, and we are interested in seeing them take the very strongest strategic position that is open to them, because it happens also to be the position of greatest truth and justice.

IMPERIALISM

**L**OVE OF OFFICE is an absurd weakness with which to charge the Prime Minister of England. The world is impatient when the curtain is too long down. We chaff about the time it takes the armies of Japan and Russia to get together, as if we were paying for our seats, and both in England and America there is, to a less extent, a similar objection to Mr. BALFOUR's continuing in office instead of entertaining us by getting out of the way and allowing us to see some new actors, episodes, and situations on the British stage. This impatience lies under charges that the ministry clings to power because it loves "the sweets of office." To any careful mind such a charge must seem absurd. Mr. BALFOUR's character is poorly understood by all who think of holding





office as his only entertainment. He remains in power because that course of action seems to make more probable the triumph of policies which he approves. Speaking once in answer to the argument that separate government for Ireland was inevitable, he said, in substance, that if he knew it were to come in fifty years he would fight just as hard against it, as fifty years' postponement was so much to the good. Moreover, he does not believe as much in "the inevitable" as dissatisfied editors do. He probably accepts

MR. BALFOUR'S  
HOLDING ON

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's surmise that the Liberals will come in at the next election and be speedily defeated, after which a change in tariff policy may have a better chance, but he knows for how large a part the unforeseen is cast in politics, and he sees no reason why he should resign at an unfavorable moment unless it becomes compulsory. To think of him as loving politics and office with the intensity that they are loved, for instance, by Mr. ROOSEVELT, Mr. BRYAN, the Emperor WILLIAM, or General MILES, is wholly to miss the environment in which he lives and the kind of man he is. There are many other things in life to charm him, and he would step out, with little melancholy, if the prospect made the step a clever one.

**JAPANESE VICTORY OVER RUSSIA** is frequently regarded as paving the way for enforcing the doctrine of Asia for the Asiatics. Such an outcome is not impossible, but there are difficulties, which we do not always remember, in the vast differences of Asiatic peoples. China and Japan speak a different language, and each is a foreign race and nation to the other. Even China herself is composed of elements more diverse than the inhabitants of a country like ours can readily comprehend. Northern, Central, and Southern China are like separate nations. For Japan and all the elements included under the general term of China to work together as one force would be a good deal as if the Continent of Europe should be able to unite in a common policy against the United States or Asia. Some of the most progressive viceroys in China

IF JAPAN  
SHOULD WIN

to-day are favorable to Japan, regarding her as pointing the way to save the East from Western spiritual barbarism, by borrowing weapons from the enemy. In others, however, memories of the war are bitter still. The most enlightened citizens of China and Japan differ among themselves about the future relations of their country. The Chinese, who are very proud, look upon the Japanese as fundamentally an inferior race, which has followed their religion and their art, and the Japanese, while admitting their vast debt to China, think that they have been awake during the two or three centuries that their huge neighbor has been asleep. If Japan should emerge a brilliant victor from the present war, her influence in the East would be increased, but in calculating to what extent Asia can act as one it should be remembered that in race composition, language, temper, and religious spirit, Japan and China are more unlike than Germany and Great Britain.

**SOCIAL EMINENCE** is to be celebrated at St. Louis by a collection of women "prominent in society," carefully selected by the "Board of Lady Managers," or females in control of the woman's department. Shall the men be left behind in so important a branch of the results flowing from the Louisiana Purchase? It seems to us self-evident that there ought to be a Hall of Fame for men prominent in society also, and the male display should be the more exclusive, and therefore the grander, because the number of men socially conspicuous is so much smaller. A few leaders of cotillions, a few young millionaires, and a few old butterflies com-

AN OPPORTU-  
NITY FOR MEN

pose a circle rendered by its smallness more select than the women can possibly claim to be. The female leaders are willing to furnish photographs of themselves for this exquisite idea, and if the proper men were chosen they would be equally ready to oblige. The list could in every city be chosen by an expert, as there are specialists in every boarding-house who follow with exactitude the doings and the personnel of the group under consideration. It is all very well for us Americans to sympathize with women in their expanding sphere, but there is no reason why they should have the exclusive right to be portrayed for their attendance at social functions. As the day for the opening of the Fair is drawing nigh, this subject should be handled immediately by the proper Board of Gents.

**MISSOURI IS ONLY ONE STATE**, but it deserves the attention politically which it is just now receiving, because it is the place where the hardest and most promising fight is being waged against a corrupt machine. The reports from St. Louis seem in-

credible, and yet they are indisputably true. Mr. FOLK's chances for the Governorship are at least strong enough to drive his corrupt opponents to measures of desperation. In the New Madrid County Convention, where FOLK had 229 delegates, and the machine 23, the chairman of the committee of the county declared himself elected chairman of the convention, against the protests of the 229, then immediately declared a motion carried instructing for a machine candidate, and declared the convention adjourned. In St. Louis County, at Clayton, about 500 ruffians sent out from the city of St. Louis smashed furniture and dragged the chairman from his seat. In St. Louis several thousand "Indians," as the desperadoes are called, went about from one polling place to another, voting repeatedly and preventing the upholders of FOLK from getting to the polls, sometimes dragging them from the line and beating them in plain sight of the police. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have naturally been subscribed to defeat the Circuit-Attorney. Some of the men most nearly concerned in the transactions which he has exposed are

THE FIGHT  
IN MISSOURI

on the Board of Directors of the Fair, and among the more respectable opponents of Mr. FOLK is a very conspicuous individual who might conceivably be the Democratic nominee in 1908, if Missouri were then a doubtful State, as it might be if the Democratic machine were to win the present fight. We read with regret the milk-and-water editorial in Mr. BRYAN's newspaper about the contest in Missouri. It was evidently written to squint either way, and is quite unworthy of a man who makes the claims to moral principles that Mr. BRYAN does. Indeed, we are unable to escape the feeling that Mr. BRYAN, since his return from Europe, has been rapidly losing respect, in his desperate effort to hold his personal power. His use of HEARST is his most notorious bit of demagoguery, but the whole attitude looks more and more like that of a man in whom frightened ambition is producing moral weakness.

**GRAFT IS AN ILL WORD.** It has no legitimate ancestry, and it lacks the picturesqueness, the naturalness, of good slang. It is used too much, and its very poorness as a word helps to tire the public of the issue which it represents. The issue itself, however, presented by official corruption, by making money out of politics, is of pre-eminent importance in our life. Mr. LINCOLN STEFFENS, in his new book called "The Shame of the Cities," makes the evil distinctively American. His facts we do not doubt, but his conclusions are sometimes exaggerated. "American achievement," he says, "in science, art, and business means sound abilities at bottom. . . . Even in government we have given proof of potential greatness, and our political failures are not complete; they are simply ridiculous." In such sentences proportion is distorted. We have done nothing in art, little in science, and in government, with all our flaws, we have taught the world great lessons, and for the first time proved the possibility and the stable adequacy of thorough-going democracy. "The misgovernment of the American people is misgovernment by the American people." True, but the country is not fundamentally misgoverned. Misgovernment is to the whole conduct of affairs as a couple of boils are to a strong man. It would be unfair to call him sick, although he doubtless needs a tonic or a change of diet. Mr. STEFFENS, speaking of the lady at the Custom House, the lyncher with his rope, and the captain of industry with his bribe and rebate, says that we break our own laws and rob our own Government, and that "the spirit of graft and of lawlessness is the American spirit." There is no essential difference, he thinks, between pulls, whether they get a wife into society, a book into favorable notice, a heeler into office, a thief out of jail, or a rich man's son on the board of directors of a corporation. If not, why appropriate this human evil to America? What of the social pull in England? What of newspaper corruption in France? What of the constant bribery of every petty Government official in Italy? What of corruption as a livelihood in official Russia? Mr. STEFFENS's facts are true, and his exposure is valuable, because it will help to render them less true. Many of his views also are stimulating and just. A crusade against graft, however, sometimes leads to over-statement, like the preacher's eloquence against sin. Democracy has not failed, even if some degree of corruption seems universal. Whatever may be said of the machinery by which the end is reached, the average citizen enjoys those goods which the leaders wished for him when they made the Constitution. The friendly dedication, therefore, of the little volume is deserved,—and it "is dedicated, in all good faith, to the accused—to all the citizens of all the cities in the United States."

A TREATISE  
ON GRAFT





THE THRESHING MACHINE AT WORK ON A LOUISIANA RICE PLANTATION

## A NEW INDUSTRY OF THE GULF STATES

By C. ARTHUR WILLIAMS

Rice-growing, which was started as a means of fighting the boll weevil by diversifying the cotton crop, has spread over nearly a million acres in Texas and Louisiana. Of particular interest at the present moment is the part Japanese farmers are taking in teaching Americans improved methods of rice culture and the utilization of lands heretofore uncultivated

THE boll weevil crossed the Rio Grande from Mexico and started on the journey which has since cost the cotton industry millions of dollars. The farmers brought all their practical knowledge to bear against it without avail. Legislation, national and State, was directed at it to no purpose. The weevil went steadily onward.

After a season or two, during which the cotton farmers of a large area of Texas lost their entire crops, the cry went up, "What shall we do to be saved?"

"Diversify," answered the press, which at once appreciated the seriousness of the situation. "Grow crops the weevil can not harm."

"Diversify," echoed the experts of the Federal Department of Agriculture, when the appeal reached them. "Do this and that in attempting to rid yourselves of the pest, but, above all else, diversify!"

So, gradually and not without many protests on the part of the planters, the diversification movement commenced. For generations these planters, who were trying to get the better of the most destructive insect pest known to the history of this country, had depended on cotton as their principal, and in many cases their only, source of revenue. Even in the dark days which came in the last years of the century just past, when cotton went as low as five cents, they were able to get cash for their product. Many of them knew nothing of any scheme of agriculture which did not contemplate the raising of cotton to the practical or total exclusion of every other crop. But the advent of the weevil and the consequent necessity for finding something to take the place of cotton made them active. They tried corn and other grains, fruits of all kinds, alfalfa and various vegetables, all of which were satisfactory on a small scale, but were not susceptible to broader treatment.

Then some one suggested rice.

The weevil-ridden planters could see nothing in the suggestion at first. Another crop year came, with its swarms of insects and its despoiled cotton fields. Then they looked further into the possibilities of rice-growing. It seemed more favorable. Those who had de-

cided to pull up stakes and move to other parts, reconsidered and decided to experiment with rice on the lands they had heretofore devoted to cotton. The railroads interested themselves and began bringing in immigrants and homeseekers and selling to them, to be devoted to the culture of rice, other lands which had been held to be practically valueless. The movement gained headway with remarkable rapidity. Soon the time came when the rice industry was no longer confined to a restricted area in Louisiana where, because the land was especially adapted to it, the cul-

acreage will be larger by at least twenty-five per cent, and by the end of the decade a large portion of the seven or eight million acres which are still available will probably be under cultivation. A few years ago all the rice raised in the United States came mainly from the Carolinas, with a small production in Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi. Now the centre of production has moved far to the west, and last year the Texas-Louisiana fields produced approximately 5,000,000 sacks, of 162 pounds each, as against only 470,000 sacks for all the other States named. A fair

idea of the development of the industry in the new lands may be gained when it is stated that the production has increased from 171,000 sacks to the present figures since 1895, when the total acreage in the United States was only 18,000. The value of the crop raised in Texas and Louisiana last year was approximately \$25,000,000, and the Federal Department of Agriculture estimates that by reason of the increase in the value of the lands heretofore thought to be practically worthless, at least \$15,000,000 has been added to the wealth of the planters.

Lands fit for nothing else will grow rice if properly handled. In some cases splendid results have been attained on tracts which were formerly swamps, but which, when drained, made ideal rice lands. It is necessary to have plenty of water during the growing season and comparatively dry ground during the harvest. Therefore arrangements for both irrigation and drainage must be perfect. Some of the rice plant-

ers irrigate from shallow wells, getting the water up by horsepower or windmills. Others have deep artesian wells. Those who operate along more extensive lines have canals of their own radiating from convenient streams, while in still other cases the planters get their supplies from big canal companies, which make a specialty of the rental business, although many of them are also extensive growers of rice on their own account. The thing has been reduced to a science, and only in the rarest of cases has a planter who knew his business failed of a bountiful harvest. In the early days more or less damage was caused by the salt water which backed up from the bays and the



JAPANESE LABORERS IN TEXAS RICE FIELDS

ture of the cereal had been carried on in a small way ever since the Civil War, and where the boll weevil was then regarded as a most remote danger. Everybody talked rice, and soon rice-growing spread all over the great stretch of country along the Gulf of Mexico, between Bayou Teche, in Louisiana, on the east, and a point not far from the mouth of the Rio Grande on the west.

It is still spreading, and unless all indications are at fault, it will continue to spread for many years to come. There are now about 340,000 acres of rice lands under cultivation in Louisiana, and something like 250,000 in the coast country of Texas. Next year the



A BATTERY OF MOWING MACHINES, EACH DRAWN BY SIX MULES, HARVESTING THE GRAIN



Frederic Remington

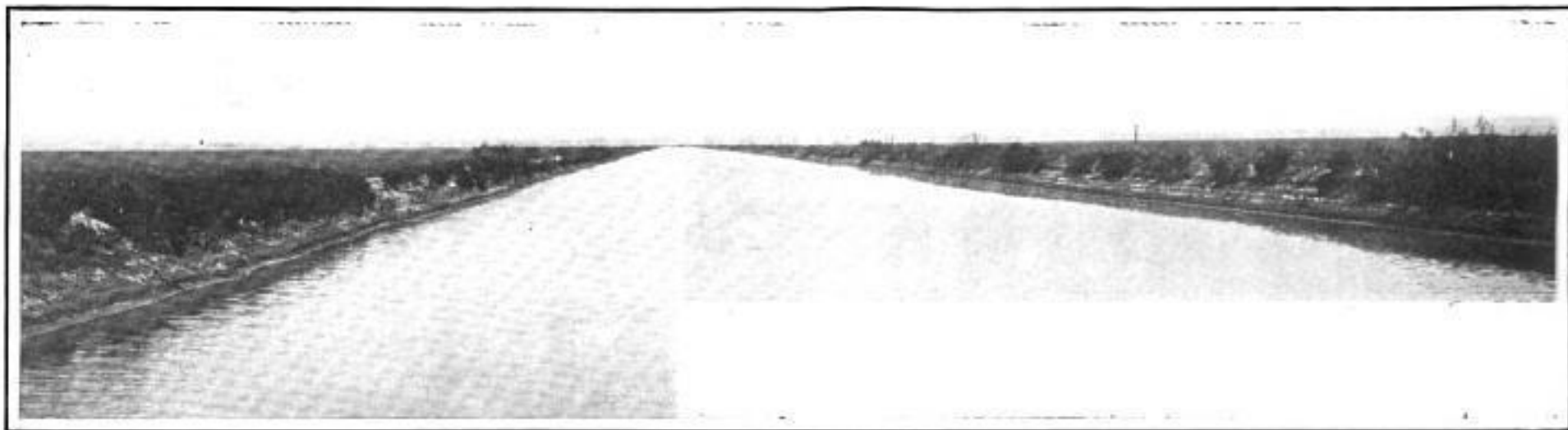
## AWAY TO THE WARS!

COSSACK CAVALRYMEN LEAVING THEIR NATIVE VILLAGE FOR ACTIVE SERVICE ALONG THE YALU

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

The Cossacks are a mixed race, forming a small proportion—about 2,500,000—of the population of the Czar's domains. They are indigenous especially to the basins of the Dnieper and the Don, the Caucasus, and the Ural province, but owing to their nomadic character are also to be found in Southern Siberia as far east as the Amur. Being essentially a fighting people with warlike traditions, the Cossacks contribute formidably to the offensive strength of the Russian Empire. In themselves, the Cossack soldiers are regarded as irregular troops. They are, however, incorporated, by military units, in the various branches of the regular army, supplying battalions of infantry, squadrons of cavalry, and batteries of artillery.





A TYPICAL SUPPLY CANAL IN THE RICE-GROWING REGION OF THE SOUTH

gulf through the coast streams, but that trouble has been obviated by the construction of locks and dams.

One of the most interesting features of the situation just now is the presence in the rice country of several colonies of Japanese rice farmers. These men are not coolies, but intelligent men of means, several of whom own rice farms and employ many hands. The Southern Pacific has been subjected to considerable criticism for bringing them in, but since they have taught the Americans numerous new and successful methods of rice culture and have shown how various by-products may be profitably handled, the general impression is that they have earned a welcome. And, in any event, a sufficient number of them to cause any race complications will never be brought in. There are perhaps less than a hundred of the Japs in the rice belt now, while one railroad alone has brought in 1,088 families, comprising 4,046 persons, from the "old States" during the past twelve months, and the other roads have done their share. Fully 100,000 homeseekers have been attracted to the rice fields since their development commenced.

There is no danger of an overproduction of rice. This year's crop will supply only about two-thirds of the home consumption. The rest will have to be imported. The foreign market is good, but it may be many a year before we begin to export on anything like a large scale, since the demand for the cereal here is increasing by leaps and bounds as a result of a campaign of education set on foot by some of the Southern railroads and business organizations. We imported 154,000,000 pounds in 1899 and only 70,000,000 in 1902. In 1900 the consumption per capita was three pounds. It is five pounds now, and the Department of Agriculture estimates that it will eventually go to forty.

But, leaving everything else out of the equation, the rice industry has proved the salvation of the planters who formerly depended on cotton and could depend on it no longer when the boll weevil came. In addition to the dozens of rice mills scattered through the belt, some of the more important towns and cities have bonded warehouses where the producer may store his grain, and, using his warehouse receipts as collateral, get as good a line of credit at the banks as he enjoyed in the days when cotton was not only king, but the whole royal family. There are by no means a sufficient number of these warehouses, however, and the problem of securing sufficient cash to move the crop is still the biggest problem with which the rice belt will have to contend.

## VERMONT GOES DRY

"No treating" clause too much for Green Mountain Falstaffs

AFTER a year of local option Vermont seems to be ready to return to prohibition, if not in theory, at least in practice. Over a year ago the State Legislature passed a law making the question of license or no license one to be settled by each local community. Ninety-two towns, released from a fifty years' reign of prohibition, voted to license saloons; and nine counties out of the fourteen in the State decided to permit liquor selling within their borders.

At the March election last year, however, forty-four of the license towns voted to return to prohibition, while a solitary town changed from "dry" to "wet." Out of the nine license counties only three chose to retain their privilege of licensing liquor selling. On the face of the returns, therefore, Vermont appears to be of a mind to abandon local option in favor of the old-time State law.

But the defenders of the local option experiment have their theories to explain this reversal of opinion. In some respects the law was unsatisfactory. For one thing, it prohibited treating, and, besides its implied encouragement of blackmail, this clause destroyed the most cherished of the convivial drinker's traditions. "A cup o' sack for the company, landlord!" under the special dispensation granted to Vermont Falstaffs, was

an invitation that could not be shouted from one end of the room to the other, and "Have one on me!" was a tabooed phrase. Another unsatisfactory provision of the law was that which forbade the selling of liquor to a "blacklisted" man. Whenever the town authorities decided that a citizen was imbibing too freely his name was sent to the saloons and drug stores, and thereafter none would serve him. In his zeal for the cause of temperance, Governor Goodell once blacklisted a whole town! Such unfortunates join with the orthodox anti-saloon advocates in preferring prohibition, for under the old régime they could get all they wanted to drink in the "blind tigers." Still another class are ready to decry local option, because they could not get licenses, and have been arrested for selling without authority.

## NEW ROAD FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will open a wilderness and "roll back the map of Canada 500 miles"

TO "roll back the map of Canada 500 miles"—that is the way one enthusiast expressed the purpose for which the Canadian Parliament recently assembled. More definitely, the session was called to give effect to one of the greatest railroad projects ever under-

eventually to build a branch to Dawson. That project is as yet indefinite.

The Grand Trunk Pacific is a definite enterprise, not a dream of the future. The organization necessary to undertake it has been perfected and the financial backing has been pledged. At a recent meeting in London of the stockholders of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, the terms offered by the Canadian Government were accepted. A guarantee fund of \$5,000,000 was deposited in the Bank of Montreal the next day. The terms of the contract provide that the western section, from Winnipeg to the coast, must be completed by December 1, 1911.

The Canadian Government wanted to open new territory in the east as well as in the west. Above all, it wanted a complete transcontinental line which would keep Canadian commerce in Canada, and not seek an outlet through the United States. The result of its stand was the agreement which the Grand Trunk stockholders have finally accepted, though not without some bitter opposition from the more timid. The Grand Trunk Pacific Company is to be financed by the Grand Trunk road, and the Canadian Government will guarantee its bonds up to 75 per cent. The Government also will guarantee 75 per cent of the cost of building the mountain section. From Winnipeg east-

ward to Quebec, and thence to Moncton, New Brunswick, the road will be built by the Government itself. From Moncton the Intercolonial Railroad will furnish a line to St. John, New Brunswick, and Halifax, Nova Scotia. This Government road will be leased to the Grand Trunk Pacific for fifty years. For the first seven years it will pay no rental, for the next three it will give the Government the net surplus of its receipts over its expenditures, and after that it is to pay three per cent on the cost of construction.

The territory thus opened to development is looked upon by most people outside of Canada as a frozen wilderness. In reality the eastern portion is rich in timber and mineral lands, while in the west it is possible that an area of 500,000,000 acres will be opened to agricultural settlement. The cost of the entire line is put by friends of the project at \$100,000,000, and by its opponents at \$150,000,000. 500,000,000 acres seems an incredibly large area. However, the northwestern Province of Mackenzie alone is nearly twice the size of the State of Texas.

## THE OPENING OF THE JAPANESE DIET

AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE, AT WHICH NOT A SOUND WAS HEARD BUT THAT OF THE EMPEROR'S VOICE

Special Cable Despatch from FREDERICK PALMER, Collier's War Correspondent  
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TOKIO, March 20.—The striking feature of the opening of the Diet was that the ceremony progressed both within and without the Houses of Parliament in unbroken silence. But for the words of the Emperor himself, this national event, at the time of a great historic crisis, was a performance in pantomime. There were no other speaking parts, no chorus. Both princes and populace expressed their veneration for their sovereign by dumb respect, infinitely more impressive than processional music, cheers, or booming cannon. It was silence so eloquent that it clothed each movement of the Mikado with mystery. The public progress of other monarchs would have been the excuse for noisy demonstrations. Especially is this true of the time when a nation is at war. At the approach of other monarchs there would have been roars of cheers, warning words of command, the rattle of muskets presented in salute, the strains of the national anthem,—but to-day the entrance of the Emperor into the chamber was announced only by a silence so solemn that it could be felt. In silence a parchment roll was handed to him, and only broken by his voice, at which sound each head bowed as though in prayer. This stillness continued. In silence still the parchment was returned with a bow, and the Mikado glided among his attendants and disappeared without an added word. The members, the nobles, generals, admirals, and diplomats separated at the departure of the Emperor. It was the only signal given for their dismissal. Outside, the Mikado passed between long lines of subjects; and, although no officer of his escort gave a command, no policeman raised a voice, he moved through the crowded avenue surrounded by the same reverence as though he were moving down the aisle of a church. One saw in this loyalty, in the strong emotion strongly repressed, and in the power of organization exhibited by this ceremony, those same qualities of discipline, discretion, and secrecy of purpose that at Port Arthur carried the torpedo squadron in safety through the night, through snow and ice to victory.

taken on this continent or in the world—the building of a new transcontinental line, 3,025 miles long, from ocean to ocean. The greater part of this railroad is to traverse a country now almost a wilderness. Except at the Atlantic end, its route touches but two cities of any importance—Quebec and Winnipeg. These are more than 1,200 miles apart. The probable western terminus will be Port Simpson, on the Portland Canal, the inlet which figured prominently in the Alaska boundary decision last fall. This railroad project shows one reason why Canada was so anxious to retain control of that channel. The port is close to the 55th degree of north latitude, or nearly ten degrees further north than Russia's frozen harbor of Vladivostok. An alternative western terminus is Butte Inlet, about 150 miles north of Vancouver. From there it is hoped

## LUXURY OF MARRIAGE

New York's women teachers must choose between their profession and matrimony

THE lot of the school ma'am in the public school has never been a bed of roses. School-teaching to most young women is, at best, a sort of bridge across the troubled waters of limited means to a haven and a husband. Now the New York School Board steps in and cruelly thickens the thorns.

New York's determination to keep married women out of the public schools as teachers is unshakable, despite a late decision of the State's Court of Appeals, that the School Board's by-law covering the point was not legal. The Board has relied upon the following paragraph of the regulations to enforce its

theory that it is unjust to unmarried teachers to subject them to competition with those who are in part supported by husbands:

"Should a woman principal, a woman head of department, or any woman member of the teaching or supervising staff marry, her place shall thereupon become vacant."

A Brooklyn teacher, Mrs. Jennie L. Van de Water, refused to give up her position on marrying, and took the matter to the courts. In the final trial in the Court of Appeals a judgment was rendered in her favor, the court holding that the mere fact of marriage could not be sufficient ground for dismissal without charges being preferred. To meet this ruling, the School Board added a by-law defining marriage as an act of insubordination for which a teacher might be



dismissed. In other words, charges could properly be brought against a woman who violated the Board's commandment, freely translated, "Thou shalt not marry and hold thy job."

Critics of the New York Board's action have quoted the opinion, that the average yearly salary of a woman teacher in the United States would not keep a carriage horse in Chicago, to refute the contention of the educational authorities that school-teaching plus a husband's care is unfair competition with a mere teacher. They declare that some one—father, brother, or husband—must supplement the teacher's salary to enable her to live. In New York, the first year's pay is \$600; each year thereafter for sixteen years \$40 is added. Now, \$600 a year in New York will do no more than pay the rent of a comfortable apartment. But the Board of Education finds that there is no shortage of teachers, and for every one who marries and steps out of the class-room into a home, another unmarried woman is ready to fill the vacated place.

## TOO MUCH FOR SULLY

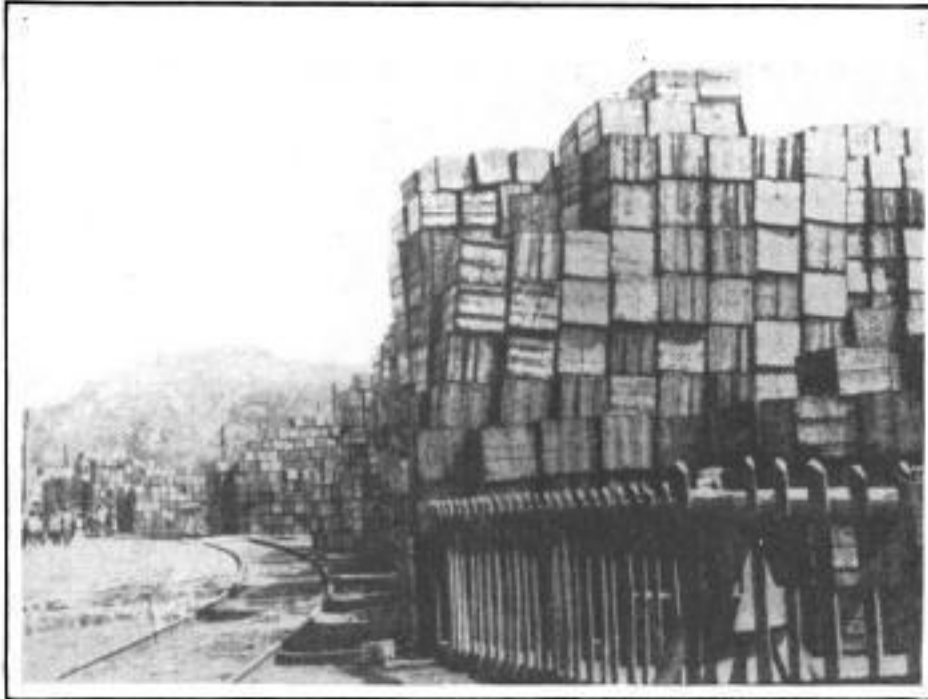
He "sat in the game" too long, and the "rake-off" goes to the Southern planter

THE practical effect of Daniel J. Sully's unsuccessful effort to corner the cotton crop is the taking of nearly \$100,000,000 from American and European cotton mill operatives, cloth makers, and dealers, and distributing it among American planters, merchants, and others at the South. Had he gotten out of the market six weeks ago and gone to Palm Beach, and then decided to keep out, he would have had three million dollars "rake-off," and the satisfaction of being the first man on record who knew enough to quit such a game when he was well ahead of it. They have all been unable to withstand the contemplation of their own good fortune, of their phenomenal success. Those who didn't go down in the early stages of an effort to corner a world's crop, have stayed too long. It was so with Ranger, with Steenstrand, and with Labouissé in cotton, with Partridge, Keene, "Deacon" White, Hutchinson, and Leiter in grain, and notably so in the case of M. Secretan, who tried to corner the world's copper supply.

There is something more than the irony of fate in the fact that Mr. Sully, the Providence coal clerk, received his first inspiration of the possibilities of cotton speculation in the mill of his New England father-in-law, for there were no tears shed by the cotton manufacturers over the disastrous failure of the young man of forty-three, who had studied cotton two years at the South and sixteen years, perhaps, in brokers' offices in Providence and Boston. It was in 1902 that he decided to come to New York to buy a seat on the Cotton Exchange and "learn the game." He was an apt student, evidently, for early last year he decided to "set in" where Price drew out, and began boosting 9-cent cotton until within two months he was worth a million. Returning, he "sat in" again. The New Orleans crowd had played his hand during his vacation, and they moved closer together round the table for him. By February this year, after having put cotton to 17½ cents, on the craze which he and his associates had stimulated, he announced he was going to Palm Beach for a rest. The story runs that some of those with him the New Orleans crowd accused of having sold out on them, of unloading. Prices ran off. The great public following were alarmed. He didn't dare take a dare, but "sat in" again, for the third time. Bravely he fought, in an effort to stem the tide. He seemed

to think it incumbent on him to hold up the price to what he had predicted. But quotations fell away and away, until, as many in position to know aver, he found that "the South"—some of the New Orleans crowd, it was said—were selling the May option and shipping their spot cotton to meet the contracts, while he, poor Sully, had been practically the only buyer. That may have been a poetical Southern revenge. It was certainly a hoist from his own alleged petard. But one must not forget his point of view. He went to Wall Street to "study the game." It is safe to say,

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THE ENEMY WITHIN THE LINES AT PORT ARTHUR

This photograph was taken early in January, before the beginning of hostilities. These thousands of cases are filled with Ochistevnaga vodka, a corn whiskey almost as strong as pure alcohol. Our correspondent reports that this stock was laid in in anticipation of a prolonged siege; he adds that there is enough liquor there to keep the garrison incapacitated for six months. A St. Petersburg despatch to a London paper says: "Corruption has been responsible for the defeats that Russia has suffered. . . . There are thousands of sacks at Port Arthur supposed to contain sugar, but which in reality are filled with brick chips"

from the point of view of those able to judge, that no man who regards or indulges in option trading as if conducted at Canfield's or in the bucket-shops, is of the mold to protect the public in an economic consideration of the laws of demand and supply. That Sully's much-boasted information on those points was sadly in error was plainly shown whenever he and his friends took their hands off the market, by the way prices reacted. The cotton manufacturers, the cotton trade, and the public will be benefited by the collapse of the now famous Sully cotton corner, which just escaped being successful. Pharaoh's little deal in corn in Egypt, as told in the good book, was about the only successful venture of the kind of which we have any record. But Pharaoh didn't go about it as Sully did. He did not pyramid his profits. He did not regard it as "sitting in" the game.

## HELLO! IS THIS THE POWER-HOUSE?

Trolley-car telephones connect East St. Louis electric cars with superintendent's office in case of accident

TROLLEY-CAR telephones, connecting the car with headquarters, is a new idea now being tried in East St. Louis. Each car of the service is fitted with a telephone and a generous supply of wire. At every fifteenth pole along the line connection can easily be made with a wire leading directly to the general su-

perintendent's home or to the power-house. In case a serious accident occurs at some distance from a telephone or telegraph station, the car can be put into almost instant communication with the source of aid.

This tendency to shift responsibility from the man on the spot to "the office" is characteristic of modern street railway operation. On this same East St. Louis line, as well as on other metropolitan systems, the electric heating is controlled by officials in the central office. Flags and colored lights are hung out at power-houses to guide motormen in regulating the heat. Three grades of heat may be furnished according to the color of the flag or light, and it is not for the motorman to reason why. If the warm-weather signal should be hanging out on a zero day, about the only thing for the passenger to do is to sit tight and trust in the "government."

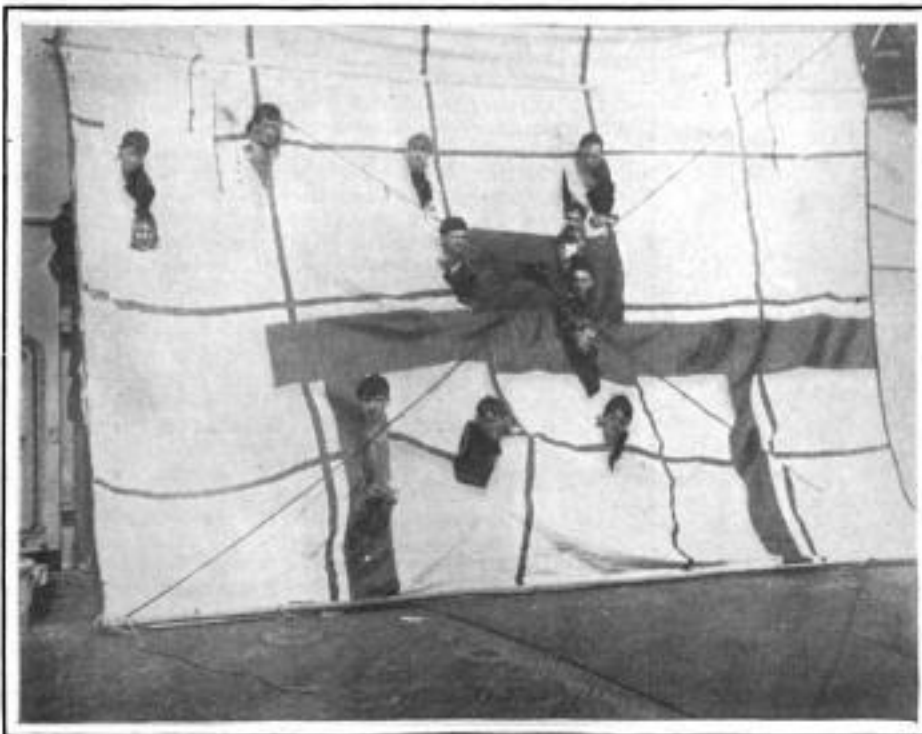
## AN INJURY TO NEW YORK

Railroads are carrying grain at a loss to other ports in the light to deflect traffic

UNDER the old theory of transportation business, railroad rates should depend on the cost of carriage. If one road gave a lower rate than another, that should mean that it had a shorter route or a better equipment, or was satisfied with a smaller profit. As a matter of fact, competition under the present system usually means only an effort to force a change in combinations. The leading Eastern roads are now engaged in a war over grain rates between Buffalo and the seaboard. Last fall they were getting 3.8 cents a bushel. Now they are taking wheat at .6 of a cent a bushel, with still lower prices for other grains, ranging down to .4 of a cent for oats. These figures mean an actual loss on every bushel carried. The war has not been very costly as yet, for the amount of grain in Buffalo elevators on February 1 was only about 5,000,000 bushels, but the contest threatens serious consequences for New York City. It costs less to carry freight from the Eastern lake ports to New York than to any other point on the seaboard. For this reason

New York hitherto has received most of the export grain sent down the lakes. The Pennsylvania Road, a few years ago, secured a through line from Buffalo to Philadelphia, and the present rate war means that it is trying to obtain for Philadelphia a larger share of this traffic. It began the cutting. A Pennsylvania official announced: "No matter what rate the New York lines make, ours will be .4 of a cent lower." It has determined to force the New York lines to agree to such a differential.

The differential principle has been in force for years on freight originating further West. The grain rate from Chicago to New York is usually 1½ cents higher than to Baltimore, and one cent higher than to Philadelphia. Freight is carried from Chicago to Gulf ports at from 7 to 10 cents per 100 pounds less than to New York. The Chicago Board of Trade recently appealed to New York grain men to boycott roads which will not consent to reduce this differential to three cents. The argument of the railroads is that the shortest and naturally cheapest route should pay the highest rates in order that there may be a division of traffic. The effect has been a steady loss of commerce for New York City while its rivals profit. In the ten years, from 1880 to 1890, New York's registered tonnage declined 214,517 tons, while Boston gained 501,430 tons; Philadelphia, 484,017; Baltimore, 231,215; Norfolk, 243,047; Newport News, 623,477; New Orleans, 823,262. New York business men say this is unjust. Merchants



The target, 17 by 21 feet, displayed aboard the "Kearsarge" after the trial

## THE BATTLESHIP "KEARSARGE" HOLDS THE WORLD'S RECORD IN GUNNERY

In recent trials held off Pensacola, Florida, a gun-crew of the battleship "Kearsarge" established a new record for naval artillery. From an eight-inch gun ten successive shots were fired, within five minutes, at a target on shore at a range of sixteen hundred yards while the ship was moving at the rate of ten knots. The result was a total of ten bull's-eyes



Officers and men of the gun-crew which made the record





American marines in front of the electric railway power-house



Japanese, American, and British non-commissioned officers at Seoul

### THE UNITED STATES MARINE GUARD ON DUTY AT SEOUL, KOREA

Some four years ago an American company built in Seoul the first electric trolley line ever seen in Korea. The superstitious natives gathered near the power-house and tried by physical violence to impede the starting of the "devil cars." It is in just such emergencies that the guards allotted by the various foreign Governments to their legations at Seoul are called upon to protect life and property, both of which are especially menaced through the Korean hatred of foreigners. About one hundred marines from the "Vicksburg" are at present in Seoul, and have been on duty at the American legation and the trolley power-house there since conditions became unsettled in the Far East.

of other cities argue that without differentials New York would have a monopoly of trade which would be unjust to them.

The West is also having its rate wars. Heavy cutting has been going on between lines running from Chicago to Missouri River points and further west. The object is the same as in the East—to secure a new division of traffic. When that is accomplished rates will go up again and the public will pay the cost of the wars. Appeals have been made to the Interstate Commerce Commission. It has ample power to settle such matters, but the railroads usually come to an agreement among themselves without waiting for it.

### SPONGING COATS WITH NIAGARA

If corporations had used all the privileges granted them, the Falls would now be dry

THERE is an old joke about a tailor who, upon seeing Niagara Falls for the first time, exclaimed: "What a place to sponge a coat!" The severely practical spirit of that tailor appears to have dominated the New York Legislature much of the time in its attitude toward Niagara Falls. Perish the thought that it ever contemplated sponging anything but coats! In the last twenty years no less than nine distinct corporations have been granted the privilege of taking water from the river above the Falls for the development of power. And seven of these were authorized to take it in unlimited quantities. As the flow of water over the Falls is only 123,420,000 gallons per minute, and a healthy power plant needs from 6,000,000 to 12,000,000 per minute, it can be seen that if the nine companies had all made themselves busy, not enough water would be going over the Falls now even to sponge a coat. Fortunately, none of the companies with unlimited rights utilized them, and all but one have forfeited their privileges. The last of the group will perish of innocuous desuetude this spring unless the Legislature revitalizes it. Almost everybody in the United States who has heard of the matter thinks the Legislature should do no such thing. Nevertheless, the Lower House has passed a bill extending the company's unlimited rights, to which is added the right of unlimited capital and almost unlimited condemnation of land. The Upper House has yielded to public sentiment to the extent of resolving that the President of the United States should make a treaty with Great Britain to protect the Falls, and that the State of New York should co-operate in this commendable object, but whether it will also recognize public opinion in a practical way by rejecting the pending bill is still an open question.

The two companies now operating on the American side and the three building plants on the Canadian side are restricted to 200,000 horsepower each, or 1,000,000 horsepower altogether. To produce that amount of power, they will divert more than one-fourth of the water now going over the Falls. The plants which these companies have in operation, or under construction, will have a capacity of 355,000 horsepower—205,000 on the American side, and 150,000 on the Canadian side. They will divert at least one-tenth of the river's flow within a year.

### THE AMERICAN HEN DOES HER DUTY

Laying eggs overtime now that the Japanese War has raised the prices of many other foodstuffs

THE war is blamed for raising a lot of dust in the provision market. "Every time the Japanese gunners punch the Russian meal ticket," as a Western paper breezily observes, "American tea drinkers help to pay the expense." Wheat is booming, and the same day that Chicago May options sold at the record price of \$1.09, the price of rolls went up in New York. Rice will also be affected by the war. The Pacific Coast uses a good deal of Oriental rice, and, if the war continues long, rice for Californians will begin to come from the Gulf rice belt. Luckily, this has been an unusually good rice season in the South, and there is plenty of John Chinaman's staple. Beef is another product that has been affected by the Eastern hostili-



Main entrance of the power-house, guarded by the marines



M. ALEXANDER PAVLOV, THE RUSSIAN MINISTER TO KOREA, AND HIS WIFE

Upon their occupation of Seoul, February 12, the Japanese politely expelled M. Pavlov, his family, staff, and the legation guard of four hundred men. They were sent, with a Japanese escort, by special train to Chemulpo, where they embarked for Shanghai.

ties, and many of our smaller Western ranchmen are watching the progress of the war in the hope of disposing of cattle, which they have been keeping on the ranges for the past year or two, until they could sell them at a profit.

In this depressing advance of prices, eggs stand out as a shining exception. Eggs are down. The American hen, spurred by a sense of national responsibility, has been laying overtime. Her enthusiasm knows no bounds—except the one egg per day prescribed by tradition. Eggs are down in New York, in the Middle West, everywhere but in the Far West, where hens are fewer and farther between. Communication is less rapid there than in the more crowded East, however, and the news of Chemulpo and Port Arthur has possibly not penetrated to the barnyards. Certainly our fowls know that America expects every hen to do her duty.

### THE SITUATION AT HONG KONG

Mysterious military activity at this neutral port, although nothing is said of war

MILITARY activity along various lines has been going forward of late at the neutral port of Hong Kong in a manner that has aroused much gossip among the civilian residents. "First of all," writes J. F. J. Archibald, one of Collier's special war correspondents in the Far East, "workmen are now busy setting up searchlights of enormous power on ten or more promontories about the entrance to the harbor. Each one of these searchlights has as an adjunct a small watch-tower with two operators, one for night and one for day. What reason may have actuated the installing of these instruments is only for conjecture, but certain it is that no steps were taken to do it before the first news of the fight off Chemulpo came officially to the ears of his Excellency F. H. May, Governor of Hong Kong."

"That part of His Majesty's fleet which up to this time has been lying peacefully in Hong Kong Harbor has received orders from home to proceed immediately to northern waters. These orders include all of those vessels which have had Hong Kong as a base, with the exception of three cruisers and the torpedo boats. The latter have, within the last few days, manifested unusual activity, and are now regularly patrolling waters in the vicinity of both entrances to the harbor night and day."

"Hong Kong has been considered as almost impregnable, by reason of the length of the entrance to the harbor, the fortifications along the passage, and the peculiarly sheltered situation of the city. Besides all natural advantages the city itself is extremely well fortified. However, within the last week, thousands of workmen have been put at work strengthening the old defences and setting up new ones, under the direction of engineer officers of the royal army. The work in hand will need, at the least, four months before nearly approaching completion."

"In the different garrisons there is considerable movement and excitement; especially is this true of the First Artillery, whose hours of practice and drill have been lengthened considerably. This is true also, in a less degree, with regard to all the British soldiers at Hong Kong, and the spectacle of soldiers marching along Queen's and Des Vaux Roads is becoming more frequent every day. This applies mostly, however, to the Sikhs, many of these having been recently enlisted and needing more training than they have been getting, so the officers say. However, in spite of all, there is no word said among officials of impending war. On the other hand, the edict of neutrality, as proclaimed through the Governor, is very strict."

### KANSAS KICKS OVER THE TRACES

Farmers of the short-grass country revolt against machine and nominate country editor for Governor

"WE want Hoch!" they're saying in Kansas. Hoch is the man who has been nominated for Governor. He was made a candidate because, as editor of a little country weekly in the town of Marion, he led a revolt against machine rule which aroused



# YOUNG BRIGGS' SISTER

THE STORY OF AN EASTER CARD

By OWEN OLIVER, Author of "In His Private Capacity," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. M. ASHE

SOME fellows' sisters give themselves airs, but Briggs' sister didn't. That was why Tomlin and I liked her. She was nineteen, and had golden hair done up in a knot, and a nose that turned up just enough, and not too much, and an awfully friendly way of smiling at you. She made candy for us the first time we went there to tea, and played tennis in the garden. She wasn't any good at it, but we didn't win if we could help it. I thought she was pretty. So did Tomlin. We told Briggs, and he told her. He hasn't any sense, because he is only a kid in the first year. We are in the upper classes. She didn't mind, though, and Briggs got her to ask his mother to ask us to tea again. I took her some chocolate creams. So did Tomlin. It was raining, so we played ping-pong indoors. I let her win when she played me. Tomlin said he did, too, but I don't believe he could help it. She played mighty well.

We went there a lot in the Christmas holidays. Our people were abroad, and we were boarders at the school. Briggs was a day-boy. She took us to the theatre with Briggs, and home to tea afterward. They hadn't taken the mistletoe down, and I was half a mind to kiss her under it, but I didn't know if she'd like it, as it wasn't a party. Neither did Tomlin. So we told Briggs to give her a hint and see what she said. He went and blurted it out before everybody, like a little idiot, and they all laughed at us; but she said there was nothing to laugh at, and we might if we could catch her. You bet we did!

I made up my mind then that I would marry her. So did Tomlin. Of course, we couldn't both. He offered me fifty cents and a big knife for my chance; and I said, if he thought I'd sell my half of her for that, he must take me for a mucker. He said he did. So I had to fight him. We let Briggs come to be umpire because he was her brother. We didn't tell the other fellows because we didn't want them to know. People always think other people's love affairs are foolish. I got the worst of it at first, but Tomlin fell with his head on a brick. That made him stupid. So I said we'd finish it another time. I didn't want to lick him too easy, because we'd always been good pals, and he's all right when he doesn't make a monkey of himself.

Briggs said he was umpire, and we'd got to shake hands and be friends. So we told him he wasn't umpire any more, and it was like the nerve of a first year kid to interfere, and he didn't know anything about it, and we were going to fight to the death.

He wanted to know what we were going to fight to the death for, and we told him it was his sister, and he said it wasn't any use, because Violet (that is her name) was too old, and, besides, she was in love with "Badger." He is the English professor at our school. Briggs had heard his married sister talk about it to his mother, and they said she was a silly girl, and he was thirteen years older than she, and too absorbed in his books to think of such a thing, though he seemed interested in her in a brotherly way. We didn't believe it at first, but we put Briggs on honor, and he swore it was true, so we had to. We never tell lies on honor in our school.

Tomlin said he should challenge "Badger" to a duel when he grew up, and kill him, and then we could fight for her; but I thought it wouldn't be sportsmanlike to kill him if she wanted him, and I'd rather make him marry her. Tomlin said that I was quite right, and he was sorry he called me a fool. So we decided that we would not fight any more.

We thought the best thing would be to send "Badger" an anonymous letter, saying that he'd better marry her if he didn't want to be murdered by a secret society, but that fool, Briggs, went and told her. There are some fellows that you can't trust with a thing. She made him ask us to go and see her first, because she wasn't well. So we went. She was propped up in a chair with pillows, and she called us her "dear boys," and smiled so that you might have thought there was nothing the matter.

It was all nonsense, she said, about her being in love with Mr. Ransome—that's "Badger"—though she admired him very much, as every one did. (We didn't, but we didn't say so.) It would hurt her very much if such a thing were spoken of, and she trusted to our honor not to do so. We said we wouldn't, and we'd swear to it on anything she liked, but she told us our word was good enough for her, and she would be so pleased to see us when she was a little better, but her head ached very badly now, and the doctor was afraid she was going to be ill. So we went. I felt very miserable. So did Tomlin.

She was ill. It was a fever or something, they said, but it wasn't catching, so Briggs could come to school. He was very grouchy about it. So was I. So was Tomlin. "Badger" was always in the dumps just then. So we had a dark blue time of it.

About the beginning of March she was so bad that they put straw down in their road, and after it had been down a week Briggs came to school with his eyes and nose all red, because they said she was sinking. Some of the fellows called him a cry baby, and he sailed into them. So

did Tomlin and I. It was in the playground, and "Badger" was just coming across. He kicked up a row, of course, and wanted to know what it was about. We told him they'd called Briggs a cry baby, and he said that was no excuse for our disgraceful behavior, and discipline must be maintained. (We knew what that meant.) It was lucky for us that Briggs' older brother came along. He said: "We are afraid my sister is dying, sir. Violet, you know. The boys were fond of her," and "Badger" blew his nose and said: "Ah! Yes, yes. They would be. Any one would be. You may go, boys—I can't tell you how sorry I am to hear it, Briggs."

It was a half holiday and too muddy for baseball. So Tomlin and I thought we would call and ask after her. We each took her two picture post-cards, because she collected. Mrs. Briggs made a fuss over us, as if we had done something wonderful, and took them up to Violet, and then she said we might go and see her for a minute, if we liked. So we went. She had her eyes half closed and her face was all white. She didn't smile much, but you could see she was trying to. You had to lean down to hear what she said, and then you couldn't hear properly. It was something about "dear, kind boys," and "comforted me very much," and her mother told us to kiss her and took us downstairs. She was crying. She said we mustn't be too sorry because Violet would be an angel soon. Of course, we knew she would make a corking angel, but she was good enough as a girl. I sniveled. So did Tomlin. I pretended something had got in my eyes. So did he.

Then we saw a cat in a garden and threw stones at it. One of them hit a greenhouse, and a man chased us. He didn't catch us. Then we felt better, and went down to the village to get some grub. (Mr. Briggs gave us a quarter each.) We saw some Easter cards in a shop, and that reminded us that the next morning was Easter Day and we thought we'd send her one.

We had settled on a fine big thirty-five cent one, and were just going in to buy it when Tomlin caught hold of my arm.

"Look here, Taffy," he said (that is what they call me), "it won't do. There's no place to write on."

"What do you want to write?" I asked.

"Our names, of course, so as she'll know it's from us. If we don't she might think it was from anybody—from that crazy 'Badger' very likely!"

"I expect she'd like it better if it was," I told him. "Say, Tomlin. Suppose we make out it is? It—it would cheer her up. You know what Briggs said? About her being gone on him?"

"But she told us she wasn't," he objected.

"It wasn't likely she was going to give herself away," I said. "I bet she does. I know what girls are!"

Tomlin said I didn't, and I said he was a lobster, and he said he'd punch my head some time; but he wasn't going to have a row then. We hadn't agreed when young Briggs came along. So we put it up to him. He said I was right (I knew I was); because he'd



"BADGER" SUDDENLY SAT DOWN ON THE TABLE AND LAUGHED



SHE WAS PROPPED UP IN A CHAIR WITH PILLOWS

heard his mother say that she was always talking about "Badger" when she was light-headed.

So we made up our minds to pretend that the card was from "Badger," but we didn't think those in the shop were the kind he would send, because his class of victims always send verses. We went back to Briggs' shed, in their garden, and tried to make up some poetry. It is not so easy as it looks. We only pounded out two lines apiece, and we didn't agree about them. Tomlin wanted to begin:

"Dear Violet, when you are dead,  
I'll scatter tears around your head."

I didn't think it was a bad poem for Tomlin, but I thought we oughtn't to let her know that she was going to die. My verses were cheerful:

"Dear Violet, I send this letter  
To say I hope you'll soon be better."

Tomlin said it was not so bad, but an Easter card wasn't a letter. Briggs said it wasn't her kind at all, and she liked poetry with something about stars and love in it. So we sent him in for some of her poetry books, and found some verses that we thought would do. They went like this, if you altered "Margaret" to "Violet":

"TO VIOLET"

"Violet!"

Why have I never told you yet  
Of women fair there is but one  
For whom this fond heart pines?  
Why do we never tell the sun  
It shines?

"Violet!"

Why have I never whispered yet  
The love—ah, sweet!—that burns in me?  
But worshiped lone and far?  
Why do we worship distant  
A star?

"Violet!"

If time and fate would give me yet  
One wish—I quiver at the thought—  
To touch your hand and love anear;  
Then all the whole wide world were nought—  
My dear!"

We thought it was such awful stuff that it would just do for the purpose, and she'd believe he was in love with her all the time, and didn't like to say so. We got it typewritten and put "Badger's" name at the bottom, and we bought half a dollar's worth of flowers, and sent it with them by mail.

I thought it would be awful tough luck if she—if she was worse—before she got them. So did Tomlin. Richardson said we looked as if we'd got the colly-wobbles. So we soaked him. An instructor caught us at it, and took us both to "Badger." He was sitting with his head on his hand, and didn't hear the knock. He was fierce when he saw us.

"What were you fighting about?" he asked.

"Richardson made fun of us, sir," I explained, "because we—we didn't look cheerful."

There was a lump in my throat. I didn't see how we could be expected to be cheerful when very likely she wouldn't ever receive the flowers.

"Ah!" "Badger" said, "I see." He got up and we thought it was to chase us out, but he only put his hands on our shoulders. "You're in trouble, aren't you, my boys? Is it about—Miss Briggs?"

I nodded. So did Tomlin. "Badger" said: "Ah!" again and looked at the fire.

"Try to remember how kind she was to you," he told us, "and be kind to other people. Richardson didn't understand, I'm sure. Good-night. Here! Take a pear each. I—I'm sorry, boys."

We thought it was very decent of old "Badger," and made up our minds to get prizes just to please him. He's very particular the way you do your lessons.

The next morning we went down the road to meet Briggs, Jr. He had been running and was out of



breath. He gets too much fancy grub at home, and that spoils his wind.

"She—she's taken it all in," he gasped, "and it's braced her up so, they say she's taken a turn for the better. Dad is walking about rubbing his hands, and mother's smiling, and big brother says I can have his old tennis racket, and the cook's given me two eggs for breakfast, and Susan's grinning like a Cheshire cat. I'll be darned if old Rover isn't wagging his tail. They are all standing on their head, and—and—I can't stand it. I think I'll run away!"

"You little idiot!" said Tomlin. "I believe I'll half kill you. Do you mean to say you aren't glad?"

"Glad!" he cried. "It'll kill her when she knows. She's made mother write a letter to ask 'Badger' to go and see her. They've given it to me to bring." He poked it in our faces. "If he doesn't go, she—she'll die."

He lay down on the grass and bellowed, and Tomlin and I looked at each other.

"Look here, Tomlin," I said, "we'll have to take the note to him and ask him to go. He'll give us blazes, but I don't care."

"Neither do I," said Tomlin.

So we took it. "Badger" was just starting for school when we got to his room. "What is it now?" he asked. "It's about Briggs' sister, sir," I told him.

He sat down suddenly. "You mean she—she's—"

He didn't finish; but we knew what he meant. "No, sir," I said. "She—they think she's going to get better." He looked quite pleased. "Only—it's all our fault, but we didn't mean it."

"Your fault?" He laughed such a funny laugh that I thought he was off his head.

"We sent her an Easter card, sir," I explained. "That was what did it. She thought it came from you. You see, she was stuck on you, and—"

"What?" he shouted. "What do you say?"

"Young Briggs heard his mother speaking about it," Tomlin explained. "She used to talk about you—she had the fever. We knew it before."

"We thought she was dying," I said, "and we wanted to cheer her up. We didn't think you'd mind. At least—"

"We didn't think about *you* at all, sir," Tomlin owned.

He held on to the arms of the chair and stared at us as if he didn't know what he was doing.

"I—I had no idea," he said, "no idea! She seemed so young and beautiful, and—"

He stopped and pulled himself together. "What do you mean by this nonsense?" he asked in a fierce voice.

We explained. He didn't look so wild as we expected, and when we gave him the note he drew several long breaths and coughed. Then he smiled a sort of smile.

"You've come to ask me not to punish you, I suppose?" he said.

"No, sir," I said. "I—we—" I looked at Tomlin.

"We—we thought—" he said. Then he looked at me.

"We knew you'd pitch into us," I told "Badger," "only we thought perhaps you wouldn't want her to die."

"Most certainly not," he said.

"And we thought—she's a brick, really she is—and if you could make out that you *did* send it, don't you see, sir? You could tell her that you weren't going to marry her, when she got well, and— Well, you could say Tomlin and I will when we grow up!"

"Badger" suddenly sat down on the table and laughed as if he had gone mad.

"I think I'd better marry her myself," he said. "You see, she couldn't marry both of you."

"We thought of fighting a duel," Tomlin remarked. "Ah! I see. I see. Still that would be a pity."

He laughed again and looked at the clock.

"Tell Mr. Johnson I shan't be at school this morning," he ordered. (Johnny is the assistant principal.) "You can give this to Mr. Douglas." (Dugger is our instructor.) "On the whole"—he pulled our ears gently—"you've behaved like gentlemen. Thank you, my boys."

Tomlin and I were so upset that we didn't say anything, only looked at the note. It said:

"Hughes and Tomlin are excused for being late. They have been doing me a service."

When we left "Badger" had collared his hat and overcoat. We knew that he was going to see Violet, and I bet Tomlin ten cents she would recover. She did.

"We were afraid she would get done up again when 'Badger' told her that he wasn't in love with her; but when he found out what a corking fine girl she was he was too foxy to make any breaks like that. He made out that he'd liked her all along, only he thought she was too young and nice for him (like the man that wrote the poem did) and she believed it. Girls will believe anything of a fellow if they like him. Why, she thinks Tomlin and I are the best boys in the school. She told 'Badger' so!"

"I didn't give you away to her," he said, when he told us. It was at supper, after he had taken us to the circus in the Easter vacation, and it was a supper.

"So I hope you'll give her cause to be proud of you."

She ought to be, if she isn't. I won the cup for the best batting average on the school nine, and Tomlin won the long jump in the track meet, and every one said we made bully "best men" at the wedding. There were some stunning girls there, but I liked Violet best. So did Tomlin.

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"So I hope you'll give her cause to be proud of you."



# THE MECHANICAL JONAH

AN ADVENTURE WHICH ACTUALLY BEFELL A TRAVELING CIRCUS IN THE EARLY TENT-SHOW DAYS

By CHARLES H. DAY, Author of "True Tales of the Sawdust Ring" : : Illustrated by B. CORY KILVERT

"I DON'T believe in Jonahs. A Jonah is a showman's superstition. I've had pretty good luck in my time, and never took any stock in any old woman's whims, number 13, evil Friday, cross-eyed men, walking under a ladder, or any of that sort of bosh."

The speaker was a tent-show writer who not only expressed his opinion, but put in his spoke to draw out the group of sawdusters who were circled about the glowing stove of their winter home, a small hotel near the show's resting and refitting quarters. The landlord overheard the remark of the language embellisher and observed: "There's no room 13 in my house. If there was I would use it for a morgue."

"Fudge on Jonahs!" remarked an equestrian who was drawing on a high-flavored cigar thrust in an ornately carved meerschaum purchased abroad; "it is a cruel thing, an outrage, to put a performer under the ban with such a millstone around the neck. Horrible!"

"Huh!" growled Crawford, the boss canvasman, pulling out a black pipe and hunting about his pockets for a match. "'Tis a horrible thing for a show to have a Jonah along. I'm no Johnny Newcomer in this business, and I know what I am talking about, I do. When a manager hires a Jonah, the cheapest thing he can do is to tie up the trick and not move the show." Crawford looked from sitter to sitter, and all except the writer and the equestrian nodded assent to the speaker's views.

"I presume that you have an excellent appetite [the landlord on the sly threw up both hands] and perfect digestion?" queried the literary listener.

"Well," returned the boss canvasman, "I never saw no man around a show except one who beat me on them qualities you have named, and he swallowed stones, nails, tacks, and such in the side-shows, an' made a business of his innards." Everybody laughed except a clown in the corner; he wouldn't crack a smile at any one's conceit—except his own. Crawford admired the white ashes on his cigar, took long-drawn and satisfying puffs at the roll of tobacco, and then settled it into a corner of his mouth, so that he could talk and still make the cigar hold fire. Every one present knew that a remarkable relation was forthcoming, for Crawford was as full of reliable reminiscences and extraordinary and exciting experiences as a popular novelist is of surprising sensations and perfidious plots. "Torkin' about Jonahs," began the boss canvasman, "I had an experience with Dan Costello when I was young in the business that's a worth a

tellin' an' not a connerduive to argyfyng or discussing. Dan was one of the fust to overland to Californy, an' we had adventures enough to make a sizable book. I've been a mind to write it, but I'm handier with a sledge than I am with a pen, and I never was much of a leg-puller, if wuz I'd be writing circus bills and slinging words to beat the band. This pertickler season we were making a special feature of a Mechanical Jonah."

"Mechanical Jonah?" interrogated the circus writer, permitting his curiosity to overcome his courtesy.

"I'm not telling this yarn other end first, nor is it in Hebrew with Chapter Once in the back end of the book. As I was about to observe before the dictionary opened, Dan he—well, you all know Dan, he was a star leaper and a clown that was a clown in his time. He went to England with Howes & Cushing, and Dan made the personal acquaintance of Charles Dickens, who writ books enough to fill this room, and made enough money to have a circus of his own if he wanted one. Dickens was stuck on the circus, an' writ a book stuffed with sawdust called 'Great Expectations.' It was good. I read a book of it till I wore it out, but I didn't mind that much, for I knew it from kiver to kiver by that

time and could say it backward. Well, the two men got so familiar that they called each other Charlie and Dan, and the only difference they ever had was who was to pay for the beer."

"What chapter is that?" asked the circus writer.

"I'm jest perfecting a literary style, imitating you, starting in at the middle and going both ways. What is the use of telling a story if you don't introduce your characters? If you didn't, it would be like seein' a play after the first act. It was Dan an' Bill Coup got Barnum back to tenting, as you all know. Cass, as we mostly called Dan, had allers taken ter the South. Southwest an' way out West an' the lakes an' the rivers, there was roughin' an' money in it, an' it wuz men like Cass an' Old John Robinson who used ter make lots of money in the outlandish outerways. When you show in the poperlated parts you get your competition and your comfort together. I've been a hull season with Dan without even so much as crossing the track of another trick or seein' a sheet of emboidy else's paper. That perditional spring I am relatin' to, I pumped Dan on his intentions just as a perspective father-in-law does after a feller has been chasing up a gal, running up the gas bill, an' failing to sign a contract. Cass didn't elucidate extensively, he jest dropped enough to satisfy my curiosity when he said: 'I'm goin' to make some money or lose my scalp.' I knew by that he wuz goin' West, an' sez I, 'Cass, I'm with you if I'm eat up with rattlesnakes and filled with pizened arrers. Where des yer expecter to winter?' sez I. 'Sundown,' sez he. 'Road or rail?' 'Any old way,' answered Dan, 'we'll be so hitched up as ter road it, rail it, or boat, but principally wagon.' An' then Dan bein' in a talkative mood communerated: 'I expect to see Californy before I get back, an' I'll get *dust* if fortune don't give me the dirty shake.' After tellin' about the company, an' the layout he had made for a good show, he sed confidentially: 'Whisper, I've got a *feature*,' an' held his breath for as much as a minute, an' looked aroun' keerfully before he spoke. 'Craw'—he most generally called me Craw fur short—'I've got a *Steam Man*.' 'Explanify,' sez I, an' Cass he went on to do it an' tell how the mechanical figur' wuz of gigantic proportions, much as eight feet high, an' wore a stovepipe hat, which anser'd for a smokestack. The thing had its eyes lit up, an' let off steam through the nostrils, an' tuk in fuel at the mouth. 'Dumbest invention you ever heard tell of,' sed Dan. 'What good is it?' sed I. 'It *walks*,' sez Cass. 'Rats,' sez I. 'Honest injun,' sez Mister Costello as solemnly as if he wuz under oath. An' I tuk his word for it. 'The Steam Man will draw,' sez Cass." (Continued on page 23)



"THE CONSERVED THING WOULDN'T WORK HALF THE TIME"



# Daughters of Desperation

The Adventures of Three Fair Anarchists, an Obliging Young Man, and a Dog

A STORY IN FIVE PARTS—PART FOUR

By HILDEGARD BROOKS : : Illustrated by CHARLOTTE HARDING

One day Maurice Silsbee, the promised groomsmen of his friend Spoffard, who that same day is to marry Miss Ina Bushnell, comes upon three young ladies in a garden adjoining the Bushnell property. These, the Misses Dicey, Houghton, and Halliburton, avow themselves members of an anarchistic society presided over by one Stepnovo. They design, for the benefit of the Cause, to rob Miss Bushnell's wedding silver-chest, and for this purpose have hired the professional burglar Gardiner. Silsbee, appearing at the hour when Gardiner is expected, is mistaken for him and thus initiated into the secret. While impersonating the criminal, Silsbee tries to dissuade the Daughters of Desperation from their purpose. But when the real burglar arrives Silsbee is found out, overpowered, and locked in the cellar. Gardiner, however, fails the young ladies at the critical moment, so that they are obliged to appeal to their captive for aid in carrying off the heavy chest. After some parley with Miss Halliburton he consents. The party drive with the stolen box to a railway station, whence it is expressed to town subject to the order of a fictitious person

## CHAPTER VII

THE horse was anxious to get home to his breakfast oats, and we lost no time on our return. This was well; for day brightened and we overtook and passed several milk and truck wagons on their morning way to Keswick. It was light enough now, had we met any persons squarely, for them to note our not very usual appearance. Miss Halliburton in her bridesmaid's gown, both of us hatless, our unusual rig for a pleasure drive, and the unusual hour for that; if these things would not have drawn upon us the suspicion of the passer-by, I say he would have been a man of little imagination.

But chance-hap favored us, and we entered Keswick's still quiet streets, crossed the park, and made our home run without serving as worm to any early bird of curiosity. Miss Halliburton, who, as far as possible, had kept herself anxiously withdrawn from view since day had surprised us, gave a very human sigh of relief as we entered the gate of the Dicey place.

For my own part, the nearer we approached headquarters the more uneasy I grew as to what might have happened there during our absence, and my own relief was great when we came in sight of the stable and saw Miss Dicey and Miss Houghton, evidently awaiting us impatiently. They were seated side by side on one of last night's hampers, just within the carriage-house door. Not that they had been there since we had left them, for they had exchanged their ceremonial costumes for fresh pretty morning dresses, and when Miss Halliburton descended from the wagon and stood between them, she looked fagged and wilted by contrast. They received their sister in desperation with enthusiasm. They showered praises upon her, and delicate little caresses for the thing she had accomplished. Evidently the three considered the adventure at an end, while to me the serious side of it was but begun. I looked momentarily for the officers of the law.

"Neither Powell nor Gardiner has turned up yet," Miss Dicey volunteered when we had finished our report—"and Josh, he is gone too."

"Josh gone!" cried Miss Halliburton, as if this were a straw too much; and that frown of pain I had seen the night before when her tears had flowed came upon her brow.

"Josh goes rat-hunting between midnight and breakfast," I hastened to reassure her. "Fixed habit; but he never fails to turn up."

They all seemed greatly relieved.

"Do you think you will need the horse again?" I inquired of Miss Dicey, just by way of reminding them that they now had their own safety to consider.

"No, indeed; and, Mr. Silsbee, could you stable him, since Powell isn't here?" she returned. "Thank you so much. So good of you to help us out. Breakfast will be ready when you come to the house."

"And we've had your things from the cellar carried up to Powell's room, over this carriage house," added Miss Houghton, pointing to the stairs, "in case you want to refresh yourself; and come right to the house, won't you?"

"Breakfast will be on the back piazza," said Miss Dicey.

Miss Halliburton's eyes were seeking the distant horizon. I should have as soon expected a marble statue to cordially second the others' invitation. But I accepted it. What could I do else? My associates in crime were in no wise alive to all our danger. We were quietly to breakfast, all together. It was my part to await developments.

Miss Dicey wore pink that morning, Miss Houghton pale green, and Miss Halliburton had changed her gown when I joined them on the piazza to one of fresh white, in which she looked severely beautiful. She sat manipulating the coffee machine as I came up the steps and had no time to give me more than a cold little bow of welcome. But Miss Houghton, who was cook-

ing eggs in a blazer, and Miss Dicey, who was going back and forth into the house fetching things for the breakfast-table, received me in most friendly fashion. I was permitted to hulk the strawberries, and to open the box of "No-Cooking," the breakfast cereal, with my pocket-knife, and to fetch the plates from the side-board of the dining-room, just inside, and the cream from the kitchen just beyond; altogether I was useful and busy. For a few minutes the dark happenings of the night were forgotten. A cheerful party drew around the attractive table.

The piazza was to the south, but at that early hour it was cool and shady while the garden was flooded with morning sunlight. Birds sang; in the breeze the last wistaria blossoms drifted to our white cloth. Miss Halliburton's coffee was strong and fragrant. I believed I was spending the last agreeable hour of my life. I would fain have forgotten the silver. But the conversation inevitably turned to it. My companions discussed the matter of how soon it could probably be delivered at their apartment in the city, and I presently learned that their friend Stepnovo was now at their apartment, living there while he awaited the silver.

"It must reach him to-night," said Miss Dicey. "You know the apples I have sent down from here in the fall always come in one day."

"I do hope it won't be delayed," observed Miss Houghton, "because we can't go home till Stepnovo has smelted it all and carried it away, and if it takes him long we shall be dreadfully hurried in packing for the steamer."

"He can't do it very fast, working all alone," said

party, Mr. Silsbee," she said quietly. "The people who are going are all anarchists. You wouldn't enjoy them, and they wouldn't enjoy you. Besides, there is no reason whatever why you should not return to your former walk of life."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "Please think how deadly tame it would be!"

"That's so," said Miss Dicey sympathetically. "But then you may be hunted by the police, and that would be exciting."

"But there is no chance of Mr. Silsbee's even being suspected," said Miss Halliburton. "The silver won't be missed till the Spoffards come home at the end of the summer. Then the burglary will be traced to us; but they won't be able to reach us, so that will be all."

"You little know the capacity of the detectives," I urged. "These trained men won't be long in tracing every move that each one of us made last night. As for me, I shall be the first object of suspicion, for it will soon be known that on the day of Fred Spoffard's wedding I mysteriously disappeared. Neither shall I ever be able to give an account of myself."

"No need," said Miss Halliburton; "we telegraphed."

"What did you say?"

"That, Mr. Silsbee, I would rather not tell you."

"But I ought to know," I pleaded. "It may save me from jail some day to be able to tell the same story."

"I'm sorry, but it is impossible for me to tell," said Miss Halliburton; "you'll have to trust me that I made a good and sufficient excuse."

Though she spoke firmly, yet the gathering frown on her forehead, and a shimmer in her eyes, made me dread a sudden flow of tears, and I desisted, my curiosity unappeased.

"As for your feeling yourself in danger, Mr. Silsbee, we certainly won't urge you to stay in the country in that case," she continued, her face clearing again. "I recommend Australia to you."

"Are you going to Australia?" I asked.

"No, but you really can't go with us, Mr. Silsbee," said Miss Houghton in an expostulating tone. "It would break up the whole colony to have a person like you along."

I was deeply hurt.

"What is there about me," I asked bitterly, "which makes you think I would not make a good anarchist? It is true, I have strenuously objected to your breaking the law. I may say, I have demurred all the way through, but actions speak louder than words. I am as deeply dyed in crime as any one of you."

"I think not," said the inexorable Miss Halliburton. "I remember that I gained you last night only by making a strong appeal to your instinct of chivalry. I doubt whether, accurately speaking, you have had any hand in the larceny committed last night."

"But connivance," I urged. "is also a crime."

"Connivance alone is not strong enough to qualify you for a place among us," said Miss Halliburton. "Every member of this emigrating party, except the wives of a few of our members—every one is at war with society upon one issue or another. Each one of us can claim to have struck one blow against the pernicious order that now exists, and each has either suffered martyrdom already, or has lived in hiding from the officers of tyranny."

"What is the idea," I rejoined with animation, "of drawing the line so closely about the merely disreputable? I should think that a few people like myself, who have never been in jail or in hiding, would give (I speak humbly) a rather pleasing variety to the social intercourse."

"Undoubtedly," she returned with a light rise of color, "but our aim is not to make things as pleasant as possible, but rather to base our new colony on the firmest possible foundation. We can admit only those who have so thoroughly broken with all their ties here that they can cherish no hope of return."

"And you yourselves are going with this permanent exile in view?" I asked incredulously, looking from one to the other.

"Certainly! Why not? What else could we do?" they returned in chorus.

"But won't you—ah—suffer?" I asked.

Miss Dicey laughed, Miss Halliburton looked disdainful, Miss Houghton only would answer me.

"Suffer? Of course we shall suffer. We are going with a company of untrained and many-minded people into a wild country. But all living is suffering, and we are only going to escape mental torments and face mere physical ills. We shall welcome the change. What is exposure to the weather or famine or fever or even war with savages compared to the misery of being a civilized young woman?"

"I should think—" I began, but she cut me short.

"You think, but you don't know," she said. "We know exactly how you think, but you can't remotely guess how we feel."

I was dumb. As for further urging my escort upon these would-be emigrants, that was out of the question. To turn the conversation I wondered, most unfortunately, whether Josh had yet come in.



I WAS PERMITTED TO HULK THE STRAWBERRIES

Miss Halliburton. "But I think Powell and Gardiner will turn up to help him."

"I'm afraid not," said Miss Dicey. "They were pretty badly scared. I don't believe we shall see them till we get on board the steamer, and then they'll be disguised."

"Powell loves disguises," said Miss Halliburton, and there was a lovely flicker of a smile. "I wish he wouldn't. It makes him so conspicuous."

"He is not a man of very good taste," said Miss Dicey with regret. "But he is very useful. And I must say it's been a great convenience since we've been here that he assumed the disguise of a servant. We've had all sorts of work out of him that did not strictly further the Cause."

"What steamer are we going to take?" I asked Miss Halliburton upon my first opportunity.

She looked very much taken aback.

"You're not going to take any steamer," she exclaimed.

"What, you are going to leave me behind?" I cried incredulously. "I'm to bear the whole fury of the law while you escape to a place of safety."

This impressed the other two. Miss Dicey thought it did not seem very fair, but Miss Halliburton relentlessly shook her head.

"It would be quite impossible for you to join our



They had forgotten the dog for the nonce, and were quite startled to remember him. Now they anxiously proposed to each other to make a thorough search of the premises. I was loath to see the table-round break up; the piazza was growing momentarily more pleasant as the mounting sun promised us an extra hot day, and I could have sat there sipping coffee and discoursing with the Daughters of Desperation for another hour or so.

But I diligently joined in the search for Josh.

## CHAPTER VIII

FOR two mortal hours we sought that dog in garden, stable, and along neighboring streets and alleys. The air became hot; we were all languid. From time to time, as our search was still fruitless, there was that ominous gathering on Miss Halliburton's brow which bespoke her anxiety and disappointment. I watched her apprehensively. If she cried, I told myself, there would be nothing for it—I should have to confess that the dog had never been mine, that he had now disappeared to seek his own haunts, and I should have to offer to go to the street where he had joined me and find him, and find his owner and buy him at any cost.

But Miss Halliburton commanded herself. She did not cry. I once more vaunted Josh's loyalty and basely promised my companions that he would return of his own accord.

"But perhaps some horrid, unprincipled wretches have stolen him!" suggested Miss Houghton.

The burglar-maidens looked at each other, appalled at the thought of such a depredation.

"If any one has stolen him, believe me, he won't keep him long," I hastened to reassure them.

Then I urged—we were in the garden at the time—that they should all retire to the house and rest. I promised to remain under the shade-trees myself and watch for Josh, giving an occasional whistle. If he did not return of his own accord before noon, I proposed to put a notice into the evening paper.

They were so nearly fondled, with all the excitement and loss of sleep in the past night, that it was not difficult to dissuade them from longer and fiercer exertions. Even when Miss Houghton and Miss Dicey wearily agreed to go in and rest a while the invincible Miss Halliburton still refused to join them. She said she had an important matter to attend to before she could sleep. It presently appeared that her business was nothing less than to call upon Mrs. Bushnell and apologize to her for the disturbance they had caused her the night before.

"I'm sure it isn't necessary," protested Miss Dicey, "and it will be awfully embarrassing for you to face her after breaking into her house last night."

"Not in the least," returned Miss Halliburton. "I am never embarrassed. We had a perfectly good reason for breaking into her house last night, so there is nothing to be ashamed of." For a moment I felt I had solved Miss Halliburton—she was a humorist; but she continued most gravely: "I should be ashamed, however, of neglecting a simple courtesy. Mrs. Bushnell has always been very neighborly when we have come up to stay in Keswick. I am going over to see her now."

"May I go with you?" I asked, inspired by her greatness to take a greater view of the value of my own personal safety.

She seemed willing to consider me as an escort, but Miss Dicey protested it was unwise I should be seen with her, and Miss Halliburton agreed.

"The best and safest thing for you to do, Mr. Silsbee, is to go straight home," said Miss Dicey in a cordial way. "We're very, very grateful for what you've done; but now that there is nothing more, why should you run the risk of arrest, as we must? You had better say good-by."

"Yes, Mr. Silsbee, your family will be troubled about you," suggested Miss Houghton anxiously. "I'll find you a time-table. And one of us will drive you to the station."

"I couldn't think of troubling you. It's only a step," I returned, wondering wistfully whether my adventure was really to break off here and now. "I have a time-table with me, thank you, Miss Houghton."

Sadly I pulled it forth and consulted it. There was just time for me to make the next train into the city.

"That's nice," exclaimed the young ladies in congratulatory tones.

"I was hoping I had an hour's grace to wait for Josh," I said with a cheerfulness that I took care should not conceal my disappointment. "I'm a little troubled at leaving my dear old companion without a word of farewell. He has been my faithful doggie—and I think he'll feel it. I suppose you ladies intend to take him with you into the dangers of sea-travel and pioneer life?"

There were exclamations of assent from all of them.

"Certainly, we shall!"

"Nothing would induce us to be separated from Josh."

"We won't go till we find him."

And now Miss Dicey considered my case.

"It's a shame for Mr. Silsbee not to see him again," she cried.

"You ought to stay over an-

other train," said Miss Halliburton in a tone of restrained reproach for my coldheartedness.

And now they all fell to urging me to stay over to luncheon, not to do violence to my nature by tearing myself from Josh without farewell. They assured me that I exaggerated the danger I was in, that if I left without seeing my dog again I would probably regret it all my life.

I accepted with pleasure their invitation to luncheon. Miss Halliburton was still intent upon her call at the Bushnells. I walked with her as far as the gap in the hedge, and waited for her there. She returned in a very few minutes.

"Mrs. Bushnell was at breakfast, so I didn't stay," she explained to me as we approached the house. "She meant to be pleasant, but she saw I was sleepy, and she scolded me because we were all up so late last night. I suppose—" (Miss Halliburton's tone grew bitter) "she thought we were up for our own



FOR TWO MORTAL HOURS WE SOUGHT THAT DOG

amusement." Her head drooped wearily. "I wonder where Josh is," she sighed.

"Don't give him another thought," I begged her. "Pray go indoors and rest. I'll wait about the garden for him."

"There's a hammock down there," she remarked with a languid gesture toward the lower end of the garden, and we separated.

Aside from the night's exertions, the morning itself was hot and drowsy enough to dispose me to slumber. Miss Halliburton's sleepy voice acted like an added soporific. Though crime lay behind me and almost certain "trouble" lay before, I found that hammock in the cool interior of a hemlock thicket and straightway fell asleep.

I awoke reluctantly when my name was called, but when I saw before me the three Daughters of Desperation, evidently come in a body to advise me of a calamity, for deep distress was depicted on their faces, I was broad awake in an instant and sprang to my feet.

"Have they come?" I demanded.

"Have who come?" asked Miss Halliburton.

"The police, to be sure," said I.

"We don't expect the police. It's about Josh," she returned.

"Oh, Josh!" I repeated, immensely relieved, though at the same time it saddened me to think that I had to be aroused from my reviving sleep for the sake of that wretched cur. Still, it was high noon, as I saw by the sifted rays of the sun; and the ladies, so wan that morning, had their color restored by their hours of rest.

"I thought the silver had been missed—or found," I remarked to my accomplices.

"It surely has been found by this time," cried Miss Dicey, wringing her hands. "We packed up Josh with it!"

"What?"

"We shut down the lid on him! We have shipped him with the silver to Stepnovo!" cried Miss Houghton.

"The devil!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"Yes, wasn't it fiendish, horrible, cruel carelessness?" sobbed Miss Dicey. "I did it myself. Oh, he'll die! He'll be suffocated! It's too ghastly!"

"But are you sure? I don't see how it could have happened," said I, beginning to doubt the event.

"It was this way," Miss Halliburton explained, and here was a time when her calmer demeanor shone forth with fine effect: "Miss Dicey had Josh on her lap, sitting in the wagon last night, watching you pack."

"I remember," said I.

"Then came the alarm. She said she put Josh down on top of the ready-packed silver—"



THEY ALL FELL TO URGING ME TO STAY

"Didn't you see me do that, Mr. Silsbee?" asked Miss Dicey eagerly.

"I don't remember," I confessed. "You put out the light."

"Then you both got out of the wagon," Miss Halliburton quietly continued. "Miss Dicey thinks he must have curled up in the hollow made by the punch-bowl (as she describes it it was large enough) and gone to sleep in the time that we all stood listening. Now didn't you close down the lid of the chest before you relighted the lantern, Mr. Silsbee?"

"I did," I confessed; "and this frees you from all blame in the matter, Miss Dicey," I added, for her distress was very painful.

"He was in my care," she returned inconsolably. "I should have missed him at once. I'll never forgive myself."

"But it's unlikely anyhow," I protested, "the dog would have yelped, and we should have heard him."

"Ah, you know his trustful nature, Mr. Silsbee," exclaimed Miss Houghton. "Would he have yelped? We think not. We think he quietly slept while we screwed him in and shipped him. But in the baggage car, on the train, and in the express office, when he realizes that he is betrayed, it is then that the box marked hardware will send forth howls."

I reflected on the circumstances, on Josh's predestined career of making trouble, and I had to admit that the dog was probably in the box.

"Perhaps he passed quietly away for lack of breath," I suggested hopefully, "ere ever he awoke."

They received the suggestion with every mark of grief and pity, so that I was sorry I had spoken. There was no stemming their bitter self-accusation for Josh's death until Miss Dicey remembered the large crack between the two places that made up the cleated lid of the chest. This crack, we decided after much talk, ran right across the place of the punch-bowl and should afford Josh his necessary air. The conclusion did not, of course, tend to make us easy. If Josh was safe, we ourselves were in the greater danger. As Miss Houghton had said, the box marked hardware would send forth howls. Who could doubt, in that case, but it would be opened, the silver discovered?

"And Stepnovo arrested!" said Miss Halliburton with tragic quiet.

"Stepnovo?" said I. "How about him?"

"The box was directed to Stepnovo. They'll go for him."

"But the silver was marked with Miss Bushnell's name, wasn't it?" said I. "Won't they search these premises for all traces of the thieves? Won't Josh be recognized as the dog who made himself conspicuous at the wedding by his attachment to Miss Halliburton?"

"They will come to the Bushnells", of course. Josh will be recognized as our dog, too," said Miss Halliburton calmly. "But nobody would suspect us of the hideous cruelty of packing up a small dog in a chest full of silver. The circumstance will tend to lead suspicion away from us."

"You are a little too easily reassured," I protested warmly. "I tell you that to the detectives—who are perhaps at this very moment looking over the scene of the burglary over yonder—our trail across the lawn and through the hedge and to your stable will be as plain as if we had trod in fresh-fallen snow. Ladies, the hour has come when we must face the consequences of what we did last night."

But I made very little impression on them. They could not, when it came to the point, conceive of the possibility of themselves being arrested. They thought it more likely that nothing would be done in Keswick till the police had secured the man to whom the box had been directed. The question with them was not one of their own safety at all, but of their accomplice in town.

"But he is in your apartment, you say," I still urged. "Won't that bring the guilt directly home to you?"

"Yes, it will in time," said Miss Dicey. "But I've heard time and again how slow and stupid detectives are. A good many of my best friends in the city have had dealings with them. I think we had better consider what we can do to warn Stepnovo first and afterward consider ourselves."

"Somebody must go there," said Miss Halliburton. "He does not answer the doorbell, so it is no use to telegraph. He is simply on the lookout for the express wagon that is to bring the silver."

I promptly declared that I would go, resolving to make myself as useful as possible, even in the hour of our ruin.

It was an hour before the next train left for the city, and when Miss Halliburton learned that she decided that I must have luncheon. I was not in the least hungry, but when I found that Miss Dicey, the real hostess of the premises, was too much perturbed to attend to me, and that Miss Houghton was absorbed in encouraging her and consoling her—when, in short, it appeared that Miss Halliburton herself had to attend to my wants, I confessed to some appetite. I followed her to the house. The big cool dining-room was pleasantly shaded by faded old yellow silk curtains at the windows. I stood there watching her as she walked about.





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fetching me bread and cheese and salad and cold meat, and I took the plates from her hands to set them on the table, but I can not say that she attended to my wants with the pretty solicitude that Miss Dicey had shown in my prison, yet her manner was distinctly more gracious toward me than it had been the night before. She really seemed anxious to fortify me for the journey. She spoke regretfully of the heat I would find in the cars; she seemed anxious that my tea should be strong enough. Then she sat opposite me, silent and pensive, her eyes on the floor. The strange golden light through the shades made a glory on her hair. I had the opportunity to look at her face and wonder.

The hour was too short. All too soon Miss Houghton and Miss Dicey came in nervously to warn me that it was time for me to depart. Miss Dicey gave me the address of the apartment and the keys that should admit me.

"You must go in softly," she warned me. "If Stepanov sees you before you see him—he is likely to jump on you."

Miss Halliburton smiled faintly and swept me with a look from head to foot.

"I think Mr. Silsbee will probably hold his own," she observed quietly.

They all shook hands with me, urgently recommending now Josh, now Stepanov, to my care. I promised to telegraph them at the earliest possible moment.

"I shall see you again," I said to my chief.

"Oh, of course," she returned in a cool little voice; but a delicate pink rose to her face and I was content to look away.

I had really more than time enough to make my train. As the day was hot, I walked very slowly to the station. There, just as I was about to step into the waiting-room I saw, by the tail of my eye, a little dog, who slipped nimbly round the nearest corner. He looked so much like Josh that I gave immediate chase; for to be assured the dog was not packed up with the silver was enough to make this very disagreeable journey into town unnecessary.

The dog turned out to be Josh's brother; not that he looked so much like him when I finally caught up with him, but I knew the blood of the fatal touch he had upon my affairs. In following him back into the street and across it, I lost about thirty seconds more than I counted on, and I dashed back to the platform to see my train move out. My mortification may be imagined.

There was nothing for it but to take the local train which left fifteen minutes later and took nearly three times as long to reach the city. The manly thing, I suppose, would have been for me to go back to the Daughters of Desperation and confess my failure, but I dared not. I meekly endured the penance of the local and spent a weary, hot, and anxious afternoon.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

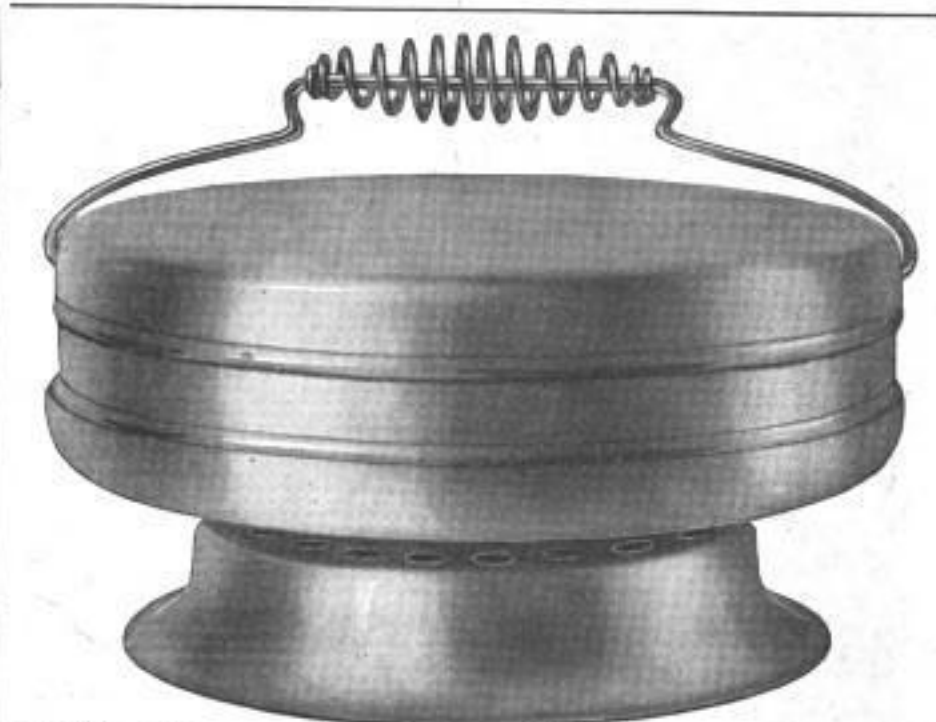
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## THE MECHANICAL JONAH

(Continued from Page 20)

"Well, we drew the Steam Man for many a mile, an' the consarned thing wouldn't work half the time, from gettin' out of order, an' was allers the first thing out of town and the last in. The Mechanical Jonah, as we got to calling it, weighed a heap, and when it wasn't stuck in the mud or through a bridge, it was breaking everybody's back a settin' it up, except the inventor's. All he ever did was to boss the job an' holler. Talk about your cranks! his head was so full of wheels there wasn't room for them to go round. Going West we played some of the lake towns, an' then shipped to Chicago by boat. 'Bout half-way across wan of them sudden storms come up, an' come mighty high sinkin' the whole caboodle of us. I an' Cass weren't skeered a little bit, but it was rough enough to make the Mechanical Jonah seasick. Things got so bad that the Captain would have given a month's wages to have been ashore, and the worst man in the crew was thinking up the child's prayer his mother taught him. Waves! the spray hit the sky at every lash, an' says Cass to me, 'Craw, if the gale don't 'bate, we'll have to lighten ship.' I knew that something would have to go if there wasn't a change for the better, an' suggested that the first thing to put over the side was the inventor. The manager was agreed, an' thort it would be a good idea to use the Mechanical Jonah for an anchor to keep him from coming up again. As it was, we had to let seat, plank, and up-rights go, and barely managed to swim through. For the rest of that season we kept to the road, and the sight of water even in a glass made the company qualmish. Costello wanted to do a bit of river territory, but the performers kicked so that the manager sed, sez he: 'Craw, I'd rather take them out on the prairies and use them for targets for the Indians to practice on.'

"After Chicago we made a bee line west, most as straight as you could draw a line on a map. When we did get out in the Injun regions, we had more to fear from the renegades and the black sheep that had emigrated from the East than from the reds. Cass rix the price of admission to a dollar a go when we got to the border, and there was no half price from a skercity of young uns. Wimmen folks were so skerce that the living skeleton gal and the fat woman had proposals of marriage at every town, but they couldn't be induced to hitch, because they were coining money selling their photographs. One loon told the fat woman that she was an angel. Angel! it was all that she could do to walk, and as for flying, that was an impossibility. We did lose the Circassian gal; she married a gold-miner—but the chap did the square thing with Cass and bought off her engagement. The places we struck were wide open, an' if my literary



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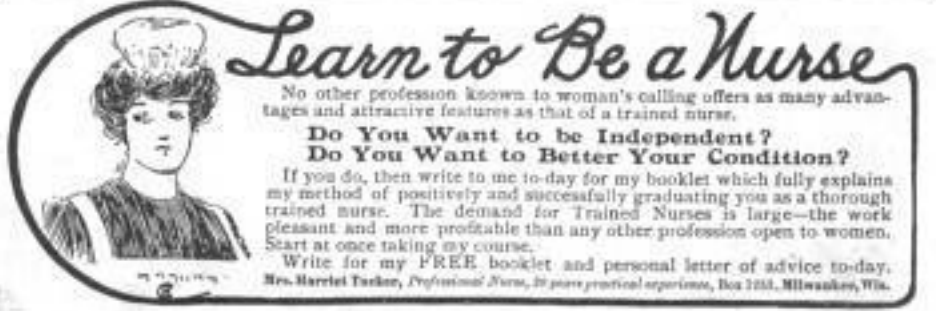
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friend over there was to write them up, he'd have to print the descriptions in red ink on yellow paper, an' perfume the sheets with sulphur. On the hull, we managed to get 'long tollerable, an' even when we couldn't get the Steam Man up an' operatin', there wasn't so much kicking as you'd naturally expect. To tell the truth, the people were just dying to see anything for a show, an' would have stood Red Schoolhouse Bell Ringers or a Panorama of Europe. It was right there that I suggested that Dan dump the Mechanical Jonah an' let the Inventor go, but he wouldn't hear to it.

"We made a Sunday drive from one mining camp to another an' got in early, and we hadn't more than got set up than the Inventor started in to put the Steam Man together, an' for a wonder, got it to workin' in good shape, an' a-walkin' aroun' to beat the dence. Cass, he come in the tent an' tuk a look at the thing an' hoped that it would go as well the next day. An' then he called me off to one side, an' says he to me, sez he, 'Craw, they are alarmin' here in the town 'bout Injuns, an' tellin' as how the Sioux are on the war trail.'"

"Sioux Indians," suggested the writer. "These weren't no Zoo Indians, they were the real Sioux's. S-i-o-u-x, Sioux, wild as they make them, and looking for blood. I an' Cass an' the boss hostler held a convention, an' we all agreed that our stock of ring and road horses would be a temptation to the reds, and that it would be advisable to keep a guard on the watch an' lay low. The town was the last that was made in that direction, and it was called Finis—a feller that got through college before serving out his sentence named it."

"Happy thought!" exclaimed the circus combiner of alliterative adjectives.

"Cass thought it would be a good idea if the Injuns did come, then they would stop killing each other and fight Injuns. Dan was comical at times when he wasn't playing clown. You fellers, who've never seen anything but caged Injuns in a Wild West Show know as little about the real article as the man does who carves a cigar-store sign. Gee whizz! Cass had just looked at

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his ticker—real gold set in diamonds and weighed a pound—and sed 'Twelve,' when the Sioux that had surrounded the town an' us set up a yelling, an' much as a thousand of them set on to us an' the settlement, an' promised to make an end of Finis an' us, too. Oh, they weren't havin' it all their way, for the Finisers were putting up a game fight an' the circus weren't slow. We had all our horses under the big top, an' the tent kinder confounded them, but the man who did the business was the Inventor. He walked the Steam Man out of the canvas an' started the Mechanical Jonah for the reds. The machine worked to perfection and was fired up to the very limit. Smoke was steaming from its hat with sparks a-flyin', an' the eyes were a blaze of flames. We were in a sort of hollow or pitch of ground, an' all the Injuns surrounding saw the unearthly monster an' halted, stopped yellin', an' faser-nated-like, looked! an' looked! an' looked! Reckon the Finisers were about as skooked as the reds. Right then sunthin' happened to the Mechanical Jonah that settled the whole business, an' Cass an' I didn't stop laughin' on account of it for the rest of the season. The Steam Man bust his boiler, an' the explosion shook the town like an earthquake an' blowed the consarned Mechanical Jonah to fenders. The Injuns dug out for all they were worth, an' Finis was saved, an' so was the show. The Inventor married the fat woman, 'cordin'ly had no cause to mourn his loss, an' lived happy ever afterward. We all wished him joy, and the happy man said he didn't know of any one that had more of it—six hundred pounds if there was an ounce. When the Finisers heard of the marriage they expressed their grattytude an' a gold brick. The grattytudin' was done in the shape of resolutions, an' Wells Fargo did the rest."

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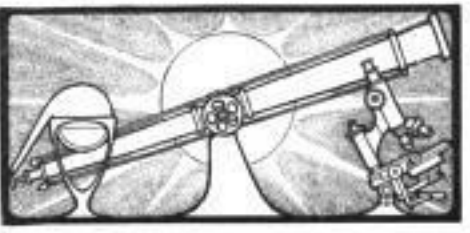
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**A MILLION-POWER SUN**  
By GARRETT P. SERVISS

THE occasional tendency of the figures used in astronomy to strain the faith, if not the imagination, of the untechnical reader almost to the breaking point, is illustrated by a recent calculation by Mr. J. E. Gore of the Royal Astronomical Society, concerning the probable mass of what, as far as we know at present, may be regarded as the greatest body in the universe—the star Canopus.

The magnitude of the conception which we are required to form in this case so far transcends the ordinary exercises of the imagination that it can only be approached step by step, as one ascends a mountain by first climbing its foothills and its lower buttresses. Even the first step here is one from which some minds recoil.

In estimating the relative magnitudes of celestial bodies, the first term of comparison is necessarily the earth. Because we dwell upon the earth we are able to get something like a realizing sense of its actual size. We can go round it in various directions, and can apply a magnified foot-rule to it, thus obtaining by direct means the data for a mental picture of a globe more than 25,000 miles in circumference. Yet all do not find it easy to form such a picture and hold it before the mind's eye. It looks more or less hazy and ill-defined in outline, because of the depth of the perspective.

But, assuming that you have in your mind a clear picture of the earth as an astronomical body hanging in space, first steady yourself by confidently grasping the hand of astronomy, and then, letting the earth go as after all an inconsiderable trifle, gaze onward into the far mightier perspective in the midst of which hangs the sun, a body more than a million times larger than the earth.

There are persons, not lacking education, who flatly refuse to believe this. They prefer to think that astronomers have made some mistake, or committed some oversight, rather than accept the statement that the sun, which does not look very large in the sky—certainly no larger than the moon—is equal in bulk to more than a million earths. Yet, of course, the fact is as incontestable as any known to science. There is no guesswork about it.

When you have succeeded, then, in forming a definite mental picture of the great globe of the sun, you are ready for the final flight of the imagination, which Mr. Gore's calculation, based upon authentic astronomical data, demands that you make if you hope to understand the scale on which this universe is built. These ten words sketch the magnitude of the conception now required of you: *Canopus is a million times more massive than the sun!*

As much as the sun exceeds the earth, so much Canopus exceeds the sun. In each case the multiplier is a million. A single unit stands for the earth; a million units represent the sun; a million times a million units denote Canopus. Yet Canopus is also a sun; at least we do not know what else to call it. But what a sun!

It will be observed that the comparison between the sun and the earth is based on their relative size, or volume, while for the sun and Canopus it relates to their mass, or quantity of matter. This, however, does not essentially affect the stated inequality. Another term for mass, in everyday life, is weight. We say that two bodies which weigh the same are equal in mass. It follows, then, that Canopus placed in one scale of a balance would lift a million suns piled together in the other scale. If the mean density of Canopus is greater than the mean density of the sun, the former may not be a million times larger than the latter. But the probability is that there is no great difference of density, and that we may say, indifferently, that Canopus exceeds the sun a million times in mass, or in size.

Fortunate for us that it is not near by! If the earth were as near to that tremendous star as it is to the sun—that is to say, within about 93,000,000 miles of its centre—this solid globe could not endure a minute. At that distance the blazing orb of Canopus would seem to fill a whole quarter of the heavens, and the light and heat poured upon us would be ten thousand times more intense than the present radiation of the sun. The earth would melt and vaporize like a snowflake sucked into the open door of a furnace.

The gravitative or attractive power of a globe a million times as massive as the sun puts another strain upon the imagination. That power would be sufficient to sway a great system of such bodies as our sun, holding and governing them in orbits like so many insignificant planets or satellites. Fallen, indeed, would be the glory and majesty of the sun if he should venture within the grasp of Canopus!

If a system of planets could exist as near to Canopus as the sun's planets are to him, their speed of revolution in their orbits would be truly frightful. The earth, in such a situation, would be compelled to travel almost 10,000 miles every second, and the length of the year would be reduced from 365 days to less than nine hours. Even stately Jupiter would speed round his entire course, which now occupies almost twelve years, in about four days.

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### LOST HOPES

By E. NESBIT

AND it is fair and very fair  
This maze of blossom and sweet air,  
This drift of orchard snows,  
This radiant promise of the rose  
Wherein your young eyes see  
Such buds of scented joys to be.  
A gay green garden, softly fanned  
By the blythe breeze that blows  
To speed your ship of dreams to the enchanted land.

But I—beyond the budding screen  
Of green and red, and white and green,  
Behind the radiant show  
Of things that cling and grow and glow,  
I see the plains where lie  
The hopes of days gone by:  
Gray breadths of melancholy, crossed  
By winds that coldly blow  
From that cold sea wherein my argosy is lost.



### TRUE STORIES OF TO-DAY

#### Wire-Pulling in the Navy

JERRY, the mascot goat of the battleship *Alabama*, has proved by deeds that he fears no foe, and is ready to eat anything short of projectiles. But according to a painfully veracious gunner's-mate of this floating fortress, Jerry is a victim of wire-pulling; and this pernicious tendency has shocked and unnerved the victim, as it has many other fighters afloat and ashore. When electricians were equipping the *Alabama* with a wireless telegraphy apparatus, Jerry was one of the most interested onlookers. While the wires were being tested, a loose loop hung from a series of connections trailing down a topmast, and fell about of Jerry as he ranged the deck. It tickled his neck, and he liked the sensation. Then his universal appetite took command. With an abstracted air, Jerry nibbled, and slowly put himself outside of several feet of wire loop.

On shore experts just then began to try to make wireless connections with the *Alabama*. Jerry paused in wonder, and instantly became the most surprised goat on the shores of the Seven Seas. There was a rattle of dots and dashes in his throat. His beard became rigid, sparks crackled from each separate whisker. Jerry ran in agitated circles, his stump tail sparking like a trolley-pole on a sleety night. Messages came thick and fast. According to the painfully veracious gunner's-mate, the horns of Jerry gleamed like binnacles, and the hair on his back popped like so many Mausers.

Meantime, wireless information was accumulating in his hold, and he was converted into a despatch-box for Government messages. The gunner's-mate was first to spy the wire, and cut the current. He swore that smoke issued from Jerry's crackling nostrils, but explained the phenomenon by recalling that the goat had been eating hickory shavings before he became a wireless receiver. The indomitable mascot of the *Alabama* recovered from the shock, but since then, the slightest mention of "wire-pulling" in the service has terrified his imagination, and sent him fleeing toward the coal-bunkers for refuge.

#### A Cyclonic Postmistress

THE Post-Office Department recently had on hand an investigation which overshadowed in lively interest the work of Messrs. Bristow, Bonaparte, and Conrad. The document in the case came from a town of southwestern Texas, and they revealed a desperate state of affairs. The sheriff had filed charges against the postmistress in these moving protests:

"We don't set up any claim that our manners are all that they should be, but we'd like to be reasoned with and helped along. The postmistress here is a worthy woman all right, and there ain't anything against her character, but she certainly is rude and hasty. One day last week, the mayor, being somewhat flushed up and careless, refused to remove his hat and bow on asking for the official mail, whereupon his hat was shot off and plumb ruined, and he left the post-office so swift and undignified that it told against the standing of the town. There's another thing we don't think is fair. The postmistress won't let niggers and greasers come in the office under any consideration. We ain't overfond of greasers and niggers ourselves, but it is sure discommoding for the leading citizens to have to go to the post-office personally to get their mail just because this lady don't like to see anything but a gentleman. We don't like to appear fault-finding and picayunish where a lady is concerned, but this one I'm telling you about is sure arbitrary and abrupt, and we'd like to have her toned down some."

Urgent appeals for an inspector followed

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this letter, and delay inspired this addition to the documents:

"There ain't no inspector showed up in these parts yet, and we'd like to know if one is coming. When I wrote you last week, things wasn't exactly calm and peaceful, and since then the situation has sure become acute and unsatisfactory. The lady postmaster found out in some way that the mayor and me and other leading citizens of this town was some vexed and annoyed with her, and since then the post-office hasn't done any business to speak of. If it was a man dealing out stamps and handing us over our mail, you can rest easy, we wouldn't ask for help, and bother the Postmaster-General. But we ain't making war on women, including this one, which can handle her armament quite casual and flippant, so we want you to do something.

"This town respectfully protests to you against the way in which this accredited lady postmaster is urging her views on politeness; this town respectfully protests that it ain't got time to leave its hat outside the door when getting its mail; this town respectfully protests that its duly elected mayor is important in the eyes of its citizens, and that there ain't no call for him to act humble when he's getting his mail. The mayor ain't felt right since he skipped out of the post-office last week; some undignified and frisky, owing to the fact that he forgot to take off his hat and bow, and he is going to resign if something ain't done. Please attend to it, for we are getting snipish and fretful in our tempers, and are liable to do something we might regret. Tell the inspector he'd better come to see me first. She's heard he's coming, and there ain't no use of his being rash and careless."

### Seeking Buried Treasure

A LONDON police magistrate demanded in court the other day if every one in England had suddenly gone mad? The reason for making the inquiry was furnished by the presence in the dock of a number of men and women who were charged with damaging public property. Asked what they had to say for themselves, the defendants pleaded that they were "looking for buried treasure."

The magistrate's sympathy with this form of lunacy took the shape of fining the prisoners heavily and expressing the hope that certain newspaper editors would be prosecuted for inciting people to make public nuisances of themselves.

This extraordinary craze of "buried treasure seeking," which has now taken such a firm hold on the population of Great Britain that police intervention has had to be invoked, is one of the most mischievous devices ever yet adopted by periodicals for achieving a sale. Certain obscure journals have descended to the undignified practice of hiding packets of coins in public places, which their readers are invited to find. The broad lines on which this scheme is carried out are as follows: The paper in question employs members of its staff to bury in different locations sums of money, varying from a sovereign to £100. It then publishes, day by day, or week by week, a serial story describing the experiences of the hiders. They are eagerly read on account of the supposed "clews" they contain. Armed with these, subscribers take temporary leave of their senses and rush off in every direction to tear up roads, trample down flowers, and generally destroy property. Nothing, indeed, is sacred from them, and they will calmly probe among museum exhibits, or invade private gardens, in their quest. People of every degree take part in it, respectable householders mixing with the tag, rag, and bobtail crowd similarly employed.

To such a pitch has the nuisance recently arrived that the authorities are almost at their wits' end to cope with it. This is especially the case on Sundays, when the "treasure seekers," having nothing else to do, spend their whole time in digging and probing wherever they fancy the "clews" to indicate the existence of hidden money. More than once it has been found necessary to call out both the police and military to clear the parks and public gardens of the abnormal and disorderly crowds of people thus brought together.

All over the country bitter complaints are constantly being received from landowners and others as to the destruction of fences, and the disturbing of game, etc. Where the money is hidden in streets, sections of pavement are uprooted, and gaping holes dug in the roads.

### Two Thumbless Veterans

TWO men with identical names living in the same section of the same State, and with a war record that bears a striking similarity, was the remarkable situation that confronted the Government in a pension case. These quasi-Siamese twins dwell in Maine, and one of them—Uncle Sam did not know which for a long time—put in a claim for pension. He claimed that his thumb had been cut off in line of duty. In one declaration he said that the thumb was cut off by an axe while he was on duty; in another, that a shell speeding across the field of Preble's Farm, down in the Old Dominion State, had separated the thumb from the rest of his anatomy, while some of his neighbors swore that he was minus the thumb before he ever shouldered a musket to go to the front. The Government sent the notice to appear before examining surgeons to the wrong person, and he went through the ordeal and was reported on and considered at Washington with all judicial solemnity. The two cases got together in the adjudicating process, and the Interior Department confessed itself up a stump. A special examiner was detailed to straighten out matters, and finally succeeded. But the pension was denied in view of the conflicting explanations of the wound.

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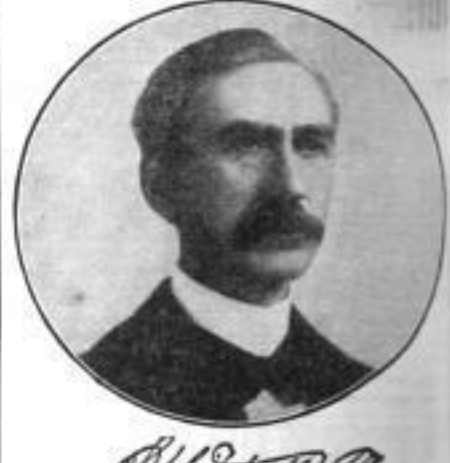
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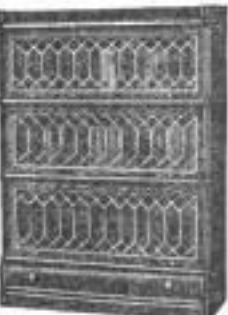
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## Behind the Scenes in Washington

By F. A. EMERY

Easy Chair to Get Out Of

WHEN Secretary Taft, the new head of the War portfolio, was inducted into the mysteries of a Cabinet seance he learned something of the repartee that flashes in the inner sanctum. President Roosevelt had just effusively greeted the Ohioan and felicitated him upon his transition from Civil Governor to Secretary of War. Taft then glanced about for a seat. Up at the head of the long table, next to the President, usually sat Secretary Hay, the premier of the Administration, but Hay was absent and his seat was available. The President pointed to it. Taft ensconced himself in it. Then he looked uncomfortable. His upward of two hundred pounds of flesh and bone, and his corresponding height, warranted lack of appreciation of an ordinary chair.

"I believe," said Taft smilingly, "that these chairs are a trifle low. I don't like them."

"Well, Governor," replied Secretary Root, quick as a flash, remembering that this was his last Cabinet meeting, "there are ways by which people can be gotten out of them."

A Wise Woman

MISS ESTELLE REEL, the Superintendent of the United States Indian Schools, the highest salaried woman in the Government service, and a fearless product of Wyoming politics, travels many thousand miles annually in inspection tours. Her field is from Washington west to the Golden Gate, from the Assiniboia line to the Mexican borders. Much of her itinerary lies through rough and dangerous country. She was out in Nebraska, and drove to the little town of Crawford to take the train for her next stopping point. She waited some hours in that community, and finally, about five o'clock in the afternoon, a cattle train hove in sight. It was a far cry from that to parlor-car accommodations, but Miss Reel wasn't taking chances on further delay.

She boarded the caboose that brought up the rear of the long, winding string of cars. The caboose was solid with smoke. Several stock tenders and one or two of the train crew were there, sans coat, sans waistcoat, and all puffing their clay-pipes. "It's a woman, blast the luck!" grumbled one, and a succession of grunts echoed this sentiment. Miss Reel is quick. She saw the struggle between chivalric politeness and undisturbed comfort with the pipe. "Gentlemen," she called out, "don't stop smoking, I beg of you. It's unnecessary to stop, and really it is not bad. I like to smell the smoke."

Then she crawled up to the cupola of the caboose and watched the retreating tracks, remaining there most of the time until the train pulled into Rushville at one o'clock in the morning.

General Gordon's Coal Mine

THE way in which the elder Gordon carved a fortune out of a mountain slab is recalled by the recent death of General John B. Gordon, the former United States Senator and idol of the South. Gordon *was* formerly well in Tennessee, and there bought a small tract of barren mountain land. The purchase price was a mere fifty-dollar note, and the main object of the deal was to help a neighbor who was flying signals of distress. The Gordons soon moved into Georgia. Not long afterward a Tennessee friend paid a casual call.

"By the way, Gordon," said the Tennessean, "would you like to get shot of that piece of land you own nex' to mine? It ain't worth more'n ten dollars, but it'll do to let the heaves run on't."

"Oh, I reckon it's worth more than that," replied Gordon. "I paid fifty for it, but I'd just as soon sell."

"I'll give you twenty."

"Go a little better," answered Gordon.

"Well, I'll give you thirty."

Still Gordon stood out for more. The Tennessean offered fifty, then sixty, and finally reached one hundred dollars. Then Gordon smiled. There was eagerness in that bidding. Gordon said he'd go to Tennessee and look at the land. He paid no heed to the protestations of the Tennessean that the roads were dangerous to travel. The pair started on the ride through the rough country and arrived safely. The elder Gordon gazed contemptuously at the miserable-looking land which lay near the Georgia line, just south of the present Memphis & Charleston Railroad.

"I reckon you're right, neighbor," said he. "The land isn't worth five dollars."

But just then Gordon's eyes detected a trail, which, the Tennessean immediately explained, led to a spring. "I love Tennessee spring water," said Gordon. "It makes my mouth water to think of it."

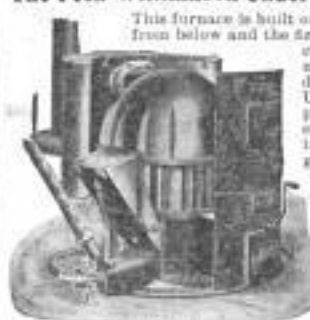
The Tennessean insisted that he knew a better spring than that, but Gordon followed the trail, and a few yards away discovered men digging coal from the mountain side. Like a flash Gordon grasped the situation. Turning to his companion, Gordon announced emphatically that he reckoned he wouldn't sell. The mine was soon opened and was profitable from the start.

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Year Choice of a variety of colorings and weaves, and all the newest patterns just from the woolen mills. We direct special attention to the fabrics. The cloth is specially woven from new high grade wool; it is close woven and the wool is full of "life," so that the cloth is elastic and the garments will hold their shape. Before cutting into the cloth for each suit, the suit pattern is thoroughly shrunken. Our cutters are first-class workmen, who incorporate into the suit the latest style, and take into account the various little differences in build of each man. The suit is lined throughout with "Bull's" serge and the sleeve linings are of the celebrated "Pawley" alpaca. All trimmings are the very best, and button-holes are hand finished. The pants pockets are made of strong drilling, and all the findings are such as only can be secured in the high grade merchant-tailor article. Our measure and order blank will enable you to take your own measurements accurately, and a perfect fit is guaranteed. We are manufacturers, importers and custom tailors, and guarantee our \$12.00 suits to be equal in wear to the best suits you can obtain from your local dealer for twenty dollars, while in style and fit our garments are incomparably superior to any but the product of high-priced city tailors.

## FREE Suit Case

In order to establish customers throughout the United States, we are giving on the first order received from any one person, a handsome suit case, which we use to ship the suit. The suit case that goes with each suit is most presentable and would cost in your local store from \$3 to \$5.

A trial is all we ask. You run no risk in ordering from us, as we guarantee absolutely a perfect fit. We do not ask you to pay for the goods before seeing them. We send them by express C. O. D., with the privilege of examination at Express Office, and if the suit is not satisfactory in fabric, finish or fit, you need not accept it; it will be returned to us at our expense. The suit shown in the picture is our No. 251, and is a sensible, becoming suit to most gentlemen. The price is \$12.00. It is entirely new, out of the ordinary and very stylish. Samples of cloth that make up nicely in this style are shown in our new catalogue, which contains styles and samples varying in price from \$12.00 to \$20.00. Our catalogue and SAMPLES OF CLOTH FREE will be sent you the very day your request for same reaches us. Remember, we have no agents, no branch stores, and no connection with any other clothing concern. Our business has been established 45 years. Write to-day for samples. Address Meyer Livingston Sons, Dept. 8, South Bend, Ind. References: Citizens National Bank, South Bend, Ind.



## NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

There are indications that Colorado may shortly add rubber to its many other products

THE great demand for rubber, and the high price which it commands, combine to make the discovery of rubber in a new plant a matter of commercial interest. In a bulletin from the Colorado College Museum, the announcement is made of the occurrence of rubber in a native plant, *Picradenia floribunda utilis*, a dwarf, semi-herbaceous plant of the same family as the sunflower and aster. In the other rubber-yielding plants the gum is obtained from the woody stems, here it is found in the roots. Whether or not the cultivation of this plant can be made commercially profitable is as yet unknown.

The gold mines of Korea might prove profitable by the introduction of American machinery

KOREA is to a certain extent a gold-producing country; gold is exported from that empire to the amount of about \$2,500,000 annually. This gold occurs in alluvial deposits and in veins in the rocks. The alluvial deposits are worked to advantage by the natives; the methods, although rather primitive, are perhaps the best when one considers the cheapness of labor. The mechanical difficulties of getting the gold from veins are rather too much for the Korean. The ore-grinding machinery consists of two stones, the motive power a squatting native; very naturally the product is not large. The introduction of modern machinery has been hindered by two causes—the nature of the Government and the price of coal. All the coal used must be obtained from Japan, although there is evidence that Korea contains coal beds sufficient for her needs if permission could be obtained to work them.

A new water pumping system by which streams may be sent as high as the tallest buildings

PHILADELPHIA has recently installed a most elaborate pipe system, solely for fire fighting. For some years past, owing to the increased demand for water in the congested parts of the city, the pressure in the regular water mains has been falling, till, even with the aid of fire engines, a good stream can not be maintained.

The new system is entirely independent of the old, and supplies only the hydrants; the water is drawn from the Delaware River, and kept at a high pressure in the mains by a central pumping station. The pumping station is not yet complete, and for the present the pressure is kept up by fire-boats on the river, but even under these circumstances the pressure is much higher than that of the regular water supply mains.

It is estimated that when the pumping station is finished it will be possible to send four streams over the highest building in Philadelphia, and that, with such a volume of water at command, the toughest fire can be drowned out in a half hour.

The new medico-legal test for blood is a discovery of the greatest importance to society

UNDER ordinary circumstances there is no difficulty in determining whether a given stain is, or is not, a blood stain; and, in case the blood corpuscles are intact, the blood of reptiles or birds is readily distinguished from that of mammals. But, even under the most favorable conditions, the determination of the particular mammal from which a sample of blood has been obtained, is a matter of great difficulty, calling for expert skill and very careful microscopical examination. Even the most expert would hesitate to testify to the presence of human blood, in distinction from dog's blood for example, when such testimony would mean the conviction of one accused of murder. Certain scientific discoveries of the last few years have put us in possession of knowledge which is already beginning to be used in legal practice, and which bids fair to be of great value in all cases where the identity of blood or blood stains is of importance.

After standing a short time the blood drawn from an animal clots, the clot soon contracts and squeezes out a fluid, which, since the red corpuscles are all entangled in the clot, is clear and pale yellow in color. This fluid is called blood serum. If the blood or the blood serum of any animal, e.g., a sheep, is injected into the peritoneal cavity or the veins of a rabbit, the blood of that rabbit acquires, after a few days, a remarkable power. The serum of this rabbit's blood comes to contain a so-called precipitin, by virtue of which, when mixed with the serum obtained from sheep's blood, it forms there-with a precipitate, at first like a cloud, but soon settling out as a flocculent mass; this material separating from the mixed sera is called the precipitin. Moreover, this precipitin is specific for sheep's blood, and will give a precipitate with the blood serum from no other species of animal. Applying this to man, it was found that if small amounts of human blood are injected into a rabbit, the blood of that rabbit will contain in a few days a precipitin, which is specific for human blood, and will give a precipitate with



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A taste the most refined  
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as produced by the Vacuum method, give new life to the scalp, prevents hair from falling and makes new hair grow on bald spots where the roots still possess life. The exhilarating effects of the Cap, if used merely as a massage, make it almost indispensable after being once tried. Our patrons write us that the Cap while producing the good effects of hand massage, is devoid of irritating results of rubbing. We guarantee the Cap and would ask those interested to write for our free booklet.

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the serum from no other animal. The serum containing a precipitin, which will react with a given kind of blood, is called an anti-serum for that species: thus we have anti-ox serum, anti-sheep serum, anti-human serum, etc.

The value of this precipitin test in distinguishing human blood, or blood stains, is at once apparent. Careful experimentation has shown that watery extracts from old stains act precisely the same as the serum from fresh blood of the same species. The age seems to make no difference with the reaction; blood stains on various objects in the collection at Scotland Yard, some of them thirty years old, gave positive tests with human anti-serum, showing thereby that they were human blood stains. There are only a few animals whose blood is at all likely to be confused with that of man; these animals all belong to the monkey family, and confusion with them in this country is very improbable. Stains on metals, cloths, almost all kinds of leathers, and earth, are readily identified. Certain chemical agents and high temperatures act on blood in such a way that this test can not be applied, and under any circumstances the examination must be conducted with adequate precautions and by one skilled in the technique of the test.

Uhlenhuth made a number of rigid examinations of materials furnished him by the German public prosecutors, and in every case he was able to correctly establish the presence or absence of human blood. In some instances, where the blood was not that of man, he was able to say from what animal it had been obtained. The test has been used in legal practice in a number of European countries, and a few times in this country; we may confidently expect its universal adoption.

□ □

### \$5,000 for a Short Story

WITH a view to secure not only the finest work of already famous story-tellers, but to encourage and develop younger writers in the field of fiction, COLLIER'S WEEKLY offers the following prizes for original short stories by American writers:

- A First Prize of \$5,000
- A Second Prize of \$2,000
- A Third Prize of \$1,000

There are absolutely no restrictions as to the kind or treatment of stories. Every manuscript will be judged upon its individual merits. The stories may be of love, adventure, business, in fact anything, and they may depend upon plot, style, character, or atmosphere. It is the hope of the Editor to get the best of every kind.

I. The author must be an American by nationality or residence. As the object of the Contest is especially to bring out American fiction, we have made this condition, using the word American in its broadest sense and to include anybody residing on this continent as well as American citizens residing abroad.

II. There is no limit to the number of stories any writer may submit. That is, it is quite possible for one author to submit a dozen stories, win all three prizes, and have the remaining nine stories accepted for publication in the Weekly at five cents a word.

III. Stories may be of any length whatever, from the very shortest up to 10,000 words. The preferable length for use in the Weekly is from 5,000 to 7,000 words, but this will have no bearing on the award of prizes.

IV. All manuscript must be typewritten, laid flat, or folded in its envelope—in other words it must not be rolled. It must not be signed, but accompanied by a plain sealed envelope inscribed with the title of the story and containing a card or slip of paper with the writer's full name and address written on it. Under no circumstances must there be any word or indication on this envelope or on the manuscript itself or any matter sent with the manuscript that would divulge its authorship. No one will know who are the authors of the prize-winning stories until the judges have selected the three best manuscripts. The envelopes with the corresponding titles will then be opened, but not until then.

V. As one of the objects of this competition is to secure as many good short stories as possible, the Editor reserves the right to purchase any of the manuscripts which have failed to win a prize, but which he considers suitable for publication in the Weekly. All such stories will be paid for at the rate of five cents a word, except in the cases of authors whose recognized rate is higher than this amount, in which instance the author's regular rate will be paid.

VI. The copyright of the three stories winning prizes is to vest absolutely in COLLIER'S WEEKLY. All other stories which fail to win a prize, but are acceptable for publication in the Weekly, will be paid for at the rate of five cents a word for the serial rights only.

VII. All MSS. must be mailed on or before June 1, 1904. That is, although a story may reach us a week later than this day, should the envelope bear the post-office stamp with the name of the starting-point and the date of June 1, 1904, or any date previous to that, the MS. will be considered eligible for the contest.

Every story will be carefully read and considered, but the awards having once been made, the greatest despatch possible will be used in returning manuscripts to their authors.

The following gentlemen have consented to act as judges: HENRY CABOT LODGE, United States Senator from Massachusetts; WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, Author and Journalist; WALTER PAGE, Editor "World's Work."

All MSS. should be addressed,

SHORT STORY CONTEST, COLLIER'S  
416 West 13th Street, New York City

Postage for their return should be inclosed in the envelope containing the author's name.



Bear Cubs in Yellowstone Park

### Reduced Rates to Yellowstone Park

For the season of 1904 the Northern Pacific announces a great reduction in rates from Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Duluth and other Northwestern points to and through Yellowstone Park. These reductions very materially decrease the expense of the park tour.

New Hotels have been built. Old Faithful Inn, modern in every respect, constructed of logs and boulders, is located near Old Faithful geyser and is probably the most unique structure of the kind in the country and bound to become a favorite. A new and stately hotel on the banks of Yellowstone lake, colonial in style, makes this the most restful spot in the park. EACH of the park hotels now has a capacity for 250 guests, is electric lighted, steam heated and has a good orchestra.

Season extends from June 1 to September 30. Route via N. P. R., Livingston and Gardiner.

Inquire of any agent of the N. P. R. for further particulars.

Write to Chas. S. Fee, Gen. Passg'r Agent, St. Paul, Minn., and send six cents for "Wonderland 1904," which describes the park; fifty cents for "Wild Flowers from Yellowstone," a beautiful flower book; thirty-five cents for "Panoramic Park Picture," 32x48 inches, in colors, a fine panoramic representation of the park, ready June 1.



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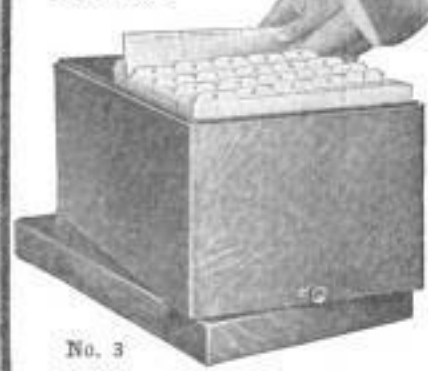
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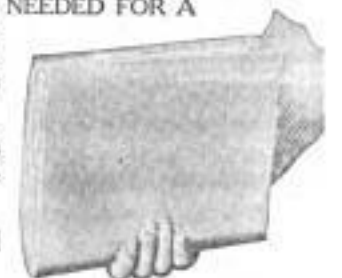
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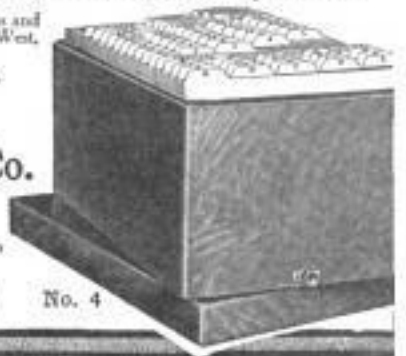


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# COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1904

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## JAPANESE CAVALRY SCOUTING NEAR PING-YANG

PHOTOGRAPH BY R. L. DUNN, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER IN KOREA. PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

After the Japanese army of invasion landed at Chemulpo, February 10, and occupied Seoul, the next step in advance was toward Ping-yang, a town a little more than half-way on the road from the capital to the Yalu River, which is the northern boundary of Korea. Ping-yang is not far from the western coast, and many regiments, landed at Chemulpo and other points nearer than Chemulpo, have been concentrated at this strategic centre. It was here that the Japanese and Chinese fought a decisive battle in the war of 1894, the Japanese victory ensuring them the mastery of Korea. That there are to be important developments from Ping-yang seems certain, because such correspondents as followed the Japanese army to that point, including R. L. Dunn, Collier's special war photographer, were "requested" by the Japanese authorities to return to Seoul "for the present." The Russians are known to have a consider-

able force south of the Yalu River—largely consisting of Cossack cavalry—and against these the Japanese have found it necessary to keep large patrols of cavalry constantly in the field. The first encounter between these outpost forces occurred on March 27 near Cheng-lu, a small town about forty miles south of the Yalu River and fifty miles north of Ping-yang. The Russian general Mishchenko reported that for several days the Cossack patrols had tried unsuccessfully to draw the Japanese into action and that he had therefore sent out six troops toward Chasan, where a Japanese force was reported to be. The Russians found the Japanese in the town and attacked them from an advantageous position on higher ground. But the Japanese made a gallant defence, holding their ground until infantry reinforcements arrived, when the Russians were compelled to withdraw. There were heavy casualties on both sides.

*The announcement of Collier's forthcoming features will be made in the April Fiction Number, next week*





**T**HE GREAT DIVERGENCE between our two political parties historically has been on the division of power between the Government and the States. The conclusive argument of physical power has made this question a much less active one since 1865, and the Democratic party has been largely at sea for issues because strict construction of the Constitution has become a topic on which there is no longer widespread interest. Occasionally, however, we are still reminded that we are governed by that document. The REED SMOOT case brings up questions of State rights and national power. All the judges in the Northern Securities decision deny to the Government the right to interfere with certain industries where States might interfere. The Constitution, however, makes a division of power far more important and fundamental. The division between Nation and State was fortuitous. It was a compromise, and much may be said against as well as for its utility. The division of power, however, between judiciary, legislature, and executive is a cornerstone of liberty.

#### DIVISION OF POWER

In a despotism one group or individual enacts, adjudges, executes. Free government can not exist without some division of these powers. In the United States the courts have trespassed upon the powers of Congress, often legislating under the guise of interpretation, but there is small danger in their encroachments. When the Executive extends his power, however, it is another matter. The Presidency is very strong, even under the Constitution, and it has been constantly assuming strength. JACKSON assumed powers that WASHINGTON would not have dreamed of, and government according to CLEVELAND or ROOSEVELT would have horrified MADISON or MONROE. We are not surprised, therefore, at the howl which has gone up from the country over the President's pension legislation. The people are not yet indifferent to the nature of their government. They are not yet willing to be governed by one man. They do not wish a "boss" in national affairs. The President has much more power than the Prime Minister of England. We are not yet prepared to have him develop into an eight-year Czar.

**M**R. BRYAN'S ATTITUDE toward Mr. HEARST has been the cause of censure in this newspaper, and we have invited a denial of the story that Mr. HEARST paid for Mr. BRYAN's articles from Europe a sum so large as to make its acceptance unwise, considering Mr. HEARST's attempt to storm the political faction led by Mr. BRYAN. We have always been friendly to Mr. BRYAN, the more so because of the injustice with which opposing papers have treated him. Without sharing all of his economic theories, especially his financial lucubrations, we have believed in him as an honest man in whose programme there was a good deal to commend. Our comments upon his speeches abroad and immediately after his return were so enthusiastic as to suggest partiality to many of our readers. We retain, however, the privilege of praising a man most heartily one day and censuring him the next. As Mr. BRYAN's newspaper and his demeanor generally seem to us to encourage the spread of the HEARST ignominy, we have spoken of him as losing standing by the assistance apparently given by him to the yellow hunter of notoriety. Such an attitude we shall maintain as long as the facts seem to compel it. We are delighted, however, to receive from Mr. BRYAN a letter, in the accuracy

#### A LETTER FROM MR. BRYAN

of which we have absolute confidence, to the effect that the payment for his foreign correspondence was but a fraction of the reported amount, and was no more than the journalistic value of the articles. Mr. BRYAN adds that since 1896 he has devoted more than half of his time to work for which he has received no compensation, and that he has given away to politics, education, church, and charity at least two-thirds as much as he has saved; that his speeches, which outnumber his lectures, being unpaid, are an expense to him; and that his newspaper, as it loses certain advertisements for political reasons, and does not accept advertisements from trusts, pays but a modest income. It gives us sincere pleasure to know and to publish facts which remove the love of money from among the motives sometimes surmised, in order to explain Mr. BRYAN's present attitude toward his party and its candidates; and we shall be very glad if we are in future able to remove other doubts which have been recently disturbing our confidence in the disinterestedness and sanity of the Nebraska statesman.

**H**AVING AN INSATIABLE APPETITE for the best in literature, alleges one correspondent of himself, he reads COLLIER's regularly; which, of course, is both enlightened and sweet of him. After such a propitious introduction, however, he confesses to having felt a shock at the amount of "venom" emitted by us upon the subject

of Mr. HEARST. As we have a desire for fairness which may almost be described as morbid, we reproduce the essential part of this letter from Mr. OWEN J. KINDELON, who is President of the HEARST League of New York, and therefore to be looked upon as a spokesman of the shrinking journalistic candidate for the Presidency: "Now, I'll promise to vote for the next Presidential candidate COLLIER's advocates, if you will give good reasons why Mr. HEARST is not better entitled to the honor of the Presidency than any other candidate yet named. My reasons for preferring him are (1) that he is a workingman by choice, (2) that he has used his inherited wealth in undertaking most difficult work, and thereby giving employment to thousands of his fellow citizens. That in this he has set an example worthy of emulation—that no man is too rich to be useful. (3) That he has the grit to advocate the cause of the lowliest and to contest the aspirations of the most arrogant. For these, among other reasons, the finger of Destiny points to Mr. HEARST as the next President of the United States." To have the president of the HEARST League in our greatest city vote according to our dictation is an honor so dazzling that we proceed to give our reasons for not deeming Mr. HEARST better entitled

#### THROWING DOWN THE GAUNTLET

than any other American citizen to receive the Presidency. We pass over what is euphemistically called his private life, thinking that neither the most important nor the pleasantest aspect of the candidacy. 1 and 2. He works voluntarily, instead of loafing. So does the writer of this essay. So does ROCKEFELLER. So does SULLY. So do many burglars and three-card monte men. 3. Such "grit" any demagogue possesses. It is the easiest snap in existence. Personally, we never feel so safe as when we write scathing editorials against the trusts and whoop it up for the downtrodden union laborer. Grit is precisely what Mr. HEARST most lacks. He is as cowardly as any tricky agitator of the masses. He fears his master more than a Senate slave fears the trusts. He never dares to call his soul his own. Mr. ROOSEVELT speaks against labor or against capital, according to his belief. Mr. HEARST would no more dare to speak the impartial truth on any subject in which workingmen are interested than Mr. ROCKEFELLER would about his religion. He is a hypocrite through and through—a cheap and vulgar hypocrite—who would inflict any injury upon his country if it blew him any nearer to the centre of attention. We deem him not only a small but an evil character, and if the president of the League desires any further reasons we shall furnish them at another time.

**E**VEN AS TWO PRIZE FIGHTERS express confidence in advance, so do great nations find it advisable to exalt themselves before as well as after the encounter. General KUROPATKIN's announcement that he would dictate terms of peace in Tokio, reminds us irresistibly of CORBETT and FITZSIMMONS. The Japanese officials prove their greater instinct for propriety by humbler avowals of their confidence. The line between bragging and stating belief in a favorable outcome is drawn largely by the manner. We think of "I shall fight it out on this line if it takes all summer" not as boastful, but as a quiet announcement of intention. The Russians have been singularly frank in confiding their emotions to the world. They complained bitterly over their surprise, confessed their unpreparedness, they have been honest about their disasters, and now they are equally unreserved in announcing the greatness of their Empire, their Cossack cavalry, and their leaders. If General KUROPATKIN does dictate terms of peace in Tokio, his announcement will become historical, like GRANT'S. It may, however, find a place with the prophecy that in six weeks the French would be in Berlin. On the whole, the best time for martial grandiloquence is after the event. CÆSAR's thrasonical brag is more than equaled in self-appreciation by despatches of the greatest soldier who has lived since CÆSAR, but neither CÆSAR nor NAPOLEON has added anything to his fame by these fulminations. To take an illustration from more recent and smaller happenings, Admiral DEWEY's account of the Manila fight makes much better reading in history than Admiral SAMPSON'S Fourth of July present to the American people. The Russians, however, to return to them, have succeeded in infusing a more solemn spirit into the spectators, who now, with each week of waiting, begin to feel more the ominous vastness of one combatant. Until much hard fighting has been done, opinion about the outcome will be mere guesswork, although your average man will, as usual, be absolutely certain in one direction or the other. While human nature is so easily impressed, it is natural that military men, like statesmen and pugilists, should issue advance bulletins of their victories and their greatness.

#### MILITARY BOASTING





**VAGUE AND EXCITING POSSIBILITIES** in the Far East just now are furnished mainly by the Celestial Empire. Nobody knows what activities Japan may encourage in her unwieldy neighbor if she finds herself being overweighted by her antagonist. The European nations do not seem likely to come in. France and England are not only friendly to each other, in spite of some rancor left over from Fashoda, but they would naturally rather neutralize each other by remaining quiet than by destroying their resources and leaving Germany, who threatens each, very much increased in relative strength. Germany, for similar reasons, would rather step in and assimilate some booty, after the fighting has been done, than share in the destruction and consequently weaken herself. Russia, in her phlegmatic, or at least leisurely, manner, seems now so confident that she would hardly seek complications either by calling upon France or by threatening India, a move which the British stand ready to resent with every weapon in their hands. Conversely, England has an additional reason for rejoicing

WATCHING  
CHINA

in the confinement of the contest, because she feels that India is a powder magazine that might explode with little provocation. Wars in our day are nervous performances. The news habit has so seized upon the world that public opinion and impatience, at home and abroad, must be considered in the movements of fleets and armies. Russia, in her comparative indifference to what the reading public thinks, has the advantage of being able to go ahead with coolness to execute plans which mean slow advancement. Japan, more sensitive and highly galvanized, is more eager for developments and more particular about what news is published. Such being the general situation, the most probable means by which the fight could be complicated would be the butting-in of China, secretly encouraged by Japan and by those viceroy and other high Chinese who would like to have China act as an independent power when it comes finally to making terms of peace. The world's eyes, which a while ago were turned on France and England, now look with the most intense interest upon developments in China.

**IS IT NOT SOMEWHAT TRIVIAL**, all this talk of Mr. BRYAN's about the distinction between those who voted for him and those Democrats who differed with him on one or more issues? Is there to be no liberty of conscience within a party? Are we Americans to be two great droves of animals, with labels on us? Mr. BRYAN has done what he could to injure every prominent Democratic possibility except his favorite, of whom he says: "I regard Mr. HEARST as one of the men who are to be considered, and at present he has the largest following of any person mentioned, and is the only one who heartily supported the ticket whose friends seem to be active." Does Mr. BRYAN think that he can hold a position of honor and weight, in the world's eyes, when he says, in substance, that he will throw his influence for any kind of cheap agitator who accepted the gospel according to BRYAN, and fight to the death the noblest Democrat who might have had the misfortune to think Mr. BRYAN mistaken at times, and to have voted according to his conscience?

SUPPORTING  
THE TICKET

He seems to go even further than this, and to oppose Judge PARKER, who did vote for him, for the ostensible and sufficient reason that the Judge's opinions are unknown, but political relations are now such that Mr. BRYAN's hostility to PARKER must be generally regarded as connected with his friendliness to HEARST. We keep arguing, perhaps excessively, with Mr. BRYAN, because we have believed him worthy of an honorable and useful place in current history, and regret to see him occupying a position so little to his credit. That a radical party is needed, jealous of the power of wealth, careful of the people's rights, we heartily agree, and might well be found voting for such a party, wisely organized, and virtuously led. "The art of government" is not, as VOLTAIRE said it was, "to compel two-thirds of the people to pay all they can to support the other third." But nothing can do more to make impossible a powerful and progressive liberal party than the conspicuousness of the shallow and reckless element which is now so liberal in noise.

**THE REAL BUSINESS MEN** throughout the country, large and small, continue to offer a reassuring contrast to the Wall Street speculators. They continue to look upon the actual amount of wealth being produced in the land, and to pay less and less attention to the gymnastics in New York. Finding it easy to get what credit they need from their local banks, they are not troubled by any tightness at the financial centre. Even where business is dull it is not depressed. Local causes, such as strikes, may check activity, but there is an expectation in all such places that business will

look up as soon as the temporary obstacle is removed. The business man who is remote from the feverish gambler's atmosphere of Wall Street is likely to think that the only cause which could really produce depression would be the failure of a number of crops in any one year—a real, in other words, and not an artificial, cause. By such men are affairs throughout the land in the main conducted, and they are as stable and trustworthy an element as our population has, careful, industrious, in touch with actual products and real needs, and hardly aware of what Wall Street thinks. Theirs is industry which helps to make a nation happy. It is the labor from which contentment springs, and wisdom also. It is not

SHADOW  
AND REALITY

"the toil  
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,  
And growing old in drawing nothing up."

as speculation is. As BOOKER WASHINGTON said, the other day, in his large and simple way, a man has gone far who has learned the difference between working and being worked, and realized that the former is a privilege. We agree with Mr. CHOATE's plea that FRANKLIN's homely lessons would be well for us all to take to heart to-day. President ELIOT was in the same vein when he said GEORGE WASHINGTON considered more his duties than his rights. Never did two men belong more clearly to the industrious, clear-headed, unspeculative business type of mind than WASHINGTON and FRANKLIN did.

**ARBITRATION SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED** whenever the opportunity is found. If France and England can establish arbitration for five years, certainly it ought to be possible to enact such a treaty between the United States and Great Britain. Special arbitration has already been successful; American judges have decided against America; British judges have decided against Great Britain. "The United States," as a prominent American lawyer puts it, "could safely trust almost any dispute of hers to the judicial decision of the judges of the House of Lords. England would, I believe, have faith enough in the fairness of the Supreme Court of the United States to submit, if need be, its controversies to them." Arbitration can not make wars obsolete, but it can diminish them and help to render attractive the idea of peace. As Mr. JAMES BRYCE points out, it is especially useful in making it easy for contending parties to abate their respective contentions without loss of dignity, and a general provision for arbitration makes it less distasteful to refer differences, because less likely to be taken as indicating want of spirit. England has shown herself ready for such a treaty between the two great English-speaking nations, and it is to be hoped we shall not hold off much longer. There are always opportunities enough to fight, where interests conflict too sharply for adjustment. The Boer War and the conflict between Russia and Japan were not averted by The Hague tribunal. The United States need not fear that by encouraging machinery for keeping peace in adjusting minor difficulties she will ever be deprived of the privilege of going to war.

ARBITRATION  
WITH ENGLAND

**THE SALARY OF A SENATOR** was declared inadequate, during the present session, by Senator HOAR, who called attention to the fact that an amount which has remained the same in figures since 1865 has become essentially less by the increased scale of prices. Mr. HOAR calculated that in reality a Senator now receives about one-half of what he received thirty years ago, and much less than is required by the dignity and character of the office. The question is hardly practical politics, as shown by the fate of attempted "salary grabs" heretofore. In England, which is passing away from the régime of rule by upper classes, there is a possibility that members of Parliament may some day be paid. Representatives of labor are now sometimes supported by their constituents. We rejected the arguments against paid Legislatures, but have not gone to the logical conclusion of paying adequately. Our judges are similarly underpaid, and our foreign representatives also. Against the manifest injustice of such a system, through the advantages which it gives to men of wealth and the obstacle it offers to the services of poor and able men, may be put an argument of no small weight, in a time when money counts too much. Small salaries for Government representatives, like small salaries for professors, do something to combat the increased pomp of living. The manners and standards in a college town can never take their stamp from money, and possibly the small amounts that are paid to public servants have their little influence in checking the hold which a shower of money has upon the American imagination.

PECUNIARY  
RECOMPENSE





The transport corps at Chemulpo arranging for the despatch of military equipage and supplies to the north

## JAPAN IS PREPARED FOR A LONG WAR

By FREDERICK PALMER, Collier's Special War Correspondent attached to the Japanese General Staff

TOKIO, March 4, 1904

ONE conviction here is universal: Unless Russia wishes to give up in the midst of humiliation, the war will be long. To the General Staff, planning campaigns to extend over years, the impatience of the correspondents to be at the front comes as the patter of rain on the window-pane. These master tacticians and strategists are like so many machinists directing a plant under cover. Now and then one comes out and chats politely with the inquirer, and slips back to the inner mysteries.

Once the whole powerful machine is in action, the engineers, with a Japanese smile, will pull aside the curtain. The first tableau was the diplomatic coup that caught Russia unawares. The second was the occupation of Seoul and the victory of Port Arthur. The third will be the appearance of a big army at some strategic point. Even in peace times the Japanese never say what they are doing; they announce in due time what they have done. Five men in the whole country, not more, know the plan of campaign, even in its general policy. A Cabinet officer put a question to one of the five, whose answer was: "It is better that you should not know. It will help us none if you do know, and you might, in an unguarded moment, let a hint pass your lips." The correspondent who complains must recall that Stonewall Jackson never took his own staff into his confidence.

In this land, where authority comes directly from the Emperor, one man, or a set of men, bears all the responsibility. The business of the rest is to obey. The Major-General himself may not know what is the objective of his division. He is as essentially one of the chessmen as his own privates, moved by the great players in Tokio. When a local paper says that an officer of the Imperial Guard has departed, "destination unknown," it is telling as much as the officer himself knows. Ten days ago Tokio was full of soldiers; to-day it is again a town of peace. At the office of the General Staff, where Lieutenant-General Baron Kodama, the master of the army's work, its plans, and its ambitions, still remains, the mill grinds with the same regularity and fineness as in time of peace.

The Imperial Guard has gone, "destination unknown." The next tableau will show them in action. The system that carries them from Tokio to Korea or Manchuria seems almost as obscure to a foreigner as that of Caesar's transports. Ten days ago trooper-packed trains were running out of Tokio; the nearby villages were alive with flags. By way of welcome the artistic ingenuity inborn in every Japanese gave the inspiration of its patriotism full play in decorations. Little crowds gathered to cheer the glimpse of a uniform. Now the regular train schedule is being re-established and a newcomer, who looks out of the window at the figures, turning the ground for the sowing, might well ask if the country was really at war. This total absence of confusion, heretofore considered inevitable to preparation, is the marvel that continues to impress one who waits upon the word of the General Staff to go to the front.

It is this state of peace which partly answers the question whether or not Japan can afford a long war. It is now clear that the funds will be forthcoming to keep a great army in the field for two or three years, if necessary. With the Russian navy off the seas, Japan can put back into commission all her merchant ships not actually needed as regular transports. She is conducting operations away from home. No subject of the Emperor not actually with the army need ever hear a shot fired. This people is as widely separated from the devastation of war as our own was from that in the Philippines. Three or four or five hundred thousand of her producers are absent. Of these, 150,000 are regularly in the army. To take the places of the others is an increasing population of 600,000 a year. The loss from interrupted human industry, then, is inconsiderable. As much land will be tilled this year as last. Japan can go on raising her silk, rice, and tea,

and buying and selling in the summer of 1904 as she did in the summer of 1903. The excess of consumption due to the army will give an impetus to production. Most of what the army uses, outside of flour, meats, and some ammunition, will be produced entirely at home. The old saying that no nation that ever wanted to make war was kept from it by lack of funds has a sound economic basis.

This nation *wants* to make war. Every man, woman, and child is for bloodshed without end till victory comes. In national finance at such a time, belief is the most valuable asset next to productiveness. If the people distrusted the Government; if they hoarded their gold and refused to subscribe to the war bonds, then we should already be in the midst of a crisis. The contrary is magnificently true. To a war overseas are brought the sacrifices which are supposed to go with a war against the invader; such sacrifices not in the last ditches, but at the outset, when victory is in the air, as the South made in the Civil War, and Frenchmen made in 1870. Joined with this is peacetime production. When a people stand ready to give to the Government their daily earnings and the sale of their products, the nation need borrow only of itself.

In vain you may look for some class which does not regard this entry of Japanese troops into a foreign land as a matter of life and death to the home land. There are literally no "antis" in Japan. The 100,000,000 yen loan is subscribed again and again. The swelling provincial war funds are fed by the money of all classes. The coolie stakes his wages on the courage of Japanese troops; his employer stakes his business. Patriotism gives the whole land the community of interest of a club. The nobles send in their gold cups (perhaps given by the Emperor); their wives send in their jewelry, to be melted down. A certain marquis gave all his horses to the Government. When it came

ward to war with Russia as a set eventuality of the same kind as final examinations to the student, they now look forward to a long campaign which shall test their resources and patience. So they settle down to their sinister programme. In a month the news of conflict has become a set part of national life. The Treasury plans for a two or three years' campaign with the same inclusiveness of all possibilities as the General Staff. Heavy shipments of gold may affect the confidence of foreigners, of course; it was foreign exchange that sent the gold abroad. Square-jawed Japanese composure in this, as in its naval strategy, knows its work and the wherewithal for doing it.

The proposition to raise the taxes brings no more sign of opposition than the emergency expenses of sickness to a family; for everybody knew years ago that with the certain war increased revenue would be necessary. Heavy taxation was a thing to be expected as much as heat in summer and cold in winter. The secret of the universal sacrifice is the Emperor himself. In America, where the abundant resources have yielded vast fortunes for some and great prosperity for all who are energetic, few ever think of how much the nation has done for us. The Japanese go further than this. In a land where every mouthful of food comes grudgingly from the earth, there is a sweet temper grateful for small favors.

Scratch your man of position deep, and you find that with the humbler classes he feels the paternity of the empire as the subject of no other nation can and does. Instead of thanking fortune for luck or prosperity, or for the daily bread you earn by the sweat of your brow, this people thank the Emperor. When Admiral Togo, in response to an Imperial message, says, "We are grateful that almost all the officers and men who undertook the task returned safely by the unseen power of protection of your illustrious Majesty," the

phrasing means the same as our thanks to God for success. The Emperor gave them the land and national life, so that all heroism is merely paying a debt of love and gratitude. The Japanese idea of the joys of eternal life is limited to the joy of dying for his land. Beyond the grave he expects none of the rewards which excite the courage of the Turks.

In one respect, this war is carrying us back to the days when unconquered new worlds were plentiful, and England, France, Spain, and Holland fought battles over distant provinces, which were no sooner occupied than they changed owners. The taking of either enemy's capital is as much out of the question as in the war of the English and the French for supremacy in North America. Russia throughout her great domain may go on with her home affairs without feeling that any possible defeat will bring the war to her doors. From her own resources she, too, can feed and clothe her army in the field, and she, too, can borrow of herself. But to her Manchuria is distant in the material self-interests which make Korea very near to Japan.

These considerations, which are borne in upon us with renewed force a month after the war has begun, when not even a skirmish on land has occurred, may make the weeks that we have waited here in Tokio for passes to join the advancing columns only the two-line prologue of a great drama. In To-

kiyo we get less news, we know far less of the war than you at home. Our sources are crops of rumors and the official accounts published in the daily papers. Ever since the 15th of February the hope that we may go soon, very soon, has been held out to us by report or by the wish that was father of the report. As we do not know where the armies are going to land (or have landed) we can not precede them, if we would. You may hear one day that 100,000 men have already left the islands; the next day the number has gone down to 50,000 or up to 150,000. There is to be one great force moving north from Korea, according to one rumor; there are to be armies advancing on Vladivostok and Port Arthur, and from the Yalu at the same time, according to another. The whole truth is known



A JAPANESE REGIMENT MARCHING THROUGH THE JAPANESE QUARTER OF SEOUL

The first brigades of the Japanese army of occupation were landed at Chemulpo on Feb. 8 and 9, and part of the force was immediately rushed to Seoul by train. Three days after they were disembarked from transports, the buglers of the Japanese infantry were making music in the streets of the Korean capital

to the carriage pair, madam protested a little. "My husband was never so angry with me in all my life as with that piece of selfishness," she said afterward. If you at home would understand how the individual regards national affairs as his personal affairs, consider that a foreign force had taken New York, Philadelphia, and Washington and was marching inland. Then the Rockefellers, the Morgans, the Vanderbilts, and the Goulds would contribute their millions to defend their property. The Japanese millionaire has no selfish interest beyond the expansion of Japanese trade, which will follow Japanese successes. But he is a Japanese before he is a millionaire, just as the coolie is a Japanese before he is a coolie.

Even as for nine years this people have looked for-





Refugees from Port Arthur in the streets of Shanghai



Russian sailors rescued at the battle of Chemulpo

## SCENES IN THE STREETS OF SHANGHAI SHORTLY AFTER THE OUTBREAK OF WAR IN THE ORIENT

to smiling Baron Kodama, who has at his fingers' ends all details and the buttons that he may press to have his orders executed. But the situation is not unusual. Our public was in the dark six years ago when transports were waiting at Tampa, and the army of correspondents was consumed in the fire of its own curiosity. This is the period of plans for the army and of impotence for the correspondents; the period of action for both is coming. The man who starts from New York a month hence may be in time for the first great battle.

The correspondents at Tampa had the privilege of receiving the rumors in their own language, not in one which is so difficult in its reading, if comparatively easy in speaking, that not more than twenty men in Japan can get sense out of a newspaper report. You get nothing direct. You are as dependent upon an interpreter for your knowledge as you are upon a cook for your food. In the Government offices are a few who speak a foreign language. At the General Staff is Captain Tanaka, who should be famous the world over, if he is not already. He surprises linguists by his command of languages, attaches by his military knowledge, diplomatists by his diplomacy, and correspondents by his mastery of human nature.

In height, Tanaka is five feet two or three inches, and he is as erect as a German drill sergeant. He is never absent from the Staff office, and the instant you send in your card he appears, coming smartly along the hall, smiling as if it was the greatest pleasure in the world to meet men who are after favors. He can understand any kind of English, from Shoreditch to Glasgow, from Mississippi to Maine. He remembers the correspondent's name the first time he hears it, and all who are employed on the same paper. Americans say he is a good American; Englishmen that he is a good Englishman. He laughs with his alert, snapping eyes, which find something of interest in the most trivial things. Some acute men think that they have quizzed Tanaka to a purpose. My opinion is that Tanaka was only having a lark with them.

He knows a joke even when it is subtle as readily as he knows whether or not you have read military history. We even "jolly" him a little, and he takes it in good part. He may get tired, like common mortals; but I have never seen him when he would not throw back his head and appear as interested as if he had just awakened on the first sunny morning for weeks. He is the alertest, quickest, most energetic little man in Japan, outside of Baron Kodama, and that is why he was made aide to Kodama. The two together weigh about as much as the average Occidental, and they have the vitality of about fifty average men. If Napoleon had seen Tanaka walk across a room, I am sure that he would have put him on his staff at once. In selecting him as the go-between of publicity and military secrecy, the Japanese have shown their usual judgment of a man to fit a place. He cushions the stone wall of diplomacy with his affability. He can say "I don't know," and make you feel as if he had given you a cyclopaedia of information.

Officially, the correspondents are now in the General Staff's hands. You first made your application to the Foreign Office through the Legation. Three weeks ago the word came to send in the names of your interpreter and servant at once—an official "at once." This looked business-like. It kept up the spirits of the hotel lobbies for ten days. Then we learned that our applications were passed on and duly turned over to the War Department. A week ago, the Foreign Office informed us that passes would be issued soon, and the lobbies were as cheerful as a garden party. When the passes came they were entitled "Certificate of Permission to Accompany the Army," and they said that the named person was permitted to follow the — Division. An attached slip of rice paper read: "The bearer is requested to inquire of the Military Staff Headquarters as to the name of the division to which he is to be attached and the date of departure, and to request the name of the division to be entered upon this certificate." Immediately, everybody went to the General Staff. Tanaka was a little surprised. "We will let you know as soon as you may go," he said, as if he regretted the inconvenience of the coming—to men who wait and pray for departure. His manner I can not de-

scribe; it was the height of art in easing a fall and making you think that you had struck on your feet.

"Will it be two or three weeks before we go?" I asked. "If so, I think that I will run up to Nikko and look at the temples."

Tanaka laughed. "Two or three weeks! That is a long time," he said.

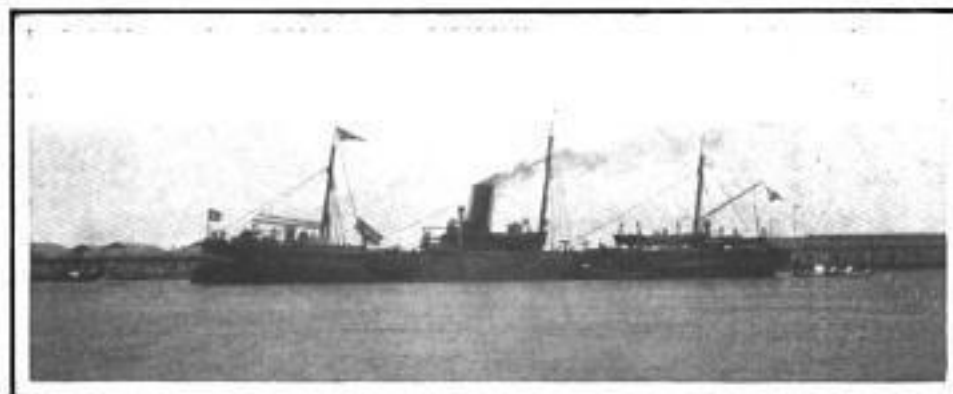
"Two or three days, then."

"Perhaps!" Tanaka laughed again, and I thought almost mischievously, if politely, "You must be patient," he added.

Occasional plays with words with Tanaka form the oasis in this desert of waiting.



CAPTAIN CROWN, COMMANDING THE "MANDJUR"



THE RUSSIAN GUNBOAT "MANDJUR" IN THE HARBOR OF SHANGHAI

This vessel was very nearly the cause of serious international complications by the refusal of her commander to leave port after hostilities between Japan and Russia had begun

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT. PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT 1904 BY BELL & HOWELL

If I could speak Japanese as well as he speaks English, I might satisfy my ambition to get nearer the heart of this subdued people who take a war of life and death with stoical calm. A hardware dealer, when he told me of his thriving business in the native short knives, struck no Gallic attitude. The knife is not in the regulations. Its ready sale speaks of the aggressive individuality of the Roman legionary reincarnated in a bronze skin and slant eyes, who, if he is surrounded, counts upon taking heavy toll with quick thrusts before he is killed, thus adapting to modern conditions the resoluteness of the *hara-kiri*.

The mind of the masses finds these little knives more to its fancy than the strange rifles which carry bullets over great distance. In reading the bulletins of naval action, it is the doings of the torpedo boats that are followed most closely. The "water thunderbolts," as

they call them, appeal to the imagination of a people small in stature, living in small houses, more than battleships. Their admiration always would be with the sling-thrown stone or the deft sword-thrust, rather than with the smashing blows of the battle-axe that brought down the giant.

## SHIP WHOSE CLAWS WERE CLIPPED

Collier's correspondent describes the delicate situation at Shanghai before the "Mandjur" was dismantled

THE Russian gunboat *Mandjur* is now a dismantled and harmless steamship lying in the harbor of Shanghai, but there were possibilities of trouble enough when she swung at anchor in a neutral port armed to the teeth and with a Japanese warship lying outside the harbor waiting for her to come out. The following letter from the special correspondent of COLLIER'S WEEKLY at Shanghai, James F. J. Archibald, was written at the time when the situation was most delicate and before the disarming scheme had settled matters, safely at least, if not satisfactorily to all concerned:

"The presence of the Russian warship *Mandjur* here in Shanghai Harbor has stirred the representatives of the various nations represented here to a telegraphic activity that has almost blocked the lines. Despite threats, orders, and pleadings, the *Mandjur* rides peacefully at anchor off the Bund with absolutely no concern as to the stir she is making in the diplomatic world. At Wu-sung, the entrance port of the Yangtze-Kiang, twelve miles below Shanghai, lies the Japanese cruiser *Akitsushima*, also violating the laws of the neutrality of China in the most flagrant manner. Just outside the harbor lie two more of the best cruisers of the Japanese navy. They are all waiting the result of the diplomatic correspondence, and hoping that the *Mandjur* will be turned out to fall prey to their power.

"The *Mandjur* is a small cruiser of about 1,500 tons, but with an exceptionally heavy armament, carrying two 8-inch, four 6-inch, and a heavy secondary battery of quick-firing guns. Her speed is officially noted at eleven knots, but it is doubtful if she could make nine knots in her present condition. With the proclamation of war the *Mandjur* raised her battle flags, donned her war-paint, and made all preparations to enter the lists, but the commander, Captain Crown, tells me that just as he was heaving the anchor he received orders to remain where he was, and so he lowered his battle flags and has continued at his old anchorage, much to the annoyance of the resident Japanese officials.

"The Japanese Consul-General immediately took the matter up with the Chinese Government through the Shanghai Taotai, and received assurances that the Russian would immediately be ordered to sea. This was done, but Captain Crown considered that his orders from his own commander were of more importance, and so the order was simply disregarded. Two Chinese warships, the *Hai Chi* and the *Hai Tien*, were ordered to force the *Mandjur* out, and for a couple of days the excitement in the foreign settlement ran high in the expectancy of a naval engagement at their very doors, but at the last minute the Peking Government countermanded the orders. The Japanese officials then appealed to Commander Dennis H. Mahan—of the monitor *Albatross*, which is stationed here—

through the Consul-General, asking that the United States take action in forcing the neutrality of China in compelling the *Mandjur* to leave. Commander Mahan refused to have any hand in the matter other than in the protection of American interests in Shanghai. Now that the entire fleet under Admiral Cooper has arrived, the matter of the protection of our interests seems to be fairly safe, but the navy apparently have strict orders to take no part in the operations, and to keep the ships well out of the theatre of action so that no complications will arise. Captain Crown says that as the *Mandjur* has taken no part in the operations of the war, she is not yet a combatant, and that she will now stay here until the end of the war.

"Captain Crown was born in New York of Russian and English parentage, and appears to be more English than Russian, but his sentiment has all the patri-





GENERAL IDIATE ESCORTING THE RUSSIAN MINISTER TO THE RAILROAD STATION AT SEOUL

Upon the arrival of the Japanese army at the Korean capital, February 22, the Russians were invited to leave. Minister Pavlov, with his family and the legation guard, was attended by General Idiate and a Japanese military escort who accompanied him from the legation to the port of Chemulpo, where the Russians embarked for Shanghai



ARRIVAL OF THE JAPANESE AT THE RAILWAY STATION, SEOUL, FEBRUARY 22



THE JAPANESE ARMY ENTERING SEOUL THROUGH THE GREAT EAST GATE



SAPPERS AND MINERS STARTING FOR NORTHERN KOREA WITH THE FIRST ADVANCE

There are thirteen of these battalions of sappers and miners in the Japanese army on a war footing, making a total strength of two hundred and seventy officers and seven thousand men

## THE JAPANESE OCCUPATION OF SEOUL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. L. GUNN, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER IN KOREA. PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY



U.S.S. "Edna"

R.M.S. "Eagle"

Russian gunboat



American, British, and Russian warships laid up for the winter in mud docks



The United States Consulate



House of the Russian Administrator



The Russian garrison drawn up for inspection on the parade ground

**NEWCHWANG, A CHINESE TREATY PORT DECLARED BY THE RUSSIANS ON MARCH 27 TO BE UNDER MARTIAL LAW**

The Russians have been establishing themselves politically and commercially at Newchwang for several years, with no apparent intention of ever evacuating the town. The house of the Administrator shown above is a substantial and elaborate edifice of brick and stone. There are also two other fine buildings in course of construction—an administration building and a post-office. A large church is also projected. All these buildings are on the main square of the foreign settlement, which the Russians have appropriated to their own uses. (See "On Guard at Newchwang," p. 25)

otic ardor of the officer of the Great White Czar. At this writing the case is just open for discussion, and it remains to be seen what will happen to the little warship. The Japanese cruiser at Wu-sung must, according to international law, remain in port until twenty-four hours after the *Mandjur* goes out—if she does; but as the *Akitsushima* is fitted with wireless telegraphy, she will simply signal the cruisers lying outside to make the attack. Thus ends the power of one of the most important of the clauses of international law. From now on the detention of a ship of war in a neutral port, to give the enemy a fair start, will mean nothing at all if there are sufficient forces to stand outside while one ship stays inside. If a fleet is making the attack, one after another of the ships could come in and stay the twenty-four hours allowed, and then go out and be relieved by another ship, which can do the picket duty.

"Refugees from Port Arthur, Dalny, Korea, and Japan have been pouring into Shanghai for the last two weeks, until it is probable that there are now more than

six thousand persons of all nations, from all stations of society, and in all conditions, quartered about the town. The Russian Minister to Korea, M. Pavlov, and the members of the Legation, are here, and have taken up a permanent residence during the war, and from here M. Pavlov will continue his diplomatic work. "The French ship *Pascal* came in a few days ago

with the paroled Russian prisoners from the two Russian ships sunk at Chemulpo, and there was an attempt made to land them; but the authorities would not allow it, as the precedent of dumping prisoners at any convenient port would be a dangerous one. The Japanese were anxious to be rid of them, and were only too glad to accept their parole and have them taken away.

Some of the officers were taken on board the foreign warships and given refuge, but the commander of the *Vicksburg* refused to take two Engineer officers on his ship. He had also refused to enter into the protest against the Japanese action. I met the Russian naval attaché from Japan on board the *Mandjur*, and he was rabidly bitter in his denunciation of the *Vicksburg's* action. The whole matter is that both of the belligerents hope for the support of the United States, and, not getting it, they attack from every side.

"Just what Russia is trying to do with the *Mandjur* it is hard to say, but the Peking Government fear that she is trying to force China into some act of war, so that she can occupy

Commander Fokshans Captain Yashita General Danoye Colonel Oshara Captain Tashita Captain Hamarovich Lieutenant Fano



LIEUT.-GEN. INOUE, IN COMMAND OF THE FIRST ARMY OF INVASION, AND HIS STAFF, AT SEOUL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. L. DUNN, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER IN KOREA. PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY



Chinese territory for the furtherance of her war plans. Captain Crown tells me that he will not sail unless ordered by his own Government, no matter what the local authorities say, but will blow up his ship first. The Japanese say that they will force the *Mandjur* out if they have to come after her up the river. The foreign commanders state that they will allow no fighting off Shanghai or in neutral waters, and if the Japanese make any such attempt they will attack their fleet. And so the matter rests, where a single shot may involve the world in a great war."

## CHURCH "COURTING PARLORS"

The Parker Memorial's hospitable scheme for getting boarding-house young people acquainted

THE Theodore Parker Memorial, an institutional church of Boston, is trying to solve the problem of getting together and acquainted the young people of its neighborhood. The Parker Memorial is located in the heart of the boarding-house and lodging-room section of the city. Thousands of young men and women have their temporary homes near the church. What they need is an opportunity to get acquainted.

The Parker Memorial has undertaken to get these young people together. There is on every Sunday evening a service in the church, which, while religious, is yet arranged to attract young people. It usually consists of an address, with music, and is often illustrated by the stereopticon. After the service, the congregation is invited to a social gathering in the parlors on the same floor. Music is furnished and tea is served, and often a brief reading is given, but in general the young folks are left to their own devices until ten o'clock. The dancing classes connected with the church are valuable aids in furthering the movement. The phrase "courting parlors," used in perfect seriousness by a Boston minister in connection with the Parker Memorial's new experiment, has come to stay in Boston apparently, although those directly interested in the movement are naturally inclined to deprecate such an aggressive and literal interpretation of what is purely a big-hearted and hospitable idea. The experiment thus far has been deservedly popular, and is being watched with increasing interest by similar communities in other cities.

## WHERE THE CLERKS RUN THE STORE

A department-store experiment in which the employees initiate shop rules and settle disputes

AN ingenious and original solution of the problem of employer and employee is that now found in one of the largest department stores of Boston. The proprietor of this store during his first years of business had all sorts of trouble with his help, and found that his business was not prospering. After studying the subject for a long time, he formed all his employees into a co-operative association. Into its hands he committed the absolute care and control of a club house, social hall, and library, which he donated to the employees. He exercises no supervision over that branch of the business at all, and the workers are relieved of all espionage or suspicion of it.

More important and original, however, is the fact that this co-operative association has an important voice in the management of the business. The association has the power to initiate or amend any store rule affecting the efficiency of its members. A vote on a store rule, when passed by two-thirds of a quorum of the members, goes into effect at once—subject to the veto of the firm. And even the firm's veto may be overridden by a two-thirds vote of all the members of the association. Still more interesting is the Board of Arbitration, consisting of nine members of the association, which acts in case of any dispute between the company and its employees. For example, if an employee is dismissed by the firm and a two-thirds vote of the Arbitration Board decides that his dismissal was a mistake or was unjustified, he must be reinstated. If an employee's salary is reduced and a majority of the Board decides that the reduction was not just, the salary is restored to its former figure.

This presupposes the existence of some one of the employees who must become acquainted with the business of the firm. A young woman, who is called "the social secretary," fills that position. She is really the association, and acts for it in almost every case; knows just what the firm can pay for work, and how much justice there is in the employees' claims.

The proprietor of a large concern in Dayton, Ohio, which had a disastrous strike a few years ago, has, it is said, decided to try this scheme, and believes that if he had tried it before there would have been no strike. The trouble in his case was that the firm seemed to say to its employees, "See all these nice things we give you!" In the Boston scheme the offensive element of paternalism is removed.

## SHARKS MUST LEAVE POOR LO

Congress and courts' decisions are driving land-grabbers and corrupt officials to cover

FROM being a helpless, persecuted dependant, driven about at the will of grasping white men, the Indian is beginning to find himself provided with a host of friends eager to protect his interests. Hardly had



M. DELCASSE

France's Minister of Foreign Affairs, who has held this post under four administrations,—a towering figure in French politics

the report of the President's investigator, C. J. Bonaparte, on the charges brought against the "Dawes Commission" been made public, when Congress began to consider two amendments to the Indian Appropriation bill designed to protect the tribes from dishonest officials and to prevent collusion in the sale of mineral rights in the Indian Territory. Now, Judge Raymond, Territorial Judge of the Western District of the Indian Territory, is sustained in his opinion that parents and guardians can not lease land allotted to

States, directly or indirectly, to purchase, lease, or have any interest in Indian lands, the distribution of which is in any way pending in the branch of the Government service in which he is employed until after two years after the expiration of such employment."

In the case before Judge Raymond, a tract of land belonging to a Creek minor had been leased to a company of land sharks for 15 cents per acre per year! The land was good and growing splendid crops. The father who signed the contract could not write his name. Judge Raymond's decision affects more than 80,000 citizens and 20,000,000 acres of land. Three-fourths of this vast area has been allotted to minors.

## LEVIATHANS ON THE LAKES

Ore-bearing steamship, big as Atlantic passenger liners, completely built in four months

THE American Shipbuilding Company has just completed a feat in construction, at its Lorain, Ohio, yard, that would have challenged the best efforts of any shipyard in the world. On December 1 the company began the construction of a 560-foot steel steamship. The vessel was to be ready to sail in April. Building a steamship of the same length as the Atlantic liners, the *Philadelphia* and *New York*, in four months, is work of wonderful speed, but it excited little comment on the Great Lakes, where everything is done in a hurry.

Salt water men have been inclined to poke fun at the vessels of the Great Lakes, but the size of this steamship cannot fail to impress them. Only 30 of the fleet of 96 transatlantic passenger steamers are longer than this lake boat, and only two of those vessels, the *Finland* and *Kronland*, were built in this country. Only five longer keels have been laid on this side of the Atlantic.

The new lake steamer is 56 feet wide and 32 feet deep, and on a draught of 18 feet she will carry 9,500 gross tons of iron ore. She will have 33 hatches, through which she can be loaded with iron ore in an hour. It will be possible, working at the speed record, to unload the 9,500-ton cargo in about five hours. The original date of her launching was April 1, which was changed later to April 9.

## THE MAN WHO PILOTS FRANCE

Delcasse, France's famous Minister of Foreign Affairs, will stay though Ministry falls

FRANCE'S sympathy for Russia in the present war and the delicate situation in which she is put because of it, the intrigues against the Combes Ministry and the investigation now being carried on into the

administration of the Navy Department, all combine to make the position of M. Delcasse, Minister of Foreign Affairs, more than usually interesting. That this famous Minister will remain, whatever happens, seems to be assured, and he may yet have need for as delicate diplomacy as he used in assisting in the peace negotiations at the close of the Spanish War, and in avoiding war over the Fashoda incident. "A rumor spread recently," writes our Paris correspondent, "among the brokers in Throgmorton Street, London, that M. Delcasse was on the eve of resigning the portfolio of Minister of Foreign Affairs for France. There was an immediate break in European securities. The explanation is that M. Delcasse is reckoned among diplomats as the greatest Foreign Minister in Europe, and he is notably a man of peace. I saw M. Delcasse recently at the time of an interpellation in the Chamber of Deputies on the Government's policy toward Morocco. When I entered the box in the gallery to which I had been assigned, the Chamber was involved in a monotonous debate, which closed the moment M. Delcasse, black portfolio in hand, appeared at the door. He is short and thick, his hair is closely cut, and he has a bristling moustache. He is near-sighted and always wears a pince-nez. In uniform, he would be the typical soldier of France. His eyes are quick and intelligent, and light up what would otherwise be a plain face.

"The debate turned to foreign affairs, and the Deputy who had deposed the interpellation attacked the policy of the Government. Then M. Delcasse arose. He did not ascend the tribune, but stood beside his desk, half-turned toward his critics and his friends. He is not an orator, that became immediately apparent; but this is due, in part because his duties do not permit his tongue to reveal all that his brain knows, in part because he speaks too emphatically, if in somewhat involved sentences.

"When he mounts the tribune, however, and reads a paper which he has carefully prepared, the expressions are pithy and direct. They leave no doubt what the Minister really means, and if there is question for



A BIG BLAZE IN NEW YORK'S FINANCIAL DISTRICT

Two office buildings at 59 and 61 Broadway, occupied by the Adams, the American, and the Morris International Express Companies, were burned on March 26, with a total loss of \$500,000. This fire, in the heart of the downtown business and financial district, gained such headway that the rarely used "two nines" alarm called to the scene all the fire apparatus in New York south of Fifty-ninth street, including thirty-two engines.

minor children without a competent court's approval. Mr. Bonaparte found that members of the Commission to the Five Civilized Tribes were taking advantage of their presence in the Indian Territory to form connections with companies organized to deal in tribal lands. One of these corporations, according to the statement made by Judge Townsend of the Southern District, has leased more than 350,000 acres of land; others have gained control of tracts varying in size from 25,000 to 50,000 acres. What Congress is asked to enact into law is a provision making it unlawful for "any person now or hereafter in the employ of the United



a moment, it is dispelled by the spasmodic jerk of his forearm. His explanation in regard to Morocco was satisfactory to the Deputies as well as to the diplomatic representatives of Great Britain, Italy, and Spain. Gathering his papers closely to his bosom, M. Delcassé left the Chamber, and as he went out he received an ovation from the floor as well as the gallery.

"In June next he will have served five years in his present position, and will have directed the external policy of the Republic under four administrations—an unprecedented feat. He entered the Foreign Office at a critical stage in American history. Spain had been defeated in the Philippines, and was on the eve of losing her squadron at Santiago. By reason of proximity and French holdings of Spanish bonds, France's sympathy for Spain was great. For both the belligerent countries M. Delcassé entertained feelings of admiration, and he determined to restore peace, if possible; he diplomatically paved the way for Spain to request that France use her good offices. This in itself was a delicate task, for Spanish sensibilities could not brook the idea of begging for peace. Having obtained Spain's consent to act, M. Delcassé then sought to ascertain whether President McKinley was willing to negotiate, and, in order to get the best terms possible for Spain, it was necessary to keep from the United States all idea of the absolute powerlessness of the Castilian kingdom. Another difficulty Delcassé had to encounter was the jealousy of other European powers, which desired joint instead of isolated mediation. He successfully evaded pitfalls, and M. Cambon signed the preliminary peace protocol in Washington. When the Commission to arrange terms of peace assembled at the Quai d'Orsay here, M. Delcassé, in the happiest possible manner, brought the American and Spanish Commissioners together, and throughout the deliberations aided in removing obstacles which might easily have wrecked the negotiations.

"How M. Delcassé avoided war over the Fashoda incident, in spite of the frenzied anti-English outcry of the Paris press; how he forced Turkey, by a naval demonstration, to comply with French demands, which had been persistently put off; how he dealt with the Chinese and Siamese questions, to the profit of his country, and how he has restored cordial relations with Italy, are all matters of recent history. There are two points remaining which must be touched upon to show the tendencies of the Minister. Of the Franco-Russian alliance, he has been an ardent and consistent advocate. The weight of his influence will be thrown for Russia, but he will try to avoid war, if honorably this can be accomplished. His pacific views were displayed in connection with the Fashoda incident and again in Siam, and by his successful efforts to remove all questions in the relations of France and Great Britain, France and Italy, and France and Spain. With each of those countries he has negotiated a treaty of arbitration, supplementary to the general convention of The Hague, and he has initiated negotiations of the same character with the United States. These treaties are harmless, for they specifically except from their application questions affecting national honor and territory, but they may be appealed to, and in any event they show that friendly relations exist between the signatory powers. M. Delcassé made frequent efforts to avert the Russo-Japanese War. His representations to Russia were couched in the most delicate language, and it is no secret that he was kept advised by Russia of every step in the negotiations.

"When a young journalist, M. Delcassé was walking with a colleague along the bank of the Seine near the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. 'That,' he said, in a tone of conviction, 'is where I shall be one day.' Had

his friend been a prophet, he could have predicted: 'You will realize your dream of a greater France, and that dream will come true through you, the foremost statesman of Europe.'

"There is one honor still in store for the son of the humble court bailiff at Palmiers, a small town situated at the foot of the Pyrenees, where the Minister was

peachment, Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, and Senator Blackburn of Kentucky.

The only way by which a Federal judge can be removed from office is by impeachment, and he is liable to impeachment when he commits "high crimes and misdemeanors," a somewhat vague term and to be interpreted according to circumstances. In the case of Judge Swayne, he is charged with having been corrupt and influenced by personal considerations in administering justice.

The Constitution provides that at the impeachment of the President the Chief Justice shall preside, but in the impeachment of any lesser official it has not been the custom for the Chief Justice to take charge of the proceedings. The form followed is the same in all cases.

The House having decided that sufficient grounds exist for impeachment, and the House under the Constitution has the sole power to originate impeachment proceedings, it appoints a committee to impeach the accused before the Senate, and to demand that that body hear the impeachment. The committee then prepares articles of impeachment, which are submitted to the House. The House, after having approved them, directs the committee, known as the managers on the part of the House, to conduct the trial before the Senate.

Formal notice is served on the accused to appear on the appointed day before the Senate in person, and by counsel if he so elects, when the Senate resolves itself into a high court of impeachment. Every member of the Senate takes a special oath to do justice according to the Constitution and the laws of the land. The accused is then arraigned before the bar of the Senate, and is required to plead to the articles of impeachment, precisely as any other person charged with crime in any other court is arraigned and enters his plea to the indictment which has been found against him by the grand jury. The House of Representatives is both grand jury and prosecuting attorney, while the Senate is judge and petit jury.

After the accused has pleaded not guilty the Senate appoints a day for beginning the trial, which is conducted according to the usual rules of evidence; the managers on the part of the House prosecuting, and the Senate hearing the evidence as would a jury, and, like members of a jury, having the privilege to ask questions of the witnesses so as to make clear any point about which there may be obscurity. If any difference of opinion arises among the Senators during the progress of the trial as to the admission of evidence, or such other matters as would be decided by the judge in a regular court, the chamber is cleared and the matter is discussed behind closed doors, a ballot is taken, and the majority prevails. After all the evidence has been submitted, the managers on the part of the House have made their argument, and the counsel for the accused has been heard, the Senators in secret reach their verdict in the same way that a jury would, and the decision is made public. The Constitution provides that no person can be convicted by a court of impeachment without the concurrence of two-thirds of the Senate. The court has no power to punish otherwise than by depriving of his office the person found guilty, who is then liable to civil or criminal prosecution like any other violator of the law.

The most notable impeachment trial in this country was that of President Andrew Johnson, who was acquitted. In 1804 Associate Justice Chase, of the Supreme Court of the United States, was impeached, a trial which ranks second only to that of Andrew Johnson. The impeachment of Secretary Belknap, in 1876, is the one impeachment of recent times, and from the beginning of the history of the United States down to the present day only three Federal judges have been impeached.



THE BURNING OF WINTER AT ZURICH

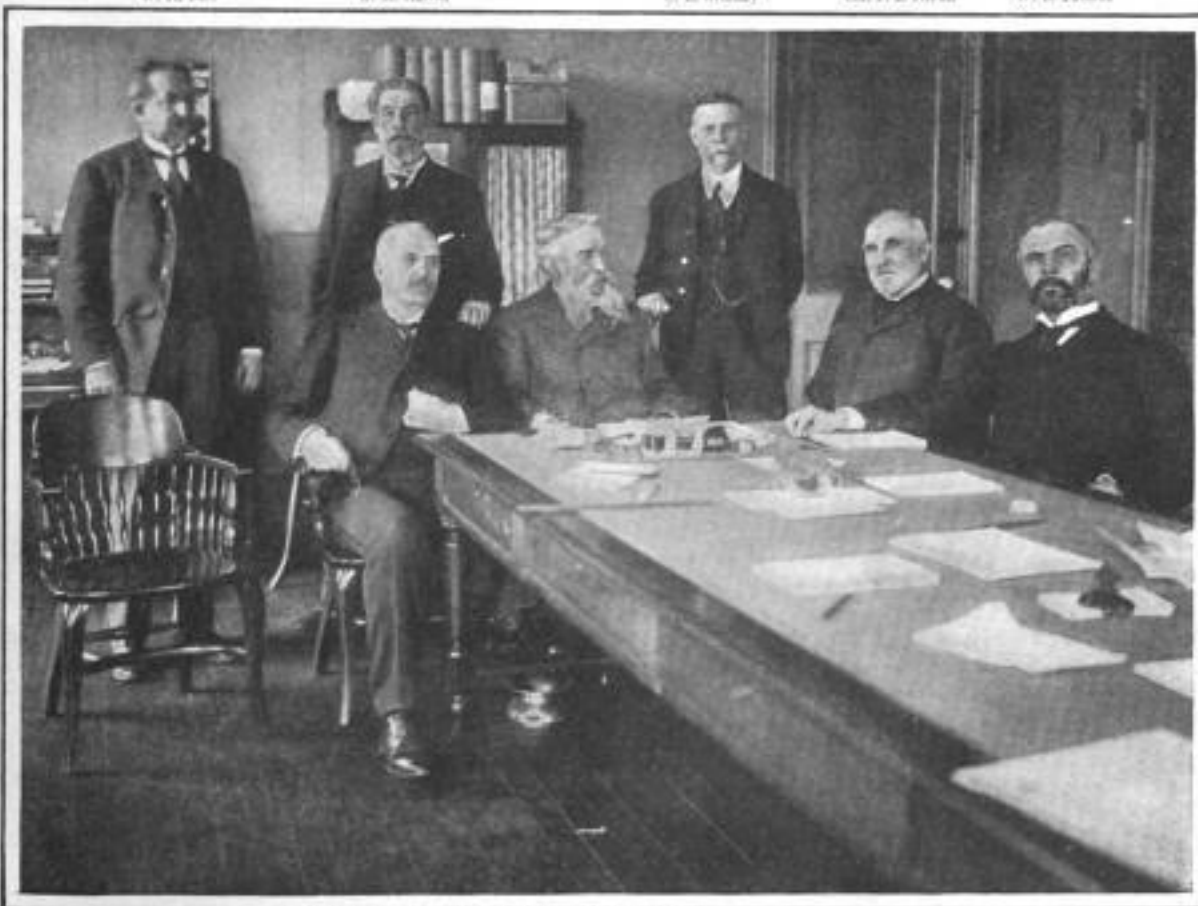
At the approach of spring the people of this little Swiss city on the shore of the Lake of Zurich make a grotesque effigy to represent the old winter, and burn it at the stake in the public park near the water's edge with holiday festivities.

born. He is destined to become the head of the Ministry, a post he might already have occupied, but to which he may surely now expect to be swept by the Republican majority of which he is a member."

### JUDGE SWAYNE'S IMPEACHMENT

How proceedings for impeachment are conducted by the Senate and House of Representatives

WASHINGTON is more interested in the impeachment proceedings against Judge Charles Swayne, of the Northern District of Florida, than it has been in anything else for many a day. This is largely because of the novelty of impeachment proceedings to members of Congress. There has been no trial for impeachment



Gen. Geo. W. Davis. Rear-Admiral J. G. Walker, U.S.N.

### THE PANAMA CANAL COMMISSION

This board, consisting of the foremost American engineers, will direct the construction of the Isthmian Canal and have the responsibility of expending to the best advantage the \$150,000,000 appropriated for the work. It will also fall to them to solve more difficult engineering problems than have ever before been confronted

in this country for the past twenty-eight years—not since 1876, when Secretary of War Belknap was impeached in connection with the Post-Trade-Fraud. It is somewhat striking that of the men now in Congress there are only two who took part in that im-



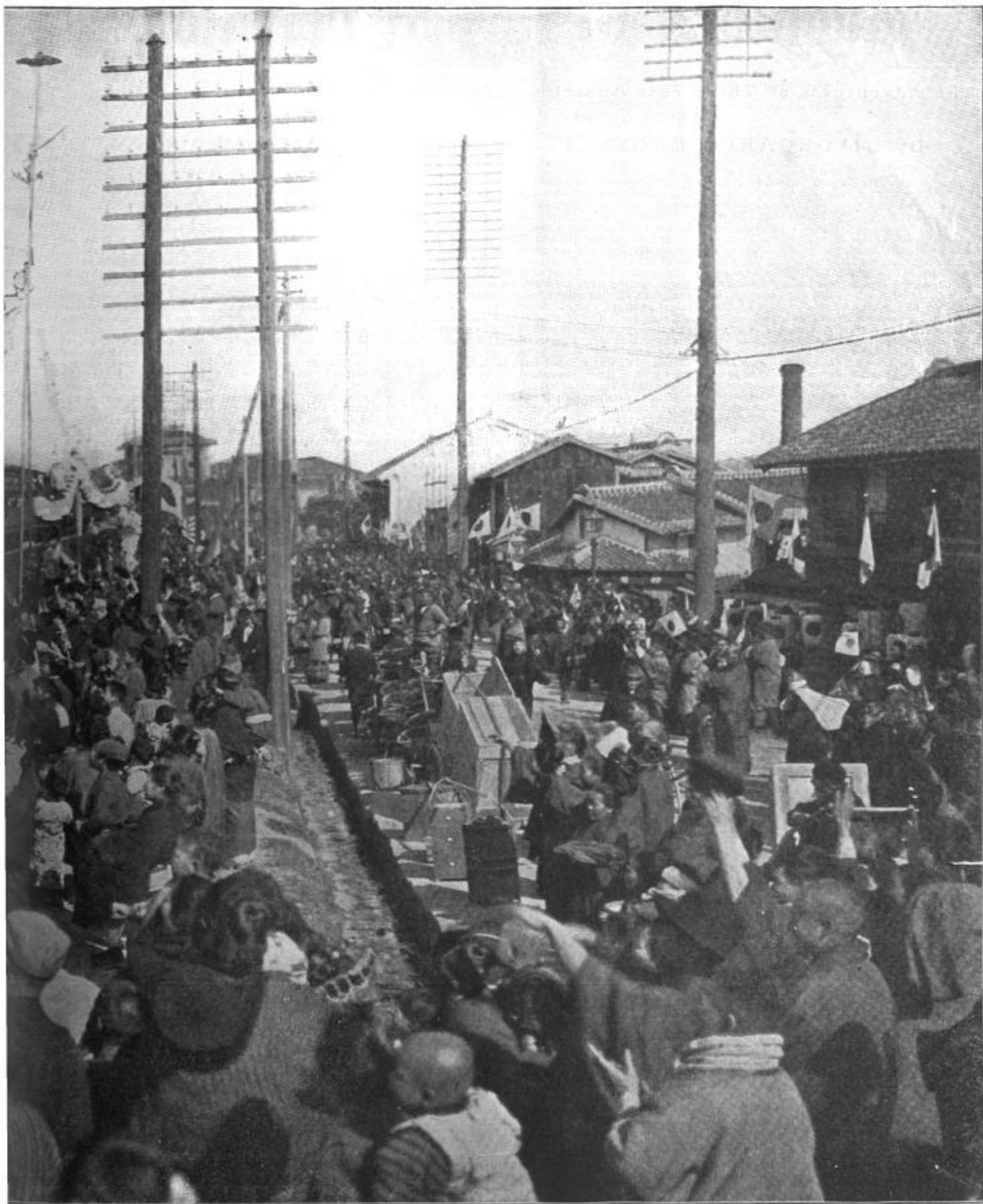


**“TEIKOKU BANZAI!”—**

**ENTHUSIASM AT KOBÉ UPON THE DEPARTURE OF A**

Photograph by James H. Hare, Collier's Special War Photo





G LIVE THE EMPIRE!"

RAIN FOR UJINA, A PORT OF EMBARKATION FOR KOREA

the Japanese General Staff. Copyright 1904 by Collier's Weekly



# Daughters of Desperation

The Adventures of Three Fair Anarchists, an Obliging Young Man, and a Dog

A STORY IN FIVE PARTS—PART FIVE

By HILDEGARD BROOKS : : Illustrated by CHARLOTTE HARDING

One day Maurice Silsbee, the promised groomsmen of his friend Spoffard, who that same day is to marry Miss Ina Bushnell, comes upon three young ladies in a garden adjoining the Bushnell property. These, the Misses Dacey, Houghton, and Halliburton, avow themselves members of an anarchistic society presided over by one Stepnovo. They design, for the benefit of the Cause, to rob Miss Bushnell's wedding silver-chest, and for this purpose have hired the professional burglar Gardiner. Silsbee, appearing at the hour when Gardiner is expected, is mistaken for him and thus initiated into the secret. While impersonating the criminal, Silsbee tries to dissuade the Daughters of Desperation from their purpose. But when the real burglar arrives Silsbee is found out, overpowered, and locked in the cellar. Gardiner, however, fails the young ladies at the critical moment, so that they are obliged to appeal to their captive for aid in carrying off the heavy chest. After some parley with Miss Halliburton he consents. The party drive with the stolen box to a railway station, whence it is expressed to town subject to the order of a fictitious person. Returning home, the young ladies discover that Silsbee's little dog must have been nailed up with the silver. Should the chest be seized by the police, the dog might furnish them with a clue. It therefore becomes necessary to warn Stepnovo (who is waiting to receive the box), and this Silsbee volunteers to do.

## CHAPTER IX

THE sunset lights had flitted to the highest buildings before I found the house on West—th Street, the address given me by the ladies in Keswick. There was a general atmosphere of being closed up and gone away for the summer about the whole block. It was perhaps as quiet a place as Stepnovo could have found in the city, for his business of smelting stolen silver.

I used my pass-key and entered a dim and quiet lower hall. Avoiding the elevator for fear of being challenged, I sneaked upstairs in unhappy trepidation, and was glad to reach the door with the cards of my fellow-burglars. Swiftly and noiselessly I used my second key and let myself into the apartment.

Both on the ground of personal safety and because of curiosity, I desired to take Stepnovo entirely by surprise. He was to have no time to jump on me. I meant to do all the jumping. Further than that, I meant to take a good look at the man before he became aware of me.

The passage was rather dark, lighted only by transoms over the closed doors on either side of the hall. At hazard I tried the first door to the right and thereby entered the kitchen. It seemed to be in good order, though it had evidently been lately in use. I saw no signs of crucibles and furnaces, however, and Stepnovo was not there.

From the kitchen, through a dark pantry, I entered the dining-room. Here were the remains of a modest luncheon upon the table: a few leaves of lettuce, crumbs of brown bread, and a wine-glass that had contained claret. Still there was no sign of the man himself.

Through an open door I peered cautiously into the next room; it was large, its width being the width of the house, and pleasant with the light of several windows and attractive by the home-like and unconventional charm of its furnishing. Still I saw no Stepnovo and was about to withdraw to search the chambers on the left side of the hall, when I caught sight of a partially curtained alcove in which stood a couch. There lay a figure stretched in sleep.

Noiselessly I advanced, gently I drew aside the curtains to get a light on his face, and then I stood transfixed in consternation.

Stepnovo was a girl!

A wonderfully pretty girl it was, moreover! She lay in the lovely relaxation of deep sleep. Her dark, glossy hair showed black against the yellow silk cushions of the couch, and an unreal and delicate light played on her features. She was exquisitely dressed and had unfastened her collar in lying down, so that her round white throat was bare.

I stood for a long while regarding her, moon-struck in admiration. There was not the glimmering of an idea in my head as to what I had to do next. Still she slept, her breath coming light and soft as a little child's.

I decided that, danger or none, I could not be so

rude as to waken her, and resolved to step back into the dining-room and wait till she awoke of her own accord.

I resolved it, I say; yet minute by minute slipped by and I still prolonged my fascinating watch. I had never before noted the awful beauty of sleep nor felt its mystery. While my gaze, as by hypnotism, was fastened to her lids, I speculated on the lustre of those eyes so close behind that delicate veil of flesh. They were unseeing now, their soul in dreamland; yet the next flash of time might bring them back, those lids might be raised, and I be transfixed.

Evening was falling. Slowly the light on the sleeper's face grew more dim. To lose not a line of it, I bent further over. I held the curtain back as far as I might—

Suddenly I was grabbed from behind, gripped about the neck and almost choked.

The real Stepnovo at last!

With the output of all my strength I hipped my unseen assailant, and he, surprised into losing his first advantageous hold on me, went down. I was on top of him, but I found him pretty game. If this was Stepnovo, he was rather more spirited than prudent in going for me so desperately. How did he know but that I was the chief of police come for him in person?

It was no wrestling; it was a free fight. We were each bent on pummeling the other, and the girl sat up and wailed. But I was the heavier man; in about thirty-five seconds I had proved superior science. I had my man fairly down, and was punching him thoroughly, when suddenly the gas, lighted by the girl, flashed a light on his face and I gazed down upon the still recognizable features of my old friend, Fred Spoffard.

He knew me at the same instant, and we both arose. For a long moment we were engaged with our handkerchiefs. The lady was making no end of a fuss over Fred's little bruises; I betook myself quietly to the kitchen sink and managed alone. Then I went back to the front room.

"Well, old man, we made a mistake, I guess," said Fred ruefully. "I'm awfully sorry, you know. I didn't know you, of course."

I was relieved to find him in the mood to apologize; it seemed to let me out.

"It's rather an unfortunate meeting," I said; "but won't you present me?"

"Ina, this is Silsbee—our best man, my dear, who had the snake-bite," explained Spoffard genially. "Maurice—my wife."

She looked at me as if I were no end of a monster. I was very unhappy.

"Why did you fight?" she cried. "What happened?"

"It was my fault, dear," said Fred humbly. "You see, after you went to sleep I got confoundedly thirsty, and I thought I'd just step out and have a drink, and I suppose I left the door open (eh, Maurice?) and you walked in."

I nodded basely. I seemed to be hurled along by the hand of fate, and only asked myself dazedly, "Is Josh in this?"

"And so when I came hurrying back—I wasn't gone five minutes, Ina—" (The scamp! I had been there a half-hour myself.) "I found him in the room, and it was rather dark, and I naturally tackled him. I thought he was Stepnovo."

Mrs. Spoffard looked far from satisfied.

"Men are always shielding each other," she said sternly. "Has this fight nothing to do with the snake-bite medicine?"

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, aware now what had been the nature of Miss Halliburton's sufficient excuse for my non-appearance at the wedding.

"How heartless you are, Ina!" cried her husband. "See how you have wounded Maurice. Do you think he is the kind of man who would show himself before he had slept it off?"

"Are you sure it was a rattlesnake?" she asked me, still suspicious.

"It was a venomous serpent," I cried, thinking of Miss Halliburton—wondering whether I could ever forgive her.

"Come, come," urged Fred peaceably. "Let's drop that question altogether. We were awfully sorry, old man, not to have you at the launching; but you see we

got afloat all right. And, I say, it's just like you to make a point of looking us up as soon as you got on your legs. Some fellows would have had a sort of false shame about the whole affair, you know. Now you're here to explain yourself, aren't you? Let's sit down here in the cool of the window and have a good talk. I'll just turn down this gas; there's no reason why we should get any hotter. Here's a good chair, Ina. Maurice, here's one for you. Oh, I'm all right in the window-seat here."

I sank into the chair with a sense of that awful calm that precedes the last crash of doom. How many minutes was it given to me to live a reputable and sane man in the eyes of my old friend and his lovely bride? Mrs. Spoffard seemed filled with good-natured regret for the black mistrust with which she had first greeted me. Fred having made light of his injuries, she bestowed on me her full forgiveness. I breathed deeply at the respite. Not till the morning would she know the blackness of her husband's eye—and then I would be far away.

She took occasion to speak to me graciously about the wedding gift I had sent her—and which I had stolen from her again that morning before dawn.

My mental anguish was accentuated by a profound uneasiness in regard to my mission, unfulfilled. I had yet to warn Stepnovo that Josh was in the box and had probably betrayed it; that this flat where the box was addressed was certainly the first place upon which the officers of the law would descend.

And my accomplices, waiting in Keswick for my reassuring telegram! What was their state of mind by now?

"Ina, do you think your friends would object if we smoked here?" inquired Fred of his wife.

"Dear me, no!" she returned promptly. "Stepnovo smokes every minute of his life."

"So you are visiting friends here by the quaint and charming name of Stepnovo?" I asked in a rather strained voice—so great was my effort to make it casual.

"You'd almost think he was the master of the house the way he makes himself at home here," said Mrs. Spoffard in a tone of displeasure. "But to answer your question, Mr. Silsbee; no, this flat is occupied by friends of mine, and Stepnovo is an acquaintance of theirs who seems to be living here in their absence."

"But you say yourself, Ina, you think he probably has permission to be here," put in Fred. "He is not like us, Maurice, breaking in secretly and making ourselves at home."

"Are you doing that?" I cried; and I admired the whirligig of time which so soon was bringing its revenges.

"You see I lived here last winter, Mr. Silsbee, with my friends, and feel very much at home in this flat," explained the lady; "and I still had my keys which they forgot to take away from me when they turned me out. So Fred and I came here for a lark to-day, just to pretend we're housekeeping, instead of going to the hotel till our steamer sails."

"I see! But doesn't the presence of this Stepnovo—" "Well, he isn't here now. But he has been here to-day. In fact, he was lunching in the dining-room and suddenly disappeared; whether he departed by a window, when he heard us coming, or whether he hid somewhere in the apartment, I don't know."

"And are you not afraid of this rather suspicious character?" I demanded with surprise.

"Oh, dear, no, he's a perfectly harmless lunatic," said Mrs. Spoffard carelessly. "My friends, who befriend him, call him a prophet; but you would have to know them to weigh their judgment. I know Stepnovo very well; he was here nearly every evening all last winter. Of course, I would not be afraid of him."

"But I tell you I didn't like the idea of that fellow having a key and sneaking in and out here whenever he liked," said Fred. "You can't tell about these Russian Nihilists—"

"He's not a Russian Nihilist," said Mrs. Spoffard, laughing.

"What is he?" I asked.

"Well, if I knew, I suppose I am sworn not to tell," she returned. "I took so many vows of secrecy last winter I can't remember them all. But I told the girls their secrets were safe with me; they bored me so I couldn't remember them to tell them to any one. But I do remember enough to feel sure Stepnovo is as harmless as a lamb."

"Well, I wasn't going to let him off from a licking, on general principles, when I took Maurice for him," muttered Fred.

"But now, Mr. Silsbee," she said, turning suddenly to the attack I had reason to dread, "we want your story. In the first place, how did you know where to find us?"

"Think a moment," I suggested, and in my desperation I adopted a light tone of raillery. "To how many people did you intrust the profound secret of your plans?"

"Only to my mother, I declare," said she.

"Then from whom else," I asked triumphantly, "could I have got it?"

"Oh, you've been in Keswick!" they both exclaimed. "Yes," I replied weakly, "I've been there all day. Mrs. Bushnell is very well."



I HAD MY MAN DOWN



"Had she any special message for me?" asked the daughter.

"She had," I cried, catching at a straw. I saw a way out of my fearful predicament, and now I pretended to search my pockets. I blessed the darkness that they could not see my face.

"Where in thunder did I put that note?" I muttered—perfectly conscious that I was overacting my part, yet in my extreme agitation unable to get myself in hand. "Great Scott! I've left it at the hotel; however, it's only a few steps!"

"Hold on, don't go now," cried Fred, as I hastily rose. "Yes, sit down. There's no hurry at all," chimed in Mrs. Spoffard graciously.

"Yes, it's very important I should go," I stammered, bound to get away at any cost. "You just wait quietly here till I come back, will you?"

It was a good deal to ask, since I meant never to come back. However, they promised, and I left them.

## CHAPTER X

NOW I was free and intent only on putting several hundred miles between myself and these unsuspecting friends of mine; but first I meant to do my duty by Stepanov. I would assure myself he was veritably not in the flat before I left it to make my own escape. First I carefully closed all the doors between the front room and the rear of the apartment that the Spoffards might not hear me walking about. Then with a box of taper matches I made my search.

I saw some strange things. In one narrow room was a grand piano, and the bed had been drawn by pulleys to the ceiling. Evidently at night it rested on the closed piano. In another room the walls were lined with books, and the bed was not so wide as a fore-castle berth. A desk was at one end of the room, and at the other the gas fixture, so that the green, serpentine tube of the drop-light pervaded the room in an ominous, ensnaring kind of way. A third room was hung with an art student's studies. Altogether, these glimpses I had of the cells of the sisterhood were not very cheering. But Stepanov I found nowhere, and, with my last match extinguished, I was creeping down the passage to the door, when I heard low voices outside. I stopped in consternation. The door was opened, and against the lighted stairway without I recognized—not the officers of the law whom I expected, but the figures of three young women whom I knew—the Daughters of Desperation.

"Make no noise!" I warned them in a hoarse whisper. They did not start. Softly they entered and closed the door, and on tip-toe we all repaired to the kitchen. There one of the ladies made a light.

We four confronted one another under the flaring gas-jet. Their faces were wan and weary. They had evidently spent a hard afternoon.

"Why did you come?" I asked sadly. My tone was low, and Miss Dicey spoke softly in answering me:

"To see what is the matter. You didn't telegraph."

They all looked reproach, and Miss Halliburton added with a light break in her voice: "We did not know—but you were caught!"

Was this girl with tender gray eyes and lips softly parted the same who had the day before had the inhumanity to send my friend a telegram that would make me forever ridiculous? I forgot the perilous situation as I faced Miss Halliburton. Words in which I might upbraid her rose to my lips; but already the questions were pouring in on me. "Where is Stepanov?" "Have you seen him?" "How long have you been here?" "All the afternoon, haven't you?" "Couldn't you have found time to telegraph us?"

"Ladies, ladies, have mercy on a mere man like myself," I begged morosely. "Believe me, I've not been taking my ease. But the whole problem is very much complicated for me. Fred Spoffard, my very dear friend, and his wife are—"

"B-r-r-r-r! waa!" went a bell. We all started. Miss Halliburton sprang to a tube in the wall.

"What is it?" she said. A man's voice answered. She turned to us with wide eyes.

"It's the box!" she whispered tremulously. And then to the tube again—"Yes, this is the place," she said. "Bring it right up," and she jiggled a button in the wall that opened the street-door.

I felt all strength ooze out of me, and leaning against the laundry tubs I at last, and for good and all, gave myself over into the hands of my malignant fate.

Soon we heard slow steps on the outer stairs. Miss Halliburton went out into the passage and lighted the gas, then opened the door to the stairs to admit the men. Miss Houghton and Miss Dicey seemed as overcome as I myself. They had sat down clinging together on one chair, in a corner of the kitchen. I, for my part, watched the pantry door; for it was by that that I expected every instant to see one of the Spoffards enter. Surely, they would have heard the bell and answered it.

But if they heard it at all, they had no intention of being disturbed. So much for the alertness of honeymooners. If I go at all far into this business of burglary, I will do all my easy apprentice work on newly married people.

Two men staggered in with the chest. I stepped forward to settle with them. Miss Halliburton was for doing it. Between us the two expressmen were handsomely tipped and went away quiet and grinning. I think they would have been sorry to see us get into trouble.

And now the box stood in the middle of the floor, and we around it; or rather I stood up, with the screw-driver that had been thrust into my reluctant hand, while my companions knelt about the box, listening, calling softly, anxiously whistling to the dog within.

With one last furtive look at the pantry door, I began to take out the screws. The Daughters of Desperation waited breathlessly. Once, when I glanced at Miss Halliburton's face, I noted that her brow was contracted and her tears flowing freely. I knew now

that these tears, in any other woman a signal of pitiful distress, were in her nothing more than an expression of excitement or of angry impatience. I reflected bitterly on my wretched weakness in succumbing to those tears the night before.

The last screw was out; we all rose to our feet. Miss Dicey held ready a moistened cracker with which to revive the famishing Josh, should we find a spark of life in his little body. With a sense of solemnity we paused and looked at each other a moment. Then I raised the lid.

Josh wasn't there! The silver punchbowl offered the hollow where he might have lain; but Miss Dicey's theory was exploded.

"He must be here!" she cried excitedly, and she threw off the excelsior and cotton that covered some of the larger pieces of silver.

At this moment the door of the pantry opened and Mrs. Spoffard appeared on the threshold. She stood transfixed with surprise on seeing us all, and the Daughters of Desperation were equally thunderstruck at her appearance. So we all stood a moment in silence and then, as our eyes fell guiltily from her to the floor, we were aware of a small dog who trotted into the kitchen before her. In one voice we cried out: "JOSH!"

"Yes, Josh," said Mrs. Spoffard, with a laugh. "The chief entertainment of our wedding has followed Fred and me on our honeymoon. Aren't you glad to see him, girls?"

Glad to see him? They dropped upon their knees



THE DAUGHTERS OF DESPERATION WAITED BREATHLESSLY

about the creature, and nearly tore him limb from limb in their eagerness to caress him. Miss Houghton laughed hysterically. Miss Dicey showered pet names upon him and reproaches that it was well her excitement made partly incoherent. Miss Halliburton, always more quiet than the others, seemed none the less anxious to handle the dog as if to assure herself she was not dreaming. As for me, I would not have touched my little hoodoo with a toe of my boot. I looked at Mrs. Spoffard; she returned my look and laughed.

I had dropped the lid of the chest and knelt on it. Now at her easy laugh it seemed to me she could not have noticed the silver; yet it had been fully exposed to her view when she entered. Had she not recognized it as her own?

"How did you get him, Ina?" inquired Miss Halliburton above the commotion of the other two.

"At Hopperville Station this morning early," she returned.

"He followed the wagon," cried Miss Dicey.

"We had been up to the Lake House for the night," continued the bride, "and we came down to take the 8:47 train to the city. We drove out to Hopperville to take it, so that we should not be seen in Keswick again. And there was your priceless treasure hanging about the station, and the ticket agent, who hates dogs, was throwing stones at him. As I already had the plan, girls, of trespassing in the dear old flat, it occurred to me to bring Josh along as a peace-offering; so that when I wrote you my confession of what I had done, I could sugar the letter with the news that I had left Josh safe with the janitor."

"And if you'll count the silver—" came Fred's voice, and he appeared beside his wife. Myself and my accomplices started violently, not at his sudden appearance, but at his words. "Don't be frightened, it is only I, the very least among you yesterday and even less to-day," he said humorously, as he greeted his wife's bridesmaids. "I say, if you count the silver you'll find none missing. We are no ordinary house-breakers, and we have scrupulously respected your property—except in the line of tea and sugar and water biscuits."

"And we washed up the afternoon teacups and put everything away," added Mrs. Spoffard. "What you'll find in the dining-room is Stepanov's luncheon. He seems to have been interrupted in the midst of it. He seems to have been making himself at home here. In spite of all the windows open I knew he had been here by the odor of his tobacco. I think, girls, if you let that man come and go as he likes, you ought to be ready to excuse the liberty of an old comrade like me."

There was an embarrassing pause. Mrs. Spoffard evidently expected some cordial reply from the ladies of the house; and she rather flushed and looked a little haughty when it did not come. Indeed, one might have taken for a sullen displeasure the despair that was written on the faces of the Misses Houghton, Dicey, and Halliburton. They stood up straight and pale now, and had at last forgotten Josh and remembered themselves. Between them and their former comrade stood the box of silver they had stolen from her. And this box Mrs. Spoffard ignored with mysterious calm. They said no word. There were a few furtive glances at me and at the chest, and then their

eyes returned to Mrs. Spoffard's face with the fascination of horror.

"Of course, I had not the remotest idea you girls meant to come here to-night, or in fact this week," said Mrs. Spoffard, with rather a pretty affectation of heartiness meant to conceal her mortification. "Now we must hurry and get out of your way. Fred, where are my things?"

They both withdrew to the front room. We heard their rather animated though lowered voices. Evidently they shared the mortification and were discussing the situation.

"Oh, haven't we been abominably rude!" exclaimed Miss Dicey aghast. "I didn't know burglary would bring this in its train."

"But she is going," whispered Miss Houghton. "She didn't see the silver. We are saved!"

"But where is Stepanov?" I asked, just by way of keeping our perplexities well in the foreground.

"I think," said Miss Halliburton, "that Powell and Gardiner must have been here and warned him. They've all fled. They've no idea we got the silver."

"Then we have the whole glory!" whispered Miss Houghton.

"But we can't smelt it," said Miss Dicey.

"Mr. Silsbee can and will," declared Miss Halliburton.

"Oh, will I?" said I.

"Won't you?" she asked, and her brow gathered. I saw the menace and had an access of desperation.

"If you cry now, you sphinx, I'll tell you what I'll do," I threatened her in a savage whisper. (I don't excuse my behavior, but I must say my patience had been strained.) "I'll report the whole gang of us at the police station within five minutes."

She gave a low exclamation of rage and fright. The two others turned on me like furious little cats.

"What did you say to our sister?" demanded Miss Dicey with fire-flashing eyes, and Miss Houghton transfixed me with a coldly glittering stare of enmity.

"Ladies, we have pulled together amiably till this extremity," I said with bitter reproach. "Is this the moment to quarrel?"

"There is no quarrel," said Miss Halliburton, with sudden icy self-control. "There was simply an insult."

"An insult?" I protested hotly.

"You called me a minx. That means a forward, saucy girl," she said with trembling voice. "It is not the language I should expect from a gentleman."

"Madam, I called you a sphinx!" I cried.

"Hush-sh-hsh!" went the other two.

Then Miss Dicey pronounced rapid judgment. "If he said sphinx it's no insult, because you know you are one, my dear. And Mr. Silsbee is incapable of disrespect. We do wrong to be so peppery."

"Will he smelt the silver or will he not, that is all I care to know?" said Miss Halliburton, addressing the opposite wall of the kitchen.

"He will," I said to the faucets over the sink.

"Oh, as to this box of my silver—" said Mrs. Spoffard, suddenly coming back into the kitchen. We stood aghast. As she approached the chest, we fell away from it in guilty silence. She seemed not to notice us, but lifted the lid and calmly surveyed the contents.

"What in thunder is all this?" exclaimed Fred, coming in at that moment. His honest amazement wonderfully relieved us. We had been all but hypnotized by Mrs. Spoffard's mysterious composure.

"It's my wedding silver, Fred," returned his wife, shaking her head with a sigh as she still gazed down into the chest. "Isn't it just exactly like mamma to send it after us like this?"

We burglars looked at one another.

"So that's what you came about, Maurice, is it?" Fred asked me.

"Yes," I confessed. "I came here about the silver."

The Daughters of Desperation drew closer together as if for mutual protection. I stood up alone, unprotected save by my poor frozen smile of innocent unconcern.

"Here is another thing for which we must beg your pardon, girls," said the bride to her maids with rather a pathetic little air of formality. "This is making ourselves rather too much at home, isn't it, to have our things brought here to lumber up your kitchen? You see it was this way. Mamma didn't want the silver left in the house at Keswick. She was afraid it would be stolen. But Fred and I insisted because we knew the safe in our basement is absolutely burglar-proof."

"There is no such thing," put in Miss Halliburton, "as a burglar-proof safe. Gardiner could get into anything."

"Yes," I added hastily, "the famous Gardiner, you know, Mrs. Spoffard, is at present loose. He escaped from the penitentiary the other day."

"That's so," said Fred. "I remember seeing it, Saturday morning."

"Perhaps mamma read about it after she agreed to leave the silver," suggested Mrs. Spoffard. "And that is the reason she sent it here in such haste. This is the only address she could have reached us at before we sail?"

She directed the remark to me interrogatively—I responded with a dumb nod. At my defection the Daughters of Desperation gave little gasps.

"It's awfully good of you to bother with it, Mr. Silsbee," said the bride gratefully.

"And say, Maurice," said the groom, "since we sail so early to-morrow, I wonder if you won't just finish up the job and get this stored."

"I expected to have to see it through," I returned with calm.

"Well, we'll give you the proper papers, and you can have the stuff chucked away into the safety vaults of the bank, will you, Maurice?"

"Anything you like," I returned, and my cheerful-



ness was not feigned. A great and beautiful hope had dawned within me. The Daughters simply stood and dumbly wrung their hands.

"Mrs. Spoffard, there is some more of your silver left in the safe at Keswick," said I. "I packed most of it, but not all."

"Good gracious, why not?" she asked disappointedly. "Well, this chest wouldn't have held any more," suggested Fred.

"I wish it could all have been kept together," sighed Mrs. Spoffard. "Now, unless I unpack, I won't know what's in town and what's in Keswick."

"Suppose you give me a signed order to get the rest of the silver from your mother's house," said I. "Then I'll put it all together in the bank for you."

"Oh, but this is such a lot of trouble for you," she objected.

"Since I was unable to serve Fred as best man, I owe you a service," I returned with a glance at Miss Halliburton; she responded not at all. I took my notebook out and fountain pen, and wrote the following order: "Please give Mr. Maurice Silsbee the combination to our safe, and let him take all the silver out. He will deposit it in the bank for me."

"Will you sign this, Mrs. Spoffard?" I asked her.

"What's the use of being so formal?" she demurred. "Mamma didn't bother about any order for what you have taken out already."

"No, but it is for the very reason that the last deal was so irregular that I am particularly anxious to have this done in good form."

"Sign it, Ina! Maurice knows," advised Fred, and he looked over her shoulder as she wrote. "Don't forget to put on the Spoffard," he murmured anxiously.

"And now, I'll just close this chest again," I remarked cheerfully as I picked up the screwdriver.

"By the way," asked Mrs. Spoffard, as she handed me the order, "why did you open it here?"

"I thought there had been a mistake in packing it," I stammered. "This—ah—punchbowl, I thought ought to have been filled out."

"Yes, it should have," came softly from one of the ladies of the house. I was not sure who spoke.

"Why, it's all right," said Fred, scattering excitement over the whole. "A great solid thing like that wouldn't bend."

"Just as you say," I replied, as I dropped the lid. "The silver is yours, not ours."



THE THREE FAIR ANARCHISTS, THE OBLIGING YOUNG MAN, AND THE DOG

A triple sigh went up from the Daughters of Desperation.

Filled as I was with joy and gratitude over the kindly turn in my affairs, I was still alive to the feelings of my late associates. Though I had saved them, along with myself, from all the consequences of their mad act, yet I knew that at this moment, before they had brought their strong rational powers to bear on the subject, they saw in me the cause of the whole failure.

It was impossible to leave them without coming to some terms of peace. I felt the need of establishing some basis on which I might hope to see them again.

"Let us have dinner, all together," I proposed cheerfully to Mrs. Spoffard, as I put in the screws of the box. "I can get some food and drink served up here on very short notice, if you will preside."

"I should be very glad to have dinner all together," she responded readily, "but I am not the hostess here. Girls, will you all go to the hotel with us?"

"Indeed, you must all stay here and dine with us," exclaimed Miss Dicey with an anxiety that showed she was conscious her hospitality came late. "Please do, everybody. I'll send right out for dinner—"

"Please let me go out and order it," I begged. "I have some specially nice cool things in mind. You must be too fatigued with your journey to give it a thought."

"By all means let Mr. Silsbee manage everything," came Miss Halliburton's cold and level voice. "That seems to be his special talent."

Words will not describe the contained bitterness of her tone. I met her glance in which there was a bright, uncompromising hostility. As for me, my thoughts reverted to her snake-bite story, and my heart was hardened against her.

"Miss Halliburton understands me," I said in amiable tone. "I am never so happy as when I am managing things—successfully!"

The taunt struck deeply home. Her brow gathered, her head fell back in that attitude of pain and her dark eyes overflowed. She turned hastily away and left the room. I was lamed with compunction. I cared not a whit now for the feast of reconciliation. When Fred Spoffard proposed that he himself was the man to go forth in search of food for us, I promptly assented, eager only to find the lady I had offended and try to make my peace with her.

She stood at a window in the front room, looking fixedly out into the lighted street, clearly battling for calm. It was my moment. I knew if she could but once succeed in turning on me icily and with level voice, I should be cowed. (Continued on page 20)



## TUBBY SMITH

AND THE TALE OF HOW HIS  
BUNKIE KEPT HIS WORD

By WILLIAM D. WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS



SOME ONE—if I remember correctly it was Chuck-a-luck Joe, the same who some months later left this vain world, going to heaven, I hope it was, in a chariot of flames, which was set afire and kept burning for the occasion by a lot of Apache bucks, under the war-chief Natchez—some one, I say, whether it was Joe or another, found a slender streak of pay-dirt at the Stillwater of the Alamos Altos, in among the mountains of the Datil, and came down to Silver City, bringing with him a bag fairly bursting with the dust of fine gold. Joe was a thirsty man, very friendly in drink, and, quite naturally, it was within the four walls of the Bucket of Blood that he drew Total Wreck Jackson aside in a corner, out of the hearing of the barkeeper, and, in honorable confidence, imparted his secret, whispering hoarsely. After which, the news spread with a rapidity which was truly amazing.

Within twenty-four hours, every fool in the town, myself among the number, had packed him up some sort of an outfit and departed secretly and alone, so each one imagined, for that Eldorado of New Mexico. I met up with Tubby Smith on the road, at the Red Bluffs of the Gila, and, after lying heroically each to the other for a whole half-day, as we followed the Datil trail, we repented, and, having become mutually truthful, told the facts, and entered into a reluctant agreement of partnership, which was good for that trip only.

Dusk was thickening into night as we limped heavily up the valley, and sat down at last at the margin of the Stillwater to wash the dirt out of the raw places on our feet. Above us, along the meanders of the stream, some half a dozen camp-fires shone yellow and red in the dark shadow of the mountains, and men went in and out of the circles of light. I remember I had been uneasy, and it comforted me to see so many gathered together on the banks of that remote creek, for which reason I went about among the fires and counted those whom I found at each.

"There are twenty-one men in the camp," I announced to Tubby Smith, when I had returned. "Twenty-one strong men, fine shots, good fighters, and I reckon we could stand off the whole Apache nation."

"Hub!" he answered, snorting with scorn. "There ain't nary cussed hostility this side of Old Mexico, an' Uncle Sam's a-guardin' the line with an army of five thousand, just as if it was real precious. It seems to me it's teetotally unnecessary, this thing of gittin' skeered so durnation quick."

I thought so, too, and went to sleep as absolutely

without fear as ever I did in all my life. Yet, so it was that the very next morning early, before the chill was off the air,

while the sun still hung in the jaws of the Yellow Earth Pass, Chato and his band of renegade Chiracahuas smote us as we lay there all unsuspecting, struck us as if it had been a bolt out of the blue, set teeth into our flank and hung there until we had wellnigh bled to death.

I had slept well and was mightily refreshed when I rolled out of my blanket into the frosty dawn, and stood looking up at a little violet cloud, a mere trailing wisp of opalescent vapor hanging upon the shoulder of Fool's Peak, where it caught the first rays of the sun, rising along the opposite slope of the pass. The beauty of it held me for a moment, and then I turned my head and let my eyes fall until they rested on Tinajo Pete and Little Wisdom, staking out their horses in the rich grass of a cove at the northern edge of the valley. The heaviness of sleep was still upon me, and, as I watched them, feeling for the moment almost thankful for the depths of my poverty which set me aloof and held me apart from such early and irksome tramps, all at once I would almost have sworn I saw a rock move itself along the ground, not half-way across. Of course, I knew my eyes had deceived me. I knew the appearance of motion was not real. I was no fool, at least I thought myself no such fool as to believe what I had seemed to see. I looked more closely, and there it lay, as clearly outlined as if it had been in the palm of my hand, a reddish, sandy stone, standing well up out of a clump of prickly pear which grew at this side of its base, split near the middle and fallen a little apart, leaving a wedge of a gash partly filled with earth, in which a thorny bush had sprouted, and a few blades of grass were going yellow and dying for want of moisture. It was a most natural knob of a rock, as natural and as firmly set as any I can remember to have seen. Nevertheless, I was uneasy, and whistled to keep up my courage.

Tubby Smith was pottering around, trying to start a fire out of what I was sure was the greenest, sappiest wood in all New Mexico.

I squatted down to fan the blaze with my hat, and, when I rose again, Chuck-a-luck Joe and another were some hundreds of yards up the creek, casting for trout, and, at a distance below, some of the men were digging in a sandy streak and washing the dirt in pans. The air was loaded down with the inviting smell of frying

bacon; the fragrance of strong coffee boiling itself away upon the coals made my mouth water. And even as I turned my eyes to the east, the sun came suddenly up over the Pass, popping out from behind the edge of the world, as if the machinery of the universe had become disordered and was doing its work by jerks.

Then I looked downstream again, and behold, in the places round about where the men were digging, I saw little sandy ridges, crowned with thin tufts of coarse grass, where I was sure the ground had been level and bare only a moment before. Some sort of an idea struggled and struggled to get to the surface of my mind. I could feel it kicking and struggling, like a swimmer drowning in muddy depths, just out of sight.

"Give me some breakfast quick," I called to Tubby. "Give me some breakfast, or I will surely go crazy."

"An' thereby learn some sense," growled Tubby morosely, fiddling and fooling with the frying-pan until I was in an agony of impatience. And all the while that thought, which I was trying so hard to catch and hold and see, sank lower and lower in the depths of my consciousness.

Then I shut my eyes, thinking to restore them by rest, and when I lifted the lids a moment later, the sun was shining into the willows downstream, and, as sure as I live, the foliage was full of dark eyes, shining vindictively, shining murderously, with a greed of blood and a hellish hate that made me shiver. I winked hard and looked again, and the eyes had vanished, like things seen in a dream. The willows were no more or less than any other, the foliage was empty, and the sun shone on the water, which sparkled through the spaces between the leaves.

And at that very moment the idea came up out of the muddy depths of my mind; it came up and stood in front of me, naked and ugly, and turned itself around that I might see it from every side. And there was no side of it that was any less hideous than another. So little did I like it that I rose on tiptoe, and yelled with all the power God had given me of throat and lung. And, even as I lifted myself to my utmost height and filled my breast with air, Tinajo Pete and Little Wisdom came trailing back in single file across the valley.

"Hey, Pete!" I shouted. "You, Pete! Shoot your gun into that split sandrock to your left! Shoot your gun into it! Shoot! Shoot! Confound your fool soul, shoot!"

Right at my back Tubby raised himself from his



knees and stood up. "Goin' crazy ain't helped your sense like I thought it would, Kid," he said, speaking very contemptuous-like.

Pete and Little Wisdom halted uncertainly, their heads lifted like the heads of scared cattle, looking to their left, with their eyes fixed as if the place had been enchanted. They stood with their mouths open, as if they could see better with their teeth, and made no more effort to shoot than if God Almighty had denied them the privilege of carrying a gun.

I threw my arms above my head, I flung them about in the air, and jumped up and down.

"Indians!" I screamed. "Shoot into the rock, Pete! Sock it to 'em, Little Wisdom! Shoot! Shoot! Indians! Indians!"

And, except for me, gesticulating like a madman there on the bank of the Stillwater, that valley was as peaceful a place to look at as if it had been in the middle of Paradise before the fall of man. And those two men, just beyond gunshot, turned their faces toward me and took a step or two in my direction, when all suddenly that rock rose up, spilling a deer-skin robe or two and a little common dirt and all its setting of brush and grass, and two painted Apaches rose up with knives in their belts and guns in their hands.

"Good God," said Tubby Smith in a low voice, as if he were talking to himself.

At the same instant, out of all that camp, there arose one great groan, as if it were sounding the mortal agony of a stricken giant, and then, from the heart of the sands, in the clear spaces round and about where the men had been digging, from out of the midst of the foliage of the willows which seemed so full of light, so frank and open, and were in fact so dark and secret—from the bosom of the waters of the stream, from clumps of grass and from snaky-looking clusters of prickly pear, Indians rose up on this side and on that, naked and threatening, until it must have seemed that the trump of the angel had indeed sounded for the resurrection of a host of savage dead.

"Yow! Yow! Yow!"

I am sure no white man can reproduce the war-cry of this Indian, the Apache, in the fullness of its awful anger.

"Yow! Yow! Yow!"

Shrill and terrific, it rang from mountain to mountain. The valley was filled with a clamor and noise which was fairly deafening.

Yow! Yow! Yow! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Those were not our cries which struck terror to the heart. And neither were those our guns which were volleying out so hotly, which were blowing a blast of death beside the Stillwater of the Alamos Altos. But the men who were falling like trees blown down in a storm, those were our men, in all good truth, those were our own men.

"In the name of God!" cried Tubby, "why didn't you tell us, Kid?"

"In the name of the devil," I cried back at him over my shoulder, "what else have I been doing for—for—for the last minute or two?"

Indeed, it was marvelous to think of, that it had been only a single short minute, or even less, since that naked horror of an idea had emerged from the muddy depths of my mind and set my soul to shivering with fear. At first I would have said it was ages and ages ago, I would have sworn it was untold ages ago when I began shrieking and screaming, crying out at the top of my voice to those two men midway of the valley, crying out and trying to tell them how death lay in secret in the heart of the solid rock that stood at their elbows.

I could not turn my eyes away. Hell was loose in that valley, and went roaring up and down, but I could not draw my eyes away. There was such a screeching as if a legion of devils were torturing a legion of the damned, but, try as I might, I could not tear my eyes away. It was years and years ago, yet to this day, I sweat in the night when out of some secret recess of the inner consciousness the unwelcome vision comes forth unbidden and parades itself before me.

"See that dog cut him," said Tubby, whistling the words shrilly in my ear.

"See the blamed hound cut into him," he whistled again, gripping me by the shoulder and shaking me back and forth.

"Poor Tinajo," he sighed hoarsely.

For Tinajo died as if he had been a dumb brute, sinking voicelessly beneath a dozen ghastly mutilations, but Little Wisdom cried out, wailing pitifully in the blackness of his sudden despair, in the sad and hopeless depths of his pain and despair.

Above the Stillwater is the Box Canyon, a narrow cleft in the bosom of the earth, through whose gloomy depths the waters rush in foaming rapids, showing far below in white drifts as of snow, lying in perpetual shadow. Off to the right, as one goes upward, is an outcrop of granite, round, smooth, and bare, shaped as if it had been formed upon the model of a human skull, and at the very top were some dozens of boulders, from the size of a

man's body downward. It was there we lay, exhausted and broken, in that wilderness of rock, at the summit of that shining granite skull, when the surprise was over and the rush of the Apache battle had worn itself out. They said I had done something toward saving them from utter destruction, but, at its best, it was a retreat which was alike shameful and disastrous.

There were nine of us left. I counted the men three times before I would believe we were so few. Those were all that were left of the camp, which I had said the evening before could defend itself successfully against the entire Apache nation. Trembling with fear, we huddled there, on a waterless rock, destitute of food, having no more ammunition than the cartridges in our guns and our belts, while below us the hostiles ravaged our camp and made free of our goods.

The sun rose and our thirst grew, until about noon, when Chuck-a-luck Joe, having broken the bones of his leg below the knee, and being full of fever, went stark mad, and we were obliged to tie him up with rags torn from our clothing, and lay him back in such little shade as we had. There he cursed and prayed and prayed and cursed all through that interminable afternoon, and the flies settled upon him in swarms, so that, when night came, there were maggots in his wound, and he suffered beyond belief.

The Apaches amused themselves vastly that day. They killed two horses and cooked the meat over the fires we ourselves had started, and then they ate and ate and gorged and gorged, until Tubby declared himself hopeful that they would burst and die, leaving us safe and no less sound than we had already come to be.

It was a most remarkable siege. So far as I could make out, there were not above forty warriors arrayed against us, and the most of those were always visible down by the Stillwater. In our part of the valley, not an enemy was to be seen. Hour after hour went by, and the silence could not have been deeper had all the world been dead. The sun grew hotter and hotter as it rose up in the sky, until at last, as noon came on, the rock was fairly blistering, and our thirst grew and grew. And still, as we peeped and peered with narrowed eyes over our rocky breastwork, we could see

no life, or motion, or thing of threat nearer than the camp, and those who were there paid us no more attention than if we had been in another world.

Then it was that Chuck-a-luck Joe began to talk foolishly and to threaten one and another of our number, so that we had finally to throw him down by force and tie him up, hand and foot, after which he raved worse than before and spent hours alternately cursing us and begging for water.

Finally Four-eyed Charley declared to my face that I was a fool, that all of the Indians were carousing at the camp, that they were paying no attention to us, that I was keeping the men away from water because there was more of cowardice in my make-up than there was of common sense. Having relieved his mind, he got himself up on his feet and began to climb out on the side toward the stream. How many shots were fired at him, I don't at all know. They seemed to come from every direction, and, without a word, he lay down upon the breastwork as quietly as if he had gone to sleep, and when we took him by the legs and pulled him back inside, he was stone dead.

I think Charley's mistake helped us for a while to stand the thirst, though for myself I was so dry I could not spit. The afternoon wore away dimly enough, until perhaps the half of it was gone, when all of a sudden the muzzle of a gun was poked from the outside through a

crack, not six feet away from where I lay, and an Apache fired it off right into Oiley Given's face, and Oiley curled up, drawing himself into a knot, his limbs all a-quiver, and was dead before he knew what had hurt him.

That Indian was my meat, for which favor I am still thankful. But things looked pretty blue for us, and I don't know that it gave us a moment's comfort that he lay dead so openly along the slope of that bald rock, in full sight of his own tribesmen.

It was not half an hour later when Big Tom, who was fooling around Joe, trying to keep off the flies, raised up incautiously, and was shot through the shoulder, whereupon Tubby Smith and I drew straws to see which should kill the other, when the time for that sort of thing had come. The lot fell to me, but when I tried to swear at my ill luck, I found my tongue was swollen and painful, and I gave it up as a bad job.

Big Tom took up the notion that, since he was bleeding anyhow and very thirsty, it would relieve him to wipe up the blood with his hand and suck it off his fingers. Of course, it dried so fast he must have lost lots of it, and I doubt if it would not have been a bad thing, even if he could have done it better. For his suffering increased so rapidly that it seemed almost no time at all until he was moaning with pain, and we had all we could do to keep him from running off to the creek. We ought to have tied him up, but the flies were so bad we could not bear to do it.

It was after sundown when we saw the Indians apparently drawing off from around us, and, of course, having heard something of their customs, we began to hope for a quiet night. That far we were willing to look forward, but I don't reckon there was a single one of us who was willing to let his thoughts stray any further down the stream of time. Speaking for myself alone, I know the idea of what was going to happen the next day was so ugly I did not entertain it for a moment.

And it may very well be that we would have had some rest that night, had it not been for that same Big Tom, who grew cunning, and by stealth evaded our restraint, slipping off to the creek for water. The Indians caught him, and caught him alive at that, and when such of us as could attempted a rescue, Breathitt Jones got a ball through his lungs and took to bleeding at the mouth, and Tubby Smith had his left arm broken, while I succeeded in getting shot through the thick of the thigh, a flesh wound which bled rather badly.

I lay awake that night listening to his screams of agony as they tortured Tom to death, and I want to tell you it was no serenade. They brought him in as close as they dared, and built a fire, and then they did things to him, I don't know what. Breathitt Jones died in peace and was at rest. Chuck-a-luck Joe moaned continually, but he was unconscious and suffered no pain. Tubby Smith lay at my right hand and shivered, and I lay at his left and shivered more than he did.

"I'm afraid," said I, somewhere along in the middle of the night.

"I'm afraid," said I again, moving a little closer to Tubby.

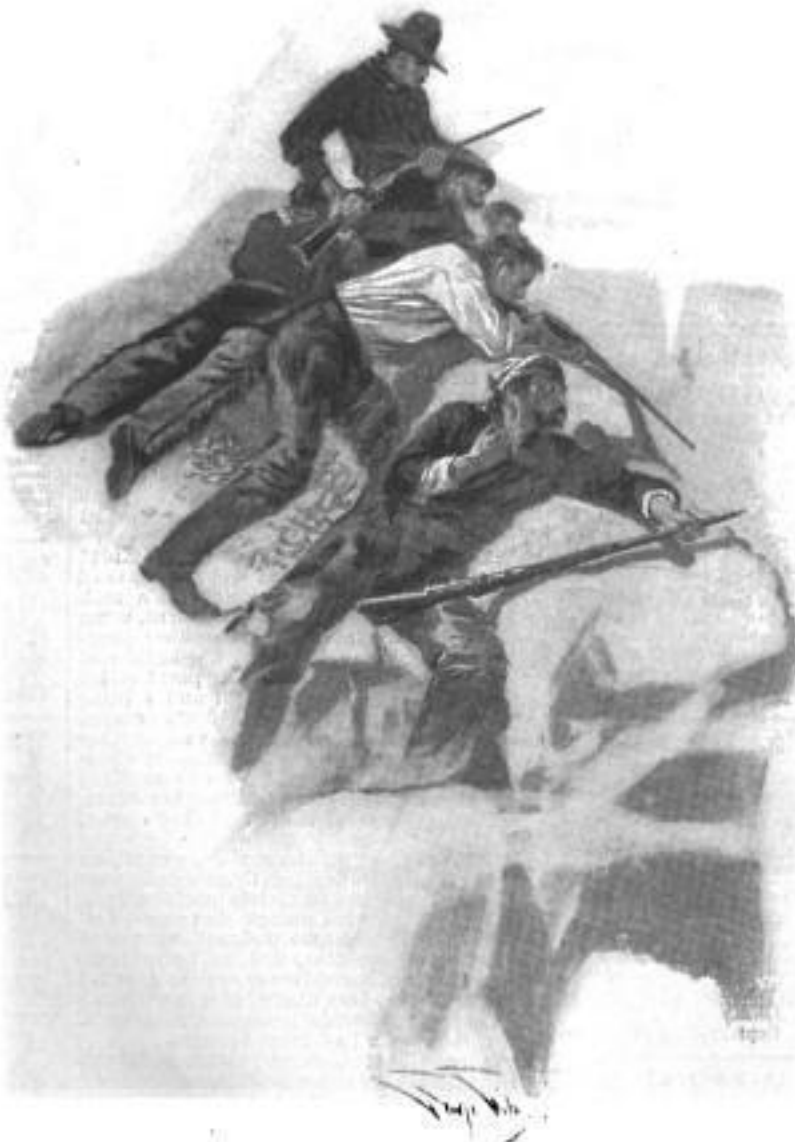
"So'm I," he answered, and, having turned toward me, he lifted his right arm until he could touch me on the cheek with his fingers. And it felt good, too, those bloody, dirty fingers of Tubby Smith, patting me on the cheek, while out at a fire that I didn't dare look at Big Tom wailed and cried.

"So'm I, Kid," Tubby repeated, caressing my face with his fingers.

Then we sat together in silence for a long while.



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"Say, Kid," said Tubby at last, and then he hesitated.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"You remember them straws as we drew?"

"Yes," I admitted reluctantly. "What of it?"

Now, don't you forget that I knew what of it. There are some things a man remembers, and that was one of them.

"You'll do it, Kid." The man was pleading with me with his voice. He was begging me with his voice in the dark.

"You'll do it, won't you? Tell me you'll do it. Say you'll do it, so help you God. Say it, Kid."

But I did not intend to do it, and I told him so, for the chances were equal that he would be as able as I. And there was where I made a mistake, for after a bit we came to a new agreement, which was that, if either of us were taken alive, the other would kill him, if by any means it could be done. After all, he begged me, so I expect I would have done it anyhow, even if I had not promised.

There were ages in that night, there were ages and ages in its slow hours. Yet the dawn of another day did come upon us at last. It came up redly out of the east, driving over Yellow Earth Pass with a crimson sky at its back, as if it were bringing blood in its train, as if it were prepared to inundate the earth with the sea of blood which was swelling up behind it, which was following at the heel of its car.

"It's the end of all things," said I, and I pointed down the skull of a rock, toward the west, where half-way up there stood a long screen of brush and grass at a spot which had been naked as the palm of my hand the evening before. There it was, shutting out of sight the bottom of the slope, affording cover for the enemy, bringing them in safety half-way up to the line of our defence. Nor was that the worst: for as we watched it, we saw the screen moving by piecemeal, moving a little at a time up the hill against us.

"I swear to God, it does look like they might a-gone off an' let a man alone," complained Leftwick Lippold, as he began firing into the screen. Nor was I able to restrain any of the men from following his example, save Tubby Smith alone, whom I posted where he could overlook the eastern approach. After all, I didn't reckon it made much difference, for whatever we did, them Apaches were sure to do something else that would meet the occasion. Only I wanted to save the ammunition and kill as many as we could.

I was fevered and suffering, and there were many minutes of waiting during which I fell into a stupor, from which I was awakened by a most infernal screeching, and Tubby calling me to come quick. Even as I opened my eyes, there came to me Leftwick and the others, crawling along on the ground in the broad daylight, crying out that their cartridges were all gone, and asking me for more.

Overhead, the air seemed as if it were being torn to pieces by a multitude of rifle balls, which passed over the breastwork, and went whistling and shrieking by. The spitting of bullets striking upon the rocks made a continuous drumming noise. Evidently, the final assault was upon us, coming from the east, delayed, as I had feared it would be, until our ammunition was nearly exhausted.

I divided my cartridges with the men, doing it hopelessly and in silence; for with the end so near at hand, it did not seem worth while to scold and fret. When this was done, I crossed over, slowly, because of my lameness, and took my stand beside Tubby. The Indians were swarming up the naked rock, jumping from side to side, shooting rapidly, waving robes and blankets before them to distract our aim. We made no effort to conceal ourselves, for the time had come when our fears were for life, our hopes for death.

I set my eyes upon one of the foremost of the Apaches, a stocky brute, with a red rag tied round his head to hold back his hair, freshly painted with lightning stripes of yellow, and circles of black and yellow for his heathen gods on his breast. I remember it increased my pleasure to a wonderful degree that I was able to shoot him right through the mark of a charm which lay just over his heart.

"May your accursed gods eat you up, forever and forever!" I cried out, as he fell, kicking and jerking and rolling down the rock.

I shot again twice as they came over the barricade of broken rock, and then I heard Tubby calling me.

"Kid!" he cried. "For God's sake, Kid!"

I looked to one side and had a glimpse of Tubby, struggling in the midst of a mob of Indians, and, at the same moment, some one plunged against me from another direction, and I struck him with my knife and drew it down through the soft parts of his belly. He screamed and fell, and I knew that he was an Apache, but I don't remember having seen him. There was another who fell upon me from the front at about the same time, and, while I was scuffling with him, I heard Tubby calling me again.

"For God's sake, Kid! For God's sake, Kid!"

It did not seem that he could say anything else. He kept repeating those words over and over, until it was utterly maddening.

A big Indian, with a black Kan painted on his forehead, caught me under the arms and lifted me off my feet, and, as he held me there, head and shoulders above the crowd, I thought I saw, very dimly, as if it had been in a dream, a disorderly mob on horseback, racing down the Pass from the east.

"More hell-cats coming," I muttered, "and we've got plenty already."

The crowd shoved us over to one side, and the Indian who was holding me stumbled against the one I had killed and fell down, throwing me beneath him. As the point of



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my knife was uppermost, his own weight drove him upon it, and he relaxed his hold instantly, but, instead of getting up, he continued to lie upon me, shaking like a leaf and feeling very heavy.

"For God's sake, Kid! For God's sake, Kid!"

Not for one moment did I cease to bear Tubby, but I had not expected to find myself at his side when I shoved out from under the Indian who had fallen upon me. I had the knife still in my hand, and, raising my arm in the midst of the struggling mass, I struck him full in the breast, and drew out the blade and stuck it in again, stabbing him frantically. And, as I stabbed him, I heard him say this: "Good boy, Good pardeer. Pardners for all trips, forever."

I swear I heard him say it. If I had not heard it so plainly I would have killed myself long ago. For I wish you to understand I am no frontier desperado, nor have I ever taken human life, save at the Stillwater of the Alamos Altos, in among the Daniels.

Some one hit me over the head, and I felt the blood running down into my eyes. As I got up on my feet and wiped the blood out of my face, I saw that the crowd around me had grown thin, and at a little distance I heard the sound of rapid firing and wild yells and hurrahing and cursing, and the "Yow—Yow—Yow" of the Indians.

I had neither time nor inclination to learn the cause of this new disturbance. For once in my life I had no other thought or desire save to kill. I drove my knife into the naked breast of a warrior who was standing close by with his head partly turned away. I stuck him in the throat, just as one sticks hogs, and threw myself upon his shoulders, so that we fell to the ground together. The handle of my knife being bloody, it slipped out of my fingers, and I made no effort to recover it, but took to beating the Indian in the face with my fist. I beat him with my fist, and then took him by the hair and pounded his head down on the rock, time after time. I suppose he was already dead, nor do I know why I did a thing so brutal and useless. Perhaps I was altogether crazy and mad, as some people have said. Surely, I had been through enough to have made a madman of any one.

I think it was only a moment later that Leftwick Lippold took me by the arm and lifted me up, saying: "Let him alone, Kid. He's dead enough now."

I wiped the blood out of my eyes again and looked at Lippold rather stupidly, I suppose.

"What's the matter, Lefty?" I asked.

"Have the Apaches got us?"

"Not by a blame sight," he answered.

"It's the soldiers as has got the Apaches."

And he laughed a particularly ugly laugh. Then it was that I understood and looked out to see the Indians scattered and running down the valley, quartering across, trying to get to the mountains. Behind them followed the troopers, running their horses until their bellies seemed flat, skimming along just above the ground.

"Give it to 'em!" I shouted, throwing my arms up in the air.

"Give 'em hell! For God's sake, give 'em hell!"

And then I reckon I fainted.



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The Japanese blockading strength had not been equal to maintaining a continuous blockade, without handicapping operations elsewhere, and this uneasy activity of the Russian ships caused Admiral Togo to make a second and formidable attempt to close the Port Arthur channel. The plan resulted in the most dashing action of the war, although it seems to have failed of its purpose. Four large merchant steamers, supported by six torpedo craft, made for the harbor on the night of March 26. A heavy fire was opened on them, and the torpedo boat *Sibir*, commanded by Lieutenant Kriniski, a thirty-two knot craft, dashed, single-handed, at the enemy's flotilla. The *Sibir* turned the Japanese ships from their course by blowing the prow off the leading merchantman with a torpedo, causing her to sheer off to the left of the harbor mouth, as well as the two ships following her in. There Lieutenant Kriniski attacked the torpedo boats, and in fierce fighting at point-blank range, Chief Engineer Swyeroff and six marines were killed, and the commander and twelve sailors wounded, a loss of two-thirds of the little vessel's personnel. The attack of the *Sibir* frustrated the Japanese plan to block the harbor. Admiral Makaroff was reported to have put to sea again with his fleet on March 28, seeking to engage Admiral Togo.

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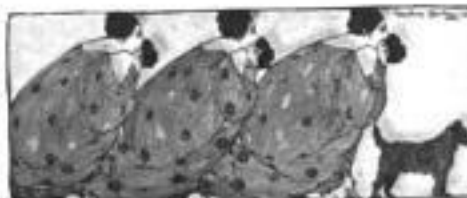
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## Daughters of Desperation

(Continued from page 10)

With the courage of extremity I stepped to her side and addressed her with strong feeling:

"Miss Halliburton, it is an exquisite torment to me to see you shed tears."

She gasped at my boldness, but it had served its turn. Her excitement was far beyond her command now, and she almost sobbed her reply: "You taunt me—with the failure—but I did everything as well as it could have been done. If it hadn't been for you—and your dog—"

Josh was at our feet, fawning about the hem of her dress. I picked him up and set him on the window-sill between us.

"I will not speak of myself," I said, "but had it not been for Josh, your humble adorer, Miss Halliburton, you would at this moment have been in the unlovely peril of arrest. As things have turned out, you are still free and respected."

"Respected!" she repeated bitterly. "I shall be scorned and reproached by all those who looked toward the use of the silver for the furthering of our colonization plans."

"If your anarchist friends are too stupid to appreciate your brilliant and intrepid leadership in last night's affair, they are unworthy of you," said I. "Even I, who have little reason to feel friendly toward you, Miss Halliburton, can not withhold my reluctant admiration."

She looked quickly toward me. The light from the streets was bright enough in her face for me to see the troubled surprise. But she did not speak, and I remained silent. Josh sat before us looking alertly from one to the other. Her hand stole out to stroke him.

"It's too bad," she said at last in a somewhat new voice, "that you should feel unfriendly toward the new owner of your former pet."

"Haven't I a long list of injuries?" I said gloomily. "From the first moment of our meeting, Miss Halliburton, you have treated me as I hope and trust you will never treat my dog. First you took me for a burglar; then by your order I was bound and imprisoned and starved and poisoned. Then, with your own hand, you led me into crime. And throughout the adventure you have snubbed me so markedly—ignored my feelings so persistently—that I shall retire from your presence a crushed and disheartened man."

"Your accusation is as unjust as it is long," she answered me quietly, and I regretted to see that all signs of perturbation had passed from her.

"When I saw you first, I took you for a great genius, Gardner. That was surely a compliment. Then I handed you as a dangerous opponent—another compliment. When I was in need of chivalrous services, I complimented you again by selecting you to perform them. Afterward—I took you to drive." (I could have sworn a smile flitted over her face here, but it must have been the light; she continued with perfect gravity.) "In short, for two days you have been the guest of the society of which I am Regent. You see I have treated you with marked distinction and cordiality."

I was about to bring up the little matter of the snake-bite, but she continued with a fall in her voice to gentleness: "I snubbed you only once—and then it was necessary. I could not let you think for a moment of emigrating with us."

"And I could think of nothing else," I exclaimed.

I laid my hand on Josh, and finding her fingers under mine, I clasped them. Then I bent over the little dog and looked into her face and poured out some foolish words—foolish in that they were so inadequate to what I felt.

Tears raised down her face! but she was smiling through them.

"You are unreasonable in your requests," she sighed. "How could you join us? You can't become a Daughter of Desperation."

"But a son-in-law—" I urged.

They were setting the table in the next room. There were lights and gay words and laughter. Josh began to think we ought to join the others. When we had stood a while in one posture he roused us by a querulous barking.

THE END

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By CORNELIA BROWNELL GOULD

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## On Guard at Newchwang

Mud-docking a United States gunboat in North China to keep watch over American interests

By LIEUT. R. DE LANCEY HASBROUCK, U.S.N.

NEWCHWANG, CHINA, Feb. 12, 1904.

FROM time to time, during unsettled conditions in China, and for the protection of American interests, the American Minister at Peking asks that a man-o'-war be stationed for the winter in the Peiho and Liaohe Rivers that guard the approach to Tien-tsin and Peking, and Newchwang respectively.

As both the Peiho and Liaohe freeze up solid during the winter months, four feet of ice being not uncommon, a new problem was given to the commanding officers of the ships detailed for this duty. It was evidently impossible for a ship to lie in the stream on account of the masses of ice which come and go with the tide, as both rivers have a rise and fall of thirteen feet; it was observed that the local means of laying up small craft, such as junks, etc., was to dig a hole in the ground, float in the craft at high water before the first freeze, dam up the entrance to this hole, drain off the contained water at low tide, secure the boat for the winter, and the trick was done. Sometimes the water was left in this dock to freeze and remain so during the winter.

This was the scheme, with modifications, adopted by naval officers to securely lay up a man-o'-war for the winter, the difference being that, where the small craft were uninhabited during the winter months and machinery laid up, the man-o'-war had to so make her arrangements that the usual functions of the ship could be carried out, and the officers and crew be made comfortable under the new conditions.

The earlier ships that were laid up for the winter in this manner made their preparations and arrangements for the ship to be dry-docked all winter; that is, no water in the dock, as they imagined it would freeze solid. Later experiment proved, however, that it was possible for a ship to be water-borne all winter, notwithstanding the low temperatures experienced, —24 degrees F. being not unusual at Newchwang.

The first ship to mud-dock properly was the *Petrel* of 892 tons displacement, and she wintered at Newchwang during the winter of 1894-5, the time of the Sino-Japanese War. She was not water-borne, and had to depend on shore supply for water. A redoubt fort was constructed about her.

The *Monoway* and *Helena* are the largest ships that have been mud-docked. The writer passed a winter on each of these ships in North China—on the *Monoway* during the Boxer outbreak in 1900-1, and on the *Helena* the winter of 1903-4—and had more or less to do with designing the docks, and the engineering features connected with wintering in mud dock. Both docks were three hundred feet long, fifty feet wide on the bottom, and twelve feet deep, with sides sloping at an angle of 45 degrees.

In any other country the excavation of such a dock would be quite expensive, and would be done by steam shovels. In China, coolies do the work with hand shovels and baskets on the universal carrying pole.

The *Helena's* dock was dug in twenty-five days, the *Monoway's* in about the same time, the cost in each case being about \$1,000, or twelve cents per cubic yard. The banks of both the Peiho and Liaohe contain enough clay to make the docks independent of any supporting piling, and they came in very little.

In entering the dock, a high tide is awaited, and the ship goes in at flood with a strong current, as in both rivers at slack water the tide has fallen at least two feet. The entrance to the dock is very little wider than the beam of the ship, and a spot is chosen where the bank is steep to minimize the digging of the approach. When the ship has entered the dock and is secured with bow and stern lines for a full due, the dam is built across the entrance. This is the most important part of the dock, as it must sustain the unbalanced pressure of the water in the dock at low tide. Two rows of piling are driven across the entrance, about fifteen feet apart. This is then boarded up inside, and stringers are run across the entrance outside of the piles and above high-water mark, and the piles are tied together across the dam with iron stay rods. This forms a coffer-dam, which is filled with earth and heavily tamped, and soon freezes solid and tight as a drum.

A sluice is now installed at half-tide level, but not through the dam, and by means of it the water in the dock is renewed or refreshed. The excavated earth is carried back ten feet from the edge of the dock, which leaves a clear walk all around the ship, and a wall built which makes a barrier to keep out the ever-curious Chinamen.

The wisecracks of Newchwang said it would be impossible for the ship to remain water-borne all winter, and, citing their temperature of —24 degrees F., declared the dock would freeze up solid.

The *Monoway* having been water-borne the winter of 1900-1, it was decided to try it in any case with the *Helena*, and to-day, the middle of February, the *Helena's* dock is the only unfrozen sheet of water in Manchuria, and a source of constant wonder to the passing Chinaman, who, probably seeing the steaming dock, thinks it some "foreign devil joss pigdin."

Day after day the thermometer registered —12 degrees F., yet the water in the dock has never been below 55 degrees F. This is due to the fact that the ship itself is an enormous heater, and also due to the hot circulating water which is constantly being pumped from the ship into the dock. The ship keeps steam on two boilers, distils her own water, runs her dynamo, and is heated by steam; in fact, all her functions are the same as if cruising.

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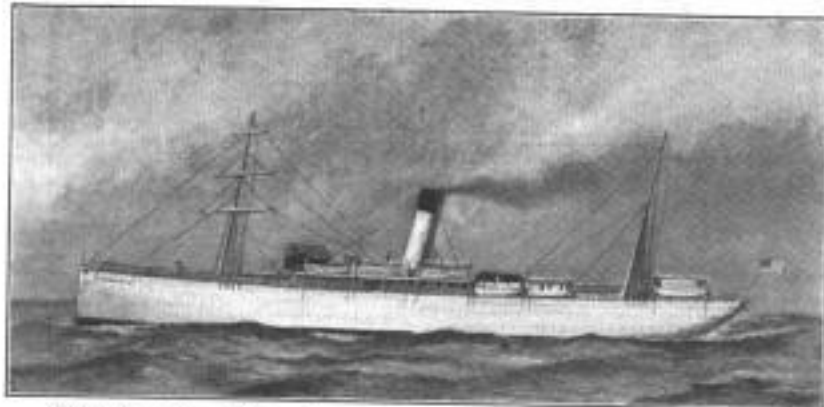
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The *Monocacy* built a recreation building alongside the ship, while the *Helena* hired a building and compound nearby. The crew of the *Monocacy* had football and baseball, and a usual indoor outfit, games and a "paper mess," i.e. newspapers and periodicals. The *Helena's* outfit was more elaborate, including the *Monocacy's* list as well as golf, basket-ball, ping-pong, and a regulation bowling alley, the latter being the greatest success of all. The men and officers played match games of football and basket-ball, and the ship has a bowling and basket-ball league among the divisions. Silver cups have been presented for the best bowling scores for the season, one for the crew and one for the officers.

In a mud stable in the compound the officers keep four Manchurian ponies. These little beasts are very apt, and the *Helena* boasts a well-organized and fairly well-trained polo team, which plays all comers. An all-navy polo team is about the last thing one would expect to find aboard a man-of-war; horse-marines still have their place. The writer played polo when on the *Monocacy*, but the ship could not muster a team. Both the *Peiho* and *Liaoh* freeze up about November 25 and remain so until the middle of March. During these months all sea traffic ceases, the ship is cut off from the outside world, and must be self-sustained and self-amused.

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The advertisement is framed by a decorative border. At the top right, a hop cone is shown. A vertical line runs down the right side, ending in a flourish. On the left side, there is a vertical line with a hop cone at the bottom. The word "Schlitz" is written in a large, stylized script at the top left.

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The malt is a food; the hops a tonic. The alcohol—only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent—is an aid to digestion; a healthful stimulant.

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But the beer must be pure.

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And the beer must be aged.

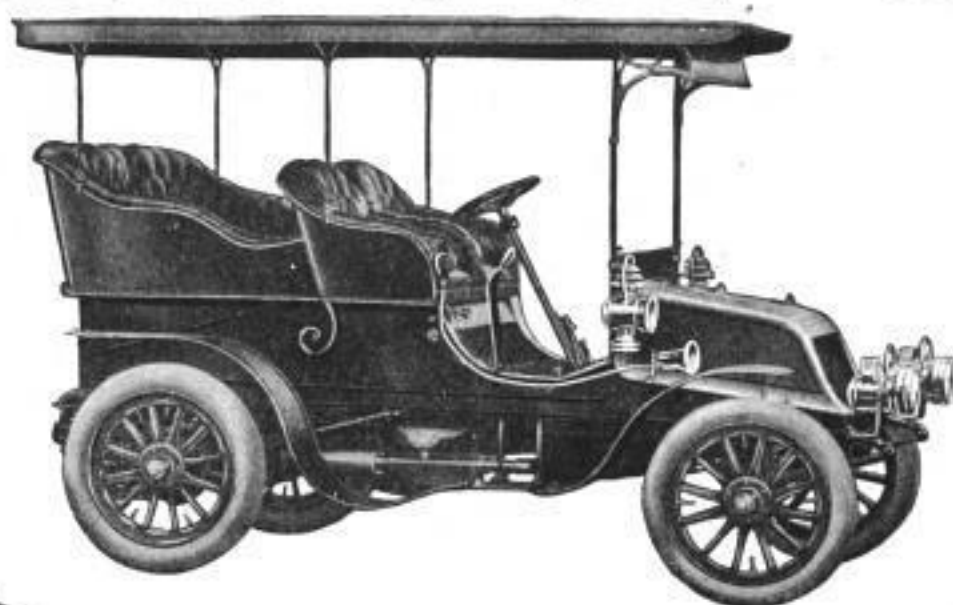
Green beer causes biliousness. That's why we age Schlitz for months before we market it.

Schlitz beer is absolutely pure; it can't harm you. And the habit of drinking it is good for you. Ask for the brewery bottling.

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**W**HEN you buy a Wing Piano you buy at wholesale. You pay the actual cost of making it with only our small wholesale profit added. When you buy a piano as most people buy pianos—at retail—you pay the retail dealer's store rent and other expenses; his profit, and the commission or salary of the agents and salesmen he employs. This is what you save by buying a Wing Piano direct from the factory. The retail profit on a piano is never less than \$75—often it is as much as \$200. Isn't this worth saving?

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Our experience of over a third of a century manufacturing pianos of the very highest quality, enables us to produce an instrument that cannot be improved upon in tone, workmanship, finish or durability.

*Our plan of selling is not an experiment. It is a great success. Over 38,000 Wing Pianos have been manufactured and sold in 36 years—since 1868. We can probably refer you to purchasers right in your own neighborhood.*

**Sent on trial. We pay freight. No advance payment**

We do not ask anyone to buy a Wing Piano merely because of what we say about it; and although we can refer to over 38,000 satisfied purchasers, we do not ask you to buy a Wing Piano because they recommend it. We will place a Wing Piano in your home if you live in any part of the United States. We will not ask for any advance payment or deposit. We will pay the freight and other charges on the piano in advance. We will allow you to keep the piano in your home for 20 days. You will be under no obligation to buy it. If it is not satisfactory in any way or if for any reason you think it is not the piano you want, we will take it back at our expense and without one cent of cost to you. Should you decide to buy it, then and not until then, you pay us for it. You can pay by small monthly installments if desired. We take old instruments in exchange. Our responsibility does not cease when you buy the piano. Every Wing Piano is guaranteed by us for 12 years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material.

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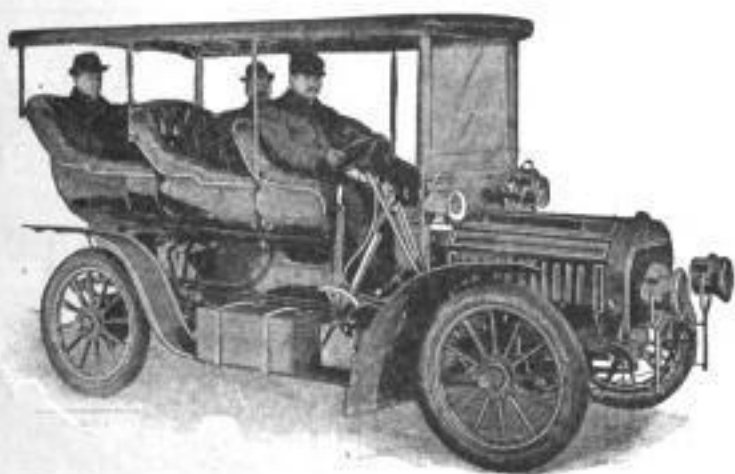
The Wing Piano contains a number of improvements and special features which are not to be found in any other piano. Among them, the Instrumental Attachment by which any ordinary player can imitate perfectly the tones of the mandolin, harp, guitar, zither and banjo.

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The end of the year saw the country full of satisfaction-giving Cadillac, and our sales exceeded by those of only one manufacturer.

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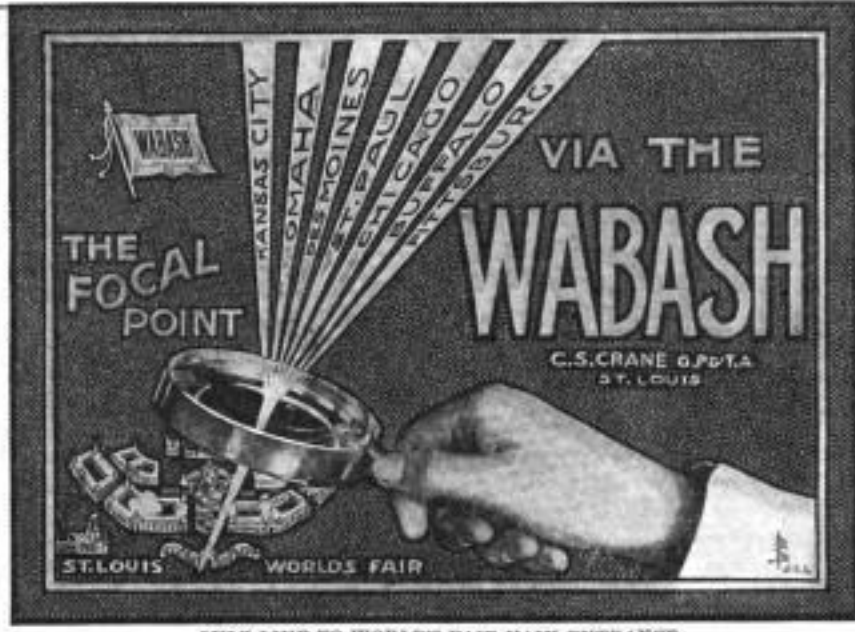
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Thousands are accepting this offer. And only one in each forty writes me that my remedy failed. Just think of it. 39 out of 40 get well—difficult cases too. And the fourth has nothing to pay.

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So send for my book today. My way is probably your only way to get well. Every day that you wait will add a day to your suffering. Write a postal now to learn why.

If well, you should tell others who are sick, of my offer. Don't let a sick friend stay sick because he knows not of it. Tell him. Get my book for him. Do your duty.

You may be sick yourself sometime. Sick people need help. They appreciate sympathy and aid. Tell me of some sick friend. Let me cure him. Then he will show his gratitude to both of us. What greater reward can you have than that—a sick one's gratitude, his everlasting friendship.

Send for the book now. Do not delay.

Simply state which book you want and address  
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Book 1 on Dyspepsia.  
Book 2 on the Heart.  
Book 3 on the Kidneys.  
Book 4 for Women.  
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Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured with one or two bottles. At druggists.

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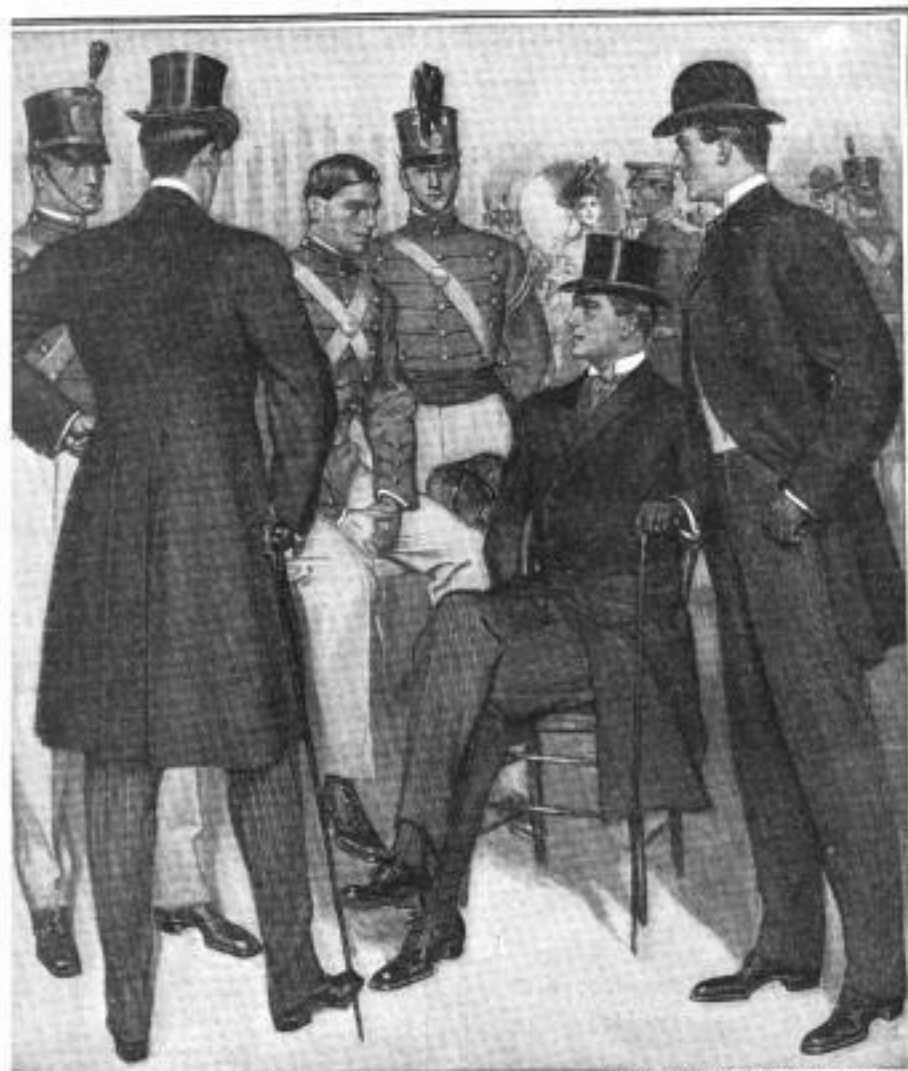
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A more shapely Oxford than even the photograph suggests. Model taken directly from custom-makers' private lasts. Combination of full slope toe, "Flat-Iron" sole and Military heel.

Style D431—As illustrated, Low Shoe, Blucher Cut; made of tough, glossy, imported Patent Colleton; medium-heavy extension sole, high Military heel.

Delivered carriage postpaid anywhere in the United States or Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, also Germany and all points covered by the Parcel Post System, on receipt of \$5.75 per pair. (The extra 25 cents is for delivery.) We are prepared to furnish special low shipping rates to any part of the world. Samples of leather and any information gladly furnished.

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The car that holds the Chicago-New York record. Canopy-top or Limousine Body to order.

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# COLLIER'S

APRIL FICTION NUMBER



FUTURE SOLDIERS OF JAPAN

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**T**HE DEMOCRATS ARE STILL AT SEA in many ways, although they seem to have progressed in the plan of campaign for the nomination. Judge PARKER has been selected as the rallying point of the saner Democrats, while Mr. HEARST remains the standard-bearer for the inflammatory odds and ends. People generally to-day believe that Judge PARKER has a better chance for the nomination than any other candidate, but even his chance is miles away from certainty. Mr. HEARST has no chance at all, his function being to keep together the fortune-hunting elements of the party, for the purpose of either dictating the compromise candidate or making other deals. His personal recompense is vast in any case, for he is about as notorious as so small and unworthy a man could be. Judge PARKER, upon being selected as the conservative leader, abandons his rôle of leading compromise possibility, and leaves that part to some horse of darker hue, like Mayor McCLELLAN, for example. Admirers of Mr. CLEVELAND talk about him less than they did before they agreed to follow PARKER, but they still dream of a convention, unable to agree upon a smaller figure, stampeded for the foremost Democrat. All over the country there will be politicians eligible for a stroke of Destiny, and ready to receive it, like GORMAN, HARRISON, WILLIAMS, HILL, and many others, but such possibilities are very vague, and the forces are now fairly well in line: PARKER, with the shadow of CLEVELAND back of him; HEARST, nominal holder of the BRYAN cards, and ready for the best deal that can be made. On issues, however, the Democrats are still in a confusion as complete as they have enjoyed since the collapse of the silver movement. On the only legitimate issue, the tariff, with its branches of reciprocity, the trusts, and justice to our dependencies, few politicians are ready to go before the country. Mr. GORMAN wishes to make a personal contest about the President's autocracy, in which the discredited Maryland leader shows himself possessed of as short and haphazard views as have been distinguishing him of late. That issue will bear the test about as well as GORMAN's Panama issue did. Mr. ROOSEVELT is properly called to account when he makes an error of judgment, as he did in regard to pensions, but his instinct to use power is so commingled with democratic feeling and the representative instinct, or openness to the people's will, that a campaign fought over such an argument would be a race in which the opposing candidate could hardly even be called an "also ran." What the Democrats most need at present is some interposition of fate or Providence, like the one which gave life to the English Liberals when CHAMBERLAIN raised the banner of protection.

CONVERGING  
FORCES

if it did give us money which belonged to some one else, it would be an uncommonly low form of selfishness.

**D**EMAGOGUES IN AMERICA may not endanger our form of government, as they have done elsewhere, but they can none the less lower our civilization. When something dishonest and degrading springs up on our horizon, like the present yellow seeker of a nomination, we take refuge in the belief that our people are fundamentally all right, and that if they ever went so far as to put an indignant gamester in the White House, their sentiment would make him powerless for evil when they had him there. Probably it is true that this country is of too good stock, too firmly based in sanity and freedom, and too fortunate in its institutions, to allow any agitation to take away its foundation-stones of individual liberty, order, and respect for law. There is, however, room enough for injury short of any radical overthrow of those principles in which Anglo-Saxon freedom has found its bulwarks, and the very existence, the very prominence, of the demagogic type among us is not only a cause of shame, but a force for spreading evil and lowering the level of our people in the same sense that the schools are a force for good by their influence on the general mind. We are keeping up our standards remarkably, through our devotion to education, but the amount of immigration, and the deterioration in its quality, makes the task a mighty one; and agitators of the European stamp, who are new in this country, are strongest where our common schools are weakest. Two differences between such a phenomenon as Mr. HEARST and the familiar European malcontent are that the European is more likely to be sincere, and that he usually lacks the facilities given to the American by his money and by the rather astutely executed scheme of using this wealth with an eye single to his own political importance.

POSSIBILITIES  
OF DANGER

**J**APANESE HEROISM GAINS by detailed report. The second attempt to bottle up Port Arthur proved daring which must cause emotion in the calmest breast. Four defenceless steamers were taken to the harbor entrance, facing the enemies' searchlights, and exposed to fire from forts on either side and from the ships on guard. Two blew themselves up and sank, and two were sunk by Russian torpedoes. The officers who were engaged in this fatal undertaking were those who made the first attempt, and they were sent again by their own request. The crews and stokers were chosen from new volunteers. Admiral Togo's account of individual heroism during the undertaking is not less stirring for its extreme simplicity. Commander TAKEO, who was killed while investigating the fate of a companion, is the officer who returned to the *Hokoku Maru* in February, because he had left his sword upon the sinking ship. We shall learn a great deal about modern courage during this war. One variety has been already shown by the Japanese to a degree which wins applause throughout the world. Other kinds are yet to come, in the long, hard battles to be fought on land, where picked individuals will count for less and the fibre of the average for more. About whether the Japanese or Russians will show the greater amount of this courage of endurance, we can only hazard useless guesses, but of one thing we are sure, that a most essential element in the result will be the strategy of the commanders, about which, especially on the Japanese side, we know so little. If one side is poorly led, all the courage in the world will count for as little as it did in some battles of our Civil War, or on the French side in the last great European contest.

COURAGE IN  
THE WAR

**T**HE PHILIPPINES WOULD BE GREAT as a moral issue in the hands of an orator of sufficient power. Any argument for their independence would fall on barren ground, for not only do the people feel instinctively that the word independence applied to them in their present state is meaningless, but the best informed expert opinion has confirmed the people in their instincts. The robbery, however, which is being practiced upon them for the benefit of a few wire-pulling bodies in America, is an outrage which the Democrats should make the most of. It is far worse in principle and amount than the impositions for which the Colonies took up arms against Great Britain. It is "grafting" meaner and more injurious than what takes place in the post-office or the legislative bodies of our States and towns. It is like the land-office stealing from the Indians, and more despicable even, because we have made no pretence of controlling the Indians primarily for their benefit. The FAYE bill, which has been recommended to the House of Representatives by a majority of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, confines commerce between the United States and the Philippines to American vessels, as if using the tariff for frank looting of the natives were not enough. We apparently have the executive ability to govern other peoples, but as long as Congress is so much the prey of various money interests, we shall probably not have the decency to give them the treatment by which England now keeps her colonies prosperous and loyal. We treat the Philippine Islands as part of the United States, and therefore exclude foreign vessels from trade with them. We treat them as not part of the United States, and therefore swing our tariff club against them. "However American industries may be affected," says the minority report, "we believe the controlling question should be the consideration of the Philippines themselves. Anything else implies a cold-blooded indifference to their well-being and their relation to our Government." There is a grievance worth fighting for. The Republican plan will hurt us as well as the islands, but even

A MORAL  
ISSUE

**T**IBET MAKES A PECULIAR APPEAL to those who love the old order of the world, when there were strange countries, and to travel was to discover. Nowadays the world is almost one, and so close are the new bonds that we know not whether the divergence of Asiatic and Occidental nature will continue. Commerce is called the great civilizer. It is at least the great changer of civilization. It is in the name of commerce that Asia is submitting to Western exploitation unwillingly to-day. It is in the name of commerce—or, as Lord ROSEBERY expressed it, over a question of tastes in tea—that the one remaining land of mystery is being opened with modern engines of destruction, mowing down the valiant and unsophisticated natives, who now, in a few years, will entirely comprehend the difference between a pop-gun and a repeating rifle. The people of the Grand Lama were entirely innocent. Nobody blames them for what they did. They happened to stand on a spot of importance in the game being played by England against Russia, and

TROUBLE  
IN TIBET





some pretext was necessary to their subjection. It is an easy philanthropy that blames Great Britain. She is doing only what is done by beetle, man, and nation. The protection of her Indian frontier is as vital to the existence of her empire as control in Korea is essential to Japan. Therefore the wishes of Tibet, or her suzerain China, are a negligible quantity, and a "political mission" with an armed escort is much like any other method of taking what is necessary. English papers remind the United States of the case of Cuba. They might reasonably recall our march westward over Indian corpses. The Liberals naturally seize upon the slaughter for political capital, for that is the function of an opposition. Probably the same step would have happened had Lord ROSEBURY been in power. The forward policy of Lord CURZON and the sending of Lord KITCHENER to India represent the determined attitude of Great Britain. The Liberals may win on the tariff. They could never win on the Empire policy.

AS CHINA HAS REPUDIATED her treaty with us, the question of Chinese immigration will be again dragged out from the repose which it has recently enjoyed. China's objection to the treaty is not founded upon any wish to use America as a place for her coolies to make money in. She is peculiarly indifferent to whether her coolies, or any other element of her population, make money, or whether Chinamen go abroad or stay at home. She is merely resenting an affront. She is objecting to being treated as a pest by a nation which is leading the diplomacy of the open door. Most of the Chinamen who do come here are instigated by steamship companies or American contractors. They

OUR TREATY  
WITH CHINA

are not led by naturally expanding ambition, like the immigrants who used to come from Ireland and Germany. If this country is determined upon one thing, it is the exclusion of the Chinese. Immigration tends to become a habit, and we do not wish any large Mongolian ingredient in our mixture. We are puzzled enough about southern and southeastern Europe, which is giving us people who are engineered away by their Governments, and there is a fair probability that a stricter education clause will be inserted in our immigration law. We ought to make sure that educated Chinese are not subjected to the hardships which have been inflicted upon them lately, but there is certainly no possibility that we shall allow from China the infusion of a question which might surpass the negro problem. This is not doing unto China precisely what we force her to do unto us, but it is conducting national affairs according to the cruel laws of DARWIN.

THE RELIGIOUS CRISIS IN FRANCE has reached a stage not easy for a nation like ours to understand. The question of Church and State, which is smouldering a little temporarily in Italy, and is waiting to be brought forward when the Liberals come into power in England, now blazes hotly in France alone; so hotly, indeed, that the Government chose Good Friday to remove pictures of Christ, crucifixes, and other religious emblems from their courts of justice. Whether this was a mere proof of anger or a scheme to stir the Church into repudiating the Concordat we do not know. What is known is that the Socialists, who would more properly be called Liberals, are determined to centre their attacks upon the Church. M. JAURÈS foretells that the clerical question

VEHEMENCE  
IN FRANCE

must receive the verdict of the French people at the general election of 1906, and attributes the great popularity of the present French Government among the masses to its attitude toward the Catholic clergy. The Socialists declare that clericalism becomes every year less a religious and more a class question. Undoubtedly such intensity of feeling as France is showing about it now has little to do with faith and much to do with politics. What agitates the excitable French nature to-day is whether the people shall choose their political principles for themselves. Education, which is all that is left of the clerical question in Great Britain, has also been the centre of commotion on the Continent. The French Government's brutal manner of executing its decision is a manifestation of the fact that the twin questions of clericalism and domestic reform compose the most heated internal problem in France and Italy to-day.

CHICAGO HAS LONG BEEN NOTORIOUS for the insecurity of its streets. It has been the paradise of thugs, the hotbed of sandbags, the terror of pedestrians. Men have been knocked down and robbed with impunity in broad daylight in front of the principal hotels. Criminals from all over the country appreciate and despise Chicago because it is so "easy." JOSIAH FLYNT found the town unsafe because of what he published on its

opportunities for crime. Captain PIPER's recent investigations bring the well-known inefficiency of the police once more into general conversation. One difficulty in properly protecting this great city lies in its geography, but the extra money needed to cover properly the whole extended territory will probably be granted readily by the citizens. Captain PIPER shows how bad in quality is even the small force which the city already has. The Irish-American has in him the making of the best policeman in the world. His aptitude for the job has become a current joke. All that is necessary is the right kind of discipline to keep him from the social bar and the profitable alliance with crime. Such a reform must begin at the top. Captain PIPER found in his investigations just one policeman whose behavior he could commend. Fortunately Chicago is well stored with energy and rather strong in civic pride, and she will apparently soon make the present members of her force believe that

POLICE  
EFFICIENT

"Taking one consideration with another,  
A policeman's life is not a happy one."

Then she will get to work and build up a force that shall enable citizens to follow calmly the ordinary ways of peace.

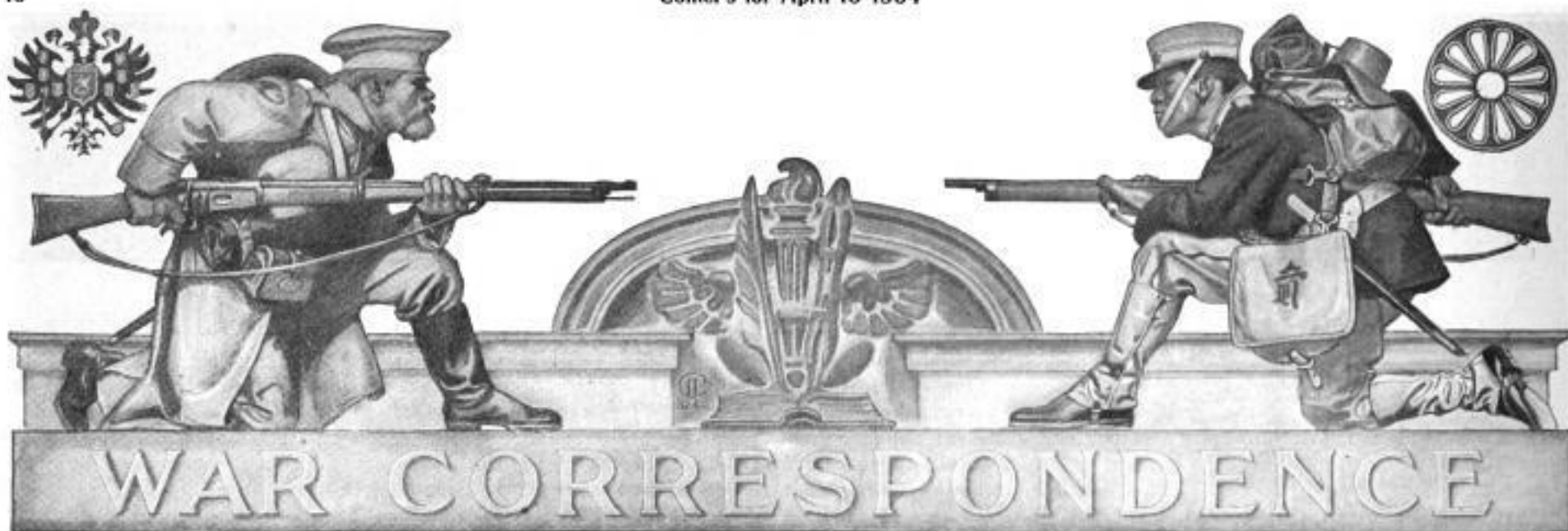
NOTHING IS MORE POPULAR than violent denunciation of that group of persons who are usually distinguished by a capital S from other sections of universal society. This fashionable Society is so safe a mark that any one who shies a brick toward it is sure to be regarded as having made a very palpable hit. We are not sure that it is to the credit of human nature that it rejoices in the most exaggerated libels of the fashionable, as it does in equal libels of the rich. Envy counts for much in the popularity of this kind of diatribe. What is the truth about Society in America, or rather in that city where all such discussion centres—in New York? It is by no means equal to the Society of London, and some other foreign capitals, where the leading social organization is marked by special culture and information, as well as by sufficient leisure for social pleasures. It is not, as those foreign societies are, especially London, addicted to a process of selection, which brings a remarkable amount of training and talent into small compass. But, if one compares it not with what Society ought to be, and in some places is, but with unselected humanity, the case is different. What is called Society in New York averages as high and higher than people would average if taken indiscriminately from other walks of life in equal numbers. It has weaknesses enough, but nevertheless take its thousand families, or its four or five hundred, or whatever number you like, and you will get a quality of human competence and intelligence above the ordinary level. Its conspicuous absurdities are committed by a few; the men who are part of it, without being devoted to it, are as good as the average, and the women are much above the average. This is faint praise, where opportunities for better things are great, but even Society should have its due.

NONSENSE  
ABOUT SOCIETY

FEW MEN IN THEIR LIFETIME acquire much of a legendary character, especially in this age of publicity, realism, and familiarity. The mixture of reality and myth, or rather the generalization of the real facts, the pedestal of distance, the reduction of the personality to its essentials and the heightening of those essentials, is a process which is often accomplished in foreign countries before it is at home. President ROOSEVELT, among living Americans, is most subjected to this operation of enlargement and simplification by observant foreigners. Reading papers in foreign tongues, especially those of liberal democratic tendency, in what they say about the President, one would get the feeling of contemplating a historic personage, so entirely is everything reduced to the typical and significant. The type is not always the same, to be sure; the figure lacks the settled quality of history; but it is treated nearly always in the sweeping historic manner. Mr. ROOSEVELT is treated as the absolute ruler of his party; as the concentrated force of conscience against American corruption; as energy incarnate; as any one of several ideas personified, simple as a myth. Various figures in Europe, and especially in England, are contemplated by us after this manner. There are the CHAMBERLAIN idea, or businesslike power (and this is the only legend which is clearly defined in England itself); the BALFOUR idea, or sceptical intelligence; the ROSEBURY idea, or charm in diversity; but among our own statesmen Mr. ROOSEVELT and Mr. CLEVELAND alone have any of this kind of atmosphere at home, and only Mr. ROOSEVELT has it abroad.

ROOSEVELT  
LEGEND





## RUSSIA PLACES HER TRUST IN KUROPATKIN

By JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN, Collier's Special War Correspondent at St. Petersburg

ST. PETERSBURG, March 14.

RUSSIA has settled down to the serious business of preparing for a war upon which she is already embarked. In her capital there are few signs of unwonted activity; along her Trans-Siberian Railroad thousands of soldiers and tons of supplies are rushing to Manchuria, in obedience to orders issued from the quiet offices which overlook the Nevsky. During the war with Spain the White House at Washington was a hive of industry, and the War and Navy Departments were surcharged with excitement. In London, during the South African War, the War and Admiralty offices were besieged, and Whitehall was thronged with people anxious for news from the front.

St. Petersburg knows no such scenes as those of Washington and London. A few persons gathered around official bulletins pasted upon lamp-posts, and interested groups examining photographs of Kuropatkin and Makaroff, or of soldiers of the different corps at the front—these are the visible indications of the trend which the thought of the people has taken. Walk to the Place Dvortsovy, a huge semicircle, the base of which is formed by the imposing Winter Palace, and the circumference by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the Ministry of Finance, and the Department of the General Staff. There are a few soldiers scattered about the Palace; occasionally a carriage dashes through the arched driveway. A line of droskies is in front of the Foreign Office, seeking fares among the modest number of callers upon officials in that building. The Ministry of Finance is almost deserted, and the Department of the General Staff, and the Admiralty Building, which is just across to the right of the Palace, are as in time of peace. Neither anxiety, nor haste, nor fear is apparent. The white garb of snow clothes the scene with its deadening silence.

Turn now to the first man you meet, be he prince or peasant, and ask him of the war. He will repeat as facts rumors that themselves cry out their exaggeration. He will tell you what he has heard, and sometimes amplify it, and if you press him he will add: "War was not of Russia's seeking. It was thrust upon her. It is a Holy War, a war against heathenism and for God. It is a war of races, of the white against the yellow." The magnificent Cathedral of St. Isaac is a step distant. Pass through its colossal bronze doors, and you will find a mass being said for the success of Russian arms, and jostling each other, as they kneel and bow their heads against the flags, are men of the bluest and reddest blood of the empire. Patriotism levels class in Russia as elsewhere.

The hour approached for the departure of General Kuropatkin for Manchuria. I drove down the Nevsky Prospect looking at the thousands lining the boulevards awaiting the man who had sworn to meet and defeat the Japanese upon his name day—March 17 in the Russian and April 3 in our calendar. The sleighs of grand-dukes and other dignitaries passed, and the crowd perfunctorily cheered; then came Kuropatkin, and the roar that kept pace with the progress of his carriage showed the measure of satisfaction of the people with his appointment to command the Czar's armies in Manchuria, and their hopes that he might fulfil his oath.

General Kuropatkin arrived at the Nicolas Station, to find waiting to bid him God-speed a gathering distinguished enough to greet a returning conqueror. To reach the Imperial waiting-room, which he was permitted to use, he passed through a short hall, lined with officers having high rank and wearing medals for exceptional service upon their breasts. Each one of those officers grasped his hand and kissed his bearded face thrice and sometimes oftener, and when he reached the door of the Imperial waiting-room he stopped to receive from the white-haired General Eggerstoff an

ikon, the talisman of his patron saint. The waiting-room was so packed that it was hardly possible to move, but, aided by officers of the household of the Czar, the General struggled through the respectful and affectionate embraces of his friends and admirers. Humanity laid its heart bare in that scene of feeling. The Korean Minister and his Secretary brought the laugh that readily comes to the surface in such situations by their struggles to reach the General and shake his hand. In their top hats and frock coats, black splashes against the brilliant gold trappings, the gorgeous uniforms, and the medals which covered the breasts of nearly every one there, they squirmed and wriggled around the room, following in the wake of a pushing mass that wanted none but Russians to surround their hero, when he took his final look upon the room. My last glimpse of the battle showed that diplomacy had conquered war. "I will not say good-by," General Kuropatkin said to the Minister. "It is an revoir. We will meet again in Seoul." "I pray that it may be so," responded the Minister.

I no longer doubted the patriotism of all classes of the Russian people; their determination to wage successfully the struggle which they did not want, which they did not expect, and for which they had not prepared.

To look at Kuropatkin is to be convinced of his ability. He is modest and unassuming in manner. He is short and stocky, and has a good head, with shrewd, kindly eyes, and a determined chin. He is popular with the rank and file of the army, and has the prestige of having been the favorite pupil and Chief of Staff of Skobelev, the great Russian hero of the Turkish war. It is a legend of the Russian people that Skobelev is not dead; that he became involved in a

that can be adapted to circumstances," they assert, "and its execution will begin as soon as sufficient troops are on the ground." General Kuropatkin says he will not hurry. "There is no need," he asserted, "for haste."

How many Russians have asked me: "Do you think we will win?" The question seemed to imply doubt in their ability to conquer. But often they answered the question themselves. "The Japanese are brave and hardy," they said. "The war will be long and fierce. We will lose heavily. But we will win, for we must win." That they feel keenly the unfortunate crippling of their fleet is shown by what they next said: "Our sailor and our soldier are alike in the possession of courage. They are Russians. But you will see that the army will not be so easily surprised as were our ships; nor will the latter again permit unperceived attack. The fleet is to be excused, because, under positive orders from St. Petersburg, Vice-Admiral Stark was forbidden to take any action which might lead the Japanese to believe that we were preparing for war. But war has been forced upon us, and our fleet has been seriously weakened. The army will avenge the treachery of which the *Retvizan*, *Czarevitch*, *Pallada*, *Varyag*, and *Koriets* were the victims."

I was curious to ascertain upon whom the Admiralty fixed the responsibility for the strategical blunder, in connection with the division of the fleet, which Captain Mahan pointed out in his first article in *COLLIER'S*, and I sought an Admiral of the Staff. "Captain Mahan's criticism," he said, "is absolutely just. Had I been at Port Arthur, I would never have authorized the detachment of a division of the squadron and its assignment to Vladivostok, where manifestly it could be of no service."

"Who," I asked, "was responsible for the separation?"

"Well, you know," he answered evasively, "we did not expect war. In fact, our orders prevented us from taking any action of a war-like character. Our hands were tied."

"But who," I insisted, "ordered the formation of the squadron of four cruisers at Vladivostok? Vice-Admiral Stark?"

"No," he said.

"Then who?"

"The Viceroy, Admiral Alexieff." And he added, as if to divert my mind from what he had said: "Admiral Makaroff has relieved Vice-Admiral Stark, you know, and he will make a brilliant record. You read about his effort to rescue one of our torpedo boats which was struck by a Japanese shell? He went out not in an armored ship, but in the second-class cruiser *Novik*. This gives you an indication of his courage, and also an idea of his method of warfare. He is an ardent advocate of torpedo boats and light cruisers. 'Those are the types of ships which win victories,' he has often said to me. Now he will use them. It is comforting to us here,

however, to know that he has six battleships fit for service. The *Retvizan* will soon be ready. The *Czarevitch* unfortunately can not be easily repaired at Port Arthur. You did not know that the *Retvizan*, when she ran aground after being torpedoed, prevented our heavy ships from going out? Nor did Captain Mahan," and his eyes twinkled. "But the Japanese must have had an idea of the situation, and that is the reason why they sent those steamers in. You can depend upon it that, in spite of the inactivity of our fleet, it is decidedly not a negligible quantity, and will play an important part in future operations. Its duty will be to cut Japan's communications when military operations begin in Manchuria."

It was a most instructive talk. I walked over to the Foreign Office, where I presented a letter of introduction to M. Hartwig, the able chief of the Far Eastern Department. A big head, a clear, incisive voice, and a hearty manner were my first impressions of this strong man. He talked of the situation with precision



PATRIOTIC DEMONSTRATION IN FRONT OF THE KASAN CATHEDRAL, ST. PETERSBURG

scandal in connection with Queen Victoria, and that, to please the British Government, he was stripped of his rank and banished. "When the Little Father needs him," peasants and soldiers say with childlike simplicity, "he will reappear upon his famous white horse." In Kuropatkin some of Skobelev's spirit is supposed to dwell. As Minister of War, General Kuropatkin displayed remarkable administrative capacity. He knows what his troops can do, and, more important at this moment, he knows the capacity of the single-track railroad which forms the vital artery of his supplies. "The railroad," he said to the officers of the General Staff, "that is the important feature of the campaign. Upon it depends the strength of our army." He repeated this opinion at Moscow and at other points along the road to the Far East. It may, therefore, be depended upon that he will see that the railroad shall suffer no irreparable damage. His confidants have told me that he has the general features of his plan of campaign already outlined. "It is a plan



and judgment, and then turned me over to an assistant, who was familiar not only with the diplomatic but with the military game that is being worked out in the Far East. I asked him particularly about Russia's force in Manchuria. "By the month of April," he replied, "we will have in the Far East all the men we will need. (I later heard from an excellent source that on March 10 there were 240,000 men in Manchuria.) By the same month the communications will be in good working order. Because of fissures which have appeared in the ice, Lake Baikal can not be crossed by railroad, and trains of wagons are carrying men and supplies from one shore to the other. Between 5,000 and 6,000 men are now en route daily to Manchuria. Prince Hilkoof is at Lake Baikal, and April will witness, we hope, the completion of the railroad around the lake."

### JUDGE ALTON B. PARKER

A sketch of the character and personality of the man who may be the Democratic candidate

IF simple habits, a farm rearing, old-fashioned neighborliness and hospitality, are virtues that the American voter loves in a President,—then Judge Parker has the beginnings of a strong candidate. It is almost an anachronism that a man who has kept so close to the soil and to the simple old ways should arise from a country village to stand as the hope of a great political party.

Judge Parker was born on a farm, and his home to-day is on a farm nine miles from the nearest town. There is significance in the fact that the greatness which now singles him out as the candidate of his party has radiated from the country village where, as a young man, he began the study of law, and where he courted his wife. He has never found it necessary to leave that village or to give up its simple life.

His home, which has become the mecca of Democratic leaders and politicians from every section of the Union, is a place of ninety acres, with a house on it such as may be found on thousands of other farms throughout the United States. It is eight miles from Kingston, on a hill above the Hudson, and Judge Parker drives into town every Sunday to hear his son-in-law preach at the Episcopal church. Judge Parker bears the certain stamp of the country life. It is in the bold, vigorous swing of his giant frame and in the deep outdoor ingraining of his sunburned face. In size he is over six feet, and erect as a soldier. He is trained to the minute by a daily routine of outdoor exercise that would delight the strenuous President. He is big-armed, heavy-shouldered, and strong, from a youth of hard work on the farm. His face is flushed with health, and his eyes are clear and sparkling. His mustache is red; his hair of a darker shade tinged with gray. His face is that of a man with a slumbering temper that it would be dangerous to arouse. Though his official duties keep him a great deal of his time in Albany, his home is at the farm at Esopus—"Rosemount" it is named. When he is in Albany he lives at the Ten Eyck Hotel, and the first moment that his official duties will let him get away he hurries to Rosemount. Here most of his decisions are written. His great library overlooking the Hudson is more complete than any to be found in a big New York law office. Whether at Albany or at Esopus, he keeps the habits of the farm. His fad is cattle—a certain red breed which he imported from England.

The fear has been expressed that the quiet judicial temperament of Judge Parker would contrast badly with the vivid personality of President Roosevelt. Around Esopus, where his vigorous activities are so well known, this would create surprise. Though Judge Parker has been on the bench since he was twenty-six years old—and he is now fifty-three—those who see him in the glow of health can never associate him with the quiet retirement of the bench. There is not the first hint of the sedentary about him.

Judge Parker is a native New Yorker. His parents were too poor to send him to college, but he graduated from a normal school in his native county, intending to be a teacher. It was as a teacher that he went to Ulster County, where he lives. He taught for \$18 a week, and boarded with a neighbor. Then he studied law on his savings. Later he went to the law school at Albany. Still later he became a lawyer at Kingston. He has steadily refused to become a city man. He has declined many temptations and proffers. He bought the farm at Esopus as a home for the rest of his life, it being his highest ambition to continue to hold his office on the Court of Appeals bench until he became too old to serve.

### FROM PRAIRIE TO BOX-STALL

Modern conditions and advanced methods make cattle raising less romantic but more profitable

THE new type of cattle owner has abandoned spurs and six-shooter, wide hat, and "chaps." He is no longer lord of unlimited ranges, with a large faith in Providence to carry his herd through the winter. On the contrary, he must confine his cattle to the limited acreage of a farm, and make his cultivated land feed them from November to May. As a necessary consequence, the grade of cattle has improved and the size of the herd has been much reduced. The greatest problem of the new cattle owner, there-

fore, is to get the greatest weight of beef or the largest output of dairy products for the feed that he must use.

As indicating the completeness of the change from prairie fattened to stall-fed ideas in cattle raising, the recent action of the St. Louis Fair authorities was illuminating. Absolutely no provision was made, until a strong protest had been lodged by the western Texas



EX-MAYOR GRANT, OF NEW YORK, AND JUDGE PARKER, OF ESOPUS

"Judge Parker is over six feet and erect as a soldier. He is big-armed, heavy-shouldered, and strong, from a youth of hard work on the farm"

ranchmen, for the exhibition of range cattle. No prizes had been provided. At the Chicago live-stock show last February, it was a steer fed and cared for at the University of Iowa Agricultural Experiment Station that took the chief prize in its class.

The wheat fields of the Northwest have taken the place of the prairies of the Southwest as the feeders of American beef. While the great mills of Minneapolis are turning out 16,000,000 barrels of flour every year, to be sent to feed remote countries, there is a huge output of secondary or residuary products that goes to make beef. These by-products of wheat, some 500,000 tons of which are sent out from the Minneapolis mills yearly, constitute about 30 per cent of the wheat as it comes in from the field. Naturally, therefore, the making of bran and bran products has devel-

oped into an almost separate industry of great magnitude. The demand for prepared feed for cattle is great throughout the United States east of the "desert" border, and from Denmark—the home of the dairying industry—orders for "mill feed" are sent to this country, to Argentina, to Russia, Austria, Canada—wherever wheat is grown and milled. Driven to use this more valuable, very concentrated feed, such as bran and cheap molasses, cotton-seed cake, sugar-beet pulp, dried blood, or dried brewers' grain, the modern cowman demands good blood in his stock. He can not afford to put a long-legged, slim-bodied, wide-horned range beast into a box-stall. It amounts to a loss of romance, but it is a gain in economic production.

### A BEWILDERED THIEF

Wallace H. Ham, treasurer of a church, had stolen \$260,000, but could not tell where it had gone

WALLACE H. HAM of Boston has just entered the Massachusetts State Prison, under a sentence of fifteen years for embezzlement, and the police, his attorney, and apparently the man himself are puzzled by the case. Ham had been treasurer of St. Paul's (Episcopal) Church and the St. Luke's Home for Convalescents for twenty-five years. For seven years he was Boston representative of a great surety company of New York. He was trusted by the public, and his administration of affairs was universally commended. Suddenly he was arrested for embezzlement, and after several preliminary appearances he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to prison. He had stolen about \$220,000 from the surety company and \$40,000 from St. Luke's Home. Yet he had no money with him, and no one can find any, and he himself says he does not know where the money has gone.

He lived quietly, although well, but not at all out of proportion to his salary of \$7,500 a year. He had no scandals in his private life. He had a good wife and loving family. He did not drink or gamble. He did speculate, but is said to have made money at it. He confessed that he had been stealing for twenty years, and had got in so deep that no matter how much he earned he was always hard up. Yet that does not explain anything. He complained in a pitiful letter to the press that he had begged \$6,000 to \$8,000 a year for St. Luke's Home, and he could not understand why he was abused so for hypothecating some of its securities.

He also confessed that he had to pay \$5,000 or \$6,000 a year in interest, and that reveals some disquieting circumstances. Being head of a surety company, he held the bonds of many big concerns. These he deposited with his banks as security for loans. This was a most irregular procedure, and yet he seems to have done it over and over again without meeting a refusal. Indeed, Bishop Lawrence is said to have discovered the powder train which led to the explosion quite accidentally, one banker asking him why St. Luke's Home had to borrow money. He was startled, and began the investigation which led to the exposure. Yet no matter what excuse Ham made, bankers must have known that he had no right to use the securities of his concern to borrow money for himself or for an institution. Another revelation of the case was that neither of these church institutions required its treasurer to give bond.

Ham is a little, bent-over, pitiable object. He is suffering with rheumatism, indigestion, and other complaints. He knew the investigation was in process and could have escaped. He leaves his family, so far as any one can learn, penniless. His wife surrendered the home to the surety company without being asked to do so, and retired to the country, where she is now conducting a dairy with which to support herself. How much Ham has stolen in all, and where it went to, no one apparently will ever know. Ham, it is expected, will not live out his term.

### REDUCING THE NEGRO VOTE

Simple poll-tax expedient will practically disfranchise 500,000 negroes for coming election

CERTAIN Southern States, notably Louisiana, Virginia, and Alabama, have succeeded in their purpose to disfranchise the negroes by a very simple expedient. This is the requirement that every voter shall show to the election authorities that he has paid a poll-tax to the State at least two years before the date of the election at which he purposes to cast his ballot. It is estimated that fully 500,000 votes will be lost at the coming Presidential election by reason of the law, and the huge majority of these will be negro votes. In Richmond, Virginia, alone only 6,264 out of 22,000 voters have qualified by paying poll-taxes. Of those who have qualified 500 are negroes.

In Alabama, at the last election for Governor in 1902, there were about 162,000 male negroes over the age of twenty-one; some 2,000 negro votes were cast, and though it has always been somewhat difficult to get a colored vote counted in that State, there had never been such wholesale disfranchisement. At the same time, however, it was found that the white vote had been cut in half, so that only one out of twenty of the inhabitants of the State had a voice in the election of Governor Jelks. The proposition to repeal the law in Alabama is hardly likely to succeed, for it would have to come before the voters—the one-twentieth who have contributed



SIR HIRAM MAXIM'S FLYING FISH

For exhibition at the St. Louis Fair, the inventor of the Maxim gun has contrived a sort of merry-go-round, the cars of which are built in the shape of huge fish, which by centrifugal force fly out into the air as the machine revolves and travel around a circle 600 feet in circumference



\$1.50 each to the school fund of the State, and who naturally prefer to keep the suffrage out of the hands of those who refuse to plant so small a sum in order to reap, two years later, the privilege of voting.

In Texas, where a loss of 150,000 votes (negroes, Mexicans, and "poor whites") is indicated, and in Mississippi and Louisiana, where the reductions have been equally satisfactory from the point of view of the progressive white man, the law is regarded as an admirable one. The recent primaries in the two latter States showed a larger white vote than at any time since the laws were enacted. In the opinion of the whites of the States where it has been tried, the poll-tax requirement is quite as effective a bar to negro suffrage as the property or educational test, and simpler. It avoids also the complexities of the so-called "grandfather clause," which is in force in some sections, and which excludes all whose fathers or grandfathers were not qualified to vote in 1867.

## LET THE OYSTER LIVE

Maryland legislators and journalists rush to the rescue of the perishing bivalve

THE "Song of Cities," which recites that one must go to Charleston for pretty girls, to Boston for beans, to Baltimore for oyster-shells, and "for niggers to New Orleans," must soon be changed so far as it refers to Maryland's chief city unless something is done to stimulate the dwindling oyster crop. A recently published table of statistics shows that in the last seventeen years the number of bushels of steamed and raw oysters purchased and marketed in Baltimore has decreased from 7,500,000, approximately, to some 2,500,000. Throughout the State the same ratio of reduction of output has held, and now arguments, flippant and serious, are being hurled at the Maryland lawmakers to prove that legislation is necessary to recover the prosperity lost through the exhaustion of the natural beds.

A formidable petition addressed to the Maryland Legislature explains that "the present condition of the oyster industry of Maryland demands the immediate consideration of the citizens of the State." The former flourishing oyster trade of Baltimore is said to be almost extinct. Many packing houses are closed and ten thousand employees have been thrown out of employment. The oyster fund of the State Treasury is bankrupt. Packers, and the boatmen themselves are suffering from the prevailing famine. The price of this food is so high as to make it prohibitory to the average consumer. It is to repair the shattered state of the trade that a measure known as the "Haman bill" is before the Legislature of Maryland. This bill has had the indorsement of practical men in the trade, and has also been approved by experts appointed by the United States Fish Commission. Its object is to stimulate an increase in the supply of oysters by opening the now unproductive parts

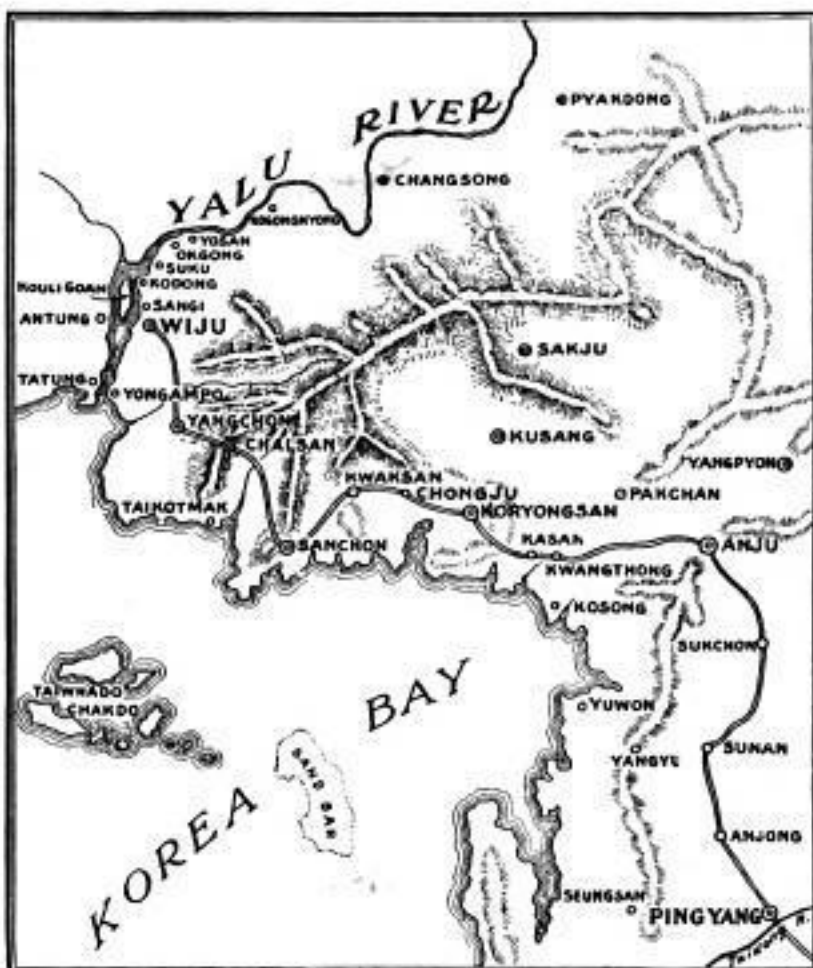
of the oyster bottoms of the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries to oyster culture. The proposed system excludes the natural beds, where the free fishermen conduct their business, and provides for the renting of what are known as "barren bottoms" for the culture

not a part of the United States and that its only function is to furnish votes. Several men have been talked of as possible Southern candidates. Among them are Senator Bailey of Texas, Senator Daniel of Virginia, and Representative Williams of Mississippi. Bailey has worked up from an obscure Representative—an object of ridicule on account of such things as his aversion to dress-suits, and his determination to override the unwritten law which puts Congressmen who are young both in years and in service in the background—to unquestioned leadership in the Senate. No member of the minority, save Gorman, perhaps, is looked up to more than he. Williams has come into notice because of his masterful work as Democratic leader in the House. Both are of Presidential size. If a Southern man were nominated it would probably be one of these two.

## TEMPEST OVER DEWEY

The Admiral unwittingly leaves a wake of heartburnings behind him in Havana

THE elections and the visit of Admiral Dewey have been the most interesting of recent happenings in Cuba. The elections passed off quietly enough, but Admiral Dewey did not get away without leaving a lively supply of heartburnings behind him. "When Admiral Dewey quitted Havana," writes our correspondent, "after a couple of days' visit en route homeward from the winter fleet manoeuvres, he unwittingly left behind an assortment of jealousies which it will require months to assuage. The American Legation and the society people of the American colony were piqued because he did not call, either officially or socially, on anybody below the President of Cuba. The general public were treated better, for they were invited to visit the *Mayflower* on Sunday afternoon. Many did so, but got only a somewhat distant view of the Admiral as he sat on the quarter-deck. But these trifles, concerning Americans only, were nothings compared to a controversy which arose as soon as the *Mayflower* sailed. Before leaving the Admiral gave an interview to a leading Cuban paper, in which he pictured in optimistic colors the progress and prospects of Cuba. The paper responded to the well-deserved compliments by lauding Dewey in characteristically Latin fashion as the justly celebrated hero and idol of the American people. This brought out a chorus of fierce retorts from the pro-Spanish newspapers, who declared that Dewey was anything but a hero; that his peppering of a few little ships in front of Cavité was nothing to brag of; that Americans were silly indeed to pretend to elevate Dewey to a place in history equal to that of their naval heroes who had really fought against equal or superior conditions. They ridiculed Dewey's praise of Cuba's progress, and averred that the sensible people of the island did not want to be thus patronized. The Cuban papers flew back at the Spanish organs with hot sarcasm about the latter's attitude toward Cubans and



MAP OF THE YALU RIVER REGION

The Yalu forms the boundary between Korea and Manchuria. The Japanese have been advancing upon it rapidly from their base at Ping Yang. The first land action of the war, a mere advance-guard skirmish, occurred March 27 at Chongju. For a detailed description of this region see page 30

of the bivalve. The income from leases to planters is reserved by this bill to the State, to be divided among the counties for the improvement of their public highways.

Those who oppose it declare that such a law, if enacted, would lead to a monopoly; that oysters will not grow on barren bottoms, and that it would be difficult to define fairly the limits of "natural" and "barren" waters. Yet it is impossible to overlook the fact that twenty years ago the State had in its treasury \$250,000 collected as licenses from "tongers" and dredgers, and that three years ago \$35,000 was appropriated to pay the salaries and expenses of the oyster police force. It is recalled that a few years ago, in the tributaries of Chesapeake Bay, canoes, bug-eyes, dugouts, skip-jacks, and crapping boats covered the waters and brought their luscious products to the markets of the State, thence to be transported to the markets of the West and to foreign ports. Now the industry in the open bay is practically gone. The dredge captains are impoverished. Their boats are worthless. Many of the young men among the boatmen have left the State.

## THE SOUTH AND THE PRESIDENCY

The time has come when a Democratic candidate from the Southern States is no longer an impossibility

A YEAR ago the suggestion that a Southern man could be nominated for President on the Democratic ticket would have been derided as visionary and absurd. Six months ago the man making such a suggestion would not have been regarded as far-seeing, perhaps, but he would not have been laughed at. Now, so far has the pendulum swung, the subject is seriously considered by conservative men of both parties and of all sections.

Republican papers in New York have gone to some pains to demonstrate the feasibility and possibility of such a consummation. Democratic papers in the South have declared that the abnegation of their section has gone far enough. Independent papers in the West have declared that there is no good reason why a Presidential nominee should be chosen because of the section in which he lives rather than on account of his ability. In a speech at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, recently, Congressman Grosvenor of Ohio expressed the opinion that the Democrats would be more likely to appeal successfully to the country by putting up a representative of their most conservative sentiment in the South than by catering to some of the queer elements which are represented by men from other parts of the country. Other Republicans who are close observers have said the same thing.

The nomination of a Southern man at St. Louis this year is by no means probable, yet most of those who believe the South should assert itself think that the time to act is not this year, but four or eight years hence. If Judge Parker or any other Democrat, who stands for neither of the factions resulting from the schisms of 1896 and 1900, should be nominated and elected, he would be renominated in 1908, and the South would be compelled to wait until 1912. The South wants the nomination, because it desires to eradicate the impression that in a political sense it is



HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN AT NAPLES

The former British Colonial Secretary and his American wife have been traveling in Southern Europe since the close of his active protective-tariff campaign



SENATOR JOSEPH W. BAILEY OF TEXAS

"Bailey has worked up from an obscure Representative, an object of ridicule on account of such things as his aversion to dress-suits, to Senate leader ship"





MODEL OF THE NEW BUILDINGS FOR THE NAVAL ACADEMY TO BE EXHIBITED AT ST. LOUIS

The main block, at the back, is the "Cadet Building," where the students will reside. Directly opposite, across the square, stands the "Academic group," comprising the lecture rooms, laboratories, and library. At the left is the power-house, and at the right the chapel, beyond which lie the officers' quarters in a long row. These buildings were designed by Ernest Flagg and are now well under way some of them being practically completed. When finished, the Naval Academy will have as fine and modern an equipment as any similar institution in the world.

Cuba's progress in the days when the Spaniards had the power to oppress Cuba. The American newspaper joined in the fray, giving to and taking from the Spaniards, and for ten days the public was treated to a bitter revival of old prejudices little heard of since the establishment of the republic. The conflict has quieted, save for an occasional shot, but Dewey's well-meant words of praise will long be remembered in Havana on account of the tempest which they aroused."

### THE SELF-SUFFICIENT EAST SIDE

New York's city within a city needs only raw materials to be independent of the rest of the world

DURING a recent week nearly 25,000 immigrants were landed in New York by a dozen liners. It is estimated that nearly one-half of those new-comers did not go beyond the great eastern gateway of this Continent, and that more than one-fourth added their numbers to the swarming multitudes that inhabit the portion of the metropolis bordered by Fourteenth Street, Broadway, Division Street, and the East River. As spring and summer wear on, new thousands will pour across the ocean to swell the census of that district. By the end of the year, little less than 600,000 people will be dwelling within its pale. In other words, an area constituting a small fraction of the greater city's wide-spreading domain will hold—and now holds—fully one-fifth of its entire population.

This district is generally referred to as the Lower East Side. It has been explored, analyzed, and described until it would seem that every vestige of available information concerning it had been made public. Yet the average American fails hopelessly to realize the unique character of the quarter. Were the district in question a separate municipality, it would be the sixth largest city in the country. And that city would have neither race nor language or faith in common with the country at large. It would be, and it is now, the largest distinctly Jewish community in the world.

Here may be found the best and most widely circulated Jewish newspapers in the world. No other city has so many, so prosperous, or so pretentious Jewish playhouses. Within the narrow confines of this region are gathered the foremost actors, the most talented poets, the brightest prose writers, the most powerful teachers and orators that use Yiddish as a medium of expression. It is, in a way, the capital of the Hebrew race.

But even this un-American character of the Lower East Side does not form its most noteworthy feature. This is rather found in its industrial and commercial self-sufficiency—a quality that is little recognized and rarely pointed out. Sweep the rest of Greater New York off the map, and the teeming thousands of the Lower East Side would continue to live and thrive unaffected by the catastrophe, which would have deprived them of nothing needed for their daily life. Every industry that ministers to the actual necessities of man is found within the district. Those who dwell there make a rule of buying at the next street corner and selling all over the globe. For raw materials they are dependent on the outer world, but only raw materials are imported. The exports include so many different kinds of merchandise that it would take a page to enumerate them.

The East Sider prepares his own food, makes his own dress, builds his own house, manufactures his own furniture, and does his own banking, doctoring, and lawyering. The dry-goods industry conducted in or controlled from this small spot—a mere pin-point on the map of the Continent—exceeds in value and quantity of annual output the combined production of London and Manchester. There is not a single article of clothing for man, woman, or child, shoes alone excepted, that is not manufactured within this district on a scale entitling it to recognition as one of the world's principal marts for the goods in question.

There are other ways through which this city within a city indicates its desire and ability to exist all by itself. Not only does it have its own markets, shops, factories, and amusement places; its banking establishments, its charitable and educational institutions, it has also an office-building district of its own. Lawyers, physicians, accountants, and other professional men with a large Jewish clientele, who have their daytime headquarters in convenient proximity to courts and city departments and stock exchanges, have found it increasingly necessary to establish branch offices in the heart of the Lower East Side, where they are on hand every night ready to do business within a stone's throw of their clients' thresholds.

Each passing day, each new shipload of immigrants, tend to further development of this remarkable self-sufficiency, in form as well as in degree. It is already impossible to find this self-sufficiency equaled in any city leading a distinct communal life within fifty miles of the metropolitan boundaries.

### THE COSSACK SINGS AS HE RIDES

Picturesque entry of the Russian cavalry into Newchwang described by one of Collier's correspondents

NEWCHWANG, March 12.—Russian troops from the interior continue to arrive here, as they have done ever since hostilities began. For the last two or three days we have heard the incessant tramp of infantry and the clatter of cavalry as they pass along from the railroad station. Now comes a troop of Cossack cavalry mounted on Manchurian ponies, wearing heavy sheepskin overcoats and caps, with their rifles slung over



A NEW MECHANICAL BALL TOSSER

It is claimed that this new device will propel a baseball with a speed and accuracy greater even than that of the best of League pitchers. It is said to be capable of giving the ball any kind of curve or drop at the will of the operator.

their shoulders and their heavy cavalry swords hung to their sides, singing as they go. One of the troop who has a good voice sings the verses of the song alone and the whole troop sings the chorus. With the tramp of the horses and the clanging of accoutrements, the sight is very impressive to any one who has never seen a troop of Cossack cavalry sweeping by. After the cavalry come the infantry in heavy marching order, dressed in sheepskin coats and caps, thumping along in their heavy boots, with bayonets fixed; their stolid, grimy faces (probably not washed for weeks) peering out between their caps and overcoats.

The Hung Hoodzas or "Red Beards," which is an organization of Manchurians consisting principally of bandits are forming bands which will no doubt give

the Russians no end of trouble. They know the country so well that the Russians will have no chance of capturing them. They will do everything they can to cut the telegraphic communication with St. Petersburg, and disable the railway line and bridges. This would seriously delay reinforcements and make it almost impossible for the Russians to supply their army, especially in the summer rainy season, when the roads are absolutely impassable, and carts sink up to the hubs of their wheels in the soft mud.

### TROUBLE IN THE FRENCH NAVY

Charges of inefficiency against Minister Pelletan may disrupt present Ministry

THE charges of inefficiency which the French Radicals have made against the present administration of Naval Affairs in France are of peculiar interest at the present time, in view of the marked French sympathy for Russia, and the fact that the French colonies in Indo-China are within striking distance of Japan. "Two years ago," writes our Paris correspondent, "a plan was formulated for the protection of Indo-China. Its defence is pitifully weak. I have under my eye a report made to the Chamber of Deputies by the Appropriations Committee of the Colonies which contains the following significant admissions: 'Our colonies are dispersed all over the globe. They are distant from each other and from France by several thousands of miles. Their coasts are protected only by small naval divisions, comprising for the most part ships of no fighting value. The mobile and immobile maritime defences are not organized. The routes of communication between different points of the same colony are few and difficult. The native population counts from forty to fifty millions, and their pacification is hardly complete. The number of French citizens established in our most important colony, Indo-China, is below 10,000. The total commerce of that colony exceeds by half that of Algeria. Yet the troops charged with preserving order and defending this immense domain aggregate 57,000, of which 17,000 only are French.'"

The unpopularity of M. Pelletan, Minister of Marine, has been so great that it has threatened to disrupt the present Combes Ministry. The present extra Parliamentary investigation into M. Pelletan's department is one of the results of this rabid opposition to him. "There is no question," continues our correspondent, "of M. Pelletan's activity, but his activity, his enemies insist, expends itself outside of his department. He neglects the business of the navy, they claim, leaves the fleets without admirals, the ships without boilers, the naval stations without coal. In everything that does not concern the navy he is ready. He travels in the provinces far from the coasts; he attends banquets, and makes speeches upon all questions not connected with the naval defence. The cruiser *Sully* was ordered to join the Asiatic squadron. Three weeks elapsed before she was ready to sail.

"This state of things aroused the Deputies of the Left to ask the Commission charged with the budget of the navy to investigate the condition of the navy, and particularly the administration of M. Pelletan. Deputy

Firmin-Faure submitted an interpellation regarding the measures the Government proposed to take to put the fleet in condition to assure the national defence. The Budget Commission adopted a resolution requesting the Government to submit recommendations for appropriations. It is not surprising that the Chamber should have acted as it did in the light of a letter written by M. Pelletan, in which the Minister stated that the French colonies are not adequately defended, and that England had made arrangements in the event of war for the despatch of troops from her naval stations of Malta and Gibraltar. It seems certain that M. Pelletan will find the investigation embarrassing to his administration, if it does not lead to his withdrawal from the Cabinet."



# MAM' LIDDY'S RECOGNITION

By THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FOGARTY

WHEN Cabell Graeme was courting pretty Betty French up at the Chateau place, though he had many rivals and not a few obstacles to overcome, he had the good fortune to secure one valuable ally, whose friendship stood him in good stead. She was of a rich chocolate tint, with good features and long hair, possibly inherited from some Arab ancestor, bead-like black eyes, and a voice like a harp, but which on occasion could become a flame. Her figure was short and stocky; but more dignity was never compressed within the same number of inches.

Mam' Liddy had been in the French family all her life, as her mother and grandmother had been before her. She had rocked on her ample bosom the best part of three generations. And when Freedom came, however much she may have appreciated being free, she had much too high an estimate of the standing of the Frenches to descend to the level of the class she had always contemned as "free niggers." She was a deep-dyed aristocrat. The Frenches were generally esteemed to be among the oldest and best families in the county, and the Chateau plantation, with its wide fields and fine old mansion, was commonly reckoned one of the finest in that section. But no such comparative statement would have satisfied Mam' Liddy. She firmly believed that the Frenches were the greatest people in the world, and it would have added nothing to her dignity had they been princes, because it could have added nothing to it to be told that she was a member of a royal house. Part mentor, part dependant, part domestic, she knew her position, and within her province her place was as unquestioned as was that of her mistress, and her advice was as carefully considered.

Cesar, her husband, a tall, ebony lath, had come out of another family and was treated with condescension. No one knew how often he was reminded of his lower estate; but it was often enough, for he was always in a somewhat humble and apologetic attitude.

The Frenches were known as a "likely" family, but Betty, with her oval face, soft eyes, and skin like a magnolia flower, was so undeniably the beauty that she was called "Pretty Betty." She was equally undeniably the belle. And while the old woman, who idolized her, found far more pleasure than even her mother in her bellefship, she was as watchful over her as Argus. Every young man of the many who haunted the old French mansion had to meet the scrutiny of those sharp, tack-like eyes. The least slip that one made was enough to prove his downfall. The old woman sifted them as surely as she sifted her meal, and branded them with an infallible instinct akin to that of a keen watchdog. Many a young man who passed the silent figure without a greeting, or spoke lightly of some one unheeding her presence, wondered at his want of success and felt without knowing why that he was pulling against an unseen current.

"We must drop him—he ain't a gent'-man," she said of one. Of another: "Oh! Oh! honey, he won't do. He ain't our kind." Or, "Betty, let him go, my Lamb. De Frenches don't pick up dat kine o' stick."

Happily for Cabell Graeme, he had the old woman's approval. In the first place, he was related to the Frenches, and this in her eyes was a patent of gentility. Then, he had always been kind to little Betty, and particularly civil to herself. He not only never omitted to ask after her health, but also inquired as to her pet ailments of "misery in her foot" and "whirlin' in her head," with an interest which flattered her deeply. But it went further back than that. Once, when Betty was a little girl, he had found her and her mammy on the wrong side of a muddy road, and wading through, he had carried Betty across, and then wading back, had offered to carry Mam' Liddy over, too.

"Go 'way f'om heah, boy, you can't carry me."

"Yes, I can, Mam' Liddy— You don't know how strong I am."

She laughed at him, and with a flash in his gray eyes he suddenly grabbed her. "I'll show you."

There was quite a scuffle. She was too heavy for him, but he won her friendship then and there, and as he grew up straight and sturdy, the friendship ripened. That he teased her and laughed at her did not in the least offend her. No one else could have taken such a liberty with her, but Cabell's references to old Caesar's declining health, and his innuendoes whenever she was "fixed up" that she was "looking around" in advance only amused her. It made no difference to her that he was poor, while several others of Betty's beaux were rich. He was "a gent' man," and she was an aristocrat.

At times they had pitched battles, but each knew that the other was an ally. Cabell won his final victory by an audacity



SHE WAS TOO HEAVY FOR HIM, BUT HE WON HER FRIENDSHIP THEN AND THERE

which few would have dared venture on. Among his rivals was one Mr. Hereford, whom he particularly disliked, partly because he frequently outsat him, and partly because he thought Miss Betty favored his attention too much, and whom Mammy Liddy detested because he always ignored her. Cabell charged her with deserting his cause and going over to the side of Mr. Hereford, and threatened to carry off the prize in spite of her and her ally.

"You evant cyah off nothin'," she said with a sniff of mock disdain. His eyes snapped. Without a word he seized her, and notwithstanding her resistance he lifted her, and, flinging her over his shoulder, as if she had been a sack of corn, stalked up the steps and into the house, where he set her down abashed and vanquished before her astonished young mistress. The old woman pretended to be furious, but that day Cabell Graeme carried off more than Mam' Liddy.

When Cabell and pretty Betty were married, Mam' Liddy threw in her lot with "her lamb."

Through all the evil days of carpet-bag rule, no white, not even Cabell Graeme himself, who was a leader of the young men, had looked with more burning contempt on the new-comers, or shown a sterner front to the miscreants who despoiled the country. And when negro rule was at its worst, Mam' Liddy was its most bitter reviler. Cabell Graeme was a captain among the young men who finally put down the evil element that had been running its riotous course. And during the fierce fight that was waged, he was much away from home; but he knew that in Mam' Liddy he had left as redoubtable a guardian of his wife and babies as ever kept watch on a picket line.

Among the most obnoxious of the colored leaders was one Amos Brown, a young negro with some education, who to the gift of fluency added enough shrewdness to become a leader. He was while in power one of the most dangerous men in the State, and so long as he had backing enough, he staggered at nothing to keep the negroes stirred up. One of his



GUIDING HER AS IF SHE HAD BEEN THE FIRST LADY IN THE LAND

schemes was to get money from the negroes with which to pay, as he claimed, ten per cent for the best places in the State, after which, according to his account, the Government was to give them the places. This scheme worked well enough till the day of reckoning came, but happily it came. Among those who were duped was old Caesar, who, unknown to Mam' Liddy, invested all his little savings in Amos Brown's homestead plan and was robbed. Partly in terror of Mam' Liddy and partly in hopes of saving his money, the old man made a full disclosure of the scheme, and with the proof he furnished Cabell Graeme and others succeeded in sending the statesman to the penitentiary.

What Caesar possibly had to endure from Mam' Liddy, only those could imagine who knew her blistering tongue. From that time she took herself not only everything that she made, but every cent that old Caesar made. "You keep 'dis for me, Marse Cab. I'm never goin' to trust dat Caesar wid a cent long as I live. A nigger ain't got a bit o' sense about money." But though Caesar would gladly have paid all he made to purchase immunity from her revilings, it is probable that he heard of his error at least three times a day during the rest of his natural life.

## II

AS LONG as the old people lived, the French place was kept up; but the exactions of hereditary hospitality ate deeply into what the war had left, and after the death of old Colonel French and Mrs. French, and the division of the estate, there was little left but the land, and that was incumbered.

Happily, Cabell Graeme was sufficiently successful as a lawyer, not only to keep his little family in comfort, but to receive an offer of a connection in the North, which made it clearly to his interest to go there. One of the main obstacles in the way of the move was Mam' Liddy. She would have gone with them, but for the combined influences of Old Caesar and a henhouse full of hens who were sitting. The old man was in his last illness, a slow decline, and the chickens would soon be hatching. As it was as apparent that old Caesar would soon be gone as that the chickens would soon be hatched, Graeme, having arranged for Caesar's comfort, took his family with him when he moved.

He knew that the breaking up would be a wrench; but it was worse than he had expected, for their roots were deep in the old soil. Old friends, when they said good-by, wrung his hand with the faces men wear when they take their last look at a friend's face. The parting with the mammy was especially bitter. It brought the break-up home as few things had done. And when they reached their new home with its strange surroundings, her absence made it all the stranger.

The change in the servants marked the change in the life. The family found it hard to reconcile themselves to it. Mrs. Graeme had always been accustomed to the old servants, who were like members of the family, and to find her servants regarding her as an enemy or as their prey disturbed and distressed her.

"You are going to try colored servants?" asked one of her new friends in some surprise.

"Oh, yes, I am quite used to them."

"Well— Perhaps—but I doubt if you are used to these."

Mrs. Graeme soon discovered her mistake. One after another was tried and discarded. Those who knew nothing remained only until they had learned enough to be useful and then departed, while those who knew a little thought they knew everything, and brooked no direction. And all were insolent. With or without notice the dusky procession passed through the house, each outgoer taking with her some memento of her transient stay.

"I do not know what is the matter," sighed Mrs. Graeme. "I always thought I could get along with colored people; but somehow these are different. Why is it, Cabell?"

"Spoiled," said her husband laconically. "The mistake was in the Emancipation Proclamation. Domestic servants ought to have been excepted."

His humor, however, did not appeal to his wife. The case was too serious.

"The last one I had told me that if I did not like what she called coffee—and which I really thought was tea—I'd better cook myself. And that other maid, after wearing one of my best dresses, walked off with a brand-new waist. I am only standing the present one till Mammy comes. She says she likes to be called, 'Miss Johnson.'"

"I paid twenty dollars last week for the privilege of chucking a dusky gentleman down the steps; but I did not begrudge it."



said her husband cheerfully. "The justice who imposed the fine said to me afterward that the only mistake I had made was in not breaking his neck."

At last, old Caesar was gathered to his dusty fathers, and the chickens having been mainly disposed of, Mr. Graeme went down and brought the old mammy on.

The passengers who streamed through the great station the evening of her arrival were surprised to see a pudgy old black woman escorted by a gentleman who, loaded down with her bundles and baskets, was guiding her through the throng as respectfully as if she had been the first lady in the land. At the gate a lady and several children were awaiting her, and at sight of her a cry of joy went up. Dropping her bundles, she threw herself into the lady's arms and kissed her again and again, after which she received a multitude of kisses from the children.

"Well, I never saw anything like that," said a stranger to another. "She is their mammy," said the other one simply, with a pleasant light in his eyes.

The old woman's presence seemed to transform the house. She was no sooner installed than she took possession. That very morning she established her position, after a sharp but decisive battle with the airy colored lady who for some days had been dawdling about the house. The mammy had gauged her as soon as her sharp eyes fell on her.

"What does yo' call yo'self?" she asked her. "What is my name? I am called 'Miss Johnson—Miss Selina Johnson.'"

The old woman gave a sniff. "Yo' is? Well, what does yo' call yo'self doin' heah?"

"You mean what is my employment? I am the help—*one* of the help."

"Yo' is?" Mam' Liddy tightened her apron strings about her stout waist. "Well, 'Miss Johnson,' you git hold of that mattress and help me meck up dis heah bed so it'll be fit for yo' mistis to sleep on it." With a jerk she turned up the mattress. The maid was so taken aback for a moment that she did not speak. Then she drew herself up.

"I know I ain' gwine to tetch it. I done made it up onct to-day. An' I ain't got no mistis."

Then mammy turned on her.

"Umh'm! I thought so! I knows jest yo' kind. Well, de sooner you git out o' dis room de better for you. 'Cause if I lay my han' 'pon you I won't let you go till I've done what yo' mammy ought to 'a' done to you ev'ry day o' yo' life."

She moved toward her with so dangerous a gleam in her sharp little eyes that "Miss Johnson" deemed it safest to beat a hasty retreat, and before bedtime had disappeared from the premises entirely.

In the kitchen the old woman had been equally strenuous. She had shown the cook in one evening that she knew more about cooking than that well-satisfied person had ever dreamed any one knew. She had taught the other maid that she knew by instinct every lurking place of dirt, however skilfully hidden, and, withal, she had inspired them both with so much dread of her two-edged tongue that they were doing their best to conciliate her by a zeal and civility they had never shown before.

For the first time the Graemes knew what comfort was in their new home.

"Well, this is something like home," said Mrs. Graeme that evening as she sat by the lamp. "Why, I feel like little Ben. He said to-night, 'Mamma, Mammy brought old times with her.'"

"May she live forever!" said Graeme.

In time, however, Mrs. Graeme began to feel that the old woman was confining herself too closely to the house. She needed some recreation. She had not even been to church, and Mrs. Graeme knew that this was her chief delight.

Yes, she would like to go to church, she said, but she did not know "about dese fine churches." She did not like much to go on the streets. "Dere was too many strange folks around for her. Dey didn't keer nuthin' for her ner she for dem." And it was "de same way, she reckoned, with de chutches. Dey wuz new niggers, and she didn't had no use for dem, nor dey for her."

Mrs. Graeme, however, was insistent. Not far off, she had learned, was a colored church, "Mount Salem," over which the Reverend Amos Johnson presided with much show of broadcloth and silk hat. He had considerable reputation as a speaker, and from time to time appeared in the newspapers as a rather ranting writer on matters with a political coloring. Mrs. Graeme explained to the old woman that she need have no more to do with the people than she wished, and the following Sunday she went herself with her to the door of the church. Before leaving her she gave her a half-dollar to put in the plate, and asked a solemn-looking usher to show her a good seat. When the old woman returned she was interested, but critical.

"I's been used to chutch all my life," she declared, "but I never saw no fixin's like dat. Br'er George Wash'n'ton Thomas of Mount Zion was de fanciest one I ever seen, but he couldn't tetch dat man. Why, dey outdoes white folks!"

"Weren't they nice to you?" asked her mistress.

"Nor'm, none too nice. Dat one what you spoke to for me wuz gwine to give me a seat; but a uppish young yaller one stopped him an' made him teck me back and stick me in a corner behind a pillar. But he didn't stick me so fur back 't dey didn't fine me when

dey tecked up de money. When I put in dat fift-cent you gi' me, he jumped like a pin had stick him. I dropped 't in so 'twould soun', I tell you."

This gave Mrs. Graeme an idea, and she encouraged her to go again the following Sunday, and this time gave her a dollar to put in the plate.

"Be sure and drop it in so it will sound," she said to her.

"I'm gwine to."

"Well, how did you come out to-day?" she asked her on her return.

"Right well. Dey didn't stick me quite so fur back, and when I drap de dollar in dey wuz several on 'em lookin', and when de chutch was over dey come runnin' arter me, an' tell me ef I come next time dey'll have a good seat for me. I'm gwine agin, but fust thing dey know I'm gwine to fool 'em. I ain't gwine put a dollar in agin, I know."

Mrs. Graeme laughed. "Oh! you must pay for being in society. We all do."

"I know I ain't," declared the old woman, "and I don't reckon you gwine to gi' me a dollar ev'ry Sunday."

"I certainly am not. I am only getting you launched." The following week Mrs. Graeme said to her husband, "I think Mammy is launched. The preacher came to the front door to-day and asked to see Mrs. Quivers. At first I did not know whom he meant. Then he said it was a colored lady. You never saw any one so gotten up—silk hat, kid gloves, and ebony cane. And Mammy was quite set up by it. She says the preacher is from home and knew Caesar. She was really airy afterward."

Mr. Graeme uttered an obijuration. "You will ruin that old woman, and with her the best old negro that ever was."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Graeme, "there is no danger of that. You couldn't spoil her."



SHE SWEEPED TOWARD HIM WITH SO THREATENING AN AIR THAT GRAEME INTERPOSED

A few weeks later she said, "Yes, Mammy is launched. She told me to-day she wanted to join the club, and when I asked what club she said, 'the Colored-Ladies Society Club.'"

"I should say she was launched," sniffed Mr. Graeme. "She told me she wanted her money to invest it herself. The old fool! They will rob her of it."

### III

THE weeks that followed and Mam' Liddy's immersion in "Society" began apparently to justify Mr. Graeme's prophecy. A marked change had taken place in the old woman's dress, and no less a change had taken place in herself. She began to go out a good deal, and her manner was quite new. She was what a few weeks before she would have derided as "citified and airified." At length Mrs. Graeme could not conceal it from herself any longer. One evening as her husband on his return from his office threw himself into a chair with the evening paper, she brought up the subject.

"Cabell, it is true; have you noticed the change?"

"What? I have no doubt I have." He glanced at his wife to see if she had on a new dress or had changed the mode of wearing her hair, then gazed about him rather uneasily to see if the furniture had been shifted about, or if the pictures had been changed, points on which his wife was inclined to be particular.

"The change in Mammy? Why, I should never know her for the same person."

"Of course I have. I have noticed nothing else. Why, she is dressed as fine as a fiddle. She is 'taking notice.' She'll be giving Old Caesar a successor. Then what will you do? I thought that fat darky I have seen going in at the back gate with a silk hat and a long-tailed coat looked like a preacher. You'd better look out for him. You know she was always stuck on preachers. He is a preacher, sure."

"He is," observed the small boy on the floor. "That's the Reverend Mr. Johnson. And, oh! He certainly can blow beautiful smoke-rings. He can blow a whole dozen and make 'em go through each other. You just ought to see him, papa."

His father glanced casually at his cigar box on the table. "I think I will some day," said he, half grimly.

"I never would know her for the same person. Why, she is so changed!" pursued Mrs. Graeme. "She goes out half the time, and this morning she was so cross! She says she is as good as I am if she is black. She is getting like these others up here."

Mr. Graeme flung down the paper he was reading.

"It is these Northern niggers who have upset her, and the fools like the editor of that paper who have upset them."

Mrs. Graeme looked reflective.

"That preacher has been coming here a good deal lately. I wonder if that could have anything to do with it?" she said slowly.

Her husband sniffed. "I will find out."

At that moment the door opened and in walked Mam' Liddy and a small boy in all the glory of five years, and all the pride of his first pair of breeches. The old woman's face wore an expression of glumness wholly new to her, and Mr. Graeme's mouth tightened. His wife had only time to whisper: "Now, don't you say a word to her." But she was too late. Mam' Liddy's expression drove him to disobedience. He gave her a keen glance, and then said, half jocularly: "Old woman, what is the matter with you lately?"

Mam' Liddy did not answer immediately. She looked away, then said: "Wid me? Ain' nuttin' de matter wid me."

"Oh, yes, there is. What is it? Do you want to go home?"

She appeared half startled for an instant, then answered more sharply: "Nor, I don't wan' go home. I ain' got no home to go to."

"Oh, yes, you have. Well, what is the matter? Out with it. Have you lost any money?"

"Nor, I ain' lost no money 's I knows on."

"Been playing lottery?"

"I don't know what dat is."

"You don't, ah? Well, you would if you had been in Wall Street lately. Well, what is the matter? You are going around here as glum as a meat-axe. Something's up. What is it?"

"Ain' nothin' de matter wid me." She glanced away under her master's half amused, half disdainful glance, then added half surlily: "I wants *rec'nition*."

"Want recognition? What do you mean?"

"Dat's what *we* wants," declared the old woman, acquiring courage.

Graeme laughed.

"What is recognition?"

"I don't know what 'tis edzac'ly, but dat's what *we* wants. You all's got it and you got to gi' it to *us*."

"You mean you want to sit at table with us?" exclaimed Mrs. Graeme.

Mammy Liddy turned toward her. "You know I don't mean nuttin' like dat! I leetle more'n smacked that yaller gal what you call yo' maid over 'bout talkin' dat way t'other day."

"Then what do you want?"

"I wants *rec'nition*—dat's all I wants."

"Who told you to say that?" asked Mr. Graeme.

"Who tol' me to say dat?" She was puzzled.

"Yes."

"Ain' nobody tol' me to say it."

"Yes, some one has. Who was it?—the Reverend Johnson? Didn't he tell you that?"

She hesitated; but Mr. Graeme's eye was searching. "Well, he no mo' 'n others—not much mo'. Of co'se, he tol' me dat—he preaches 'bout it; but didn't nobody *have* to tell me—I knows 'bout it myself."

"Of course, you did, and you must have it. So shall the Reverend Mr. Johnson," said Mr. Graeme. His tone expressed such sudden amiability that the old woman glanced at him suspiciously, but he was smiling softly and thoughtfully to himself.

"What did you do with the four hundred and fifty-five dollars you drew out of bank last week? Did you invest it or lend it to Mr. Johnson?" It was a bow drawn at a venture, but the arrow hit the mark, as Mr. Graeme saw.

"I 'vested it."

"You mean Mr. Johnson invested it for you? By the way, what is his first name?"

"Yes, sir. His name's de Rev. Amos Johnson."

"By George! I thought so," said Graeme, half aloud. "I knew I had seen him." His countenance grew suddenly cheerful.

"What did he give you to show for it?"

"He didn't gi' me nothin'. He's gwine to draw the intrust for me."

"Oh! I thought so. Well, I want to see the Rev. Mr. Johnson when he comes next time. When do you expect him?"

"I ain't 'spectin' him 't all. He comes sometimes. He was a friend of Caesar's."

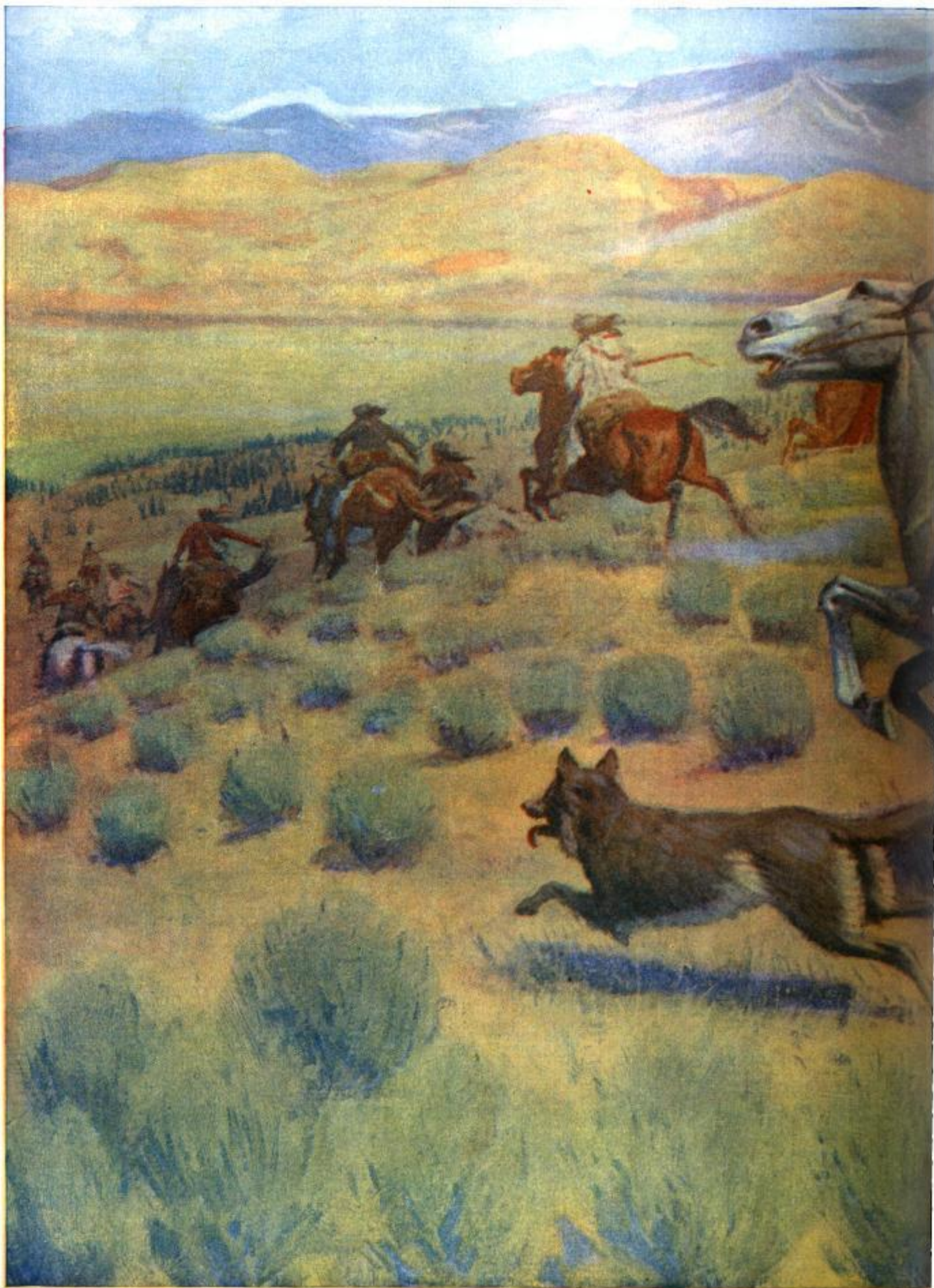
"Ah! He was? So I thought. Comes to smoke a cigar, I suppose?"

She looked so uneasy that he went on casually: "Well, it's very well; always keep in with the cloth. He is a fine preacher, I hear? Keeps quite up with the times—interested in the races in more senses than one."

"Yes, sir; he preaches very well."

"That is all. Well, your friend must have 'rec'nition.'" The old woman withdrew.



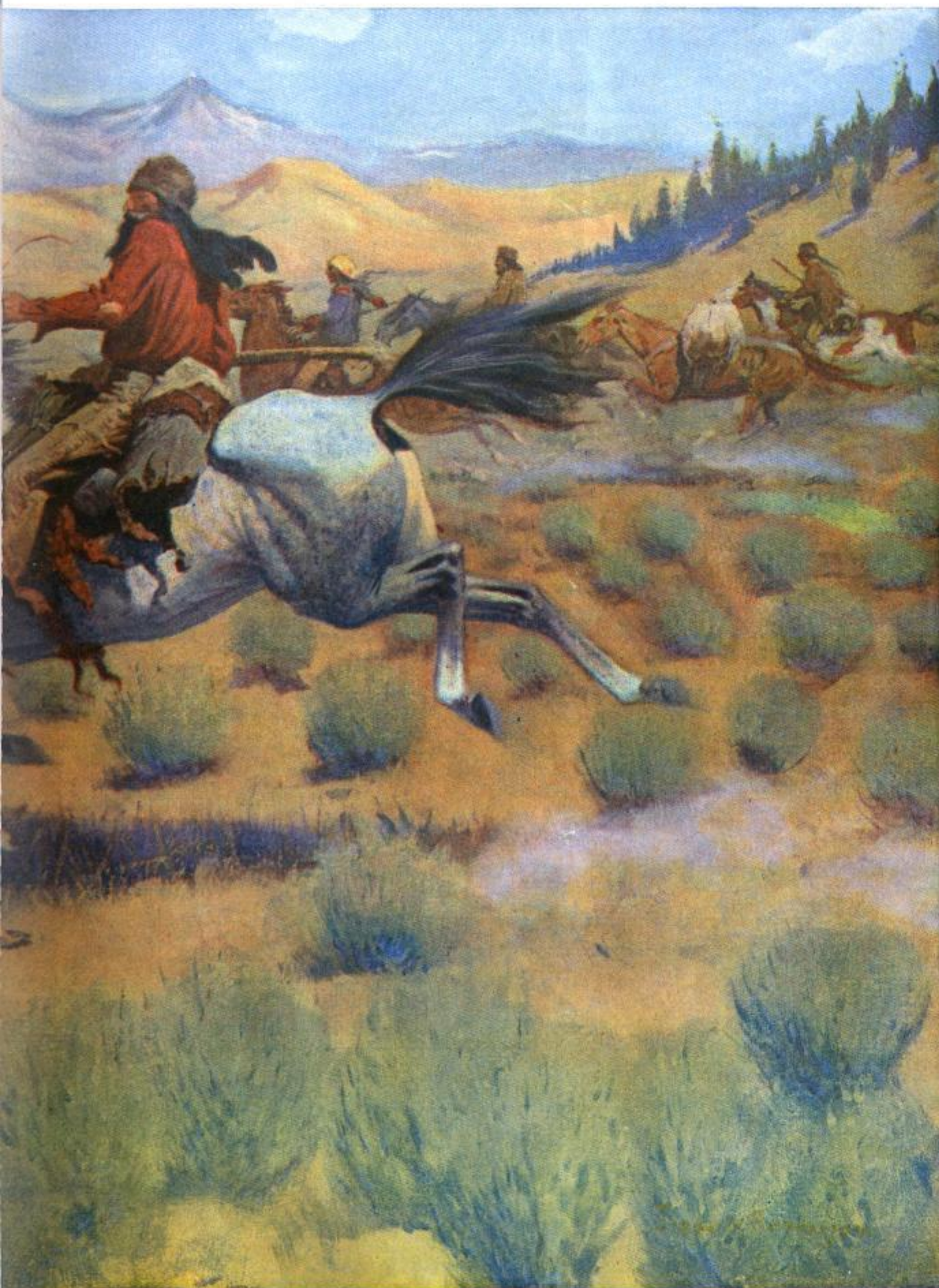


This is the third of a series of twelve paintings, made especially for Collier's by Frederic Remington, illustrative of the Louisiana Purchase Period. These pictures will appear, one every month, in the Fiction Numbers.

## THE GATHER

AFTER THEIR LONG WINTER HUNTS IT WAS THE CUSTOM OF THEIR SUPPLIES AND DEVOTED SEVERAL WEEKS TO REST AND ACROSS COUNTRY FROM THE SCATTERED AND DISTANT





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## ING OF THE TRAPPERS

APPERS AND TRADERS TO GATHER AT A RENDEZVOUS IN THE MOUNTAINS, WHERE THEY RENEWED  
RE—GAY PARTIES OF HORSEMEN, EAGER TO REACH THEIR DESTINATION, RODE GAYLY AND NOISILY  
GROUNDS, AS SOON AS THE SNOWS HAD DISAPPEARED AND THE SPRING HAD FAIRLY COME

PAINTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON



The following day Graeme went down to a detective agency and left a memorandum. A few days later he received a message from the agency: "Yes, he is the same man. He frequents the pool rooms a good deal. Came from Kentucky. He used to be known as 'Amos Brown.'"

## IV

FOR some days Mr. Graeme took to coming home earlier than usual, and one evening he was rewarded. Just after his arrival little Ben came in, and, climbing up to his cigar-box, took out several cigars, and silently withdrew. As soon as he had disappeared his father stepped to the telephone, and, calling up the police station, asked that an officer be sent around to his house immediately. A few minutes later the officer arrived, and after a few words with him Mr. Graeme stationed him at the back gate and strolled back toward the kitchen. As he softly approached the door he heard voices within—one of them his little boy's voice, the other the deep, unctuous voice of a negro man. The child was begging the latter to blow smoke-wreaths, and the man was bartering with him.

"Well, you must get me *more* cigars—remember what I told you—six wreaths for one cigar."

At this moment the mammy evidently came in, for Mr. Graeme heard the man caution the child, and heard her voice for the first time.

"What dat you tellin' dat chile?" she demanded suspiciously.

"Nothing. I was just entertaining him by blowing a few of those artistic wreaths he admires so much. My good friends keep me in cigars. It is one of the few consolations in a hard-working pastor's life. Well, sister, I called around to tell you your investment promises to be even more remunerative than I expected—and to tell you if you have any more, or even can borrow any, to let me place it as you did the other. I can guarantee to double it for you in a short time."

"I ain' got any more—an' I ain' got nobody to lend me none."

"Well, ah! Couldn't you get any from your employer?" He lowered his voice; but Graeme caught the words. "You could raise money on the silver—and they would never know it. Besides, they owe it to you for all the work you have done without payment. Think how many years you worked for them as a slave without pay."

"Now, I ain' gwine to do dat!" exclaimed the old woman.

At this moment Graeme softly opened the door. The mammy was standing with her back to him, and in one chair, tilted back with his feet in another chair, was a large and unctuous-looking negro of middle age, in all the glory of a black broadcloth coat and a white tie. He was engaged at the moment in blowing small wreaths, while little Ben stood by and gazed at him with open-eyed wonder and delight.

At sight of Mr. Graeme, the preacher, with a gulp, which sadly disturbed his last effort, rose to his feet. An expression of fear flitted across his face, then gave way to a crafty, half-insolent look.

"Good-evening, sir," he began, with an insinuating smile, not wholly free from uneasiness.

"Good-evening, Amos. Mammy, will you kindly go to your mistress. Take the boy with you. Run along, son."

The old woman with a half-scared air led the

child out, and Mr. Graeme closed the door and turned back to the visitor, who looked much embarrassed.

"Take my cigars out of your pocket."

The preacher's hand went involuntarily to his breast pocket, and then came down.

"What? Your cigars out of my pocket? I have no cigars of yours, sir." He spoke with slightly rising severity, as Mr. Graeme remained so calm.

"Oh, yes, you have. But no matter for the present. You had just as well leave them there for a moment. What are you doing, coming here all the time?"

"What am I doing? Coming here? I am a minister of the Gospel, sir, and I have a member of my congregation here, and I come to look after her welfare."

"And to see that she gets recognition?"

"Suh?"—with a wince.

"And incidentally to rob me of my cigars, and her of her small savings"—pursued Mr. Graeme calmly.

"Suh? Nor, suh, I has not done dat. I will take my oath to it on the word of Almighty God."

The veneer of his fine speech had all been dropped, and the Rev. Johnson was talking naturally enough now.

"What did you do with that money you took from her?"

"What did I do wid—? What money?"

Mr. Graeme showed impatience for the first time.

"The four hundred and fifty-five dollars you got from her. Was there more than that?"

At this point Mam' Liddy opened the door and came in. She looked somewhat mystified and rather disturbed, but she said nothing. She only took her stand, and with arms folded waited silent and observant.

The negro saw that Mr. Graeme knew of the fact and answered promptly:

"Oh! You are mistaken, sir. I have taken no money of her. You can ask her. She had a sum of money which I as a favor to her invested for her. You can ask the sister there. I suppose you refer to that?"

"Invested! In what?"

"Ah—ur—in—ur—the Afro-American Sisters' Loan and Trust Association. I have promised to invest it in that for her."

He stammered a good deal at the start, but was glib enough when he brought out the name. "Didn't I, sister?"

"Yes, sir." The old woman was manifestly impressed.

The preacher's cunning face brightened.

"You see what she says?"

"With its chief office at the Racecourse out here," said Mr. Graeme, with a toss of his head. "Look here, I want you to get that money."

The negro shot a glance at Mam' Liddy and decided that she would stand by him. He suddenly stiffened up and resumed his affected manner.

"Well, sir, I do not know by what right you interfere with my affairs—or this lady's."

"You don't? Well, that's what I am going to show you now. My right is that she is a member of my family, whom I am going to protect from just such scoundrels and thieves as you, Amos Brown."

The preacher received the name like a blow.

At the words the old Mammy jumped as if she were shot. She leaned forward, moving up slowly.

"What's dat?—'Amos Brown?' What's dat you said, Marse Cabell? 'Amos Brown?'"

Mr. Graeme nodded. "Yes. This is Amos Brown, 'a friend of Caesar's.'"

"Indeed, I ain't, suh. I'm de Reverend Amos Johnson—" began the preacher, but his looks belied him.

Mammy Liddy took in the truth, and the next second the storm broke.

"'Amos Brown' you is? I might 'a' knowed it! You thief! You a friend of Caesar's! Whar's my money?—My money you stole from Caesar? You come talkin' to me 'bout rec'nition? I done rec'nize you, you black nigger. Let me git at him, Marse Cabell."

The old woman swept toward him with so threatening an air that Graeme interposed, and the preacher retreated behind Graeme for protection. Even that place of security did not, however, save him from her vitriolic tongue. She poured out on him the vials of her wrath till Graeme, fearing she might drop down in a faint, stopped her.

"Stop now. I will settle with him."

His authoritative air quieted her, but she still stood glowering and muttering her wrath.

"You will have that money back here by to-morrow at this hour or I will put you in the penitentiary, where you have already been once and ought to be now. And now you will take my cigars out of your pocket, or I will hand you to that policeman out there at the door. Out with them."

"Boss, I ain't got no cigars o' yo's. I'll swar to it on de wud o'—"

"Out with them—or—" Mr. Graeme turned to open the door. The negro, after a glance at Mam' Liddy, slowly took several cigars from his pockets.

"Dese is all de cigars I has—and dey wuz given to me by a friend," he said surlily.

"Yes, by my little boy. I know. Lay them there. I will keep them till to-morrow. And now you go and get that money."

"What money?—I can't get dat money— Dat money is invested."

"Then you bring the securities in which it is invested. I know where that money went. You go and rob some one else—but have that money at my office to-morrow before three o'clock or I'll put you in jail to-morrow night. And if you ever put your foot on this place or speak to that old woman again, I'll have you arrested. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now go." He opened the door.

"Officer, do you recognize this man?"

"Yes, sir, I know him."

"Well, I am going to let him go for the present."

The Rev. Amos was already slinking down the street. Mr. Graeme turned to the old woman.

"You want recognition?"

"Nor, suh, I don't." She gave a whimper. "I wants my money. I wants to git hold of dat black nigger whar's done rob' me talkin' 'bout bein' sich a friend o' Caesar's."

"Do you want to go home?"

"Dis is my home." She spoke humbly, but firmly.

Two days afterward Mrs. Graeme said:

"Cabell, Mammy is converted. It is like old times."

"I think it will last," said her husband. "She is out four hundred and fifty-five dollars, and the Mount Salem flock is temporarily without a shepherd. The Rev. Amos Johnson was gathered in this morning for fleecing one of his sheep and signing the wrong name to a check."

## THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH IN RECENT FICTION

THE fiction of locality has covered almost all of the States—but Pennsylvania has been very slow in giving its character and scenery expression. The region around Philadelphia has appeared in historical novels, and Bayard Taylor wrote several stories of "Kennett." Wolcott Balestier made a good beginning with his Bethlehem Moravian tale, "A Victorious Defeat," and there have been several novels of the oil regions. All of these have simply touched the edges of the great Keystone State. When dialect tales were in the air, novelists shied at the Pennsylvania Dutch. It is a dialect, but so outlandish and hard to comprehend that writers were afraid of it. Leland's "Hans Breitmann" ballads were a great humorous success, and have become almost a classic—Kipling, himself, bringing the Dutchman to life in one of his tales. But Breitmann spoke a simplified dialect, which was little more than a cold in the head. About fifteen years ago John Luther Long, now so well known as the author of "Madame Butterfly," began to write little tales in the real Pennsylvania Dutch dialect—that is, the language used by him when he tries to speak English. (The "Dutch" itself is something nobody, even a German, can understand, unless he has lived among that people.) Mr. Long's stories were exceedingly well conceived, but the dialect was so faithful as to be almost incomprehensible. One of his stories, the "Nix-nutz," was published and justified its dialect, difficult as it is. Then the Dutchman had a rest for a number of years.

Recently several good writers have taken him up again. Nelson Lloyd was first in the field. He had known Central Pennsylvania when a boy, and his observation and power of expression had been trained on the New York "Sun." His first stories were collected in a volume entitled "The Chronic Loafer." In them the Dunkers, Amish, and Mennonites appear at the village store, along with real Pennsylvanians of mixed lineage. The talk is rural Pennsylvanian, only occa-



By ROBERT BRIDGES

sionally seasoned with words from the Dutch dialect. But their traits of slow humor, clumsy satire, and apparent stupidity, combined with unexpected shrewdness, are all there. The humor of a simple, saving, not to say stingy, but kindly people pervades Mr. Lloyd's stories, and will no doubt appear in his new novel, "The Soldier of the Valley."

Several striking short stories signed "Georg Schock" have recently appeared in the magazines. They show the deep feeling and domestic intensity of the apparently stolid Dutchman (who, as everybody knows, is not a Dutchman at all, but the descendant of German immigrants). These little stories are sympathetic and touched with poetry of a homely sort.

The latest portrayal of these people in fiction is a full-fledged novel, "Tillie, a Mennonite Maid," by Helen R. Martin. It has in its workmanship much of the careful thoroughness which is characteristic of the Dutch themselves. There is nothing vague about the characters; each one is as definite as a photograph. Tillie, herself, is a delightful creature—practical and persistent like her race—but, in her heart, boiling with emotion and love of the color of life. To put such a semi-tropical flower in the plain strait-jacket of the Mennonites, who believe in the suppression of emotion, is the beginning of tragedy. How Tillie "found a way"—as the precocious Tommy would say—is the charm of the story. To become free in mind and spirit, though

born into narrowness, and "dummeness," to use the Dutch phrase, is Tillie's aspiration. It is a story of humble heroism; the means which the heroine uses are humble, the people who help her are humble, but what she achieves is heroic—the liberation of her own blithe spirit. Out of all the sordidness and littleness and petty motives of a simple people is evolved this really beautiful idyll.

The mistake which will be made about the book will come from those who take Jake Getz and some of his brethren as typical of his whole race.

With their bigotry and ignorance they are no more typical than Tillie with her soul of beauty and freedom. The Pennsylvania Dutch have produced men and women of learning and culture; their beautiful farms and pleasant homes can be seen for two hundred miles along the railroad as it crosses the State from East to West. The Normal Schools are filled with the children of these homes—homes where kindness rules and the virtues of a gentle life are cultivated. Few of the girls have the hard discipline that Tillie received from her father. They may "dress plain" and renounce the allurements of the world—but they make their straight bonnets sometimes out of purple silk, and their plain gowns out of lilac cashmere—and ride a bicycle in the costume. It is a picture that lingers in the memory.

The least successful characters in the story are those who came from the outside world. The Harvard man who drops into the tale as the "dude teacher" talks like a "gentleman friend" in a May Agnes Fleming novel. Tillie deserved a better fate. She ought to have run away to Easton and have been saved by a good plain-spoken Lafayette man of Scotch-Irish descent. That kind understand the Tillies of Pennsylvania.

The dialect has been simplified and managed with a great deal of skill. It will be a revelation to the outside world who think that all farmers should talk with a Down-East twang or a Virginia drawl.



# AN INVASION OF DODGE

THE STORY OF A CRAVEN DESPERADO

By

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

Author of "Wolfville," "The Boss," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS



**A**FTER Mr. Masterson killed Messrs. Wagner and Walker, who murdered his brother Ed, the word of that bloodshed was not slow in reaching Texas. The tale, when told throughout those cow-camps whose hundred fires winked along the Canadian, aroused an interest the foundational element whereof was wrath. The tragedy deeply displeased all Texas people of cows. The dead gentlemen had been Texans. Mr. Masterson, on the exasperating other hand, was an emanation of Illinois. That he stood Sheriff of Ford County, and, *ex officio*, Marshal of Dodge, owned no importance. That Messrs. Wagner and Walker had slain Mr. Masterson's brother, and were killed while their hands were red, was permitted to have no weight. Cowboys are a volatile lot; they probe no question over-deep, surely none so commonplace as a question of homicide. Wherefore, in connection with the blinking out of Messrs. Wagner and Walker, they of Texas chose to consider only the Texas origin of the deceased. Angry with the injured vanity of tribe, they spake evil of Mr. Masterson, and nursed vague feuds against him in their hearts. In the first, there was no one along the Canadian who specifically meditated the taking off of Mr. Masterson. But enough of general sort was said to show how none would be inconsolable should that gentleman find a soon and sudden ending for his days. With the last of it, however, the trend of public sentiment was not wanting of a positive effect.

There existed a Mr. Gato, just then riding for the Turkey Track. Mr. Gato was neither old nor reputable. He is dead now, and the ravens and coyotes have wrangled over his ignoble bones. Other Turkey Track boys called Mr. Gato "The Tomcat"—this latter, to give his name in English.

If the Tomcat had been all Mexican or all Comanche, this leaf of his story might never have been written. But he was half Mexican and half Comanche, and the blend was unfortunate. The Tomcat, ignorant, vicious, furtive, savage, was upon an intellectual level with the wolf, and of impulses as secret and as midnight. Also, he was dominated of an inborn pride to shed blood. He had been withheld from feeding that pride by vice or virtue of the rickety cross in his veins; he lacked the downright courage which was the enterprise's first demand.

The Tomcat, during their lives, had not been numbered among the friends of Messrs. Wagner and Walker. He was not possessed even of a drinking acquaintance with those mourned and vanished ones. Indeed, he never so much as heard of their existence until he heard that they were dead, as neither had labored with an outfit that bore the Tomcat on its books. It is due the Tomcat to say that this was chance, and not because of any social delicacy on the parts of the departed.

Despite a lack of personal interest, while the Tomcat listened to the sour comments of his spurred and broad-brimmed mates, as the story of Mr. Masterson's pistol practice found relation, a thought took struggling shape in the narrow fastnesses of his wit. He would ride those two hundred northward miles to Dodge and destroy the hated Mr. Masterson. Throughout two seasons he had gone with the beef herds over the Jones and Plummer trail, and, since the terminus of that thoroughfare lay in Dodge, he knew the way.

Also, at those beef times he had been given glimpses of Mr. Masterson about the streets in his rôle of protector of the public peace. The Tomcat did not recall Mr. Masterson as one uncommonly dangerous. He remembered him as a listless man of middle size and thoughtful eye. The Tomcat, when he thus gazed on Mr. Masterson, was somewhat blurred of drink. Still, had Mr. Masterson been more than usually perilous, the fact would have left some impress upon him, however steeped in rum. No. He was convinced that Mr. Masterson was not a problem beyond his powers. He could repair to Dodge and solve Mr. Masterson with his six-shooter.

When he should return to the Panhandle, bearing Mr. Masterson's hair upon his bridle-rein, the Tomcat foresaw how his own status as one of iron-bound fortitude would be thereby, and instantly, fixed. He would be placed in the deadly foreground with such worthies as Doc Holiday, Shotgun Collins, Curly Bill, and Soapy Smith. Poets would make verses about him as they had about the sainted Samuel Bass; dance-hall maidens would sing his glory in quavering quatrains. It was the Tomcat's vision of fame; rude, bloody, criminal,

but natural for the man and the day and the land it grew among.

The day following this bold decision, the Tomcat went forth upon the duties of the round-up; later he returned to camp in the hot middle hours of the afternoon. Having gotten a mouthful at the grub-wagon, the Tomcat thoughtfully walked his tired bronco toward the band of ponies which the horse-hustler was holding in the bottom grass that bordered the Canadian. The Tomcat's pregnant purpose of the night before was in no whit abated; indeed, it had grown more clear and strong with the hours. It looked sensibly feasible, too, as all things do when miles and weeks away. Likewise, since the idea improved upon him pleasantly, he would start about its carrying out at once.

In and out among the grazing ponies wound the Tomcat on his foot-weary mount. At last he pitched the loop of his rope over the head of a little bay with four black legs and an eye like the full moon. This pony had name for speed and bottom. He had come from the ranges of the Triangle-dot, whose ponies, as all the cow world knows, have in them a broad streak of the thoroughbred. The one roped by the Tomcat, carrying a 30-pound saddle and a 150-pound man, could put one hundred even miles behind him between dark and dark. He had never tasted anything better than mother's milk and grass, at that, and would have drawn back and hollyhocked his nostrils at an ear of yellow corn as though that vegetable were a rattlesnake. The name of the bay pony was the name of Shakespeare's Jew.

There was to be no delay in the Tomcat's design.



THE TOMCAT WAS "BUFFALOED" AND CHUCKED INTO THE STREET

Shifting the saddle from the tired one to Shylock, the Tomcat went at once his northward path.

Dodge, when once our gentleman reached that vigorous metropolis, took no absorbing interest in the Tomcat. His kind was frequent in its causeways, and the Tomcat as a specimen owned no attribute beyond the common, save an inordinate appetite for rum and a

Ballard rifle. He could drink more liquor than was the custom of Dodge; also the Ballard attracted attention in a region where every man used either a Winchester or a Sharp's. But neither the Tomcat's capacity for strong drink, nor yet his rifle, could hold public curiosity for long, and within ten minutes after he strode into the Sound Asleep Saloon, and called for an initial drink, Dodge lost concern in him and turned to its own affairs.

The Tomcat, now he was in Dodge, seemed in no haste to search forth Mr. Masterson. This was in no wise strange; for one thing, his Shylock pony needed rest. Shylock had been put in the Dodge corrals, and, gorging on alfalfa, was bravely filling out the hollows of his flanks. The Tomcat decided that he would abide in Dodge two days before sounding his war-cry. Then, just as night was drawing, he would saddle up and hunt the obnoxious Mr. Masterson. Upon meeting that officer, the Tomcat would shoot him down. His mission thus happily concluded, he would make a spurring rush Panhandleward. Once more by the Canadian, he did not fear for his safety.

Running the plan forward and back in what he called his mind, the Tomcat again reflected on what would be his glorious reward! His daring and stark manhood should become the theme on every lip! He would be no more the Tomcat, but gain re-baptism as the Man who downed Bat Masterson! The girls of the hurdy-gurdies would set his fame to music! Indeed, the Tomcat foresaw a gorgeous future when, returning to his native heath, he should wear laurel as that stout one who from the fame of Texas washed a stain away.

These matters ran like a millrace in the vainglorious pate of the Tomcat as he loafed about the barrooms of Dodge, waiting for Shylock to recuperate, and the moment of murder to ripely arrive. On occasion the Tomcat brushed by Mr. Masterson as the pair met in the narrow walks of Dodge. But the Tomcat did not give his victim-to-be a look. There was a steadfastness in the jade-stone stare of Mr. Masterson that was disconcerting to the Tomcat. Wherefore, the Tomcat gazed up or down the street; but never once at Mr. Masterson.

"Never mind!" grunted the Tomcat behind his teeth, "I'll try a shot at him if I swing for it."

It was the day appointed by the virulent Tomcat for the destruction of Mr. Masterson. The Tomcat programmed the slaughter for that last moment when the setting sun should touch the hard gray skyline. The Tomcat might want in mental depth; but he was posted concerning the value of night as a trail-coverer.

Under the pressure of great events to come, the Tomcat's cunning had been so far promoted that he even thought of riding out of Dodge to the north after Mr. Masterson had been successfully wiped out. Then, it being dark, he could sweep to the unseen south; not alone his trail but his direction would thus be lost to whomsoever should pursue. A hot-foot all-night ride should bring him to the Cimmaron. There he would be out of Kansas and into the Indian Territory, Texas, and celebration within easy throw. Now, all this might have come to pass as the slender wisdom of the Tomcat schemed it, had it not been for the unexpected.

It stood four for the hour with every honest clock in Dodge when the Tomcat, killing time, came into the Sound Asleep Saloon. There, among other attractions, he found a noncommittal Mexican dealing monte. The Tomcat cast a careless dollar on the queen, and lost. A second dollar vanished in pursuit of its predecessor. At that, the Tomcat, holding Mexicans in cheap esteem, lifted up condemnatory voice.

"This is a robbers' roost," quoth the depleted Tomcat, "an' every gent in it is a boss-thief."

Now Mr. Kelly, proprietor of the Sound Asleep Saloon, was present, dozing in a chair. The clamorous Tomcat aroused him with his uproar. It struck Mr. Kelly that the wide-flung extravagance of the Tomcat's remark multiplied the insult it conveyed. Without ado Mr. Kelly, in retort to the slanderous Tomcat, arose and exhaustively "buffaloed" that individual.

When an offender is "buffaloed," he is buffeted, shoved, choked, manhandled, and chucked into the street. Once on the sidewalk, he is kicked until justice asks no more. In this instance, the Tomcat was excessively "buffaloed," and at the close of the cere-



mony crawled to the cheap hotel wherein he had pitched his camp, there to nurse his bruises and bind up his wounds.

No, every violator of Western ethics is not "buffaloed." It is a method of reproof reserved for folk who are of small estate. When one is known for the sandstone sort of his courage and the prompt accuracy of his gun, he is never "buffaloed." By his achievements he has raised himself superior to such reprimand, just as a Sioux warrior may lift himself above the power of tribal judges to "soldier-kill" him for misdemeanors, by his prowess in the field. Only humble malefactors are "buffaloed." Those whose eminence forbids the ordeal may be shot instead. When one is too great to be "buffaloed," the close season for that personage is at an end. He is open game to the gun of any man he injures. The law has abandoned him, and his hand must keep his head.

That the Tomcat was disgracefully "buffaloed" by the energetic Mr. Kelly may be accepted as evidence that he had no respectful standing in the estimation of Dodge. As stated, after it was over, he withdrew to cure his aches, while Mr. Kelly modified his own fatigues with three fingers of an Old Jordan which he kept especially for himself.

The Tomcat had been so deeply "buffaloed" that he did not move from his blankets for two days. Thereby the taking off of Mr. Masterson was deferred. Indeed, the current of the Tomcat's blood-desires found itself deflected. When he crept forth, his ambition to kill Mr. Masterson had been supplanted by a vengeful wish to murder Mr. Kelly of the Sound Asleep Saloon.

No one should marvel at this. Mr. Masterson had injured only the Texas public. Mr. Kelly had come more nearly home with injuries personal to the limping Tomcat himself. All men prefer a private to a public interest. It was but nature moving when the wronged Tomcat, forgetting Mr. Masterson, for whose hair he had come so far, gave himself heart and soul to how he might best spill the life of Mr. Kelly.

After mature study, when now he was again abroad, the Tomcat could devise nothing better than to pull up his pony in front of the Sound Asleep Saloon, at the hour of eight in the evening, and attempt, from the saddle, to pot Mr. Kelly with the Ballard. The Tomcat banged away with the Ballard all he knew, but the enterprise went astray in double fashion. The Tomcat missed Mr. Kelly by a wide foot; also he killed a girl whose mission it had been to dance and sing, for public gratification, in the Sound Asleep Saloon.

Shylock jumped sidewise at the flash, and the Tomcat—whose seat in the saddle had not been strengthened by his troubles—was thrown upon his head. Before he might recover, the Dodge populace piled itself above him and the Tomcat was taken captive by twenty hands at once. He would have been lynched, only Mr. Masterson charged into the press. With the Tomcat held fast in one fist, Mr. Masterson drew his six-shooter with the other and established therewith a zone of safety. Since the Alcalde, Mr. Wright, was at leisure, Mr. Masterson hailed the Tomcat instantly before that magistrate.

If one were writing fiction, one from this point would find open sailing. One would have nothing more difficult to do than empanel a jury, convict, and swing off the Tomcat. In this true relation, however, there opens no such gate of escape. One must now record a temporary good fortune that fell to the share of the Tomcat.

The Tomcat, somewhat a-droop, was brought into the presence of Mr. Wright, Alcalde. Before a word might be said, a fusillade of pistol shots split the evening into splinters at the far end of the street. Two gentlemen, disagreeing, had adduced six-shooters in support of their positions.

The dispute, audible to all Dodge, aroused the liveliest curiosity. There befell a general stampede, every man rushing toward the forum where the debate was being waged. So universal was that sentiment of curiosity that it even swept the careful Mr. Masterson from his official feet. He forgot for the nonce the Tomcat. He recovered himself only to learn that the Tomcat was gone. Our furtive one had slipped away in the hurly-burly, and since the fleet Shylock—who had been left saddled in the street—was also absent, the assumption obtained that the two had departed together and were already overhauling the distant Panhandle at the rate of fifteen miles the hour.

Disgruntled for what he looked upon as the fruit of his own neglect, Mr. Masterson cinched a hurried saddle on to the best horse in Dodge, and flashed southward after the Tomcat. Mr. Masterson was twenty minutes behind the hurrying Tomcat. Laid flat on the ground and measured, those twenty minutes in the swallow-like instance of Shylock would mean nothing short of seven miles. Mr. Masterson cursed as he remembered this, and considered how a stern chase is never a short chase. For all that, Mr. Masterson was resolved dead or alive to have his man again.

"I'll get him," said Mr. Masterson, "even if I have to swing and rattle with him plumb to the Rio Grande!"

Mr. Masterson had one advantage over the Tomcat. He knew the country as a beggar knows his dish. At the end of the first three miles he swung into a short cut to the left. His design was to outstride the Tomcat and cut him off on the banks of the White Woman. Once in the side trail, Mr. Masterson, like a good rider, disposed himself in the saddle so as to save his horse; the latter—big and rangy—uncoupled into that long, swinging gallop which carries the furthest because it is the easiest of gaits.

"It is the foxy thing to head this party off," commented Mr. Masterson, as he swept along. "Once I'm in his front, he ought to be sure. A flying man never looks ahead."

The white alkali trail rung hard and loud beneath the horse's hoofs. There was a veil of cloud across the face of the sky. Then the west wind put it aside,

and the moon and the big stars looked down. A coyote punctuated the stillness with its staccato yelps. A jackrabbit jumped up and went bustling ahead, never leaving the paper-white streak of trail that seemed to fascinate it. At last, breath gone and wholly pumped, it had just instinctive sense enough to wobble a yard to one side, and escape being run down by the galloping horse. A band of antelope brushed across in front like startled shadows.

Mr. Masterson was not to be engaged by these phenomena of the hour and place; he must reach the White Woman in advance of the Tomcat. Lifting his horse to the work, Mr. Masterson nursed it through trail-devouring hours.

Then there came an interference. It was midnight by the shining word of the moon when a low roaring, distant and muffled, like the beat of a million drums, broke on Mr. Masterson. It was up the wind and from the west.

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Masterson aloud, and he pulled up his horse to listen. "It's a good ways off as yet," he continued. "It must be a hummer to send its word so far." Then patting his horse's neck: "My sympathies will be with you, old boy, when it reaches us."

Over in the northwest a cloud came suddenly up with the swiftness of a drawn curtain. One by one it shut out like a screen the stars and the moon. Mr. Masterson was on the ground in an instant.

"It'll detain him as much as it does me," thought Mr. Masterson, whose mind ran always on his quarry.

Mr. Masterson took a pair of rawhide hobbles from the saddle and fastened the fore fetlocks of his horse. Then he stripped off the saddle.

"I'll leave you the blanket," remarked Mr. Masterson to his horse, "but I'm going to need the saddle for myself."

Mr. Masterson crouched upon the ground, making the saddle a roof to cover his head, the skirts held tight about his shoulders by the girths. The roar grew until from a million drums it improved to be a million flails on as many threshing floors. It was indeed a noble din. Mr. Masterson clawed the saddle-skirts tight, as with a swish and a swirl the hailstorm was upon him. The round hailstones beat upon the saddle like buckshot. They leaped and bounded along the ground. They showed of a size and hardness to compare with those marbles meant for children's games.

Saved by the saddle, Mr. Masterson came through without a mark. His horse, with nothing more defensive than a square of saddle-blanket, had no such luck. Above the drumming of the hailstones, Mr. Masterson might hear that unfortunate animal as torn by mixed emotions of pain, amazement, and indignation, it bucked about the scene in a manner that would have done infinite grace to a circus. A best feature of the hailstorm was that it did not last five minutes; it passed to the south and east, and its mutterings grew fainter and more faint with every moment.

The storm over, Mr. Masterson caught up his horse, which seemed much subdued of spirit by what it had gone through. As gently as might be—to humor the bruises—he re-cinched the heavy Colorado saddle in its place.

"Better keep you moving now, old boy," quoth Mr. Masterson. "It'll take the soreness out. You needn't shout about it," he concluded, as the sorely battered horse gave a squeal of pain; "a hailstone isn't a bullet, and it might have been worse, you know."

Again Mr. Masterson stretched southward, and again the moon and stars came out to light the way. The



MR. MASTERSON PUT ASIDE HIS GLASSES AND PLANTED HIMSELF WHERE HE WOULD DO THE GREATEST GOOD

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storm drew forth the acrid earth-smells that sleep in the grass-roots on the plains. To mix with these, it brought a breath from the pine-sown Rockies four hundred miles away. These are the odors which soak into a man and make him forever of the West.

It was broad day when Mr. Masterson rode down to the lonely ford. He sighed with relief as his hawk eye showed him how no one had passed since the storm.

"I'm in luck!" said he.

Mr. Masterson hobbled his horse, and set that tired animal to feed among the fresh green of the bottom. Mr. Masterson unslung a pair of field-glasses which he wore for the good of his office, and sent a rearward glance along the trail. Rod by rod he picked it up for miles. There was no one in sight; he had come in ample time.

"I had ten miles the best of him by that cut-off," ruminated Mr. Masterson.

Then Mr. Masterson began to wish he had something to eat. However, he must starve till he got his man. He might have found a turkey in the brush-clumps along the White Woman. He might have risked the noise of a shot, being so far ahead. But Mr. Masterson did not care to eat a turkey raw, and he dared not chance a smoke; the Tomcat would have read the sign for miles and crept aside. Mr. Masterson drew his belt tighter by a hole, and thought on other things than breakfast. It wouldn't be the first time that Mr. Masterson had missed a meal, and he consoled himself with that. It is an empty form of consolation, as he who tries may tell.

"If there's anything I despise, it's hunger," said Mr. Masterson. He was a desperate man at table.

Mr. Masterson lay out of view, and kept his glasses on a strip five miles away where the trail ribboned over a hill. There, in the end, he found what he sought. Mr. Masterson had made out the Tomcat, a bobbing speck in the distance.

Mr. Masterson put aside his glasses, and planted himself where he would do the greatest good. While concealed, he still commanded the approach to the ford. To give his presence weight, Mr. Masterson possessed a 16-pound buffalo gun—a Sharp's, .50-calibre.

"As I remember this party," soliloquized Mr. Masterson, "I don't reckon now he's got sense enough to surrender when he's told. And when I think of that little lady dead in Dodge, I don't feel like taking chances on him. I'll hail him, and if he hesitates the risk is his."

Thirty minutes had come and gone since Mr. Masterson through his glasses followed the Tomcat down the far-off slope. Shylock, stanch as whalebone though he was, had found the clip a killer. He was not covering ground as in the beginning. There they were at last; the weary pony and the hunted man, both showing the wear and tear of pace.

Ballard ready on his hip, the Tomcat, giving a nervous backward look, brought Shylock to a walk. The broken pony came stumbling down to the ford. Mr. Masterson, with his mighty buffalo gun, aroused himself for official business.

"Drop that rifle!" said Mr. Masterson.

It was like a bolt from the blue to the spent and shaken Tomcat. He gulped and gasped in a startled way. Then despair standing in the stead of courage, he tossed the Ballard into his left hand and fired, bang! at Mr. Masterson's face where it showed above the bank. The bullet tossed the dust a yard to the left. Mixed bloods and Indians at their best are but poor hands with a rifle, and the Tomcat was at his worst.

With the crack of the Ballard came the roar of the Sharp's. The great bullet, which would have torn its way through the vitals of a buffalo bull at six hundred yards, brought the Tomcat whirling from the saddle like a stricken wild duck. What with sheer weariness, and an inadvertent yank at the Spanish bits, as the Tomcat went overboard, poor Shylock also stumbled and fell. He came down on the Tomcat; in the scramble to get to his feet, Shylock blundered and fell upon the Tomcat again. Mr. Masterson flung another cartridge into the buffalo gun. Then he warily approached the Tomcat, muzzle to the fore, finger on trigger. A dying man will sometimes pull a six-shooter with the last flicker of his failing strength, and gulp vengeance as he quits the earth.

Mr. Masterson seized the Tomcat by the shoulders and dragged him from under Shylock—still heaving and plunging to regain his feet. There was no call for a second look; the experienced Mr. Masterson could tell by the ash-color struggling through the tan that the death-draw was on the Tomcat at the very moment.

The Tomcat, hiccupping and bleeding, lay on the short stiff grass and rolled a hateful eye on his destroyer. Mr. Masterson, thinking on the girl who died in Dodge, gave back a look as hateful. And this, in the midst of the lonesome plains, is what these spoke to one another—these, the slayer and the slain—to show how bald is truth.

"You blank-blanked-blankety-blank! you ought to have made a better shot than that!" said the Tomcat.

"Well, you blank-blanked murderer, I did the best I could," said Mr. Masterson.

It was an hour later. Mr. Masterson, as he walked his horse over the hill upon which he had first beheld the coming of the Tomcat, halted and looked back. Shylock of the empty saddle nosed up to Mr. Masterson's horse in a friendly way. Five miles to the south, on the banks of the White Woman, a raven wheeled and stooped. Away to the left a coyote yelped—another yelped in answer, and then another. Mr. Masterson shrugged his wide shoulders. The coyote by daylight makes grawsome melody.

"The ground was too hard to let me dig a grave," said Mr. Masterson, as he turned his horse's nose again toward Dodge, "even if I'd had the tools. Besides, I'm not an undertaker; I'm a sheriff."



# AN INDEPENDENT CHARGE

By OWEN OLIVER.

Author of "In His Private Capacity," "Young Briggs' Sister," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

A story of the war time in South Africa, in which a British corporal acquits himself of his first charge under the mixed incentives of loyalty to his flag and love for a little Boer child



SHE LOOKED AT HIM DOUBTFULLY FOR A FEW SECONDS

THERE was sun-red in the west, and fire-red over a farm to the north, and dull blood-red on some of the bayonets of Captain Foulke's detachment. The farm had hoisted the white flag first and fired afterward, and the detachment had run like mad toward the farm. 1980, Private G. Brown, had won the race by a stratagem, entering a window instead of a door, and executing a masterly flank attack. His bayonet was twisted, and when he fell behind the rest to hammer it straight with a stone, the Captain joined him.

"You've done good work to-day, Brown," he said. "If I can find a way to record it—"

"Put it in the defaulter-sheet, sir," Brown suggested cheerfully. The previous records of his service were there! The Captain shook his head.

"It's a pity that a brave soldier should be in there," he said gravely. "Especially a man who could get his stripes. Why the deuce don't you buck up?"

Brown shifted two fowls from one shoulder to the other, and fidgeted with his belt.

"Doesn't seem anything to make me," he explained. "I might if I had a charge of my own."

"Then you'd better— Confound those boys. They'll have it over." The Captain ran to the drift, where the ration cart was tilted on one wheel, and used strong words to the sergeant. The sergeant used strong words to the men, the men used strong words to the Kaffirs, and the Kaffirs used strong words to the kicking mules. Private Brown stopped again to tie up his shoe laces, and used strong words to himself.

"If that blooming farm doesn't burn down—as it won't—there'll be something more for the 'records.' The Captain's right, blessed if he isn't, I'm a fool—a blooming fool!"

Then he overtook his officer with huge swinging strides. He was a long, good-looking youth, and led the battalion forward at football.

"Looks as if the fire's going out, sir," he suggested. "There wasn't enough paper to fire the wood properly, if I'm a judge." As he had removed most of the paper, he had special qualifications for judging.

"Umph!" The Captain looked behind him at the faint red glare. "We can't go back now."

Brown shifted the fowls again. It seemed to relieve his feelings.

"Will you be dropping me at the blockhouse again, sir?" He had volunteered for the trek, in place of a man who was footsore.

"Ye-es," the Captain said slowly. "I'm taking Hughes away on his promotion. I've the Colonel's orders to select some one to take charge in his place. I've selected you, Corporal Brown—I'm taking a risk."

He looked hard at Brown, who flushed under his tan.

"I hope you'll drop on me heavy, sir, if I let you in," he said emphatically. "and—and—thank you—About that farm. I could easy drop over and fire it again."

"Umph! It's a good seven miles, and there are always a few Boers knocking about."

"I don't mind them. That isn't against me in the—records." He had taken a sudden dislike to mentioning the defaulter-sheets. "Knowing the place, I'd be all right, and if I wasn't it would only be one short at the Post."

The Captain did not answer till they were nearly at the blockhouse; then he nodded.

"Very well," he agreed.

He installed Brown in charge of his little garrison—the usual seven men—then he and his detachment

trudged wearily along to the siding where they were to entrain. Brown acknowledged the congratulations of his comrades with successive grunts, handed over the fowls to Saunders, who acted as cook, and sat down on a biscuit-box outside the barbed wire fence, hung with jingling cans. He sat there a long time, with his elbow on his knee, and his chin on his hand, looking into the twilight, where the stars were beginning to blink. Presently Lee strolled out and joined him.

"Thinkin' of things, matey? Ah-h!—Makes yer think, lookin' at them 'ere bloomin' 'ills, an' them 'ere bloomin' stars. A chap's bound to think w'en 'e's dry!"

Brown roused suddenly and slapped his leg. "Smell this, old chap!" He held out his water bottle.

Lee smelled it eagerly, and heaved a sigh of satisfaction. Then he called the others and they sniffed in turn. They fetched Saunders from his cooking to have a smell too—being fair-minded men.

"Saw the jar on the table as I scrambled in the window," Brown explained complacently. "Chucked the tablecloth over it as I passed, to keep it out of notice of them as can't keep off liquor." He winked. "A Boer at the door turned as I was doing it, and nearly pipped me 'fore I gave him point. He shouted, and they all came bunking along the passage. I bayoneted the first chap, but couldn't get it out. Luckily for me, the passage was narrow, and they were too crowded to get their guns up. So I just landed out with my fists and feet! Then the Captain and the others came in like a hurricane, and I went down with half a dozen Boers on top of me. 'Mind Brown,' the Captain shouted, 'he's underneath.' I couldn't shout myself, 'cause my breath was squeezed out. When they pulled them off top of me I was so winded that I had to go and lie down—alongside of the jar!" He winked again.

"Ow much do you reckon was in it?" asked Nipper Jones, wiping his hand thoughtfully across his mouth.



SHE OFFERED EACH A SPOONFUL, AND THEY PRETENDED TO EAT IT

"'Bout three gallon—now."

"Didn't 'e burn the shanty?"

"He set light to it, but it didn't catch properly."

"'Wotho!" said Smiler Harris. "We'll do a little trek on our own to-morrow!" Brown frowned.

"There'll be no leaving this post while I'm in charge. Tain't no use grousing. They're my orders— But I've got the Captain's leave to go by myself and fire it again."

"Wot you won't do, in course, while there's anything to go back for," said Taffy Williams with a grin.

"What I'll do sure as a man's drunk on pay day," said Brown steadily. "And there'll be no going back, 'cause we can't spare men from here."

"Nipper an' me 'll go with yer," suggested Smith; but Brown shook his head again.

"Can't risk men," he pronounced. "I tell you what I'll do, though. I'll take all the water bottles—I can sling 'em on a strap—and fill 'em. Only mind this, if I don't come back, there's no coming after me. This blockhouse has got to be held. That's my orders."

The men looked at one another; then they looked at Brown. He was the biggest man, and the strongest, and a little above their class, which told more.

"Seems to me," said Smiler, "as the commander-in-chief 'as brought in a scheme of army reform—beginnin' with 'isselt!'"

After supper two packs of war-worn cards were produced for whist. Smiler's pack was fairly satisfactory, every card being represented by a whole or a fragment; but two of Williams's cards were missing. They replaced them by a biscuit and a lump of sugar, assigned to the dealer and elder hand.

"Ver might 'ave nicked a pack of cards, Gen'ral," Lee observed, "seein' as we only got one 'ole pack, an' two 'ole fours."

"You haven't," said Brown sharply. "Mac is on sentry-go."

"Sentry be blowed," said Macdonald. "I'll 'ave a lookout between the deals, same as usual."

"You won't!" Brown brought his big fist down on the pile of biscuit-tins that served as a table. "We'll have a proper lookout while this show is in my charge. That's my orders."

There was a grumbling murmur. The men looked at Lee, who was usually their spokesman, but he shook his head. He always had a liking for Brown, and he had been a good soldier—before he was a bad one.

"Orders," said Taffy Williams, "depends on wot is be'ind 'em."

Brown leaned forward, and wagged a long finger at him.

"Behind 'em," he said, "is military law—and me."

There was an ominous growl, and Macdonald smiled evilly.

"I'll account for one part," he growled, "you puffed-up—"

Brown rose, and Macdonald jumped up simultaneously, but Lee intervened.

"Mates," he said, "you can back-jaw as much as you like; but 'e's right, an' you know it."

There was an awkward silence. Ted Murphy broke it.

"Faith, Gin'ral," he said, "ye'll be after savin' a week av me pay from them gamblin' spalpeens. O'd rather do sentry-go, an' trust meself to the Boers."

He picked up his rifle, and slouched to the door, but Macdonald faced him furiously.

"I ain't 'andin' over my jobs to nobody," he yelled, "an' that's military law—an' me!"

Thereupon he seized his rifle, and marched up and down outside. Brown saw that the whist-players had their rifles ready. Then he went outside and inspected the sentry. The sentry inspected him also.

"I'm all right," he growled.

"If you ain't, no one ain't, Mac," said Brown. "The best eye and ear of the lot of us, you've got."

Macdonald grunted. "It wasn't that, mate. I—I wanted to shake hands with you."

When Smiler relieved Macdonald

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The Captain did not answer till they were nearly at the blockhouse; then he nodded.

"Very well," he agreed.

He installed Brown in charge of his little garrison—the usual seven men—then he and his detachment

trudged wearily along to the siding where they were to entrain. Brown acknowledged the congratulations of his comrades with successive grunts, handed over the fowls to Saunders, who acted as cook, and sat down on a biscuit-box outside the barbed wire fence, hung with jingling cans. He sat there a long time, with his elbow on his knee, and his chin on his hand, looking into the twilight, where the stars were beginning to blink. Presently Lee strolled out and joined him.



and stopped till Lee took a turn. Then he went all round the fence, listened with his ear to the ground, and went to "bed."

"Fancy you're a bloomin' gen'ral, young 'un?" Lee inquired good humoredly. Brown laughed nervously. "I've got my show to run," he apologized. Small show or big show, a show of his own makes a man.

The next morning Corporal Brown made his little army clean their arms, pile an extra row of big stones on the *sangar*, or breastwork round the trench, and fire some bushes which obstructed the view of "Dog Kopje." They called it that because Lee had put a dying dog out of his misery there, and laboriously dug a grave in the hard soil for him.

"Couldn't be worried with the beastie's 'owls," he apologized. "Like a lurcher wot I 'ad onst, 'e was."

When the garrison was in order, Brown set out with eight water bottles slung over his shoulder, taking cover (for his legs chiefly!) of mimosa scrub, and boulders, and ant-hills, in accordance with the instructions which the Captain had often given them.

"It don't seem right to be hiding from a pack of Boers," he reflected, "but if I don't get back, there's no telling what those chaps will do. I've got my responsibilities." Which was a new view of life to Corporal Brown.

He scrutinized the farm from a clump of trees, and approached it cautiously along a hedge. From this hedge he advanced in extended order to an outhouse. Then he heard a noise in the farm. He became rigid,

and raised his rifle steadily. After a few seconds he heard it again. It sounded like a muffled sob. He lowered the rifle and mopped his forehead.

"Some of the women come back," he muttered, "and found—what we left. I ain't going to face them. They've got their feelings, the same as other people."

He listened intently, and heard the sound again and again. Then it rose to a sharp cry.

"Hang me!" he said, "if it isn't a blooming kid. It must have been left behind and got back to the house!"

He skirried from the shed to the *stoep*, from the *stoep* to the window, from the window to the door, and from the door to another door. In the kitchen he saw a baby, about eighteen months old, tiptoeing vainly to reach a piece of bread on the dresser. She was a chubby little girl, with big blue eyes and light hair, and the tears had made white tracks down her grubby little face. When she saw him she backed away, with her small hands clinched in fright.

"Ka!" she cried with a gasp. "Ka!" She meant Khaki, the Boer term for our soldiers.

"I won't hurt you, baby," he protested, with clumsy gentleness; but the child backed further away, till the wall stopped her.

"Ka!" she cried shakily. "Ka!"

"Ka not hurt," he assured her. "Ka good. Baby not cry."

She continued crying softly, and it occurred to him that perhaps she was hungry. He produced a biscuit

from his pocket. She held to a chair with one hand, and stretched out the other slowly. He inserted the biscuit at arm's length. She looked at him doubtfully for a few seconds, with one eye on the biscuit. Then she ate it so greedily that she half choked.

"Not so fast," he remonstrated, but she finished it rapidly. So he gave her another. He thought that she was probably thirsty too. He found some milk on the dresser, but it had gone sour. He fetched some water instead. When she had finished the cupful, he wiped her eyes and mouth, and gave her another biscuit. She held up her mouth.

"Kus Ka!" she offered. He kissed her and took her on his knee.

"Poor little girl," he said. "Poor little girl."

The child nestled against him and held his tunic with one hand, while she fed herself with the other. Then she went to sleep, shuddering and catching her breath every few seconds. Each time he drew her a little closer. When she was sleeping soundly, he laid her on the sofa, and stretched himself to get the pins and needles out of his arm. Then he went in search of fresh fuel to add to the charred pile against the house. Failing anything better, he tore the paper out of some books, and chopped up the kitchen table and some chairs, and poured a can of oil over the whole. He went back to the kitchen and lunched off some dry bread and *biltong*, and a generous dose from the jar, watered cautiously. Then he had a look at the child. "Wonder what kids eat?" he muttered. (Continued on page 27.)



# THE GREAT COOK TRUST

A STORY OF HOW A DEVELOPMENT OF CO-OPERATIVE EFFORT NEARLY RESULTED IN THE ANNIHILATION OF ALL COOKS

By KENNETH BROWN : : : Illustrated by HERMAN HEYER

IT WAS almost immediately after my return to my own world that I fell in love with Edith Wooster of New York. For one year I had been lost to my friends and to the world, of which it would be false modesty to say I was not a distinguished ornament. In a discussion, just after my graduation, my practical knowledge of sociological matters was questioned, in spite of my having written the most brilliant thesis, on "The Soul of a Workingman," that a Harvard Commencement had ever produced. My thesis was asserted to be the product of books, not of personal acquaintance with what I wrote about, and while its brilliance was freely admitted, its convincingness to the well-informed was denied.

That night I disappeared and wandered for three hundred and sixty-five days through all ranks of labor, till I felt that I had exhausted the subject, till I admitted the truth of what the questioner of my thesis had asserted. The knowledge of the lower world that I gained during this year now not only became of tremendous use in furthering my love affair with Edith Wooster, but indirectly led me into the greatest scheme that the mind of man had ever conceived—the Great Cook Trust—as I shall tell.

I had always been used to a good deal of feminine admiration, and, perhaps because of this, marrying had never been to me anything except a remote possibility, like growing old, or dying. I am not in the least of an amorous disposition, and love-making had been for me nothing except a pleasant social amusement, an affair of the intellect, not of the senses—although I had noticed, not without a certain pitying contempt, how profoundly it often affected other men, at least for a time. Yet now I found my whole will bent on marrying Edith, the only child of a man who was said never to see the initials of his country except in the monogram which stands for our unit of currency, and who piled millions on millions as children heap sand on sand. Old Wooster opposed me, and I have often wondered since how much this opposition determined me on marrying Edith. It was the first opposition I had ever encountered. I, who had wandered free, encountered barriers, and barriers were an insult.

My courting was curious. With Edith, of course, I had no trouble; but suddenly I became as punctilious as any little princeling of Europe. It had never occurred to me that the consent of parents was a necessary prerequisite to marriage; but when I found the consent withheld, and withheld in an offensive manner, I determined to force it. I could easily have eloped with Edith. I might have married her without her father's consent, since she was of age. Instead, I sought an audience with old Wooster, and at the audience demanded the hand of his daughter, like the hero of any historical novel.

There never was any great sympathy between me and my father-in-law to be, even later when we were hand-in-glove associates in the Cook Trust, and at this interview our mutual dislike of each other was near ferocity. My ideas and ideals—sitting lightly

upon me as they often do on a young man—were those I had got at Harvard: In Fine Arts 3, in Geology 4, in English 12—Norton, Shaler, and Briggs, modified or intensified by my year among the working class. Old Wooster had one simple standard, the dollar mark. The newspapers that he subsidized spoke of the thousands he employed; they might as well have praised him for the red and white corpuscles that lived in his veins.

Our interview was one in which a humorist would have found delight, so thoroughly did our ideals clash, so genuine was the contempt of each for each.

"You can play-act and sing and kick a football about with other boys," Wooster said, with a glance more cutting than his words.

"I can earn my living," I interrupted fiercely.

"In what manner?" he sneered.

"With these hands—at a dollar and a half a day!" I exclaimed proudly.

"Yes, you are a big husky fellow. I dare say you might earn your living digging a ditch."

For the first time I realized the utter dissimilarity between the standards I had been taught were worth holding and those held by such men as Wooster. I had, of course, heard of mercenary standards often enough; what they meant I had never appreciated before. I saw I had made a profound tactical mistake, had lowered myself in his eyes when I thought I was showing my manhood. At the same time, as if I were awakening from sleep, I became aware of my powers. I knew that this man, who wrecked railroads at will, who could almost make or unmake the prosperity of the country, was but an infant, in comparison with me, in real ability.

I turned to him quite calmly: "There is something else I can do—I can marry your daughter with your full consent inside of a year," and walked from the room without waiting for an answer.

## II

DURING the next year I discovered my genius for organization. At my interview with old Wooster, a plan for bringing him to his knees had flashed through my mind, a plan so chimerical and absurd that I am convinced no other mind than my own would have entertained it for an instant. To me, even with its absurdities, its almost infinite possibilities were patent from the outset.

To be brief—for to tell everything in detail would require a library—during this year I organized the whole of the domestic labor of New York into a union, which came to be known—at first jocularly, and then in mingled fear and hate—as the Cook Trust. And this stupendous machine I had called into being for one girl, held leveled at one man. Had he known of it he might well have sought flight in the grave, but it was begun and carried on in a secrecy always well maintained, and, at first, perfectly impenetrable. This I consider the greatest proof of my genius; to be able to inspire in the inchoate mass of cooks, butler, cham-

bermaids, and the rest of this class, a faithfulness which not only followed me to their temporary pecuniary loss, but inspired them to hold their tongues instead of vaunting each little victorious step and so defeating complete ultimate victory.

The position from which I directed my campaign was that of butler in the Wooster household. I had a genius for acting (at Harvard I was the star of the Hasty Pudding theatricals) and no one—not even Edith—suspected me the whole time that I was there. My strategic position was masterly. I was in the enemy's inner citadel; every move of his I could discount; every sign of weakness and exhaustion was revealed to me. In addition, Edith, who might have forgotten me in my absence, received letters from her lover in a mysterious manner that served to envelop the thought of him with ever greater glamour.

After my interview with Wooster, Edith was bidden to stay in her chamber, *incommunicado*, for a week, after the fashion of daughters of the Middle Ages, and this she did with tears and repinings. At the end of that time Wooster relented. The society columns of the papers related that I had gone from New York and was sporting myself at Bar Harbor. The society papers were wrong; for before the end of the week I was installed as butler in the Wooster household.

Wooster released Edith from her imprisonment all sighs and tears, but the same day she found beneath her plate, at her solitary luncheon, a letter from her absent lover. She was too pleased and frightened to question any of the servants as to how it got there, and none of them would have known about it if she had. (She did not connect the letter and the new butler.) When Wooster came home that night he found a rosy and happy daughter, who bore a slurring reference to her lover with smiling equanimity. Wooster felt that he had cured her of what, in the language of the sensation novels, is called "her mad infatuation," and her continued cheerfulness, as time wore on, lulled him in his sense of a love affair well broken up. But thereafter, as I have said, at irregular intervals and in unexpected places—in her card-case, in her powder-box, beneath her pillow, inside the book she was reading where she had left a mark, once even in a box of roses her father himself brought her, and which he had left standing a few minutes in the hall—appeared these letters from me. No wonder the thought of me did not grow cold in her heart.

## III

In a few months my organization of cooks had proceeded far enough so that I was enabled to begin dropping the woe of the universe upon my prospective—at that time not very prospective—father-in-law. It may seem absurd to think of a man who held the happiness of thousands, of millions, in his power, being plagued by trouble with his servants. And so it must have seemed to him; for when the annoyance of it first began to penetrate to him he raged as a lion might who was caught in a mouse-trap and could not get



out. He appeared to scent an indefinable conspiracy against himself, although he could not be even morally sure of it. When his meals began to fail he would go out to restaurants, but he was a man with domestic tastes—of which much was made in the newspapers favorable to him—and was not suited with this. At last, after a number of meals cooked by his butler—the butler remained faithful to him through all his troubles—he roared out that he would have cooks no matter at what price—a thousand dollars a month, if necessary. (I can cook as good a chafing-dish supper as any chef in Paris, but I managed to turn out execrable stuff for Wooster.)

When this offer of the baited millionaire became noised about, there was tremendous clamor among my cooks to accept it. One of the secrets of my success is that I know when to give in; that and the disinterested way in which I act. As butler I always turned three-fourths of my wages into the common fund. I was never self-seeking and was incorruptible. I now called the cooks together and told them to accept this munificent offer of Wooster's, wrung from him by his stomach. There was a rush for his house. He was almost suffocated with cooks. Fifteen hundred called in two days, outsiders coming from as far away as Omaha, Nebraska. And the result was exactly what I had foreseen: fourteen hundred and ninety-nine disappointed and one happy. At that price he did not feel like hiring the two he had been in the habit of keeping.

For a few weeks matters went smoothly in the Wooster household, and I waited in some anxiety to see if there was any mistake in my reckoning. The first result I had anticipated came: the fortunate cook was practically ostracized from cook society, though with the wages he was receiving he could afford to laugh at that. I watched Wooster to see if he would let the present state of affairs continue. I had not sized him up as a man who would patiently eat thousand-dollar-a-month dinners for long. For a few square meals he derived tremendous satisfaction from his knife and fork; then I could see that the food began to choke in his throat. He had too good an idea of values to enjoy being subject to extortion with every bite.

At the end of the first month Wooster announced that he was going to cut wages in half. The cook came to me with tears in his eyes; his elysium was shrinking. The crisis I had hoped for had come. I said to him: "Now, Alphonse, as Chief Grand Generalissimo Cuisinier"—that was my official title: we tickled ourselves with large names, and I was able to accept nothing less from my enthusiastic followers—"I have given permission to all to cook for Wooster the Oppressor at a thousand dollars a month. If you remember, I distinctly stated at the time that this was to prove to all of you the mistake of ever knuckling under to mere money power in our profession." (This was a lie. I had said nothing of the kind, but Alphonse nodded grave acquiescence.) "Now," I continued, "if you wish to prostitute your art and your honor to even a smaller bait—a bait for a minnow, not for a trout, you have my official permission to do it." My metaphors were rather mixed; but I have found that mixed metaphors, like mixed drinks, are often more potent than straight ones. "But, Alphonse, my dear fellow"—here I trickled a tremor of emotion through my voice—"you have enemies even among your brother chefs. There are some who were once admirers of your science and skill—disciples, I might almost say—and now they have turned against you for betraying our order, as they feel you have. You know the poem, 'Just for a handful of silver he left us'—Alphonse, it might have been written about you. The poet with his mystical prescience seemed to see you as he wrote. But," I interrupted myself, "forgive my digression. Stay with Wooster for five hundred dollars this coming month—for two hundred and fifty the

next—for a hundred and twenty-five the next—for a beggarly sixty-two dollars and fifty cents the next—for—"

"Nervaire!" he shrieked. "Ah, Monsieur Shief Grand Generalissimo Cuisinier, a thick meest hass



REPORTERS DOGGED HIS FOOTSTEPS

been before my eyes. I had been begotting in my desire for the money. I thank you for to haf made me see clear again."

Thus skilfully played upon, he talked long of the scurvy trick played upon him, of his cookish honor, untarnished until the devil Wooster tempted him. He was voluble after the manner of his race, and carried himself along on the stream of his volubility. He shook the dust of the Wooster mansion from his feet, and I caused a rumor to be circulated that he had not even received his promised wage for this month he had stayed. Then I tipped him the wink to accept this rumor as the best way of rehabilitating himself with his fraternity, and he took it with such eagerness that before long he really believed it himself.

Our organization made of this whole affair a great grievance, and when, driven to desperation, Wooster again bruted about a thousand-dollar offer, not a cook responded.

#### IV

SEVEN months after I came as butler into the Wooster household, the Cook Trust—I might as well use the name that afterward became fastened to it in place of

the long and ornate one we adopted—the Cook Trust was in such a perfect state of organization that Wooster, except for the pitiful attempts of Edith, might almost have starved to death. He gave up trying to eat at home, and took his meals at Delmonico's. Two days after he appeared there, not only the cooks but also the waiters failed to put in an appearance. There was no strike, no talk of strike, simple absence. Wooster went to Sherry's. The same thing happened there. He moved to another and still another, but presently his very intention of going to a restaurant or hotel—whenever I was able to learn of it—was sufficient to make of it a foodless desert. A blind terror descended on the millionaire, and he scurried about like the Wandering Jew, popping into miserable little restaurants on side streets with the furtive look of a hunted murderer. I almost became sorry for the old rascal. And even this surreptitious manner of obtaining his food was presently frustrated through some enterprising reporter remarking on the hoodoo effect of Wooster in the eating line. After that reporters used to dog his footsteps to see where he was going to eat, and whether he would succeed in obtaining a meal; for by this time the curious action of the cooks had become the topic of greatest public interest in New York. It was this hoodoo quality of Wooster's which first gave him the bad name which contributed not a little to his ultimate destruction, and to my own escape when the Cook Trust became so powerful that the people were transformed into a mob and destroyed it through brute force.

The time was now ripe, I judged, for another interview with my father-in-law to be. His manner toward me—in my proper person—was quite different from what it had been last time. He received me with the eagerness with which a hunted fox dives into a hole. I was from out of town; I had perhaps not heard the obloquy attached to him, did not know that his name had become execrated in this greatest city of our country.

"You're not looking well," I said sympathetically. "Lionel"—he had never before called me by my Christian name—"I've aged ten years since you saw me. Yes, confound it!" he roared, plucking up spirit again, "this country has gone to the dogs, and it used to be the finest country God ever made." And then, with a little urging he told me all his trouble. "I would go to Europe to-morrow to live," he ended up, "if it weren't for the ocean voyage." His voice dropped to a terrified whisper. "Suppose, on the way over, in mid-ocean, the cooks should refuse to cook, the waiters to wait. Oh, the horror of it! They would turn me adrift in a boat—throw me overboard." He put his hands over his eyes and shook as with palsy at the dreadful thought.

"No, I daren't risk it," he continued brokenly, as I laid my hand on his arm and murmured a few soothing words in his ear. "No, Lionel, I'm a doomed man—I'm locoed. My club is shut up because all the servants have gone. And my nerve is gone as they. Shall I tell you to what I have been driven?" His awestruck voice thrilled me. "I have voluntarily raised wages on seven railroad systems this summer to try to break the hoodoo."

"Is it on account of your business methods?" I asked in a low tone.

"Business nothing!" he flared up. "I can beat anything living at business. Didn't I break the strongest bull combination that's ever been formed, not three months ago? But what can I do in this? They have no organization to get an injunction against—no union to buy up." He clutched wildly at the air, as if in truth the atmosphere were his impalpable enemy, and he would strangle it.

"What would you give, my dear Mr. Wooster?"—I leaned toward him confidentially—"if I could stop this affair for you, remove this blight from your life?"

"Give!" he sprang to his feet. "I'd give you a mil-



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lion dollars, or any railroad in the country—just give me a week to get control of it—or make you President of the United States, if you can wait till the next election.”

“Or Edith?” I questioned. He had apparently forgotten her.

“Edith—ten Ediths!” he cried.

Whether I inspired him with confidence, or he thought I was proposing to do something entirely beyond my powers, I do not know.

“Well, suppose you take dinner with me to-night, and we will talk it over.”

“Dinner,” he repeated sadly. “You forget—”

“I never forget,” I interrupted. “We’ll dine at Del’s at half-past seven.”

V

HAD Wooster been a social struggler at his first big function, he could not have looked more pleased when our meal at Delmonico’s passed off without a hitch. In my pocket I bore a contract, drawn up by the best lawyer in New York, pledging Wooster’s consent to the marriage of his daughter and myself. Wooster uncorked his fountain pen with the champagne, and my battle was won. Then mellowed, perhaps, by the wine and the victory, and knowing that the man opposite me was one who would appreciate a cleverly fought campaign, I told him the whole story of my machinations. When I had finished he looked stunned for a minute, then lay back in his chair and roared with laughter. It was as much for the lifting of the dread that had been weighing on him, I imagine, as from appreciation of my manoeuvre.

“And now, my son,” he exclaimed with father-in-lawly warmth, “I suppose you are going to let the world eat its dinners in peace.”

“No,” I replied, “the trouble has only just begun.”

“Eh!” he cried; his new-found complacency vanished, and he turned pale so that the waiter started.

I sent the waiter for another bottle of wine, and continued: “Here is a machine, built up with no little trouble, whose capabilities—How much would you have sold your house for yesterday, if you could have moved somewhere else where cooks would cook for you?”

“My house? I’d have given it away if I could have been sure of getting fed at some respectable boarding-house,” he replied grimly.

“Exactly! Now supposing that all the people living in a section of the city—say between Fifty-ninth, One Hundred and Tenth, the Park, and Third Avenue—supposing all the people living there find extreme difficulty in getting servants, in spite of their wealth, while in all other sections of the city servants are more plentiful than ever, how long would it take for property in that particular section of the city to depreciate one-half?”

Wooster was a man who dealt in large things, but I think I took his breath away this evening. He lay back in his chair and gazed up at the ceiling. He lighted a long cigar and puffed slender puffs upward. He did not speak for fully five minutes. I believe the waiter thought I had hypnotized him, from the absolute disregard he paid when asked if he would have some wine.

At last Wooster came back to earth and addressed me: “My son”—and the appellation seemed to give him great satisfaction—“words fail me to express my pride and joy in you,” and words failed him right there. He sank back into rapt contemplation of the frescoes on the ceiling.

“Of course, it will take some capital,” I continued carelessly.

“I consider you an equal partner in all that I possess,” he replied. “What has a father that he would not gladly share with his daughter’s husband? And I happen to have a good deal of ready cash just now. I have been drawing in my investments since this infernal—this ingenious scheme of yours has been in operation.”

VI

I WALKED home with Wooster after dinner, and I need not describe the rapture of my meeting with Edith, after these months when she was separated, so to speak, and I was under a restraint worse than separation. But love was not allowed to hinder business for many days. With a daring natural to both of us, we picked out the very best residence portion of the city for our attack—the very district that I had cited suppositively at our dinner—and we had not long to wait for results. The rich are less patient of annoyance than the poor, and in a few months we were enabled to buy up many of the handsomest houses in New York for not more than half their value, as their owners found it impossible to obtain servants. We were very discreet at first, working through agents, so that there seemed to be no concerted plan. I need not go into the details of the matter; for it will be plain to every one how effective such a scheme of operation would be. Time passed, and when one section was practically ours we transferred our operations to another, sending an influx of servants into the first section to bring back its natural value to real estate there. Our idea—an idea which seemed with every day to become more and more feasible—was first to absorb the whole of New York, by repeated buyings and sellings, and then to transfer

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our campaign to Philadelphia, Chicago, and the other cities of the Union until we practically owned the residence portions of all the large cities of the United States.

Of course, I had to spend a large part of the time in disguise among my cooks. One might have thought that they would have suspected me. They did not; they worshipped me. I treated them with the tact and skill one learns in society, and there was nothing they would not have done for me, so long as I appeared not to profit pecuniarily by it—and even that I am convinced they would not have minded, except for the fear that with increasing prosperity I should be removed from among them.

That we should have succeeded in our scheme in its entirety I have not the slightest doubt had it not been for the greed of my father-in-law. We had absorbed about a third of New York, when I foolishly allowed myself to be persuaded by him to go for more, and to go for it quicker. This could not be done without losing some of the secrecy that had hitherto enveloped us. When the news of what we were doing began to leak out, I have never seen such ferocity exhibited as was aroused, apparently, in the breast of every staid householder in New York, men whom one would have called temperate and reasonable. Wooster obstinately flaunted his power in the face of the people—good living had made him bold. I permitted him to take the credit and the odium of the whole matter.

The end was not long in coming, as the reader well knows. We talk about our republican institutions giving men the remedy through the ballot-box. The ravening mob of "respectable" citizens which surged about Wooster's house took no thought of ballot-box or constitutionality. Wooster talked about injunctions. I simply changed into a butler and awaited developments. (Edith I had already sent away.)

### VII

It was an awful sight when the mob lined up Wooster and one hundred of the best-known cooks of New York in Madison Square and shot them down with howls of execration. At the last instant my father-in-law caught sight of me among the mob, and the fear of death seemed to lend him remarkable powers, for he discovered me through my disguise, and, breaking away from his guards for a second, tore my wig from my head and cursed me with horrid imprecations. On the whole, this was a good thing for me. The newspapers got hold of the matter, and all were convinced that Wooster and I were deadly enemies. Romantic stories were cautiously set afloat by me of the enmity that existed between us, and of my winning Edith against her father's desire—stories more picturesque than true—though not so picturesque as the truth would have been.

I should be almost ashamed to tell how much real estate I owned after the smoke cleared away. I lay low for some time, and then began converting it into cash and good securities, and when I found out how much it amounted to I was not sure but that it was worth even the sacrifice of a father-in-law. But even had I been minded to sacrifice myself for my father-in-law, my public spirit would have obliged me to admit that a far greater man would have been lost to the community had I, and not Wooster, been shot on the bloody day in Madison Square which ended the Cook Trust.

### □ □

## THE LAND OF PEACE

By EDMUND W. PUTNAM

FAR—far out where the sea turns gold  
In the sunset's dying gleams,  
Where the purple sky and the ocean meet,  
Beginneth the Sea of Dreams,  
Whose restful waters murmur low,  
And a drowsy rhythm keep,  
As out to the West, by their lullabies,  
We drift in our Boats of Sleep.

Out—far out till our Earthly Cares  
Are left in the dusk behind,  
And Trouble's distant voice is lost  
In the whisperings of the wind:  
Out—on the shimmering golden Sea,  
Till the soft-tongued ripples cease  
At the dreamy City of Blissful Calm,  
On the shores of the Land of Peace.

Where our tired Spirits solace find  
Beneath the Dream Mount's crest,  
'Mid the shadowy groves and fountains cool  
Of the Gardens of Perfect Rest;  
Where Lethe laxes its languid course  
On its way to the tranquil Sea,  
And the Slumber breezes stir the leaves  
To a soothing melody.

Where, too, snow-white on the mountain-side,  
High over the City fair,  
Stretch skyward the misty pinnacles  
Of our Castles in the Air:  
In whose unbroken quietude  
Our fondest visions bide,  
And send us back with Hope refreshed  
On the ebb of the golden tide.

Where the Sorrow scars are smoothed away,  
And the heart, in its pain-racked breast,  
Finds balm for its throbbing agony,  
Far out in that distant West—  
At the end of nightly journeying  
Where the murmuring waters cease,  
At the white-walled City of Blissful Calm,  
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## AN INDEPENDENT CHARGE

(Continued from page 22)

He decided upon arrowroot and biscuits, which he made up in a brown paper bundle and tied on his rifle. Next he went to the jar and filled seven water bottles. When he came to his own he paused.

"What a kid wants," he pronounced, "is milk. I wonder if I could catch that blooming nanny-goat out there."

He found a large jug, and captured the goat in a corner, after a spirited chase. After the milk was more than enough for his bottle, he rinsed out a medicine bottle and put the rest in that.

"I'll be a regular caravan," he said aloud—the lonely veldt gets a man into the habit of talking to himself. "Heaven knows how I'll drag that blessed youngster along.—Lor! She's a soft little thing.—Wake up, baby—Was she sleepy? Go ta-ta with Ka!"

"Ta-ta, Ka," she repeated drowsily. "Kus." "I'll kus you, you little scamp—Nice milk? Say milk—there's a lady. Is this your hat? Come on. Hold hand."

He marched on with the baby and his load and lighted the fire. She clapped her hands at the flame and looked back at it regretfully as they departed. Then she began to laugh and jabber things that he did not understand. Then she crooned to herself as she trotted along. Then she wanted to pick a few red marguerites. Then she stopped to play with stones, and then to watch a great green locust. He pretended to run away to entice her along, but she began to cry. So he went back to fetch her.

"You're a blooming young terror," he said gruffly. "That's what you are. There then! Never mind. Kus Ka!"

After about a mile the child began to flag. He sat down under a shady boulder to rest. She kept pleading, "Mak, Ka." He gathered that she meant "Milk, soldier!" He gave her some and took a sip himself. He was not greatly interested in milk. Then they started again. She was inclined to loiter, and when they had gone on for about twenty minutes she stopped determinedly and held out her arms.

"Ka!" she begged persuasively. "Ka?" He looked at her ruefully and mopped his forehead. The sun was firing at him point-blank.

"Come along, baby," he said. "Come along."

But she clung round his leg and rubbed her cheek against it. So he took her up in his arms and staggered on. At first she seemed a small addition to his burden; then she grew heavier. He was bathed in perspiration when he sat down under the scanty shade of a mimosa bush.

"Near five miles to go," he groaned. "I'll have to persuade her along a bit at a time. Hi, baby! Catch Ka!"

He enticed her about a mile in about twenty instalments. Then she began to whimper. As soon as he took her up she went to sleep. This time she smiled as she slept. She looked very rosy and she felt very soft. He laid her gently over his shoulder and trudged on. When he came to a suitable boulder he sat down on it for a few minutes, and when he came to a bush big enough to shade him he sat down on the ground till the sun sank behind Dog Kopje, and the purple-pink-brown half-light began. Then he kept right on. As he approached the deserted Kafir huts, about half a mile from the blockhouse, Macdonald came out.

"It's only me, mate," he called. "Thought I'd come to meet you."

"Why—didn't—you—come—further?" Brown grunted. His breath was short.

"Your orders!—Hullo! What the—?"

"Found her—at the—farm."

Macdonald bent over the sleeping child and touched her gently, as if he doubted her reality.

"I'll carry 'er for a spell," he offered. There was an excited shake in his voice.

"No, you won't. She's mine. You can carry these here." He jerked his head at his load.

"Let's 'old 'er while you take 'em off, mate. I—I'd like to."

Brown put the child in his arms.

"You can have her for a minute," he agreed. "Mind you, I wouldn't let every one."

Macdonald did not hear him. He was bending over the child, and seeing her through a mist in his eyes—No, it was a yellow-haired Scotch baby that he saw—I was away from my little ones in the war, and I know. Perhaps Brown guessed, for he did not demand her back till they were close to the blockhouse. Williams, who was punctiliously on sentry-go, nearly let his rifle fall with astonishment, and the others, who were playing the inevitable cards, dropped them in the middle of a nap hand. Brown laid the child gently on the "table."

"Found her at the farm," he explained. "Must have got left behind somewhere about, and toddled back to the house and found—what she found. If we ain't good to her, God forgive us!"

Lee's face twitched curiously, and he brushed a curl softly off her forehead.

"An' I 'ope 'E won't," he said slowly, "if we ain't."

"Same to me," Saunders assented.

"An' me," said the next. Nipper Jones added a bad oath, with good intention, but Macdonald turned on him.

"Nice language before a child!" he said. "In course," Nipper apologized, "I wouldn't do it if she was awake. I got a bit of the Old Lady's chocolate wot I was keepin'. Jest do for 'er."

"She'll like the pictures out of that paper my sister sent." Smiler remarked. "They ain't much to 'ere."

"I used to know a way to make balls out of colored rag," Murphy observed casually.

"My ole man used to cut pigs out of wood



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for us when we was kids," Thompson stated. "I'm da— She ain't awake—I'm blessed if I don't believe I could do it."

"I was thinkin'," Saunders said, "as I could make a sort of puddin' out of that 'ere arrowroot an' milk." He made for the door with these articles. Williams intercepted him.

"Give a chap a chanst," he entreated. "Jest take my rifle, while I 'ave a look at the kid. Wot say to wakin' 'er?"

Lee and Macdonald, who had experience, pronounced against this course, and Brown sent Williams back to his sentry-go. "By rights," he pointed out, "I ought to have you shot for leaving your post, Taffy— Howsoever, you couldn't be expected to hold it under the circumstances."

The rest drew their biscuit-box chairs to the table and sat in a circle, waiting for the baby's eyes to open. They were very quiet, because it is bad for children to be disturbed in their sleep; and they did not smoke, because it makes them cough. Just after Saunders came in with the pudding she roused. Brown took her up, with his arm round her. "Ka-Mac," he introduced, "Ka-Nipper," and so on. The baby stared at them with big, wondering eyes. "Ka," she told Brown, catching on to his sleeve, "Ka!"

"Jest 'ear 'er!" said Lee. "Ka, baby, Ka!"

Saunders put some of the hot pudding on a saucer and they all blew it in turn. She had two spoonfuls, then she offered one to Brown, who pretended to eat some. She took some more, looking at the others out of the corners of her eyes. Then she offered each a spoonful and they pretended to eat it. Nipper made out that he was eating some out of the saucer. She hit him with the spoon and he pretended to cry, and she laughed.

"Yer want to know 'ow to play with kids," he pointed out with modest triumph. So they all pretended to steal from the saucer, and she repelled them all with the spoon, and they all pretended to cry, and she laughed aloud. When she had finished she held out her arms to Brown, and he took her on his knee and taught her pat-a-cake, and the others sat round and joined in the instruction. When she grew tired of pat-a-cake they played fox's-hole. Then Smith, who had a voice, sang "Just one girl," and Lee jumped her on his knee, and Saunders played Ride-a-cock-horse, and Macdonald danced the sword dance over two rifles in her honor. She joined in their whoops in such a piping treble that he had to stop for laughing, and she tried to lift his legs to set him going again. She went to them all in turn till she was sleepy, then she would go to nobody but Brown. He put her to bed on a collection of the softest things they could find. Then they smoked outside and discussed the difficult problem of rearing a child. They concluded, in brief, that she must be fed and washed, and have a doll, and learn her prayers—if they could remember any—which is a very good curriculum for a little girl.

Under the administration of Corporal Brown and Nen, as she called herself (meaning Nellie), the garrison became a model one. Arms and accoutrements were kept smart to satisfy him. Men and clothes were kept smart to make her say "Pitty Ka!" Scouting and looking-out improved on his account, and language on hers. There was no complaining over the fatigues, because he took a share, and no quarreling over cards, because she tore so many that they couldn't play. In short, they had a man to work for, and a little girl to teach her prayers; and there is a taste for doing one's duty, even if it is an acquired one. "This is Nen's show, boys," Brown used to say, "and it's got to be held." And they nodded, and patted their faces with a gleam in their eyes.

She had been in supreme authority for a fortnight, and had learned twenty-seven words of English (Murphy kept a list), and all their names, and fallen in a puddle four times, and been lost for five minutes once, and had four dolls of sorts, one doll's house (the inevitable biscuit-box), five wooden animals, three rag balls, one see-saw, two Kaffir bracelets, one small chair and table (Williams made them), and Brown's watch (it did not go)—when the blockhouse had to be held.

It was the close of an oppressive day. Macdonald had been fidgity for no apparent reason. He came from an old deer-stalking, man-stalking clan, and had a "war-sense." When the sun dropped under a curtain-cloud of many colors he drew Brown aside.

"There's something, mate," he whispered. "I'll take a look round."

He stole craftily into the dark, and Brown put a second sentry, and made a hollow square of boxes, clothes, and bedding, as an additional protection for Nen in case of attack, and they played boisterous games quietly. She was asleep when Mac returned.

"Boers in the donga to left of Dog Kopje," he reported, "where we saw the snake. A hundred of two. Couldn't see to count. They're just movin'."

"Here's our chance, boys," Brown said cheerfully. "Get to your loopholes. Block up the door— Umph! They've cut the telephone wires. Lights out—keep your fire till they're right on us."

There was silence for a quarter of an hour, except for the thunder rolling round beyond the hills. Then Thompson suggested a sweep-stake on who saw the Boers first. They agreed to a "bob" apiece. Then there was a further silence. There were several bright flashes of lightning, and the thunder drew nearer. Presently the rain began.

"Wish it 'ud rain whiskey," Taffy observed.

"Tain't rainin' on us," said Murphy, "you bally idiot."

"None of that," said Brown in a sharp whisper, "there's row enough outside without—"

There was a terrific crash of thunder, and a flood of lightning. One could smell the electricity.

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"Eight bob to me," Mac claimed. "Saw  
'em by the 'uts."

There was another long silence. The ten-  
sion could be felt. The rain stopped, and  
the thunder was further away. At last there  
was another flash.

"They're this side, too," said Smiler. "By  
the bushes we fired."

"Keep cool," Brown reminded them.  
"Wait till they're close—Ssh!"

"See 'em," Mac cried. "Looks as if the  
dark was wrigglin'. That's them."

Suddenly the darkness seemed to flow for-  
ward. There was an almost simultaneous  
report of eight rifles. Two Boers swayed  
—clutched at the air—fell. There were  
flashes all round, and the bullets pattered  
on the blockhouse like hot hail.

"Ka!" cried very frightened little voice.  
"Ka!"

"All right, dear," said Brown. "Ka com-  
ing—Mark 'em, boys—Don't cry, there's a  
good girl—Steady, boys—"

Nipper uttered a sharp exclamation. "Got  
me in the right arm," he explained. "D—  
Lor', if I didn't forget she was awake."

"Ka! Kus Ka!"

"Go and sit by her, Nipper, old chap."

"Not while I got a arm left."

"Meanin' a left arm," said Smiler, and they  
laughed hoarsely.

"They're drawing off, boys— Don't fire  
while they're picking up the wounded."

"Ka!—Ka!—Ka!"

"You go and talk to her, Brown," Lee sug-  
gested. He had lighted a candle, and was  
kneeling beside Nipper, binding up his arm.  
"She'll take more notice of you—God!"

There was a loud explosion, and some of  
the bricks fell down from the wall, and Saun-  
ders dropped with a dull thud.

"Pom-pom!" said Taffy. "It'll fetch the  
place down in time— 'Ow about—'er?"

"Ka! Ka!"

Lee finished his doctoring, and bent over  
the barricade of boxes to hold her hand.  
"Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man," he  
said cheerfully. Macdonald took the candle  
from him and looked at Saunders. One look  
was enough.

"Want to speak to you," a voice called  
outside. "Will you not fire? We will not.  
Come outside."

"Very good," Brown answered. "Give her  
some of the toffee, Lee— Undo the door—I  
suppose we're going to chance their blessed  
pom-pom, chaps?"

There was a murmur of assent, but Mac-  
donald hesitated perceptibly, and every one  
noticed it.

"Mac's little uns ain't growned up, like  
mine," Lee apologized for him. Mac grunted.  
"They've got the same right to expect as  
I'll do my bit," he said gruffly. "Tain't my-  
self I'm thinkin' about. It's Nen."

"Nen," said Brown unsteadily.

"Are you coming?" the Boer leader called.  
Brown crawled through the partly open door  
and strode toward him.

"Well?" he asked.

"You can not fight our gun."

"Very likely not."

"You will surrender?"

"No. We don't care, only—we've got a  
baby in there. One of your Dutch kids.  
Found her at the farm over there. I sup-  
pose you'll take her before you fire?" The  
Boer stroked his long beard.

"Yes," he agreed. "Yes. Give us the  
blockhouse and your arms, and you shall go."

"No, thanks," said Brown. The Boer stroked  
his beard again.

"Bring me the child."

Lee and Macdonald were just finishing  
dressing her when he got back. Murphy  
was tying up her dolls and the smaller toys  
in a towel— Brown took the child and the  
bundle and placed them in the arms of the  
Boer.

"Be good girl," he said. "Say prayers—  
'God bless Ka! Kus—Take care of her.'"

The Boer peered at the child. The half  
moon had come out for a moment between  
two black clouds.

"It is the niece of Field Cornet Struben,  
my wife's brother," he said slowly. "Give  
up the blockhouse and you shall keep your  
arms."

"Thanks," said Brown. "We'll take our  
chance. Good-by, little girl." He bent and  
kissed her again. Then he walked quickly  
away. The child waited after him.

"Ka!—Ka!" The candle was out, and  
the blockhouse was very silent. Presently  
Taffy laughed an unmirthful laugh.

"We can swear now the kid's gone," he  
said. But no one swore. A good habit is  
nearly as hard to break as a bad one.

They waited for five minutes—ten—fifteen.  
Then Macdonald spoke suddenly.

"They're going away!" he cried. "Going  
away!"

They listened and heard a faint rumbling,  
but they could see nothing in the darkness.  
They were moving the gun to a better po-  
sition, probably, Lee said. But half an hour  
later the moon came out, and Macdonald dis-  
tinguished the Boers riding slowly over the  
top of a distant hill. He caught a glimpse  
of Brown's face, where a streak of moonlight  
came through a loophole, and touched his  
arm.

"You was good to 'er, mate," he said. "Aw-  
ful good."

Brown said nothing, only unfastened the  
door, and walked slowly—very slowly—  
through the moonlight into the shadow.  
He would not like us to follow him there—

A year later, when the war was over, Color-  
Sergeant Brown took a furlough, and went  
up the line. He got off at the siding near  
the old blockhouse. When he had put a  
little white cross upon Saunders' grave, he  
trudged away to Nen's farm. There was a  
temporary hut of corrugated iron where the  
house had been, and a yellow-haired baby  
girl, between two and three, was at the door.  
She dropped her doll suddenly and ran to-  
ward him.

"Ka!" she screamed wildly. "Ka!"

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## THE MAN WHO IS TWELVE YEARS OLD

By MAURICE SMILEY

THERE'S a man that I know, and he lives near you.  
In a town called Everywhere;  
You might not think he's a man from his hat  
Or the clothes he may chance to wear;  
But under the jacket with many a patch  
Is a heart more precious than gold—  
The heart of a man 'neath the coat of a boy,  
A man who is twelve years old.

He only is waiting to wear the crown  
That is already made for his brow;  
And I pray that his mind will always be clean,  
His body as pure as now;  
His heart always fresh and sunny and warm,  
And free from Life's canker and mould,  
And may he be worthy his waiting estate,  
This man who is twelve years old.

We never may know what the future will make  
Of the boys that we carelessly meet;  
For many a statesman is doing the chores,  
And Presidents play in the street.  
The hand that is busy with playthings now  
The reins of power will hold:  
So I take off my hat and gladly salute  
This man who is twelve years old.

## THE YALU RIVER

By CYRUS C. ADAMS

THE hostile armies have first confronted one another along the shores of Korea Bay. Much history has been written on these coast lands between Ping Yang and the Yalu River, and other chapters are to be added.

Observe the Yalu River in the northwest corner of this map. The Russians have moved thousands of troops across the Manchurian plain to the west bank of the river, have taken them across in junks and flatboats, and marched them southward on Korean soil to thwart, if they can, a Japanese invasion of Manchuria.

The lower Yalu is likely to be very important in the war. A photograph of it in time of peace would probably show a number of log rafts floating down the wide stream; for along its banks are the forests whose products are carried southward by the Yalu current to the sea-going junks which take them to market.

Near its mouth the Yalu broadens into a lake-like expanse, about twenty-five miles in length and from four to five miles wide. The heavy tides raise and lower its level by several feet at every flow and ebb. Steamers have seldom ruffled these waters above Antung, but sea-going junks ply up and down for thirty miles, beyond which point the river is navigable by smaller craft for about 130 miles.

The Russian camps are spread along the wider portion of the lower Yalu, because here converge the roads that pass into Korea.

So this is the part of the Yalu that now wears a military aspect; and the busiest scene of all is at Antung, the rendezvous of the Russian troops for the crossing of the river. Antung, now a treaty port, is only a few years old, but it is the real business centre of the Yalu valley. Millet fields covered its site till recently, but to-day Chinese merchants store their goods in large buildings; broad streets have been opened and the place wears a prosperous air. The river edge is thronged with junks and coasting steamers loading and discharging their cargoes instead of transshipping, as formerly, at Tatung, near the Yalu's mouth. The town is about fifteen miles above Yungampo, the Korean hamlet which has just been declared by the Korean Government to be a treaty port. A few miles across the Yalu, from Antung, is Wiju.

There are no cart roads crossing the river where it narrows toward the north, but paths here and there come down to the banks. Most of the riverine territory is little developed, because it is in the domain of almost impenetrable forests through which the sunlight scarcely reaches the waters of the river.

These Korean forests helped to fan the quarrel between the Japanese and Russians, which finally burst into flame. Several years ago the King of Korea conceded the part of the forests lying along the river to the Russians; and their Manchurian woodsmen have felled a large quantity of the finest trees and floated the logs down to the junks that have carried them to the saw-mills of southern Manchuria. The timber is mostly pine, and nearly as good as our white pine. There is also an abundance of walnut, beech, oak, maple, and other varieties, making the wood trade of the Yalu River very important in eastern Asia. This forest concession helped to assure the certainty of war, but the wooded region will not figure in the conflict, because it is no place for marching armies. Europeans who have visited it say that the growths are so thick that a half dozen yards on each side of the paths are the limit of vision.

Only the narrow river lands along the Yalu are settled, and that sparsely, but the river has for ages been the great water highway between upper Manchuria and the southern end of that country where the Russian soldiers have been massing.

Setting foot in Korea, a very different scene is spread before the Russians from that of the dense forests to the north. They are looking over a plain extending far south,

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# Good Things to Come in Collier's

THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR is one of the principal events of the year 1904: not only for Americans, but for many people all over the world. In this number the readers of *COLLIER'S WEEKLY* are given a preliminary survey of the big show. There has been so much to say about the war that we have not had the time as yet to say all that we wanted to say about the Fair, and a great number of other interesting and very important things. It may interest our readers to know that *COLLIER'S* will also have a special building at St. Louis to which all the readers of the *WEEKLY* will be more than welcome, and where they will find a great many things worth seeing.

BIG LAND BATTLES between the Japanese and Russians may now be expected at any moment. The death of Admiral Makaroff, one of Russia's greatest fighting men, and the sinking of the *Petropavlovsk*, is pretty universally believed by military experts the world over to mark the date of the beginning of an aggressive Japanese land campaign. *COLLIER'S* correspondents and *COLLIER'S* photographers are waiting on the spot. The *WEEKLY* has, as you know, made preparations for covering the war in the Far East on a scale not approached by any other periodical in this country. To send a man to the front in this war means, for each man, horses, coolie servants, an interpreter, etc. On these mere "incidentals" *COLLIER'S* has already spent fifty thousand dollars. What our photographers have done—even tied up as they were in Tokio and other places—you have already seen. A new phase of the war seems now about to begin—the phase of active aggressive fighting on both land and sea. Whatever happens during the next few weeks or months our readers may know that *COLLIER'S* men will be on the spot and that in the pages of the *WEEKLY* the war will be reproduced as in no other place. Our men will be at the front, no matter how long the war continues. But do not fear that the pages of the *WEEKLY* are to be in a continuous state of belligerency until the struggle in the East is over; merely because they are there does not imply that our peace-loving American readers are going to be fed on an unrelieved diet of strife and bloodshed.

WE ARE NOT INDEPENDENT IN NAME ONLY. We uphold what we believe to be right, no matter whose toes are stepped on. Some of our subscribers from Utah, for instance, have canceled their subscriptions because of what was said in the *WEEKLY* about Mormonism. And some of the followers of Mr. Hearst have done so because of what was said of Mr. Hearst's eccentric attempts on the Presidency. We are sorry to lose any subscribers, but we intend to say what we believe in the coming political campaign. We will praise and criticize both parties and their candidates from the viewpoint of the welfare of the whole people.

"MR. DOOLEY" IS SOON TO REAPPEAR. His pungent wit and sound philosophy have been sadly missed. He will talk about the campaign, naturally; because politics is something that all Americans will talk about during the coming summer; and he will talk exclusively in *COLLIER'S*. Those who know "Mr. Dooley" of old will know that in no place will he be more at home than in the humors of the Presidential campaign. His reappearance will be awaited with enthusiasm.

OUR SPECIAL ARTICLES during the next few months will be of exceptional interest. Arthur Brisbane, editor of the New York Evening Journal, will write, for instance, a character sketch of Mr. Hearst. Some people have said that, except as far as money was concerned, Mr. Brisbane was Mr. Hearst. This article will have a unique interest. Senator Hoar and John Sharp Williams, the new Democratic leader in the House, have written articles on political subjects for *COLLIER'S*. The Louisiana Purchase



OFF FOR SCHOOL

One of the series of drawings by W. T. Smedley for the frontispieces of the Household Numbers

will be treated by Winston Churchill. William Allen White is another contributor. The big speculative bubbles whose collapse has shaken Wall Street during the past will be exploited from the "Inside" by Cleveland Moffett.

OUR SHORT-STORY COMPETITION is open for six weeks more. If the stories keep coming in as fast as they have been of late, we ought to be able to pick out the best collection ever printed by any magazine. That is just what we want, and we are going to buy every good story that comes. Already we have four expert readers at work classifying the manuscripts for reference to the judges. By the time the contest closes everything will be so arranged and classified that the judges will doubtless be able to announce their decision two months later. Their decision will be watched by every one interested in American literature, and their opinion will carry weight. It is doubtful if three men better qualified to act in this capacity could have been found. Senator Lodge is a man of keen discrimination in literary matters, and his coadjutors, Mr. Page and Mr. White, are both editors—men whose profession it is to determine upon the merit of written things. We feel sure that our readers will watch the result of this great contest with the closest interest and we can assure them a harvest of splendid stories. These will be published during the coming year—and as we have decided not to publish any more serials, our fiction pages will be devoted wholly to short stories.

AND WHILE SPEAKING OF STORIES that we are going to get, let us slip in a word about stories that we already have. During the summer months we shall print a series of six tales of political life and bossism in a



"TWO STRIKES AND THE BASES FULL!"

Double-page Drawing by Charles Dana Gibson for publication in an early issue of *Collier's*

small town, under the general title of "Slaves of Success," by Elliott Flower, a series of especial interest to every prospective voter. We shall also print an exquisitely humorous set of five tales by W. A. Fraser, called "Five Little Men." They are stories of the adventures of a handful of small boys, so true to life that no reader who ever was a boy—or even a girl—can fail to enjoy them.

Then, entirely different from these, will follow a story of ghosts, hidden treasure, and mystery—"The Blood is the Life"—in three parts, by F. Marion Crawford; and entirely different again from any of the preceding will be a new series of stories of eighteenth century times by Agnes and Egerton Castle.

HOW TO MAKE ROOM for all this good material during the summer months is the problem. One thing we have reluctantly decided—that is, not to publish any more Sherlock Holmes stories until autumn. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle agreed to write twelve of these "Adventures," and he has already sent us ten of them, but in a recent letter he told us that he was going into politics a little this summer and that the manuscripts for the last two stories of the series would not reach us so far in advance as the others did. So we thought it would be a good idea then to postpone the publication of the last four stories so as to give Sir Arthur all the time he needs for politics and allow our artists plenty of time for illustrating the final tales. So the last Sherlock Holmes story for the present will be "The Adventure of the Six Napoleons" in the Household Number for May—and the series will resume in the Household Number for October with "The Adventure of the Three Students."

THE FIRST OF MAY ("MOVING DAY") will also be in a sense moving day for the *WEEKLY*—perhaps not so much a moving day for us as a settling into more permanent places of some of our household furniture. The editorials will occupy the place of honor, as they do now. The "Story of the Week" is to be restored. We believe that what our readers desire in this department is what might be called a continued story from week to week of the world's news. It is to be our earnest endeavor, as this department is gradually improved, and typographical difficulties surmounted, to bring it nearer and nearer to the news. For this reason, in order to shorten the time required to print these news pages, we have decided to remove the pictures from them and print the latter by themselves on other pages of the *WEEKLY*. When this department is in shape, we mean that it shall give our readers a comprehensive and compact survey of the happenings of the previous seven days.

TWO NEW DEPARTMENTS are also to be "moved in" the first of May. The Lion's Mouth, which helped a lot, we believe, in improving the quality of the *WEEKLY*, is to be restored in another form. And a humorous page is to be added to the *WEEKLY* called "Life's Little Pleasantries." In the Lion's Mouth, once a month at least, representative men in politics, education, and other fields—college presidents, Senators, scientists, and the like, of national fame—will give expression to personal opinion on topics of contemporaneous public interest. "Life's Little Pleasantries" will also be published at least once a month. It is our present plan to have these departments alternate with the Fiction and Household Numbers each month. Summer is the time for outdoor sport; and it is part of *COLLIER'S* duty, and pleasure as well, as the National Weekly, to cover everything of national interest to those who love the out-of-doors. The sports of the coming summer months will be fully covered in the pages of the *WEEKLY*.

NEXT WEEK we will have something to say about the new art features for the summer.



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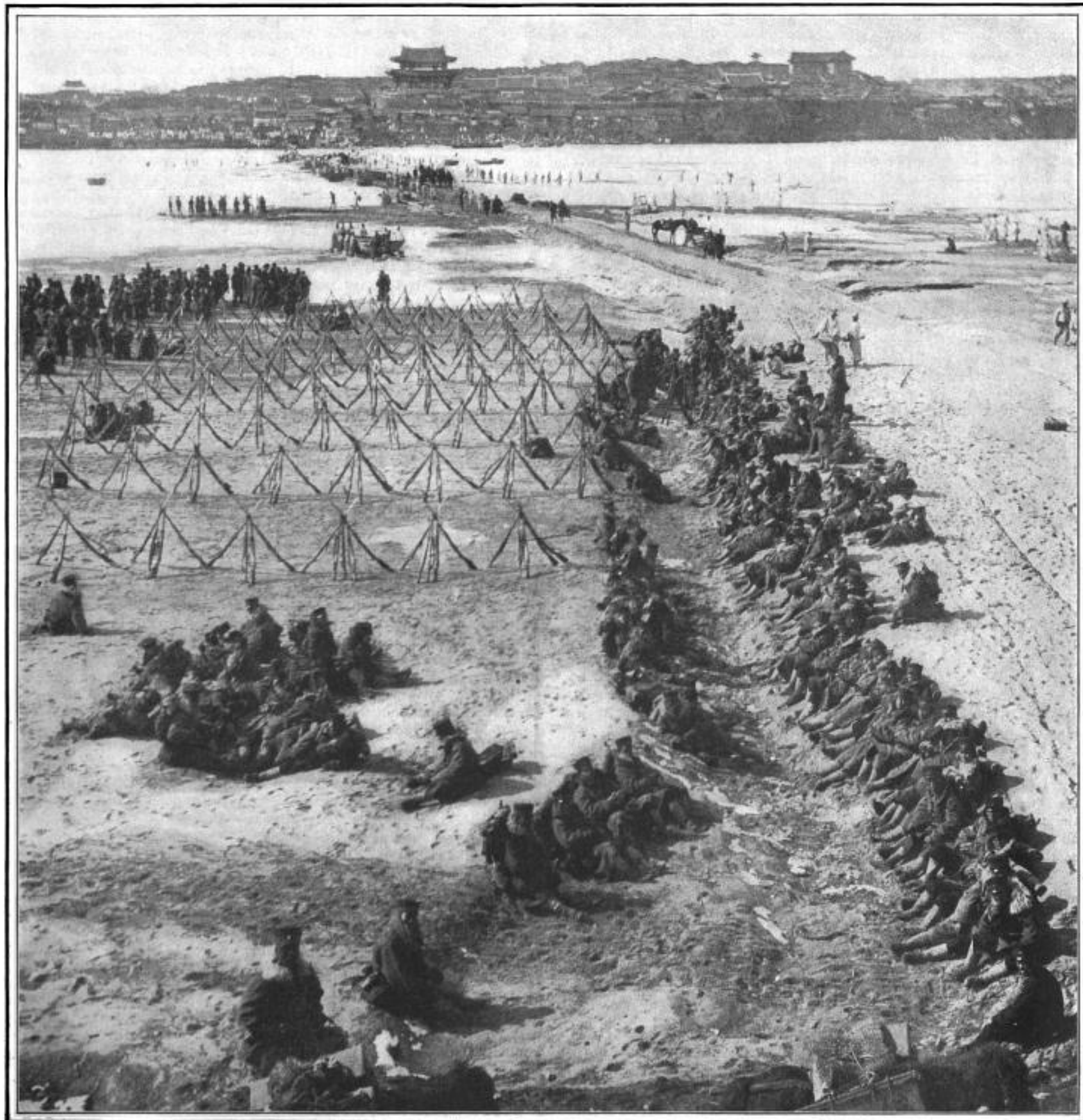
Collier's No. 25



# COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1904

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## JAPANESE INFANTRY WAITING TO ENTER PING-YANG

PHOTOGRAPH BY R. L. DUNN, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER IN KOREA. PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

The picture shows a company of the 14th Infantry resting on the frozen sand by the side of the highway over which they marched 130 miles northward from Seoul. The clumsy native ferry crossing the Tai-Tong River at this point, Son Kion, was helpless for troop transport, and the force was in bivouac while the engineers and sapper companies, and hundreds of Korean coolies, threw a bridge across this approach to Ping-Yang. The bridge-building activity is visible in the background of the photograph. The march of these troops from Seoul to Ping-Yang was made along the ancient road to Peking, which was a quagmire most of the distance, crowded with cavalry, infantry, pack-trains, bullock-carts, and long trains of white-clad natives, burdened with bags of provisions, plodding knee-deep through slush and mud. Freezing by night, stumbling and slipping all day, each soldier carrying sixty pounds of equipment, this infantry column was swept along at a speed of from fifteen to twenty-five miles a day. This heroic advance will be no longer necessary with the ice out of the bay at Chienampo, where troops can be landed from transports and towed in small boats up the Tai-Tong River to Ping-Yang. This important strategic point will be held indefinitely by a large Japanese force to guard the line of retreat from the Yalu, and against a possible Russian invasion of Korea along the great highway





**T**HE UNITED STATES NOW FACES that danger from concentrated power which has produced violence and disintegration in so many lands, and from which it was the special effort of the JEFFERSON-MADISON group among the founders to protect the nation whose course they planned. The danger, not near or great, is yet discernible. It is to be found not so much in personal Executive encroachments, although they are to be regretted as furnishing precedents of evil for more hazardous days; not so much in the increased Executive initiative made necessary by active foreign policies, although this inevitable development is to be scanned with eyes jealous for that individual liberty which it now requires some fanning to keep alive. The danger is to be found in contempt for law among the powerful, which may at any moment breed contempt for law among the masses. Legislators who steal, and the vast corporations of which they are the slaves, form the two greatest dangers to our stability, for they alone furnish a grievance so gross and lasting as to shake the belief that we live under a system essentially just and equal. The anarchy branch of the Democracy to-day would not have grown to its present size without these twin grievances—the corrupt power of concentrated wealth and the subservience of the people's so-called servants. We welcome, therefore, with relief and satisfaction such an incident as Senator BURTON's conviction, which, unless our too complicated legal system fails to work with technical exactness, will give us the spectacle of a United States Senator in jail, where a considerable number of his fellows ought to be. The criminal law should also be executed upon a few of the worst of the law-defying trusts, when the task can be successfully undertaken. The tariff should no longer be made a device for enriching the wealthy at the cost of Filipinos, Cubans, or Americans. If Republicans or real Democrats will take these steps toward common justice between man and man, the faction of violent and ignorant agitation will die for lack of nourishment.

STEERING  
OUR COURSE

**C**VILIZATION IS RULED BY COMMERCE to-day as all of us admit, but just what do we mean by it? Wealth, sufficiently distributed, is an admitted good. Luxury enervates, but there will never be wealth enough to enervate everybody. That any arrangement can be arrived at to check the concentration which leads so easily to abuse would be a hardy thing to say. We must not let legal checks go far enough to diminish the individual, for such government interference would produce just that weakness in point of view and character which, according to many, it is a fault of concentrated industrial power to threaten us with. Average humanity must always turn its main attention to laboring for subsistence. There is an idea abroad that such labor is to-day accompanied with less self-dependence and proper spirit than it used to be, before the age of combinations and machinery. To the forces which supposedly extinguish the individual some would add the labor union, while others would find in union laborers a sense of responsibility and power which decidedly makes for character. The South sometimes congratulates itself upon freedom from union domination, but the aim of the unions is that same human dignity and worth for the sake of which the South is so desperately fighting the negro menace. Our industrialism may, on the whole, diminish individuality, but we doubt it. It diminishes æsthetic appreciation, but probably not character or human understanding. That very original and penetrating individual who now officially guides the Democrats in Congress, Mr. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, believes that, while political deals have existed as long as politics, agreement and compromise were once partly made out of the clash of sentiment and are now entirely made from conflicting utilitarian desires. HAMILTON, for instance, got his theory of finance into practice by trading votes with the South, by which Washington became the capital, but in this Southern contention there was more emotion than dollars and cents. We do not pretend to be sure in our own mind, upon this difficult and important question of whether sentiment and the ideal are being withered by utility, but we are concerned enough about it to favor any influences which seem to act as forces to balance the emphasis which a business age and country puts on money.

INDUSTRIAL-  
ISM AND THE  
INDIVIDUAL

**M**R. HILL, ACCORDING TO MR. BRYAN, "lacks the brutal frankness that has given Mr. CLEVELAND most of his popularity." If there is anything on this earth detested by the Nebraska Populist, that thing is GROVER CLEVELAND, and it is something therefore for him to acknowledge Mr. CLEVELAND's honesty, even under the name of brutal frankness. In ascribing to this

honesty most of Mr. CLEVELAND's popularity, Mr. BRYAN shows considerable insight into the facts. Mr. CLEVELAND's high reputation is founded less upon what he has actually accomplished than upon the spirit for which he stands. Apart from the Venezuela episode, of which two views are possible, his most notable performances were so unpopular that they split his party and made much constructive work impracticable. His forcing Congress to repeal the SHERMAN Act helped to disorganize the Democrats, although it is a cornerstone of CLEVELAND's fame to-day. His vetoes of pensions were about as unpopular a performance as any President ever undertook, and yet they help to create the large and rugged figure which will stand for CLEVELAND to after times. His career points the truth that a man may do more good after his acts, so to speak, than at the time. "I hold," said BOURKE COCKRAN in Congress recently, "that this disposition to justify almost anything by pleading that Mr. CLEVELAND did it is the highest compliment ever paid to any man in our political history." A President might accomplish more work immediately than was done by Mr. CLEVELAND, and yet fail altogether to leave that image to posterity which may serve as inspiration and ideal. Such is the deepest use of great men, whether they are immediately successful or the reverse. They keep up their country's tone. The feeling for Mr. CLEVELAND to-day represents not a mere liking for security—not mainly that, but rather a longing for the morally ideal, which has, in the course of time, taken refuge in the ex-President. It is not, properly speaking, popularity, in the sense that MCKINLEY, BLAINE or ROOSEVELT has been popular. It is not personal in its nature, but rather the expression of a moral need. To have created such a conception of himself is the best feat that Mr. CLEVELAND has accomplished.

TWO KINDS  
OF ACCOM-  
PLISHMENT

**T**HIS COUNTRY IS NOT CYNICAL at heart in politics, although it is often charged with being so, and with lacking moral indignation. The volume of disgust aroused by Mr. HEARST is a proof that we are still far from the moral indifference that marks decay. So real are the shame and displeasure with which the nation sees this agitator's tricks that the result of his adventure is likely to be good. His campaign money, his pandering to every discontent, and his trumpet advertising of himself have taken him as far as he can go. His defeat at St. Louis is likely to be more than a failure to get the nomination. Unless Mr. BRYAN is able and willing to secure some anchor for his lieutenant, Mr. HEARST is likely to sink in power even in his newspaper industry; for failure, like success, is something of a snowball and grows in size by merely going on. We have considerable hope, therefore, that Mr. HEARST's success in calling attention to what he stands for will result in so consolidating and heightening the feeling against that moral debauchery on which the HEARST newspapers have their base, that the young adventurer may be diminished not only in politics, but in the field where he has bought an evil lead. The anger and distress which are now supplanting curiosity and ridicule are a sign of earnestness and principle in the people which we are glad to see, and those emotions, we believe, are aroused fundamentally by the knowledge that in journalism, where Mr. HEARST has given the fullest measure of his nature, he has been mean, self-seeking, and void of any sign of honor or the better life.

INDIGNATION  
STILL POSSIBLE

**P**REFERENCES ABOUT THE WAR are becoming calmer without losing their direction. Without ceasing to admire Japanese dash we have been forced by time and reflection to look upon the situation upon land and sea in a more critical and open spirit. Lack of dramatic incident is conducive to intelligent comprehension, and also to the wish for peace. Another change which tends toward less American hostility to Russia is the word given out in England that the Bear is not to be baited, but rather to be conciliated. London being the world's news centre, any change of tone there is reflected here. Some slight coolness is perhaps being added in the newspaper world by the severity of Japanese censorship contrasted with Russian frankness. These causes, however, big and little, have only modified our feeling, without changing its course, and there is the best of reasons why any large amount of sympathy with Russia is improbable. Not the English press, the Jewish massacres, the abuse of Finns and Poles, cruelty in the Chinese war, or the banishment of liberal thought has done as much to make us think of Russia with hostility as has been done by our diplomatic relations. Since for several years Russia has been steadily our diplomatic opponent in Manchuria, we have been acquiring the habit of regarding her as clashing in

HOSTILITY  
TO RUSSIA





interests with ourselves, or, in other words, as being more or less our enemy. We see no reason to expect a change in this regard. Secretary HAY is undoubtedly doing a powerful amount of thinking, as he is likely to be the leader when the time arrives for the world to make terms between Russia and Japan; and there is much more probability of his having to oppose Russian wishes than Japanese. Until some arrangement is perfected by which Russia fails to threaten an exclusive and excluding power in Asia, she will, by necessity be looked upon in America with the hostility always caused by visibly conflicting interests.

**MR. HAY'S FAME** as the world's foremost diplomat to-day would never have been acquired but for one of the traits which most distinguished President McKINLEY. It is a peculiar quality, sometimes apart from intellectual brilliancy or depth, although it often goes with the greatest men. It was more characteristic of WASHINGTON than of his greatest successor, STANTON being the only real discovery made by LINCOLN. The first President, to be sure, had the advantage of taking office after an upheaval had tested the ability of men, and it is also fair to say that he made some weak appointments. We do not hesitate to state, therefore, that Mr. McKINLEY was a more remarkable discoverer of men than any other President we have had, and that quality in him may well puzzle his biographers. It was, perhaps, rather instinct than reason or analysis;

#### A JUDGE OF MEN

the same sensitiveness which made him such a register of public opinion. He reached his final stand upon currency and the tariff less by individual cerebration than by the instinct in him for absorbing results from the best thought about him. He seemed to receive wireless messages from every part of the land, and in judging individuals the same mysterious instinct said, "This is the man who must serve me." HAY, ROOT, and TAFT are merely the three most remarkable of many successful choices unbalanced by one flagrant failure. Mr. McKINLEY was not great at "dramatizing himself." He was loved and he was trusted by the people, but he has not left a distinct concept of himself for succeeding generations. The final picture of him is open to any historian gifted for the task; and such a historian's most attractive material will be the hidden aptitude which made the President so unrivaled in his choice of men.

**THE STRENUOUS LIFE** came in for some strenuous knocks from a former Governor of New York at the recent dinner of the Periodical Publishers at Washington. As President ROOSEVELT was the guest of honor, Mr. BLACK's remarks were so evidently pointed that he succeeded in creating a painful silence. He began well, with apt epigrams handed out with slow precision, but he soon fell into rhythmic prose, overloaded with imagery, that ended by giving the sense of rhetorical insincerity. He thus failed to produce a sensation where he might have done so, and left instead the impression of an arrow sent astray. He claimed the distinction of being without a harness, of not being bound to a schedule, of being free, in short; but he did not make the impression of being free from malice, although many of his sentences were sympathetically built and true. "Strength without wisdom is like the

#### AN INCIDENT AT WASHINGTON

hurricane speeding unguided across the plain. . . . I think the disposition in the world to-day is to magnify the value of strength and to check the serious and the thoughtful." Of patriotism he sometimes thought that its best significance was on the dead level known as peace. "A work is no greater because done in a hurry. It is far wiser to arrive safely at dusk than to be brought home safely an hour earlier." Mr. BLACK struck a line of thought that opens possibilities of influence for eloquence to-day. Strenuousness has its uses, and measured contemplation has its uses also. Since it happens at the present moment that the strenuous side has been finding much more insistent expression than the side of peaceful, quiet wisdom, the best opportunity lies with the man who can give voice to the calmer, more philosophic and poetic side. The present is the time for him. Russia has one man who speaks for calm with the voice of genius, but Russia alone has such a man in all the world.

**QUARRELS AMONG FINANCIERS** represent almost the only hope for the public to secure adequate information about the workings of big combinations which are run to fool the people out of money with no recompense, and such quarrels are also the most likely source of evidence against combinations which are merely illegal without being essentially immoral. If only two such men as ROCKEFELLER and MORGAN should begin a deadly struggle in the criminal courts the whole field of high finance would be blown

through by a breeze of enlightenment. The bureau presided over by Mr. CORTELYOU at Washington is constantly seeking and gathering information, upon which Congress or the Executive might act, but the chase is a hard one on account of the great astuteness of the quarry. Big financiers seldom use ink when they contravene either morals or the statute law. They would rather incur the slight risk of being cheated among themselves than the probability of balked schemes or punishment if their methods saw the light. "He has no writing," says H. H. ROGERS, of the Standard Oil group of financiers, in a remarkable interview caused by his quarrel with another stock operator, "and from the very nature of his connection with the project he can have none." And Mr. ROGERS added these striking and undeniable words: "As society and the law are constituted, it is an absolute impossibility for a few men to make \$46,000,000 profit legally." This amount "was made without putting a single dollar in jeopardy, in a very, very short time, and it represented one and one-half and three times the total capital employed in the transaction." It was possible only by what Mr. ROGERS calls a Trick of Finance, which is the larger equivalent of the shell game still worked upon the strolling farmer. If the facts were on record the money could be won back in court by the cheated purchasers; and such methods, according to Mr. ROGERS, are the very gist of what is called Modern Finance. May there be many more such quarrels, driving other men to be as frank as ROGERS, until finally we find devices by which to treat large confidence men as we treat their petty analogues.

#### GAIN FOR THE PUBLIC

**NIAGARA FALLS** received small consideration from the New York Legislature, the bill for their destruction being huddled through along with other "grabs." Action by Congress toward making of the Falls a national park is now more imperative than ever. Asked about his attitude, one of the creatures "interested" replied that the "show" had turned out to be too expensive, and that "sentiment" should not be allowed to stand in the way of "progress." Progress! This individual would doubtless see progress in carving into matches the California trees, two thousand years old, which are, as they have been called, "absolutely unparalleled on this earth." There are unhappily a number of persons in the country who think Niagara and the great trees of California can not readily be valued in terms of money. The attitude of Congress toward the improvement of the City of Washington is perhaps representative of the average indifference toward beauty. A man like Uncle JOE CANNON is a decidedly useful person in his way, but his opinion of a plan approved by the most expert artists in America is worth considerably less than nothing. One of the things which it would be well for us to learn is that beauty is not easily described in dollars, and that to give up any great national beauty that can never be replaced is appallingly sad and undiscerning. Here is a proper field for the so-called patriotic societies, one of which is already at work to save Niagara.

#### THE PRICE OF BEAUTY

**THAT MERE EXPRESSION HAS POWER**, entirely apart from the substance behind, is illustrated whenever real eloquence is heard. Sometimes oratory is declared to be out of date. Changed in its nature it certainly is. The gestures and the declamation with which the Fourth of July was once identified are held in less honor than they were. That oratory itself is out of date is most improbable. In England to-day the most effective speakers are not orators, and this fact is the foundation for a frequent generalization that in Parliament now debating power is everything and eloquence is nothing. If a GLADSTONE or a BRIGHT should arise again, the force of oratory would appear in its former splendor. Mr. COCKRAN's speech on the pension order was a rather striking proof of the use of eloquence, for Mr. COCKRAN is known as a weather-cock, and he expressed little beyond what everybody was saying, yet he filled the House with excitement, changed votes, and set people to imagining a House of Representatives as full of eloquence as the Roman Senate in the time of CICERO. Great is the power of words, and Mephistopheles, in GOETHE'S "Faust," sarcastically observes that nothing is so entirely to be depended upon as words. Sometimes they are a two-edged sword. "Running amuck" was a picturesque phrase which was welcomed by the opponents of Attorney-General KNOX, although it will hardly have the consequences of such historic expressions as "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." We are still influenced by sound, and ever shall be, fortunately no doubt, for without an interest in form there is an end not only of oratory but of any art.

#### THE POWER OF WORDS





## FROM THE TWO CAPITALS

TOKIO CONTINUES ITS QUIET WORK OF SENDING ARMY AFTER ARMY TO THE FRONT, FULLY RECOGNIZING THE GIGANTIC TASK THAT HAS BEEN UNDERTAKEN BY JAPAN

ST. PETERSBURG LOOKS FORWARD CALMLY AND CONFIDENTLY TO THE CONCENTRATION OF A GREAT ARMY WHICH MUST, THE RUSSIANS BELIEVE, EVENTUALLY CRUSH JAPAN

By FREDERICK PALMER

Collier's Correspondent with the Japanese General Staff

TOKIO, March 15, 1904

WE HAVE RECEIVED the first home papers with accounts of the early days of the war. They convince us of what we had supposed from the first: that New York and London are far more excited over the war than Tokio. Reading the pages and pages of wild accounts, wildly illustrated, a foreign resident exclaimed: "What a devil of a row they are making about it."

It takes imagination for any dweller in this peaceful town to realize that he is in the capital of a nation engaged in the most stupendous struggle of modern times. Last week I wrote that we were still waiting; this week I write the same. Nominally, at least, the correspondents have made a little progress. The General Staff has selected five American and eight British correspondents, who are to proceed to the front as a first contingent. Mr. Yokoyama tells us this morning that we must be ready to start on the 20th. Mr. Yokoyama is our impresario—the contractor who is going to supply us with European food and bring up our transport on the campaign. On the 20th he hopes to have us, our horses, our tents, and our blanket rolls all aboard a small steamer, which will sail under sealed orders. Soon thereafter we shall at least see soldiers in the field.

But many weeks may pass before we see any fighting. The winter campaign, which delighted the fearful fancy of some of the rumor-mongers on the China coast, seems no more in the domain of military practice in the Orient than in the Occident. We know enough to know that the period of preparation is not yet complete. It goes without saying that the navy could strike without a moment's warning. It could be on a war footing without exciting suspicion. The army went as far as it might without making the country's intention clear. Each new development of the situation reveals still others than the first apparent reason for the timeliness of initiating operations as soon as the *Nisshin* and the *Kasuga* had left Singapore. A war begun in winter was quite unexpected to the Russian navy, which we now know was thoroughly taken by surprise. A war begun in winter serves the Japanese army, because Japan can make better use of the intervening time before the weather permits actual campaigning than Russia can. With the warm days of April, Japan will be ready to strike on land. Will Russia be ready to receive the blow? Actions will come in as quick sequence and with as little warning as those of the navy.

The city was no sooner empty of one lot of reservists than another appeared. In the last few days we have seen a repetition of the scenes of the first week of the war. Another army has sprung out of kimonos into blouses. Many of the members are veterans. The medals which they wear tell of battles against the Chinese in 1894-95. They will assist to make again the conquest of ground which they once won. Some of them are stooped with hard labor, but, even more than the younger men who have gone before them, they perhaps have the quality which wins victories. They are married, and, of course, being Japanese, have large families.

One incident, not characteristic of all, but, nevertheless, significant of the steel that is in the blood of a race which sacrifices everything to patriotism: When one of the twelve-year men was called, he succeeded in placing all of his children in the care of relatives except one little girl. None could take her. So, doing what seemed to him a mercy and a duty, he cut her throat. It is said that the officers praised him for the deed. According to their view, he loved his child so much that he would not see her suffer, but he loved his country more. Of course, he expects to be killed. His farewell to his family was for eternity. They will boast far more of a father who died in battle than of a father who fought and still lived. There is another story of two men who were missing when the company was lined up for roll-call. (Continued on page 21.)

By JOHN C. O'LAUGHLIN

Collier's Special War Correspondent at St. Petersburg

ST. PETERSBURG, March 22

IN THE UNIFORM of a Cossack General, Czar Nicholas reviewed the other day a regiment of infantry, which swung by the Winter Palace under orders to the Far East. A few minutes later, dressed as a Captain of the Navy, the Emperor drove to the New Admiralty yard and inspected the warships which are being rushed to completion there. It will not be the fault of his Majesty should there not be in Manchuria and Asiatic waters, within the next few months, a military and naval force superior to that of the Japanese. To his officers he must intrust the utilization of the instruments which he is placing in their hands.

These two acts of the Emperor, ordinarily of little importance, brought to mind the question which all St. Petersburg has been discussing since the outbreak of the war: What is Russia's plan of operations? The English journals arriving in St. Petersburg contain the wildest speculation upon what is a simple matter to the Russian strategists, at least so far as concerns the method of effecting Japan's defeat. "First," I was told, "Russia will mass in Manchuria an army superior to the Japanese. She will place in Asiatic waters a fleet superior to that of her enemy. Then Japan will be taught that it is not advisable to thrust war upon a nation that desired peace, and which offered humiliating concessions in the hope of preserving it."

Every military expert knows that the question of men does not concern Russia; it is the question of supplying those finally concentrated upon the battlefield which is causing chief concern. General Kuropatkin has particularly charged himself to look after his army's communications, and his experience as chief of staff in past wars will be invaluable to him in the campaign upon which he is about to embark.

The railroad has its own special guard, and wherever necessary additional troops will be assigned to protect the line. Port Arthur and Vladivostok have strong garrisons, well equipped and armed, and supplied with food. There remain, available for active operations, almost 300,000 men, who have been organized into three divisions—the strongest, of about 125,000, occupying well-fortified strategic positions upon the Yalu River; the second holding a central position between the extreme left of the first division and Vladivostok, which will stop a flank movement from the Sea of Japan, and the third entrenched so as to prevent operations by a force disembarking at the head of the Liaotung Gulf. Among these three divisions are 50,000 Cossacks, incomparably mounted. "Wait till the Cossacks get at them," the average Russian will tell you. "The Japanese can not stand up against them. The Cossacks are as great devils to-day as they ever were. They are armed with fine carbines and long swords, and they will be able to move rapidly. The South African War taught the value of mobility in military operations."

General Kuropatkin recognizes that this army is not large enough. Before he left St. Petersburg he asked for a fighting force of 600,000 men. His request was not fully complied with. He was informed that he should have 400,000 men, with a reserve of 200,000. As rapidly as a single-track railroad will permit, this army is being mobilized in Manchuria. The trains are

running regularly, and, for the Trans-Siberian Railroad, smoothly. The maximum estimate of the number of troops arriving daily upon the scene of operations is 6,000. The minimum is 3,000. I should say that an average of 4,000 men are daily being despatched to Mukden or some other convenient point. The larger the army, the greater the quantity of supplies that must be shipped to it, and the fewer the trains that can be sent with troops. Consequently, June will have arrived before General Kuropatkin will have his army at the strength determined upon.

Turning now to the navy, some facts have come to my attention which will have an important bearing upon the future campaign. (Continued on page 22.)

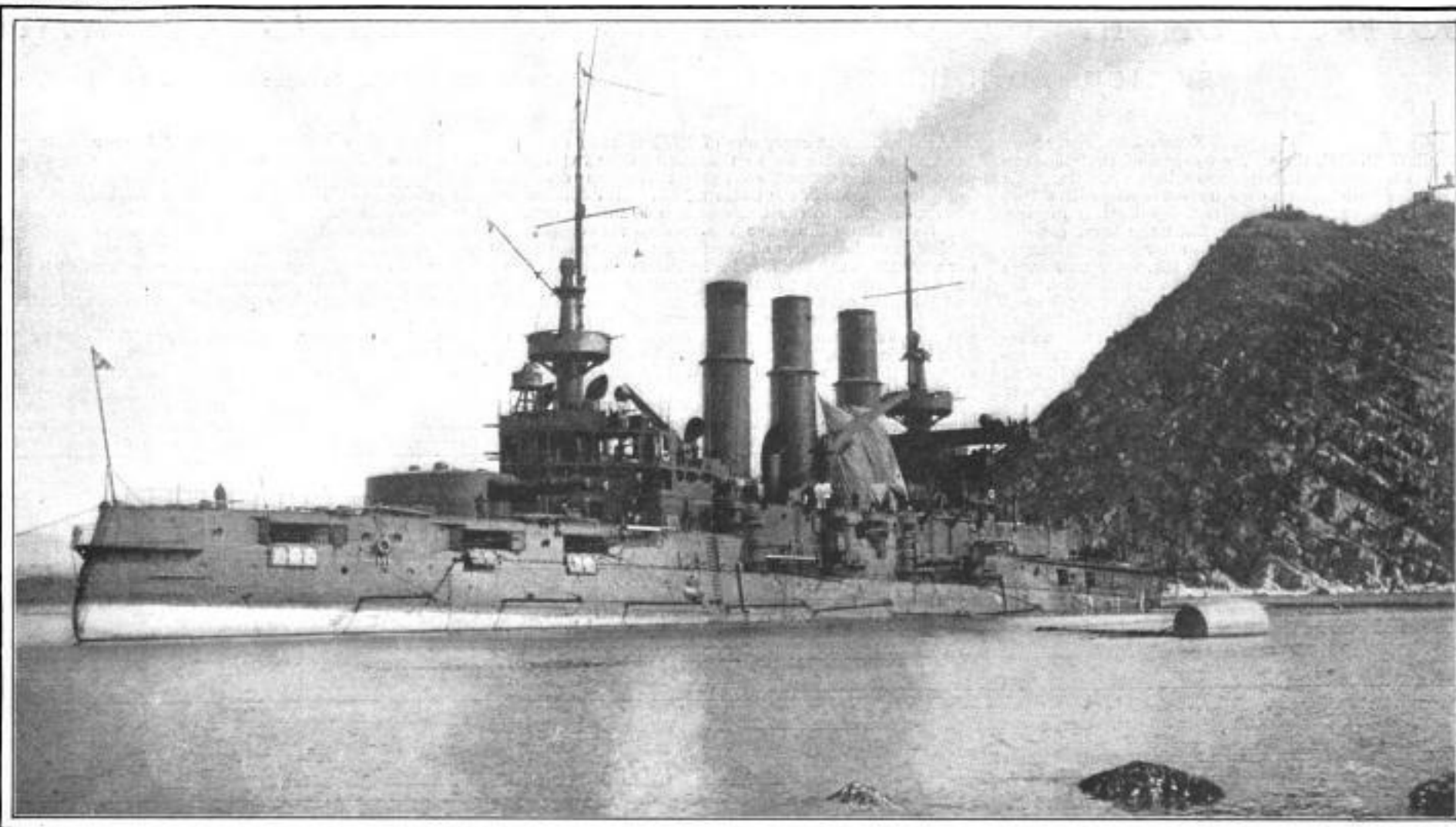


DEPARTURE OF MARQUIS ITO FROM TOKIO

Japan's veteran statesman, Marquis Ito, left Tokio for Seoul on March 15, as a special envoy from the Mikado to the Emperor of Korea. The object of his mission was to induce Emperor Hui Yi to initiate certain much-needed reforms, and also to establish firmly Japan's influence over Korea's foreign policy. Marquis Ito was accorded a distinguished official greeting on his arrival at Seoul, was repeatedly received in audience by the Emperor, and on March 29 returned to Tokio, having reason to feel well satisfied with the results of his visit.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARRIS, COLLEGE SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHY, N. Y. PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT 1904 BY ELLIOTT & FRY



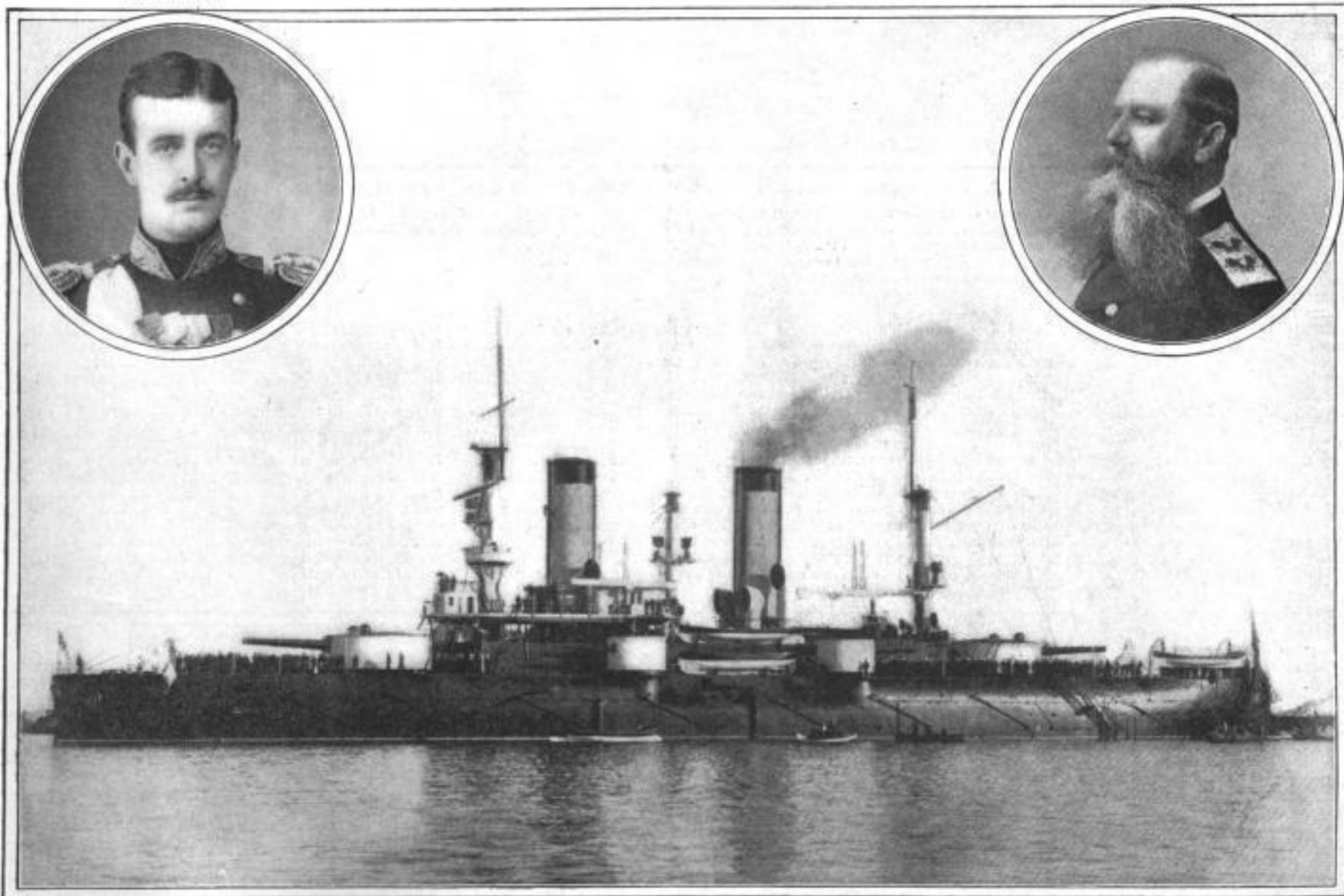


THE RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP "RETVIZAN" ON THE ROCKS AT THE HARBOR ENTRANCE, PORT ARTHUR

This vessel was one of the three warships that were torpedoed by the Japanese on the night of February 8, the opening engagement of the war. She was run ashore in a sinking condition, but settled in shallow water and has done service in subsequent engagements, acting as a floating battery. She has been of much assistance in defeating Admiral Togo's attempts to block the harbor entrance. The "Retvizan" was built at the Cramps' shipyard in Philadelphia in 1900, and was one of the best ships in the Russian Navy.

Grand Duke Cyril

Vice-Admiral Makaroff



THE RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP "PETROPAVLOVSK," SUNK AT PORT ARTHUR, APRIL 13

The "Petropavlovsk" was torpedoed by the Japanese during an engagement off Port Arthur. The big battleship was literally lifted out of the water by the force of the explosion. She turned completely over and disappeared. According to some of the reports, she was struck simultaneously by five Japanese torpedoes. Vice-Admiral Makaroff, commander of the Russian navy in the Far East, Rear-Admiral Molok, and over seven hundred officers and men were drowned. Grand Duke Cyril, cousin of the Czar, with five other officers and thirty-two sailors, escaped alive, but all were wounded. Vice-Admiral Makaroff had only recently taken command of the Russian fleet at Port Arthur to replace Vice-Admiral Stark, who allowed the Japanese to torpedo three of his best ships on February 8. He designed the ice-breaker "Ermak," and was Russia's most capable and enterprising naval commander. Grand Duke Cyril is the oldest son of the Grand Duke Vladimir, uncle of the Czar. He is twenty-eight years old and holds the rank of lieutenant in the navy. He is third in the line of succession to the Russian throne. The "Petropavlovsk" was built at St. Petersburg in 1894, and was a modified copy of the British battleship "Royal Sovereign." She was of 11,000 tons displacement and carried four 12-inch, twelve 6-inch, and thirty-four smaller guns. She is the fourth warship lost by Russia at Port Arthur since the beginning of the war.

Next week, Collier's will publish an article by Captain A. T. Mahan bearing on these recent events



# BOTTLED UP IN TOKIO WHERE NO ONE HEARS OF WAR

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Collier's Special War Correspondent in Japan

TOKIO, March 21, 1904

IN NEW YORK, the writer was one of the mistaken few who prophesied there would be no war. In Tokio, he is inclined to go further and protest that there is no war. He admits when he was in New York there was a war. War filled the front page of all the morning papers. In the afternoon editions its three letters, in sanguinary pink ink, were writ large from margin to margin. Stocks were affected. Insurance rates became prohibitive. Packing houses were working overtime, and the Missouri mule loomed into a national asset. Every man you met was as intimately familiar with the number of guns in the secondary batteries of the *Retvizan* and the *Shikishima* as with the number of his own telephone. Wherever you saw two men talking together it was safe to wager one was saying, "They are a wonderful little people," and that the other was replying, "Yes, but don't forget that in '64 the Rooshian fleet sailed right up the lower bay and saved the Union." There, in New York, war was the only topic. People asked you if you were going to "the front" as jauntily as though "the front" were situated somewhere between Seventy-second Street and Grant's Tomb. When we crossed the Continent, cowboys rode out of an alkali desert to ask what was the latest from "the war." At water tanks

in Arizona, and at every one of Fred Harvey's eating houses from Santa Fe to the Pacific Coast, the proprietor kindly warned us against Russian cruisers lying just outside of the Golden Gate. War continued with us right into the heart of San Francisco, where the Bohemian Club gave the war correspondents a noble farewell dinner, and where we proudly displayed our war kits to the bellboys in the Palace Hotel. When the *China* unloaded 700 tons of "contraband of war," and Japanese crowded the wharf to wave farewells to their fellow-countrymen, who were off to fight, and the San Francisco band played for them "The Girl I Left Behind Me," we all tried to look cheerful and said, as though we liked it, "Well, this is the Real Thing at last."

But somewhere between Honolulu and Yokohama, somewhere in the deepest part of the Pacific, we lost the war overboard, and we have neither seen it nor heard of it since. I do not mean to say that if you go to the War Office here you will not see the sentry, nor do I deny that if you go inside you will see two orderlies. You also will be received by various officials, grave, courteous generals, each apparently doing nothing by himself, in a large bare room hung with a map or two. He apparently has plenty of leisure, certainly enough of it to enable him to be polite. But he has

no time to discuss the probability of Japan and Russia being at war. He says there may be a column which some day may leave some place for somewhere and do something, and if you are patient maybe you, too, can go to that place. But that is the only definite information he has to give you this morning, and so, "if you really must be going, I wish you 'good-day.'"

Nor do I say that in the chief street you will not see colored prints of battles, and people looking at them apparently as artistic productions and with respectful interest.

That is all we who are bottled up in Tokio know of the Japanese war.

This morning we thought that at last we had caught them in the act. We woke to find the streets filled with jubilant natives, each waving a flag; the hotel windows were hidden with flags, they fluttered from every jinrikisha. We rushed out to ask eagerly if Port Arthur had fallen, to learn what great battle had been won on the Yalu. The interpreter regarded us with gentle reproach. "To-day is the spring festival," he said. That means that to-day in Tokio every one is rejoicing, because at the Temple of Kawa-saki a plum tree has given birth to a number of blossoms. But then why should the Japanese know anything of this war? They live so far from New York.

## BURTON'S CASE

The Senate would like to report adversely, but it's not convenient

THE appeal of Senator Joseph R. Burton of Kansas from the decision of the court which convicted him at St. Louis, will go to the Eighth Judicial Circuit Court and will probably not be taken up by that tribunal until some time next fall. In the meantime, Burton will keep away from Washington. Congress is already on its last legs, so far as this session is concerned, and the convicted Senator will therefore be spared the embarrassment of absents himself for any considerable length of time for no better reason than that his presence there would result in a situation unpleasant alike for himself and his colleagues. Before the beginning of the short session next December there may be developments which will either make his predicament better or worse, and which in either event may stir the Senate to action.

Just at present the Senate does not wish to take cognizance of the Burton case. It does not desire to get the

discredited Senator's name on its records. It hopes to be able to maintain an attitude of dignified aloofness and to keep on hoping that Burton will resign, or that something else will happen to obviate the necessity of the Committee on Privileges and Elections acting on his case. It would be very glad, indeed, if Burton's term expired next March, but, unfortunately, it does not. On the contrary, it does not expire until March 3, 1907, and a great many things may happen in as long a time as that. The situation being just as it is, the Senate—that is, the majority—is anything but pleased. The Democrats are complacent, and if given the slightest opportunity would not in the least object to an attempt to make political capital out of the matter.

There can be no doubt of the fact that Burton's conviction does not work automatically to deprive him of



TESTING PHILADELPHIA'S SEPARATE WATER SYSTEM FOR FIGHTING FIRE

Chief Croker of the New York Fire Department, other visiting Chiefs, and the Mayors of Newark and Baltimore witnessed this exhibition of throwing sixteen powerful streams directly from the fire-main whose water supply is pumped at high pressure from the Delaware River. Recent lack of sufficient water pressure in the business districts of New York has aroused agitation for a salt-water fire-main system. After seeing the Philadelphia test, Chief Croker was convinced that \$5,000,000 should be appropriated for a similar protective system in the metropolis.

his seat. If he is to leave the Senate he must either resign or be forced out on a report of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, adopted by a two-thirds vote of the whole body. Were it not a Presidential year, and were the situation less delicate in other ways—were Senator Dietrich of Nebraska not already before the committee in question, for instance—it is quite likely that a report adverse to Burton would be made, and that it would be adopted; for in his testimony at St. Louis the Kansan intimated that in his dealings with the get-rich-quick concern he represented he was only following the example of older and more experienced Senators. This, naturally, has turned the sentiments of his colleagues against him, and if the time were only ripe they would no doubt be glad to embrace an opportunity to show their resentment.

water-mark rations, to see how little they could eat and work well. Without exception, the members of the squad declared months before their term was up that they were heartily sick of the diet and would resign if they could honorably. One of the squad said philosophically: "The Japs and Russians in the field fighting a hard campaign at zero weather get no meat rations, and so I think that we can stand it a little longer on a vegetable diet at the Yale gymnasium."

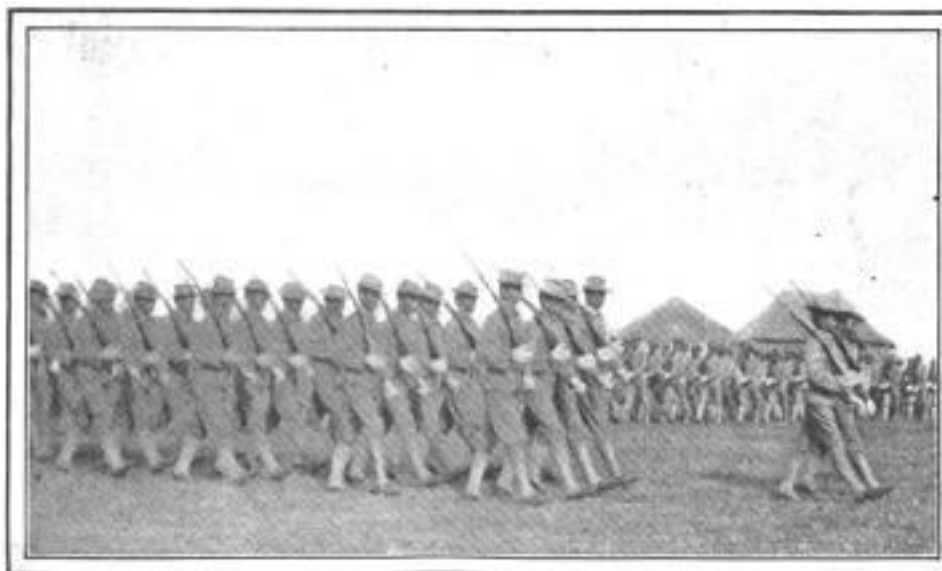
It can be said on good authority that Professor Chittenden will not recommend the giving up of meat as an article of diet, although he has been frequently quoted as holding that radical belief. He has decided that: 1. We eat too much. 2. We eat too fast. 3. We would live much longer and do our work better if we ate only half as much meat as we do.

## WE EAT TOO MUCH

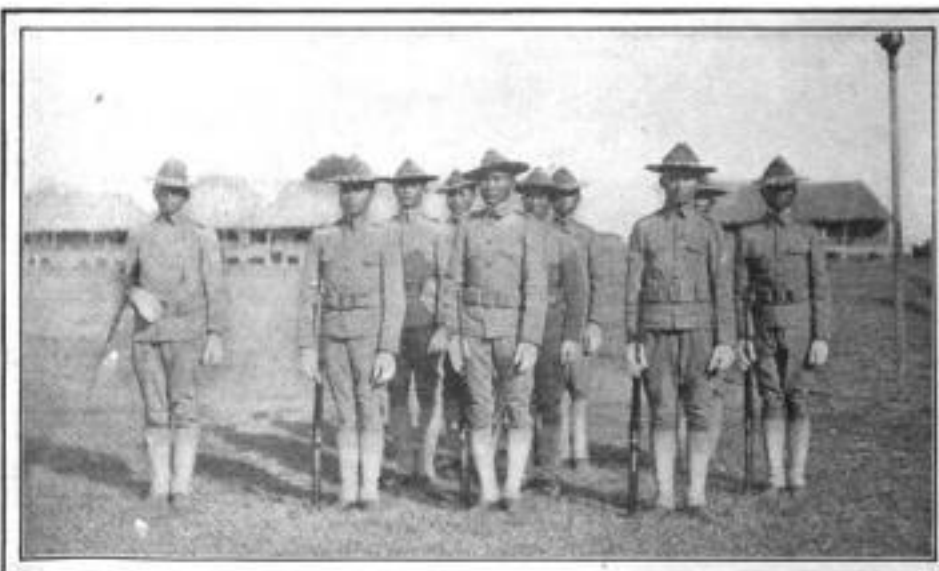
Conclusion reached by Professor Chittenden after long experiment

FOR eight months Professor Russell H. Chittenden has directed the work of a squad of United States soldiers at Yale. His aim was to discover the most practicable rations for the army under varied conditions and, second, and indirectly, the diet best fitted for the American people, perhaps for the whole race.

Meat disappeared from the menu of the soldiers the day after they reported. Cereals and vegetables formed their food till they departed. At one time their allowance was cut down to see what was the smallest amount soldiers, or, for the matter of that, an ordinary man, could live on and work effectively. There were twenty soldiers when the experiments were started; eleven when they left three weeks ago. Three deserted, one or two went insane, and the rest were sent away, it is said, because they persistently broke training and ate meat. The climax of departures occurred when the soldiers were kept down to low-



A company drilling at its Manila barracks



A guard detail of the crack native soldiery

## THE PHILIPPINE SCOUTS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY ENCAMPTED AT ST. LOUIS

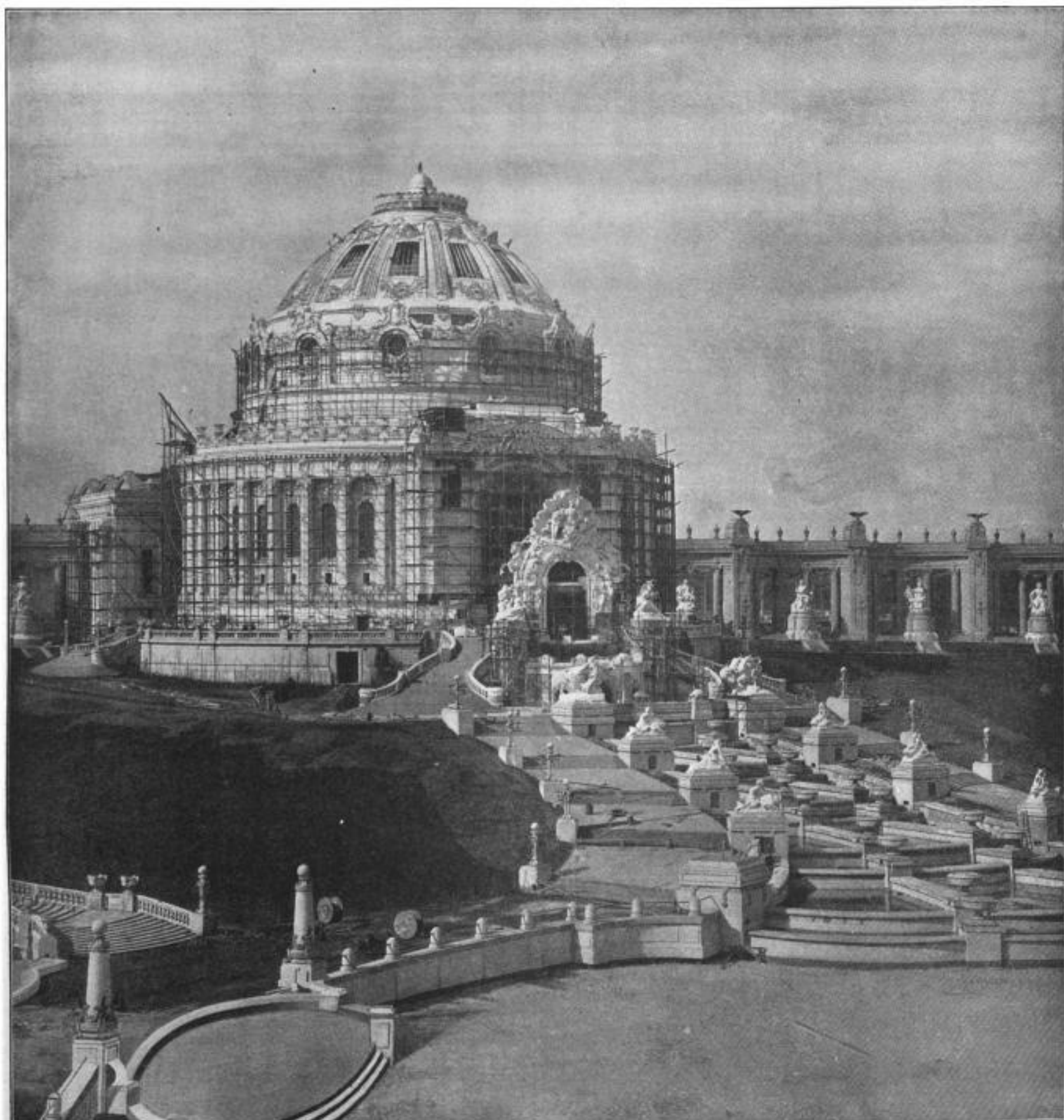
The Scouts, or Philippine Constabulary, as they are called officially, number 7,000 men, in command of Brigadier-General Henry T. Allen, who has the greatest confidence in his little army, which is justified by its record of only 85 desertions in the past year. The Constabulary is both a rural police and fighting force, and the men have shown their pluck and loyalty in many hot skirmishes with ladrones. They enjoy fighting, and desert only where pacification brings monotony of detail duty in barracks.



# COLLIER'S

LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT



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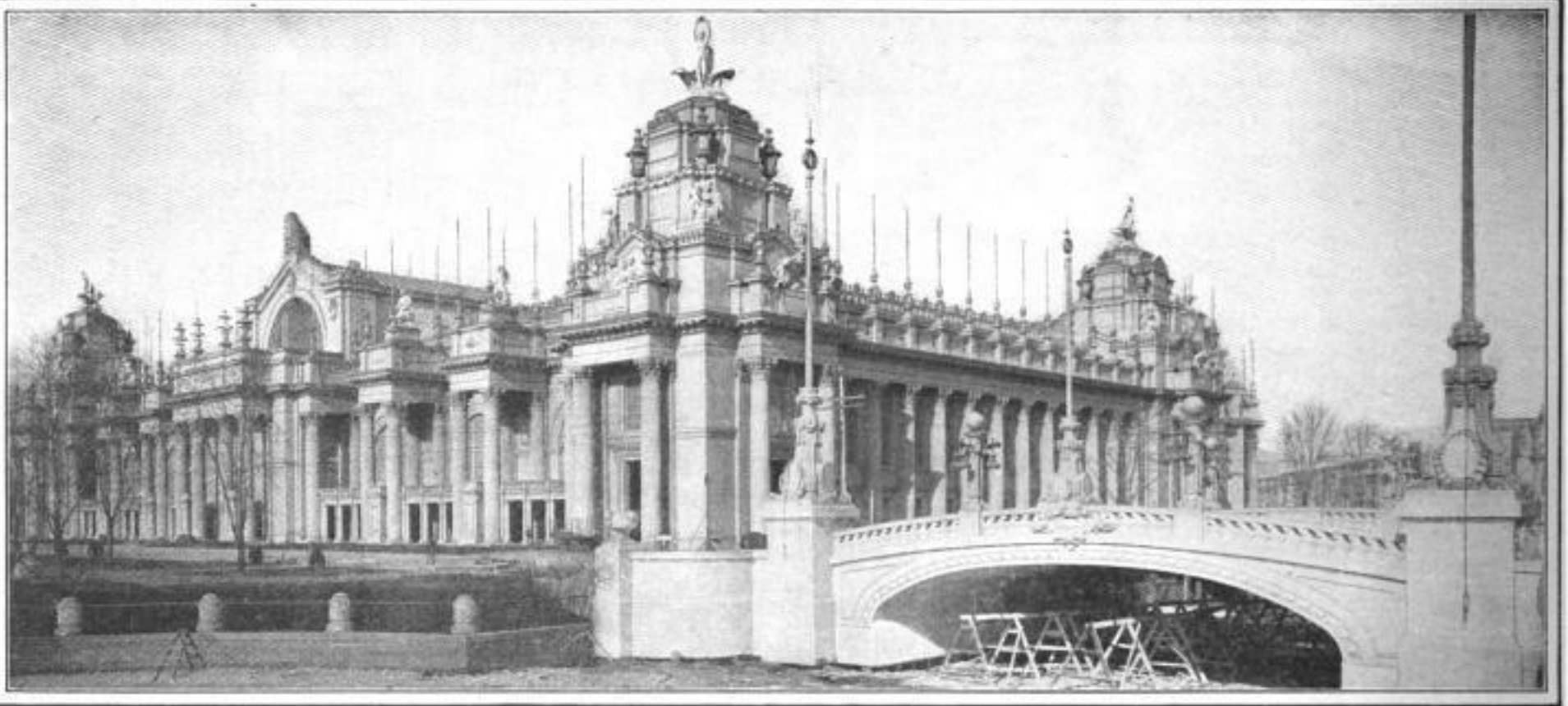
## FESTIVAL HALL AND THE CASCADES

This is the central feature of the Terrace of the States, an architectural decoration 1,500 feet in length, crowning the crest of a natural amphitheatre 70 feet high. The Hall is 200 feet in diameter, 200 feet high, and seats 3,500 people. The cascades have a fall of 90 feet and forward flow of 300 feet, spreading from a width of 45 feet at the first weir to 150 feet at the final plunge. The total cost of the Festival Hall, colonnades, restaurant pavilions, cascades, and gardens, is about \$1,000,000.

*The double-page panorama of the Exposition grounds on pages 14-15 was photographed from the top of this building.*



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#### THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING

This edifice is 700 feet long by 600 feet wide. The Electricity Building at Chicago was of the same length, but only 115 feet wide

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#### MANUFACTURES BUILDING, SEEN FROM THE WEST SIDE OF THE GRAND BASIN

With a frontage of 1,300 feet and a depth of 535 feet, this building covers fourteen acres

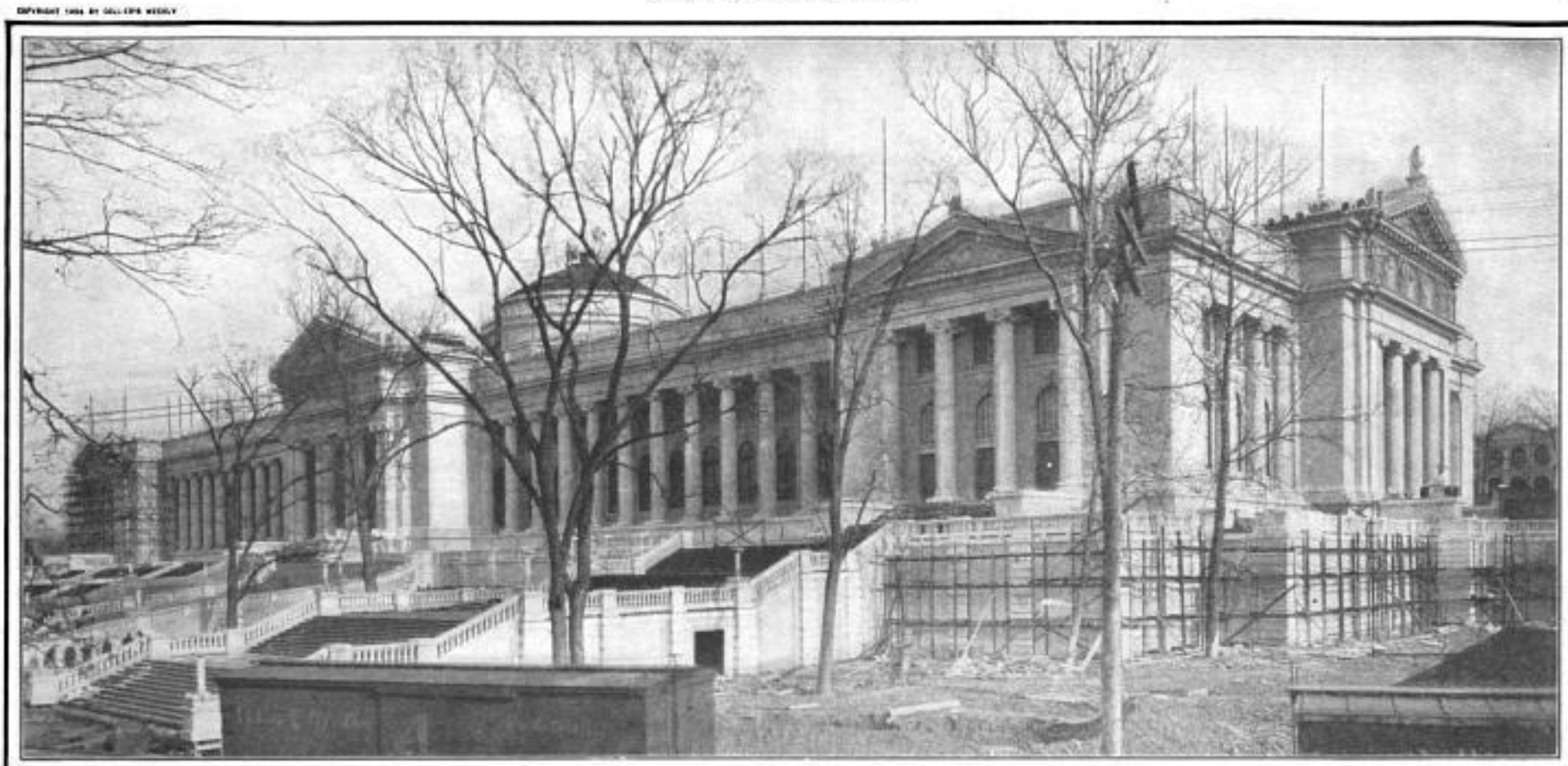
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#### COLONNADE OF THE VARIED INDUSTRIES BUILDING

At Chicago, in 1893, the principal building of the Fair was that of Manufactures and Liberal Arts. At St. Louis the manufactures have a building, with another devoted to the varied industries





THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING

For the first time in the history of expositions Americans have no need to blush for the architecture of their national building. Here will be installed the Exhibits exemplifying the many functions of the National Government. The edifice is 350 feet long by 350 feet wide. At Chicago the Government Building was 430 feet long by 350 feet wide.

## READY FOR THE GREAT FAIR

A LOOK ROUND THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION BEFORE THE GATES ARE OPENED

By ARTHUR RUHL

St. Louis, April 16, 1904

**W**HEN an exposition has come and gone, and its lath-and-plaster palaces have returned again to dust, it must have left in the minds of those who saw it one dominant and satisfying picture really to have been worth while. The exhibits, of which no human being is able or cares to see half, are carted away and forgotten, those who invested their money count up what they have lost, new inventions make the old ones crude, bigger shows make the old ones small, but the one supremely beautiful picture—the illumination at the Pan-American, with the twilight fading into dusk and the glow of the lamps coming out from everywhere, like music, brighter and brighter, until they swept into an overpowering *crescendo* of lights; the Court of Honor at Chicago, with the white glory of its stately distances set against blue water and bluer sky—this nothing can destroy.

When the Louisiana Purchase Exposition was planned, the creation of such a "feature" was one of the hardest tasks set for those who had undertaken the work. There was no large body of water at St. Louis, and the land on which the buildings must be raised was mere forest and farm. The problem was finally solved by making a feature of a hill. On this hill, flanked by colonnades, the pivotal building was built. From this central heart the great body spreads downward and outward like a fan, as some have said—perhaps more nearly like the aisles and the semicircular seats of a theatre. The main aisle consists of a series of fountains and cascades which flow and splash between heroic statues down to the level of the main buildings and the lagoon. On either side of this foaming waterway, and sweeping up to the central hall, are terraces of green turf. From Festival Hall you may look down on the plain as from a throne; from almost any part of the plain your eyes can sweep up past the fountains and over the sweet and restful green to the central hall, very much as, on a lesser scale, you may look up the avenues past the fountains to the palace at Versailles. The idea is a noble one and nobly carried out. Whatever of the impression of vastness is lost by the curving instead of the rectilinear arrangement is gained in unity and cohesion, and the physical fact of that solid grass-covered hill, seen through the statues and fountains, and restfully backing up the white Exposition buildings, gives to the whole picture an impression of naturalness and permanence which other expositions have sometimes lacked.

### The Picture You Will Not Forget

But this architectural scheme of a crown-jewel building, a descending fountain, and the palaces on the plain, is, so to speak, only the body of the picture without its soul. It is a picture that would be just as appropriate in Paris or in London, whereas the Louisiana Purchase Exposition is something that has a peculiarly personal significance to every American—particularly every American who lives west of the Mississippi. On either side of the crown-jewel building, with the curving arms of the peristyle behind them, and the vast palaces of the Exposition stretched out at their feet, sit the heroic statues of the States. Not New York or Massachusetts, but the States carved out of the Louisiana Purchase—the States which, when the purchase was made, did not exist even in name. When

the treaty was signed, a century ago, there was not a State or Territory line from New Orleans to Puget Sound, and here they sit now, these States, come up out of the wilderness, each clothed with a bit of our nation's history, each a daughter of the nation, with an arm to uphold the flag that floats for all of us, and a heart and a soul of her own. Here sits North Dakota, her fresh girlish body, sweetly strong, held proudly erect, her eyes on the horizon's edge; here sits Indian Territory, looking down at her blanket and her pottery, her face pensive, her heart in the past; and here, too, are Montana and Kansas and Wyoming, and the rest. The lights have yet to be turned on at St. Louis, the flowers and shrubbery to mature, the crowds to come, and the fountains to flow. There will be many pictures worthy of remembrance, which can only be guessed at now, but one picture which every Westerner—which every American who has ever really felt his country—will take away with him is already there. And long after he has forgotten that the show is twice as big as Chicago's, when the palaces have been sold for junk and the trees are growing again in Forest Park, he will remember the Fair as he saw it from the central court, with the lagoon and the Purchase Monument behind him, the great palaces stretching away on either side and in front and above—above the lagoon and the green turf and the fountains, looking out over the plain and possessing it—the nation's younger daughters, in all the wonder of their strength and their beauty and their youth.

### What the Louisiana Purchase Was

The Louisiana Purchase, of which the St. Louis Fair commemorates the one-hundredth anniversary, was the acquiring by the United States from Napoleon I of France of all the land west of the Mississippi, north of Texas, and, loosely speaking, east of the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. This vast area, out of which have been carved the Indian Territory and Oklahoma, and the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, the Dakotas, Montana, and part of Idaho, was bought for the absurd sum of \$15,000,000. Napoleon was hard pressed in Europe at the time, there seemed to be possibilities that the opposition to him might be carried to the point of attacking the French possessions on this Continent west of the Mississippi, and, finally, on grounds of immediate expediency and as a result of skilful American diplomacy, the First Consul offered to sell this whole priceless territory for 60,000,000 francs. It seems almost incredible now that the knowledge in America of the land west of the Mississippi was at that time so utterly vague that there was strong opposition to Jefferson's plan, and that the price was looked upon by many solid men as exorbitant and the whole scheme chimerical. The treaty was at last signed and the purchase effected on April 30, 1803. This purchase, which gave to the future United States over one million square miles of territory and the full possession of the Mississippi, was the crowning event of Jefferson's Administration.

### The Bigness of the Show

As far as size goes, the St. Louis Fair will break all records. With its 1,240 acres, the Louisiana Purchase

Exposition is twice as big as the Chicago Fair, four times as big as the last Paris Exposition, and larger than the Columbian Exposition, the Pan-American, and the Centennial combined. The generous people of St. Louis, who allowed a good part of their beautiful wooded Forest Park to be razed to a clay wilderness, on which to build the Exposition, have some reason to think that it is too big. In a general way, the grounds are about two miles long and a mile wide. The main lagoon is 600 feet wide, the lesser "aisles" leading up to Festival Hall are 300 feet wide. The approximate cost of the Exposition will be \$50,000,000, of which St. Louis furnished \$10,000,000. Thirty-six foreign nations will make displays—France, Germany, Mexico, England, China, and Japan each spending half a million dollars. The United States Government Building has cost a similar amount. The Art Palace, a permanent structure, cost slightly less than one million dollars. The statistics of the main buildings or "palaces" are as follows: Palace of Liberal Arts, 525 by 750 feet, cost \$475,000; Palace of Mines and Metallurgy, 600 by 1,200 feet, cost \$498,000; Palace of Manufactures, 600 by 1,200 feet, cost \$719,399; Palace of Education, 525 by 750 feet, cost \$319,999; Palace of Varied Industries, 525 by 1,200 feet, cost \$604,000; Palace of Electricity, 525 by 750 feet, cost \$399,940; Palace of Transportation, 600 by 1,300 feet, cost \$606,000; Palace of Machinery, 600 by 1,300 feet, cost \$496,597; Washington University Buildings, cost \$1,000,000, used by Exposition; Palace of Agriculture, 500 by 1,600 feet, covers nineteen acres, cost \$529,940; Palace of Horticulture, 400 by 800 feet, cost \$228,000; Rose Garden, four acres in area, 50,000 rose trees. Live-stock exhibit covers thirty-seven acres of woodland.

### Secondary Buildings and Outdoor Shows

The main buildings are only half the show. Wherever possible, the management economized floor space by putting exhibits out-of-doors. Some idea of the necessity of this economy may be gathered from the fact that there were enough applications from breakfast-food manufacturers alone to more than fill all the four miles of aisles in Agricultural Hall. "Life, color, motion, operating exhibits," have been the passwords to the big exhibition halls, and exhibitors have been urged to show the process of manufacture rather than the completed articles. Here are more of the "bigness" figures, taken haphazard from the apparently limitless supply: Largest pipe organ ever built, 145 stops, pipes five feet in diameter; two acres of manufactured foods; biggest natatorium on earth; your linen washed and ironed while you wait; ten acres of roses; a model city and mines in operation; four acres of fresh fruits; stadium seating 27,000 persons; fifteen acres of outside forestry exhibits; ten acres of live game exhibits; hotel inside the grounds accommodating 6,000 guests; four acres of agricultural machinery; more than an acre of butter and cheese; largest engines ever exhibited at an exposition; a floral clock covering a quarter of an acre, with a minute hand (this clock keeps time) weighing over a ton; largest waterfall ever constructed, ninety thousand gallons of water flowing over the cascades every minute; million-dollar Philippine exhibit; 276 national and international conventions—religious, scientific, and otherwise; 396 special events and celebrations, including the quadrennial Olympic games, dur-





- |                         |                               |  |                                  |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------|--|----------------------------------|
| 1. Restaurant Pavilion. | 8. Liberal Arts.              | 14. Kentucky.                          | 20. Ohio.                        |
| 2. Machinery.           | 9. Mines and Metallurgy.      | 15. Michigan.                          | 21. The Cabildo, Louisiana.      |
| 3. Transportation.      | 10. German Government.        | 16. Washington State.                  | 22. Missouri.                    |
| 4. Electricity.         | 11. Restaurant Pavilion.      | 17. New York.                          | 23. Louisiana Purchase Monument. |
| 5. Varied Industries.   | 12. United States Government. | 18. Fisheries.                         | 24. Tyrolean Alps.               |
| 6. Manufactures.        | 13. Texas.                    | 19. Travelers' Protective Association. | 25. Irish International Exhibit. |
| 7. Education.           |                               |  | 29. "Creation."                  |

## GENERAL VIEW

THESE PHOTOGRAPHS





# THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION AT ST. LOUIS

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE TOP OF FESTIVAL HALL, 316 FEET ABOVE GROUND

THESE LINES, WHEN JOINED END TO END, AT THE DOTTED LINES, FORM A COMPLETE PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS





"THE SPIRIT OF THE ATLANTIC"

By Isidore Konti

ing the period of the Exposition, etc. One has but to remember the exhibits of other expositions, and that the world is a certain number of years older and add a "more so."

### The Russo-Japanese Static Drama

Almost dramatic in its reflection of the situation in the Far East is the behavior toward the St. Louis Fair of the two Governments of Russia and Japan. If there had been no exposition this year and a war correspondent writing from Tokio had said, "If there were a world's fair at this moment, this would happen thus," a suspicious newspaper-reading public would have shrugged its shoulders over what it deemed the correspondent's weakness for juggling facts in order to make a telling comparison. Here were these two nations, each having made preparations for a separate government building, in addition to the usual exhibits in the various "palaces." War is declared. Russia temporizes and delays, until the Exposition officials, crowded on every side with applications for space, are well-nigh driven to distraction; and then, a short six weeks before the time for the opening of the exhibition, comes a tardy regret that "on account of the war" Russia must withdraw from participation. Individual Russians have since decided, it is true, to make some sort of a showing, but Russia herself—the vast nation of the Great White Czar—will not, as such, be seen or heard. And what of little Japan, at whose very doors, almost, the war is now being fought? Instead of cutting down her exhibit, Japan increases it rather—fairly rushes into the exhibition business as though it were the sole distraction of an empty holiday. Japan will be on the "Pike," elbowing the other nations in every exhibition hall; and over the hill, beside "Jerusalem," will be such a Japanese village, such tea houses and shrubbery and walks and miniature gardens, and all the rest, as were not even to be seen at the last Paris Exposition, where the Japanese exhibit was, in a way, the *clou* of the entire show. Whether or not a nation shows better taste in withdrawing from or participating in an exposition when she is at war is a matter of aesthetics which I do not pretend to decide, but purely as an example of shrewdness, of what one might almost call a press-agent's instinct, Japan's action is characteristic and impressive. During all these spring weeks, while the stories of sunken battleships have been coming from the East, the little brown men have pottered about their pretty

village, trimming shrubs and smiling over their toy gardens, and all the coming summer you and your sisters and your cousins and your aunts may sip your Japanese tea from Japanese porcelain in a Japanese garden, and live your story-book Japan, while a mile or two away, on the streets of downtown St. Louis, the newsboys are shouting the war extras, and on the other side of the earth the soldiers of the Mikado are fighting and dying for the Empire.

### Forty Acres of Filipinos

The most interesting of the outside exhibits, and the largest single exhibit on the grounds, is the forty-acre plot devoted to setting forth the arts, industries, home life, and amusements of the native Filipinos. You enter this exhibit over either of three bridges, the central one of which is a reproduction of the Puente de España over the Pasig River. From this bridge you pass through the Barian Gate into the walled City of Intramuras, and to the Cathedral and public square and markets of Manila. Leaving Manila by the Royal Gate, you jump at once into the heart of the uncivilized Philippines—Moro houses built on poles in the lake, Luzon villages inhabited by Negritos in native lack of costume, Macabebe camps, pearl fisheries, copra raising, and the rest. The Philippine exhibit will cost \$1,000,000. One thousand Filipinos will live on these forty acres—200 of them Macabebe scouts (who will police the exhibit), 300 tribespeople from native villages, a Philippine band of 85 pieces, and some 400 other natives who will exhibit their industries and amusements. During the past fortnight or two these sturdy little brown men have been working like bees on the high bamboo stockade which surrounds their reservation. The stockade is built by setting bamboo poles—huge stalks, which have been brought over from the Philippines, as big almost as telegraph poles—on end, side by side, and then binding them into a firm fabric by running transverse poles along on either side of the fence, and binding the whole with thongs of cane. All over the village you might have seen them working these warm spring days, hacking bamboo with their *bolos* and tying the uprights together, quite as much at home, apparently, puddling about in the mud of Forest Park as in their native hunting grounds. The only clothing they wear is a sort of coat or shirt and a breech-clout, and their firm brown legs are bare to the hips, as nature made them. It is a costume excellently adapted to work in the viscous Missouri mud, and contractors and concessionaires, smeared to the tops of leggings and puttees with the white man's burden of sticky yellow clay, looked on with envy. When the light-hearted Filipinos regain the shelter of their barracks, even the shirt and breech-clout are discarded, as many curious visitors, who have tried to evade the gatekeeper's commands, and to peep into the closed compound, have found to their dismay. There has been much distress in St. Louis of late over rumors of the eccentric diet of some of these Filipinos. The story was started in the St. Louis newspapers that the Igorrotes were being fed on dog meat, of which they are very fond. It is intimated that the rumor was printed by wicked reporters who were not allowed inside the Filipino barracks, and who took this means of getting their revenge. But the Humane Society took the matter seriously at any rate, and vehemently decreed that this barbarity must cease, all of which was meat, at any rate, for the nimble paragrapher.

"Does the butcher heed bossy's moo?" asks one St. Louis paper. "Does a thrill run up and down the spine of the Humane Society whenever that wonderful transition from pig to pork in forty seconds takes place. The sheep bleat in vain. The Humane Society does not hear, for the air is filled with the yelps of sausage *in posse* noisily asserting the will to live as dogs *in esse*, the shape decreed by nature herself."

The Exhibition officials assure the tender-hearted



"THE SPIRIT OF THE PACIFIC"

By Isidore Konti

that they need not worry. The diet of the Filipinos at present is altogether conventional, and before the summer is over they doubtless will have succumbed to the hokey-pokey sandwich and popcorn bricks.

### The "Pike" and Other Shows

The "Pike" is a sublimated Midway—Coney Island carried to the N'th power. It is a mile long, and there is something doing over every foot of it—as the publicity experts would put it, I suppose, "5,000,000 (SQUARE FEET) 5,000,000 of enlightened and refined enjoyment." There are "villages" of every sort on the "Pike," Wild West shows, and chutes. You can go into "mysterious Asia," ride across the Steppes on the Siberian Railway, go "over and under the sea," look through harem lattices, and witness both "Creation" and the "Here-after." The men who have made the Exposition are not inclined to say much of the "Pike." Their attitude is this—that the thing they want the Fair to stand on is the bigness and the beauty of what might be called the "legitimate" portion; if you demand a Midway, why, here is such a one as was never seen before, but we're not going to become "barkers" in order to get you into it.

The reproduction of the old city of Jerusalem is in the main grounds of the Exposition, and is in a sort of intermediate class between such "legitimate" outdoor shows as the Philippine exhibit and the villages of the "Pike." Jerusalem covers some eleven acres in the wooded section near the Art Palace, and it reproduces the Mosque of Omar, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and even the worn pavements and walls of the old city. It will be peopled with natives and camels. There is not space here to consider in detail any of the scores of other "reproductions" and special "features." There is a model city, and a model Indian school, mining camps and fisheries, and every sort of historic building from General Grant's log cabin to the Grand Trianon. The "features" go even into the air, not only in the form of the original Ferris Wheel, but in the form of airship races which are to be contested over an "L"-shaped course on the Exposition grounds.

### The Hon. "Dave"

The Hon. David R. Francis, President of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, is the finest exhibit on the grounds. He is a wonder, a worker, and a hypnotizer. There is nothing he couldn't do. If he hadn't been Governor of Missouri, Mayor of St.

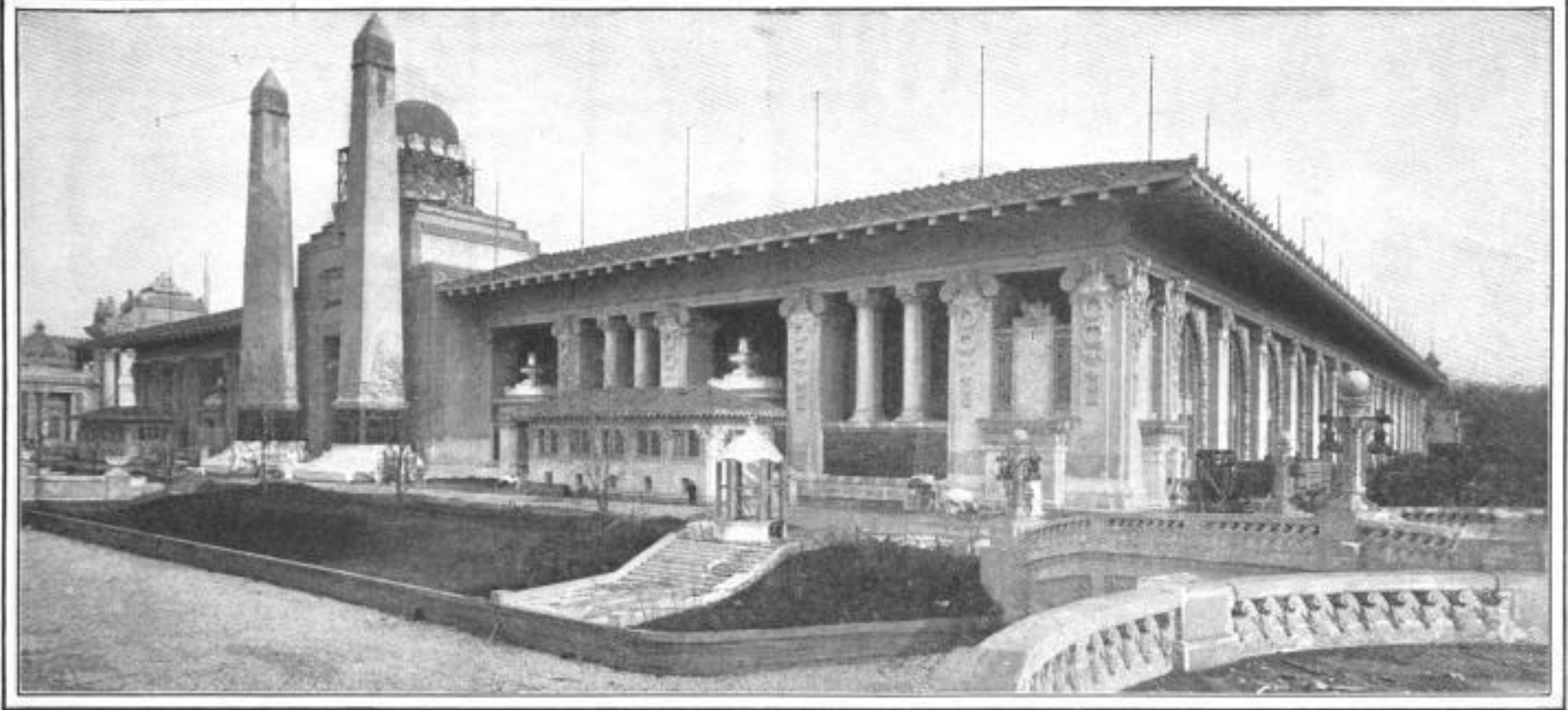
(Continued on page 20)



"THE TRIUMPH OF APOLLO," OVER THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF FESTIVAL HALL. By PHILIP MARTINY



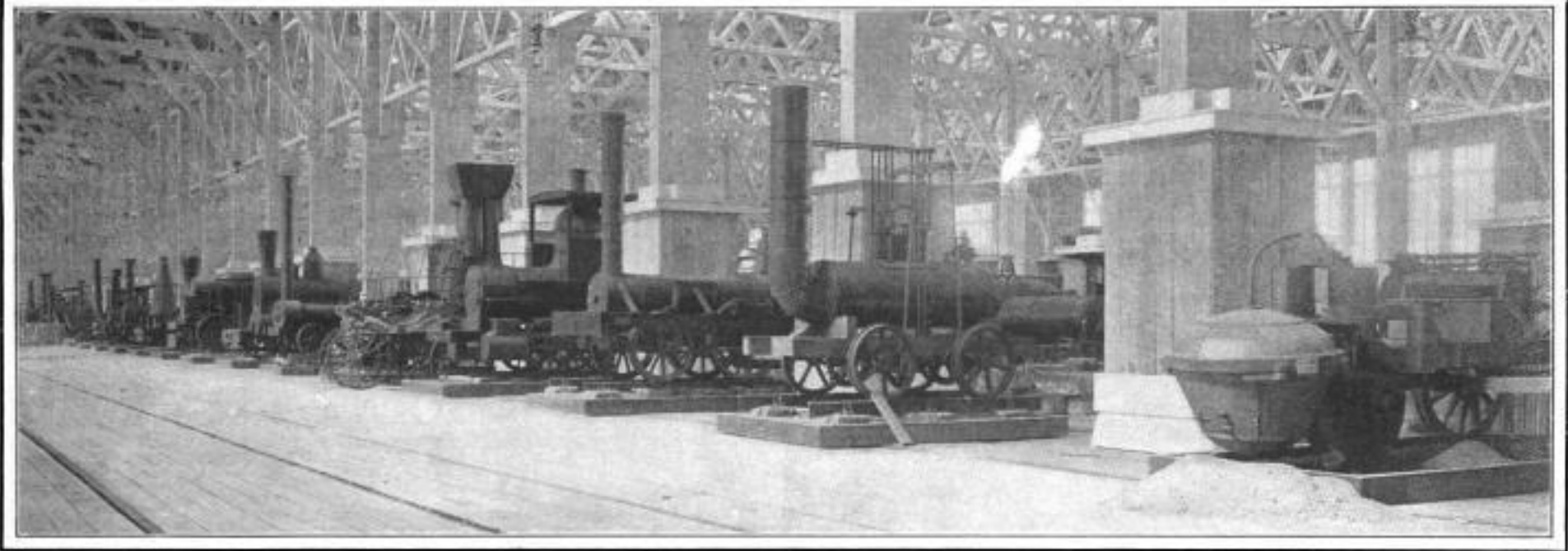
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**MINES AND METALLURGY BUILDING**

Covering nine acres, with a frontage of 750 feet and a width of 325 feet. Chicago's Hall of Mines was 700 feet long and 350 feet wide

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**INTERIOR OF THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING**

This exhibit is but one of many to be seen here and represents the evolution and development of the railways of the world

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**"THE PIKE,"—THAT PART OF THE EXPOSITION CORRESPONDING TO CHICAGO'S "MIDWAY PLAISANCE"**

This feature extends along a boulevard over a mile in length, which will be lined on both sides with elaborate and picturesque attractions





Machinery Hall

Transportation Building

The Pike, in the distance

Varied Industries Building

Electricity Building

## VIEW NORTHWARD FROM THE TERRACE OF STATES



## THE VARIED INDUSTRIES BUILDING

Covers fourteen acres. The Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building at Chicago, the largest exhibition building ever constructed, covered thirty-one acres



## VIEW NORTHWARD FROM FESTIVAL HALL

On the left are the Electricity and Varied Industries buildings; on the right, the Education and Manufactures buildings. The Grand Basin, which is the chief aquatic feature of the Exposition's plan, lies in the center, with the Statue of Peace beyond. From the basin a system of lagoons stretches out among the other buildings. The statuary in the foreground represents physical liberty



# A GARDEN NUN



By  
**LUELLEN TETERS**

Illustrated by  
**THOMAS FOGARTY**

MISS LAWSON put on her black straw hat with its bow of black-and-white ribbon, and stepped hesitatingly out on the broad piazza, scanning the sky with a judicious eye. Across the blue expanse drifted some watery white clouds which seemed to be hastening toward an opalescent fortress of nebula far to the west.

She walked thoughtfully down the street, alive to the sensuous thrill of spring in the air; the budding fragrant leafage of the trees scented the soft wind which set a-dancing the prim crimson-laden stems of bleeding-hearts. The gardens by which her steps took her were assuming gayer tints from early budding flowers, which had not feared to dare the departing winter mood and peep timidly out. She leaned over a fence to admire a flaunting pink rose; a woman in a blue calico dress was industriously digging up grubs from the rich black soil.

"How are you, Miss Lawson?" She rose from her cramped position at sight of her. "I saved my first rose for you." Mrs. Cadnor advanced to the gate, holding out the beautiful satiny flower.

"For me? oh, no," Miss Lawson protested, with a faint flicker of color in her pale cheeks. "Here comes your Eugenie; she's young and pretty; just the kind for a pink rose. I wouldn't mind taking that little wax lily neglected over there among those dandelions. You know I'm fonder of lilies than any other flowers. I hated to pull mine to-day for fear some one would want them before night. Widow Allen's daughter is real sick with the fever, they say. You never can tell what will happen, and lilies work up so well in wreaths." Mrs. Cadnor gave her the preferred flower.

"Here's a rose for you, Eugenie," Miss Lawson said to the girl as she joined them. Eugenie was a bit in awe of Miss Lawson; she had an indescribable air of distinction. Even the gray lawn she wore this morning made her pink percale appear cheap and tawdry. "Put it under your chin," Miss Lawson went on merrily, "and somebody will lose his heart in it." The young girl blushed deeper.

Miss Lawson moved on along the old brick sidewalk toying with the white wax lily her friend had given her. Her eyes turned stealthily toward an old quaint red-brick house, whose severe walls were broken by numerous many-paned windows. Purple flags edged the walk leading to a wide piazza, whose high roof was supported by fat, white-painted columns. Some faded rugs were airing on an old stone sun-dial; over the bright green grass straggling wild-wood violets made a blur of blue. "It was such a day as this—when he went away from me, angry," Miss Lawson mused dreamily, with tender eyes. Far back in the years of her youth John Sheldon had declared his love for her. But a lover's doubts had widened into jealousy—for she had not been averse to being acknowledged the village belle—and he had gone away. It was the average chronicle of a woman's heart, only with her the romance had proven abortive and unfinished. In the companionship of her flowers she sought forgetfulness, making them her charges, and spending the most of her time in her sequestered garden. Stately and tall, the villagers were accustomed to see her gray-clad figure moving in and out among the rows of roses and nodding lilies; no man had ever been admitted to her choicest retreat in the rear; here bloomed her rarest posies, shielded from the sun's fervor and screened from the wind's wanton caresses. "She makes me think of those gray-clad Sisters that stay in the convent," some one had remarked; and the title, the Garden Nun, clung to her.

Miss Lawson passed the familiar house, trying to suppress a rush of old memories that assailed her always at sight of it. A girl wheeling a very modern go-cart, lavishly decorated with lace and ribbon, was coming toward her. She knew every villager from infant to centenarian, and she stepped to one side to let the vehicle pass.

"Whose child is that, Nancy?" she asked its nurse, as she stooped over the sleeping infant; the small white face seemed almost smothered by the scented ruffles of its belongings.

"Major John Sheldon come home yesterday," the girl glanced in the direction of the brick house. "His wife died last year. He's brought the baby here to raise in the country air." Miss Lawson grasped the sharp picket railings of the fence with cold, unsteady fingers. His child—and he was here, too. She tried to regain control of herself, and then she suddenly bent low, and, catching the tiny, frail, little hands, raised them to her lips, kissing them hungrily. It was part of the caress that she had faithfully kept for him all those years—when he should return to her. She had never dreamed that he would swerve in his fidelity to her, even if anger had separated them.

"That child is bundled up too much," she said harshly, passing on. She had put quite a distance between them when she abruptly turned around again.

"Nancy," she called softly. The go-cart turned in her direction. "Don't you ever wheel it up my way?" she asked in a trembling voice. "I—I think the shade up there is splendid for it. The air seems fresher. I've got some pretty crocheted slippers I was going to give you. Can't you come up to-morrow morning—for them?" The falsehood tripped on Miss Lawson's unsullied tongue; she was ashamed of her own cupidity.

"It's real kind of you, Miss Lawson. Yes, I can wheel him up to-morrow; he's got to have his milk now. He ain't a bit strong." Miss Lawson watched her enter the gate with a peculiar expression, half envy, half fear, on her face; she mentally followed their progress to the house, for a fringe of trees concealed them from view. A thousand questions filled her mind; she wondered if its father cared for it; she heard his voice call out to the nurse in accents mellowed by time; it impressed her all at once that he was not young as she had always unconsciously thought of him; John Sheldon must be at least forty-five years old. And she had not seen him for nearly fifteen years.

She hastened home, perturbed into unusual excitement. Look where she would, haunting fragments of the past stared nakedly at her; on the bark of the old elm tree in her garden were his initials entwined with hers in blunt lettering.

Overhead the birds were chattering noisily; there was a soft, languorous suggestion of rain in the air; it was the same old familiar scene, the same azure sky, only he and she had changed. And now he had come back—



MISS LAWSON LOOKED DUMBLY DOWN THE ROAD

Hurt pride and joy quickened her breath. In the chaos of her mind two thoughts stood out cruelly. He had returned as the mourning husband of another, and he had not made any attempt to seek her. She went into her cloistered garden, staring with unseeing eyes at the white, passionless faces of her lilies. "I suppose he calls it John—after himself," she mused audibly.

"What did you say, mum?" Her maid's solemn voice called back from a kitchen window where she was rolling pie-crust.

"I was thinking of my new lilies," she said quietly, with an undignified beating of the heart. She retraced her steps to the house, and, going to her room, softly locked the door behind her.

Removing her hat, Miss Lawson stood in front of a mirror, gazing pitilessly at the reflection of herself. Faint lines of suffering lent a wistful expression around her clear, gentle eyes. She could tell the cause of each mark: tears when her mother and father were taken from her; nights of anguish at the loneliness of the old house, when she was left in solitude with her thoughts to taunt her. There had been no answer to her unrest—only the solace of her flowers in her unsunned, sweet-scented garden. Threads of gray showed in the smooth brown hair waved back from her white brow.

"I am an old woman now," she told herself unkindly, covering her face with her hands to shut out the picture. Sharply silhouetted against the colorless past, the trivial little doings and the charm of their love stood out; a thousand treasured remembrances surged over her. Sometimes the careless touch of fingers on a piano, a broken chord, may rouse to life some long dormant bitterness or an old-time joy. Hearing again John Sheldon's voice had evoked from her all of the forgotten tenderness of the past. A strange impulse impelled Miss Lawson to her closet, and, crouching on her knees, her breath disturbed, she took from out a drawer, folded away in sprigs of fragrant lavender and rosemary, a long-waisted, blue-flowered dress, holding it fondly up to her face. Her skin appeared old and sallow beside the pretty color.

"What a fright I should look in it now," she cried, with a sob in her voice. She glanced with a trembling lip out of the window. There was the old cherry-tree with its seat, where he had read to her the "Idylls of the King." The emptiness of her life arose before her; she had had so little; she had been suffering in silence for years, and led the world to think that she was happy. And all the time something within her was crying out in hunger for affection. His child—

Miss Lawson rested her head against the frame of the door and burst into tears.

"Your lunch, mum," her maid was announcing. "An' shall I whip the cream for the berries? Berries don't look purty without some kind of dressin'—just like a school-girl in a sash."

"Yes, yes, Jane," her mistress answered wearily.

Face it from whatever attitude she assumed, the abject loneliness of her life stared back at her; there was a monotony about its slightest routine.

"I suppose the child can play with toys," she was thinking as she drank her tea from a fragile egg-shell cup. "I wonder if it would care for dolls?"

It occurred to her that some of the sawdust creations of her youth were stored away in the attic. To search for them among old relics of schooldays occupied the afternoon. By nightfall Miss Lawson's little parlor was disordered with a conglomerate collection of dishes, rattles, engines, and an old-style wooden cradle. Jane followed her assortment with staring wide-eyed wonder.

"I expect company to-morrow, Jane," Miss Lawson explained calmly.

Her impatience over the arrival of her guests kept her tossing wakefully during the night. She arose early and had Jane cleaning the house before sunrise. Then Miss Lawson went to her choicest flower-beds and relentlessly clipped the finest posies. The morning waxed and midday came, but there was no appearance of the blue-ribboned and lace-canopied go-cart and its small occupant. Miss Lawson tried to crochet, but she was obliged to ravel out her stitches. She endeavored to read, and discovered her book was upside down. Her embroidery gave her no solace, for a half an hour's application at it revealed to her that she had worked a pansy in green silk and its foliage in shades of purple.

An acute disappointment seized her; combating with her pride, she shut herself in her room, restraining a desire to go and see for herself what caused the delay.

Late in the afternoon she went to her closet and took from its sanctuary the blue-flowered dress; with nervous fingers she drew it on, and fitted the long narrow waist under a blue ribbon sash. Following a feminine impulse, she braided her hair and tied it at the back under a blue bow. The mirror gave back a charming picture despite the pale cheeks and tired lines around the mouth. From off the top-most shelf Miss Lawson took down an old hat-box and pulled out from folds of tissue-paper a straw flat, wreathed with bursting pink roses and cornflowers. She felt that it travestied her faded brown hair. There was a white lace veil in a top-drawer; she pinned



it over her face, and with the first degree of satisfaction that she had known for years met the admiring eyes of her other self in the glass. It seemed to her that she had grown old only in this last day; the knowledge of passing years had escaped her before. She hastily left the room, feeling guilty, as if caught at some misdemeanor. Before the old mahogany bookcase she paused meditatively, and then she reached up and took out the "Idylls of the King," and opened it again at "Launcelot and Elaine"—where he had left off reading that last day under the cherry-tree—and she placed it face downward on the old seat.

She felt that she had stepped fifteen years back into the past. There was a bouquet of red tulips, his favorite flower, in the hall, in a big willow-ware bowl. On the piazza, his old favorite splint-bottomed chair had been brought down from the attic by the speculative Jane and placed confidentially near hers.

Miss Lawson looked out on the country road as the noise of a buggy sounded; some early great golden-winged flies trembled in dusty bars of light; over the yellowish young grass the afternoon shadows were stretching. There was a flutter of a girl's pink dress in the seat of the vehicle; a man whose slightly gray-tinged hair showed under his hat was driving. Miss Lawson leaned forward to better scan them.

The numbness of despair stole through her, freezing every bit of animation within her. For she recognized Eugenie Cadnor as the girl in the buggy, and the man at her side was Major John Sheldon.

She essayed to rise, but her feet were unsteady beneath her and she sank weakly into the chair. A veritable soul-sickness swept over her. In this silent contemplation the dreariness of the future seemed far more intolerable than the misery of the past; the content which years of resignation had won for her had deserted her in one day. Life at its best had been such a compromise with her that she could no longer cheat herself into a pretence of happiness.

She watched the flight of the buggy with wistful eyes; they were taking the country road down whose sunlit stretches the trees hung a thin light-green canopy, and the shy pink of a few daring wild roses made a riotous dash of color against the gray weather-beaten rail fence.

Miss Lawson jumped with alacrity to her feet, tossing pride to the winds. She had passed the last restriction of conventionality. Opening the gate with a determined click, she walked swiftly down the street, not pausing in the rapidity of her movement until she found herself before the old red-brick house. With a heroism with which she had never hitherto accredited herself, Miss Lawson entered the yard for the first time in years, and with a loudly beating heart she knocked on the panels of the door.

Nancy Stokes, flushed and disheveled, responded. Her eyes opened in surprise at sight of Miss Lawson's girlish appearance.

"I waited all morning, Nancy," the elder woman cried uncertainly. "I just couldn't stand it any longer. Is he sick?"

The girl pointed toward a room at the end of the hall. Miss Lawson followed her over the heavy velvet carpet and entered it. A baby's wicker bed stood in one corner, and on the white silk pillow the child's head showed indistinctly; its eyes were closed in slumber.

"Fever," said the girl, placing her hand on its hot little forehead.

Miss Lawson raised her veil and bent over it, softly kissing it. "Bring me the carriage," she said with determination, "and put him in it at once. That child goes home with me to-night. These walls are damp and musty; the house has been shut up for years. It will kill the child to stay here. Come, be quick about it."

Opposition was futile, for Miss Lawson collected what necessary articles she would need for the time, and before long they were pushing the go-cart up the street and following the walk to her house.

Mrs. Cadnor espied them from her piazza, where she was doing some sewing. She went to the gate to further satisfy her curiosity, staring in consternation at the change in her friend's attire.

"I'm not going to stand by and see this child killed by neglect," Miss Lawson said defiantly, irritated by her neighbor's silence.

"My Eugenie and its father have gone for a buggy ride," Mrs. Cadnor remarked impressively. "I guess the rose you stuck under her chin brought her a lover all right, Miss Lawson. He called that evening and asked us to go to the Ridge with him to-day, but as I was busy putting up gooseberries I let Eugenie go alone. When a man's trying to court, I think we ought to give him all the opportunities we can." At this unconscious explanation of the incident a feeling of relief darted through Miss Lawson.

"I saw them go by," she said quietly. "I think we will have to hurry. It looks very much like rain." Overhead a tiny fleecy cloud was collecting vapors.

the ragged, uneven edges of the clouds growing ominously dark, as if they could not much longer contain their burdens.

Once at home, she took the baby in her own charge and put it to sleep in the old-fashioned wooden cradle, feasting on its little features and trying to trace out a resemblance in every curve. The long lashes fell over the eyes at last, and she left it sleeping softly. A peal of thunder startled her; she ran out in the yard to remove the book from the seat under the cherry-tree as the huge raindrops began to fall, her straw flat, with its decorations of cornflowers and roses, on her head. There was a noise at the gate, and she glanced up to see that a girl in a pink dress followed by a slightly elderly man were approaching her.

Major John Sheldon took a step ahead of Eugenie. "May we take refuge here until the shower is over?" he inquired, with his hand on his hat. "My horse frightens at thunder." Miss Lawson was unable to

## A BALLAD OF THE PIKE

BY WALLACE IRWIN

You kin have yer marble buildin's and yer statoots set apart,  
Yer Palaces of Industry and galleries of art,  
You kin have yer architecture like a fairyland in white  
And yer furrin exhibitions, fer I reckon they're all right;  
But I'm lookin' fer my money's worth, so when I hit the hike  
I'm a-goin' to St. Louis jest to see that durned old Pike.

I want to see the zoo  
And the panyrama too.  
I want to look at everything I like.  
I've heard o' the Plaisance  
And the Cairo girls that dance—  
Say, I wonder if they'll have 'um on the Pike?

I want to see the furrin cities all along the track,  
I want to go through Paris to Jerusalem and back,  
I'd like to see the hull of it—I think I'd jest as soon  
Take the submarine to Hades and the airship to the moon.  
I don't care how I git there, friend, but when I make a strike  
It's me fer old St. Louis jest to live along the Pike.

It must be kind o' phoney,  
Like an eddycated Coney,  
Or a solid mile o' Barnum, if ye like;  
And I jest tell you, by jingo,  
I'm a-hopin' that I kin go  
Fer a week or so to rubber on the Pike.

I'd like to see the Zunis an' the Kunis an' the Japs,  
The Moujiks an' the Moslems an' the Romanys an' Lapps;  
I don't much care about the names they have, but I must say  
It'll be right smart instructive jest to see 'em anyway.  
What's the use to cross the ocean and fer weeks or months to hike  
When the world in twenty minures can be saw along the Pike?

You kin reach the Polar clime  
Fer a quarter, while a dime  
Takes you plumb to the equator, if ye like;  
You can travel clean to Mars,  
An' a ways beyond the stars,  
Fer a dollar thirty-seven on the Pike.

I want to see the Filipinos livin' on the plain,  
An' the dawnin' o' creation an' the sinkin' o' the Maine,  
An' other great inventions, like the Chinee an' the Turks,  
An' the men from France an' Borneo a-carryin' their dirks—  
Then the cityful o' side shows—there's the kind o' thing I like;  
I reckon I'll go busted when I travel down the Pike.

I spend no golden gravel  
On yer dinky furrin travel  
Or bargain-sale excursions on a bike;  
But the time is swiftly nearin'  
When I'll be jest disappearin'—  
And I reckon you can find me on the Pike.

reply, she bowed her head, speechless, and then she bravely raised her eyes and looked at him; and, as he returned that gaze, John Sheldon felt a subtle flame leap from her soul to his. Out of the dim forgotten past a little mannerism, her way of regarding him, half-wistful, half-roguish, was recalled to him. He extended a hand that shook in spite of himself.

"Surely you are not—" he paused, overcome at the possibility of it, his eyes amazingly traversing her blue-flowered dress and rose-crowned hat. Around the yard his gaze alighted on the "Idylls of the King," on a well-remembered seat. There was his favorite chair near hers on the piazza. An inarticulate cry escaped his lips.

"Yes, I am—" said Miss Lawson softly, but her voice broke.

"I thought you were all gone away—" he continued doubtfully. "They told me you had married; your people had died."

"That was another Mary Lawson, my cousin, who married," she explained tremblingly, "and all the family except me have gone away—to the city. But I wanted to stay here."

Suddenly there arose on the air, in querulous, sharp intonations, the wail of an infant. Miss Lawson blushed a guilty red, an inward perturbation seizing her as she all at once realized the enormity of what she had done; the flagrancy of her actions of the afternoon, in boldly going unsolicited to this man's house and carrying off his child, now gained terrifying proportions to her maidenly conscience. There was no excuse she could offer for her deed as she saw it in this criminating light. Under his quick, piercing gaze at the sound she flushed and turned pale, overcome with a sickening dread of his censure.

"I must go in for a minute," she burst forth in desperation.

"Whose is it?" he asked suspiciously, covering her with a peculiar sweep of his eyes.

"One of my neighbor's—that is—I—I—" she stammered awkwardly, unable to tell him the truth.

"Mary—" he began sternly.  
"Wait," she cried breathlessly, eager to prevent any condemning speech; she preferred his honest wrath rather than any criticism as to her evasions. "Don't be too hard on me—I will tell you. It is your child—" She hid her face in the folds of her blue dress.

"Mine?" His countenance expressed the astonishment he felt. Miss Lawson swallowed something that choked in her throat and raised her clear blue eyes without faltering to him, brave in the integrity of her purpose.

"I know I deserve your anger," she spoke rapidly. "I know I did wrong to go there when you were away, and take it. But I was afraid if you knew you wouldn't let it come—The house is too damp and musty for it, anyway. It would kill it to stay there. And I wanted it so badly—" He made no comment on her words; there was a barely perceptible compression of his lips that she did not like.

"Don't blame me too much, John. If you only knew how lonely I have been. Let me keep the child—care for it as my own," she begged. "Unless it has better care it will die; John, I will take such good care of it, and then if you want it after it is well and strong—why, then—I—I'll give it back to you—" They had both forgotten Eugenie's presence at one corner of the piazza.

"I do not see how I can accede to your suggestion," he said harshly. "These staid old villagers would talk, and I— You seem to overlook the fact that I have any affection for the child—I am its father, you know."

Miss Lawson looked dumbly down the road; the rain-drops made little holes in the dust and sent out a fresh pungent odor.

"You are right," she said, biting her lips to keep the tears back.

"There are certain conditions, though—" he resumed slowly. "Look at me, Mary—" She turned her back rudely on him, her chin quivering, her grief seeking the outlet of tears.

"Why, Mary—" he said strangely. A robin caroled over their heads on a locust bough.

"I don't want to give up the child," she sobbed; "I have had so little in my life—nothing to love all these years—"

"Neither have I," he declared emphatically. "The child's mother was left in my care. I thought to gain content by marrying her. Love I left behind me—when I left you, Mary—"

"Don't say that," she cried weakly. The wail of the child rang out again from the house, pitiful and enfeebled. She gave one step toward it, but he caught at the folds of her dress, staying her progress.

"You know the conditions," he cried, his face white, his eyes stormy. "Where my child stays I go. Is it yes or no?"

Miss Lawson's gaze wavered helplessly around her garden walls. Everything before her was endeared to her because of association with him, but the best part of her youth was gone, and the gray desolation of the years back of the present arose in unvoiced protestation against the inclination of her heart. It was too late now.

The baby's sobs sounded, cutting through her and compelling all of her latent sympathy. She could not leave it abandoned to the caprice and whimsical attention of any nurse. Afraid of repenting of her decision, she turned hastily to the father as he stood, commanding and tall, beside her.

"For the child's sake—yes," her tearful voice said.

He grasped her firmly by the wrist, almost hurting her in the intensity of his emotion.

"No, for mine," he demanded with his old-time imperiousness. "For my sake, Mary."

"Oh, you are so cruel," she said, her lips quivering again. But the Major read his answer in her remark, for he stooped and reverentially kissed her.



I WISH that I could meet, face to face, every man who reads this advertisement, and who thinks: "I would like to try that, but there must be a colored gentleman in the woodpile somewhere"—or turns it aside with a shrug that says: "Nonsense, it can't be done."

Fortunately, a few respond. The vast majority of these remain customers of mine. Could I talk it over face to face, I could tell them something interesting about cigars. Could I take them through my factory and show how my cigars are made, of what they are made, and incidentally dissect a few cigars of other makes, these doubting ones would become customers.

My business is manufacturing cigars. I sell the entire product of my factory direct to smokers, by the hundred and thousand, at wholesale prices. It costs me something to sell a man his first hundred; after that he orders of his own volition.

Every cigar I sell is made in my factory. I have standing orders for thousands of cigars, from all quarters of the United States, to be shipped on given days of the month as they come around. Still other thousands are sent to men who order and re-order in lots of one hundred to one thousand. Not one of these men ever heard of me excepting through my business.

My cigars must sell themselves.

MY OFFER IS: I will, upon request, ship on approval one hundred Shivers' Panetela cigars to a Collier's WEEKLY reader, all express charges prepaid. He may smoke ten, and return the remaining ninety, at my expense, if he is not pleased. If satisfied and he keeps the cigars, of course he agrees to remit the price—\$5.00—for them within ten days. This applies also to subsequent orders. I simply want to give the cigars a chance to sell themselves.

In ordering, please use business letter-head or enclose business card, and state whether mild, medium, or strong cigars are desired.

My claim is that the equal of my Panetela cigars, which I sell at \$5.00 a hundred, is not retailed anywhere for less than ten cents straight, and that no other cigar in the world is sold to the consumer at a price so near the actual cost of manufacture.

My customers are bankers, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, physicians, clergymen—men who would not buy my cigars at any price unless they were actually good. Another fact, every visitor to my factory buys cigars.

There are no discounts to dealers or clubs. I cannot afford to make a discount on any quantity. I can only hope to succeed by giving my customers a much better cigar than they can procure in any other way at or near the same price. And I do.

Think a moment of the risk I take to make a customer—one-tenth of my cigars (all of them, should some unworthy take advantage of me) and expressage both ways. How can a smoker refuse to try my cigars? Where is the possible risk to him?—Provided, of course, that \$5.00 per hundred is not a higher price than he cares to pay. Write me if you smoke. Address: HERBERT D. SHIVERS, 904 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



## WAR CORRESPONDENCE FROM TOKIO

By FREDERICK PALMER

(Continued from page 8.)

One of them was found. He explained that family affairs had detained him, and he had had no real intention of deserting.

"If that is so," said the officer in charge, "you can prove it by taking your own life."

The man drew his small knife and declared his willingness to plunge it into his abdomen there and then. But hura-kiri is against the law, as well as against the spirit of modern Japan. "Since you want to die for your country, you may," said the officer. "We will take you back into the ranks." These are two of many stories going the rounds, which, if difficult of verification by the foreigner with his limited means, none the less show the temper of the people and the times.

Nothing is more significant of where the news in the home papers comes from than the infrequency and the brevity of the despatches from Tokio. The cable correspondent never saw how his despatches were sent. The authorities cut out whatever they thought undesirable, and, with these eliminations, whether it made sense or not, the despatch was sent. No malignity was intended by this, for Japan is unused to a censorship, being a free country and having none in time of peace. When the cable correspondent pointed out the unfairness of the method, they expressed their willingness to remedy it. An arrangement is to be made whereby the writer may see the elisions, and at least make sense of the message before it is sent. The truth is that there is little to send in Tokio except facts and official reports. You can hear more rumors in an hour in Shanghai than in a week here. All the rumors from every Chinese port are sent by the indefatigable army of news vendors. Never has the world seen so many wild reports as those that appear in the home papers. We here wondered how the sixteen-page morning edition was to fill the space which the importance of the war demanded. Now we understand the secret at the same time that we foresee heavy dividends for the coming year for all the cable companies in the Orient. Probably the spread heads give no one more satisfaction than the officers of the General Staff. Anything that leads to confusion of information serves their purpose—the General Staff working so quietly, so quietly, so quietly.

### The Japanese Not Over-confident

What is now most impressive to the foreigner is that the elation of victory has left no aftermath of over-confidence. Before the naval engagements the Japanese asked themselves the question, "What if Russia should win on the sea?" They took all possibilities into consideration. Now that the sea is clear, now that the first premise is assured, they do not look to easy victories on the land. Instead of saying, "We are going to Harbin," they ask the foreigner politely, "Can we go to Harbin?" (In their hearts they may be perfectly sure that they can; for no man has yet fathomed the potentialities behind the Japanese smile.) I have talked with no intelligent Japanese who did not fully realize that the land, not the sea, was the Russian's natural element. The attitude of the officers themselves recalls the remark of an ensign of our squadron at Santiago.

"When I saw the Spanish ships coming out," he said, "I remember thinking that in ten minutes the scuppers would be running with blood. When it was all over I couldn't quite realize that I was still alive."

The Japanese expect carnage in Manchuria; nothing more or less. They are counting upon gigantic battles and heavy losses. They go to their work with the grim determination of one to whom the cost is clear. If they have swept across the railway behind Port Arthur by the first of July, as many of their admirers expect that they will, without an appalling list of dead and wounded, the average officer will be surprised. Perhaps the General Staff will not be. We fancy that Kodama knows all. He knows not only where the landings will be made, but where the battles will be fought. The Japanese officers dressed as Chinese, who are acting as spies, must keep the General Staff informed as to every Russian movement. They can slip back into Korea or Newchwang with their news, and once it is in Japanese territory it flies over a wire held exclusively for Government purposes. It is impossible for a Russian to be a spy in Japan. He can adopt no disguise which will deceive the native. The movements of every foreigner are known. If he is at all suspected he is never out of sight of the police. If he goes on forbidden ground or does a forbidden thing he is instantly warned—with the omnipresent smile, of course. This land of 45,000,000 inhabitants is like a club: Only members can get past the doorkeeper. The intelligence work of the General Staff, like most of the inside history of the war, will never be written. No one knows the names of the three officers whom the Russians hanged for an attempt to dynamite a bridge. No one knows how many others are now playing some hazardous part under the Russian flag. The most romantic and human chapters of the war which are daily being enacted are a sealed book to everybody except four or five responsible men.

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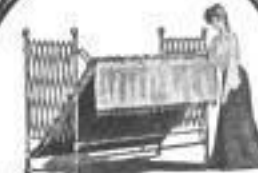
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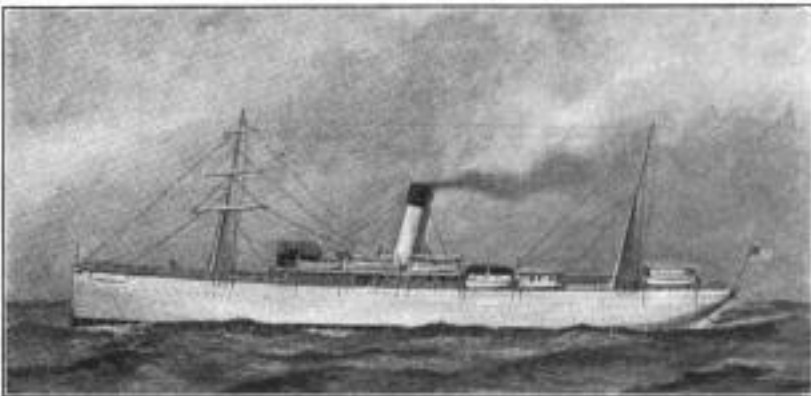
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tails, and we have our share of it in Tokio. After the Foreign Office phase and the naval phase, we come to the political phase in Japan's attitude to Korea. The censor does not allow the use of that naughty word "protectorate." If no Japanese will say that the arrangement is a protectorate, none will say that it is not. The complete occupation of a country by foreign soldiers, its transformation from independence to suzerainty, have been accomplished with a deftness peculiarly Japanese. Yesterday Korea was Korean; to-day it is Japanese. The change seems only a set part of the programme. You may read the Japanese papers in vain for any elation over this masterful piece of policy.

From Masampo to Ping-yang there is absolute peace. The Japanese soldiers have stepped into their places as guardians as softly as a butler into a dining-room. The Koreans accept them as a matter of course rather than as the inevitable. Stripped of all nicely worded Foreign Office statements, the attitude of Japan toward Korea is clear. She means to be the same kind of a friend to Korea that England has been to Egypt. As one of the negotiators in a good bargain, she expects both sides to profit by it. Both will. Korea is redeemed to order; she is set on the pathway to progress. She will have railroads and factories and schools, just as Japan herself has. Within a month her place has been made secure. In the defence of the present régime all the strength of Japan will be sacrificed.

### The Emperor's Golden Tooth

The Korean Emperor becomes what the Khedive is in Egypt—the figurehead of a definite, progressive policy. Is this right? In that connection one may only relate the principal subject which occupied the Emperor and his court during this present winter, when his country was in danger. A great scandal was aroused by the fact that, yielding to the fascination of the process and of the prospective yellow gleam in his mouth, the Emperor had had an American dentist make him a gold tooth. The geomancers, upon whose geometrical wisdom the ruler depends for advice, said that the imperial mouth had been profaned. There was only one way to restore the dignity of the royal house and of the empire, and that was to have the tooth removed. The geomancers had their way. Meanwhile, the Emperor of Japan, while considering the advisability of war, war measures, and the raising of a loan, was planning how Korea should be brought into the field of active civilization. This contrast of men and of peoples needs no comment to a people who are educating Filipinos or building schools in Khartoum.

What are Japan's intentions after she has taken Port Arthur? In nothing does she show her hand before the card is called. "Scrupulously, amazingly, exasperatingly correct," was the description of her whole attitude in this war by a none too friendly foreign diplomat. What if she should say to the other nations, after she had driven Russia out of Manchuria: "We have enforced the pledge of an integral China. Now, will you maintain it?" Every item that comes from North China is read here with the intensest interest. At the outset of the war it did not suit Japan's policy to have China engaged, lest Russia might seize naval bases on Chinese territory. With the Russian navy off the seas, what would be the result if the soldiers of Viceroy Yuan Shih-Kai should dispute the re-occupation by Russian troops of the territory south of the Liao River which Russia had already evacuated? How many more trumps has Japan up her sleeve? We who wait in Tokio have learned to be surprised at nothing.

## WAR CORRESPONDENCE FROM ST. PETERSBURG

By JOHN C. O'LAUGHLIN

(Continued from page 8)

The assignment of four cruisers to Vladivostok, and the damages sustained by the *Retvizan*, *Czarevitch*, and *Pallada*, rendered the Russian Asiatic fleet inferior to that of Admiral Togo. The *Pallada*, which was gotten into dock, is again in active service. The *Czarevitch*, which had a large section of her bottom ripped out by the explosion of the torpedo—the hole is said to have had an area of 178 square feet—is on pontoons in the harbor and can not be repaired in time for the projected fleet operations. Repairs are being pushed upon the *Retvizan*, which can be considered again as a part of the effective Russian force. There is no truth in rumors circulated abroad that the guns of the *Retvizan* have been removed and installed in a shore battery. The Russians are consequently inferior to what they were before war commenced by but one battleship and two cruisers—the *Varyag*, sunk at Chemulpo, and the *Boyarin*, destroyed by mines, and a few torpedo-boat destroyers. Nevertheless the fleet will not participate in offensive operations, but for the present will remain, undamaged, it is hoped, under the guns of Port Arthur.

Russia believes that Japan's fate will be decided by the new fleet, which is to be formed in the Baltic, and which will arrive in the Far East the last of July or early in August. This fleet will comprise five first-class and three second-class battleships, one armored and five protected cruisers, six auxiliary cruisers, twenty-one torpedo-boat destroyers, and a number of oil ships and colliers. The battleships are the *Imperator Alexander III*, *Orel*, *Kniaz Suvoroff*—all of which are under construction—the *Borodino*, and the *Orskoy*, *Sissoi Veliky*, *Navarin*, and *Imperator Nikolai I*, which are in commis-

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sion. The *Borodino*, *Alexander*, *Orel*, and *Suvareff* are sister ships, each of 14,000 tons, 18 knots speed, well armored, and carrying four 12-inch, twelve 6-inch, forty smaller guns, and six torpedo tubes. The *Borodino* is ready at the New Admiralty yard and was inspected by the Emperor, but her draft is so great that in order to get her out of the Neva it will be necessary to remove her turret guns and install them again at Cronstadt. The *Orel*, building at Galernii Island, near St. Petersburg, will also receive her guns at Cronstadt. The *Alexander* and *Suvareff* are building at Cronstadt. The *Slava*, of this class, will not be ready for at least a year. While not as speedy as the Japanese *Yashima* and *Fuji*, these ships are superior in protection and armament. They are also inferior in speed to the other Japanese battleships, and there is not much difference in their protection and armament. The *Oshadaya* is of 13,000 tons—about that of the *Yashima*; her speed is a knot less, and her battery is inferior. The *Sissoi Veliky* is of 9,000 tons and was built ten years ago. Her armor is partly of the old compound type, and her main battery includes four 12-inch and six 6-inch rapid-fire guns. The *Navarin* is older than the *Sissoi*, but is of the same speed—16 knots—and has a main battery of four 12-inch and eight 6-inch breech-loading guns, for which rapid fire may be substituted. The *Imperator Nicolai I* is of 9,800 tons and has compound armor; her battery comprises two 12-inch, four 9-inch, and eight 6-inch guns, all breech-loaders. The *Sissoi*, *Navarin*, and *Nicolai* are inferior to the Japanese armored cruisers.

### The Ships of the Baltic Fleet

There is but one armored cruiser available for the new Russian fleet—the Baltic fleet, as it is called. This is the *Dmitri Donskoi*, built twenty years ago and partially reconstructed in 1895. The *Dmitri Donskoi* is only of 5,900 tons, her greatest speed is 15.5 knots, and her heaviest guns are only six inches in calibre. The protected cruisers which will be attached to the fleet will be the *Oleg*, under construction, of 6,750 tons, 23 knots, and carrying twelve 6-inch and twenty-four smaller guns; *Aurora*, a sister ship of the *Pallada*, of 6,630 tons, 20 knots, and eight 6-inch and thirty smaller guns; *Svetlana*, of 3,828 tons, 20 knots, six 5.9-inch and twelve smaller guns; *Jemchug* and *Sumrud*, each of 3,000 tons, 25 knots, and six 4.7 inch and ten smaller guns.

In anticipation of the despatch of this fleet to the Far East, men are being drilled, especially in gunnery, in the Baltic training squadron. "The Japanese are getting plenty of practice by their bombardments of Port Arthur," said an officer to me. "It was this practice that enabled the American squadron to do such effective work at Santiago when the Spanish squadron attempted to escape. Unfortunately, the men of the Baltic fleet will not be under fire until they go into action. For this reason they are required to participate in constant target practice, and the Japanese will not find any green gunners upon which to try their mettle." The commander of the fleet will be Admiral Rojestvensky, a man in whom the Emperor and the naval service have the greatest confidence. It is he who accompanies the Emperor upon all inspections of the ships to be assigned to the Baltic fleet. He does not appear in looks to be more than fifty-three years of age. He is exceedingly quiet and reserved, reminding me of Rear-Admiral Sampson. He gives you a grip of the hand when you approach him that is not soon forgotten, and then listens to what you have to say. He considers a moment, and out jumps the decision. There is no doubt about the mind of the man when he has spoken. His orders will result in his assignment under Admiral Makaroff if the two fleets effect a junction.

### The Russians are Confident

This completes the exposition of the Russian forces, and gives an idea of the character of the men who are to direct them. It remains to be seen what use it is contemplated to make of these weapons. This is the absorbing topic of conversation wherever Russian military and naval men meet. The army, filled with courage, is patting itself on the back and telling the navy, in a good-natured way, that it will see that the Japanese are defeated. The navy accepts the banter, but it is determined to avenge the initial injuries sustained by the Port Arthur squadron. The other day I met Baron Persen, who served until recently as naval attaché of Russia in Washington. He will have command of the *Jemchug*. "In blowing up his ship," he said, "the commander of the *Varyag* took the only proper course. It is tradition in our navy never to surrender; to go down first. That tradition will be observed." Baron Persen made this statement simply, without any thought of vainglorious boasting, and I accepted his statement as an expression of the views of every other officer who will be attached to the Baltic fleet.

Naturally, it is pure speculation to discuss the plan of operations to be followed. The General Naval Staff and the General Army Staff have been considering this important matter separately and together. "Had the General Naval Staff had its way," I was told by an authority when I first arrived in St. Petersburg, "the Asiatic fleet of Russia would never have been weakened by the detachment of four armored cruisers and their assignment to Vladivostok." This statement is recalled now to show that the General Staff has a just appreciation of naval strategy. But what it has decided upon can not be known in spite of positive statements made by over-anxious correspondents or by subordinate military and naval officers in St. Petersburg who believe that they themselves possess the capacities of a thousand Moltkes and who

# Dr. Lapponi

Physician to the Late Pope Leo XIII., and Now Physician in Ordinary to Pope Pius X., Finds

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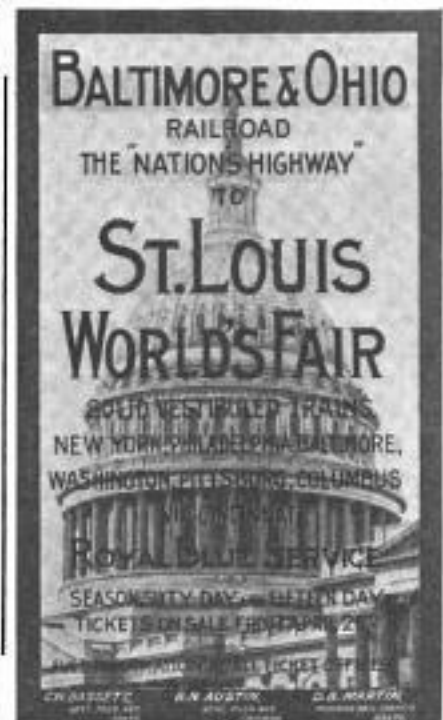
May also be used as a good table water. So much I declare for the truth.  
(Signed) PROF. GIUSEPPE LAPPONI.

Principal Physician of the Hospital of San Giovanni Calibrita (del Fatebene Fratelli) in Rome, Member of the Academy of Medicine of Rome, etc., etc.

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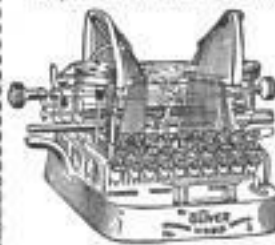
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## Ready for the Great Fair

(Continued from Page 16)

Louis, President of the Merchants' Exchange; and Mr. Cleveland's Secretary of the Interior, he could have gone into the show business, backed the late Hon. P. T. Barnum into a siding, and closed the switch. He stands six feet and over in his patent leathers, and he could successfully run a three-shell game with his fingers while he was addressing the Lord Mayor of London on the subject of international brotherhood. It is seriously believed in St. Louis that the heart of the Hon. "Dave" Francis is bigger and stronger than that of the average man, else how could it pump to his sleepless body and perpetually active brain the blood that enables him to do more work than any other living man and never turn a hair? The trip which the Hon. "Dave" Francis made to Europe in the interest of the Fair will go down in history as one of the great achievements of modern times. Mr. Francis spent nineteen days abroad, appearing before and captivating nearly all the crowned heads. During his crowded career Mr. Francis had never taken the time to acquire a mastery of the French language, but at the banquet given to him in Paris he knew it would be desirable to reply in French. What to do? Write the speech and have it translated. No sooner said than done, and when the time came for the special Exposition envoy to reply the Minister of Commerce and his colleagues were electrified and completely anesthetized by a Circassian spell of purest Parisian. King Edward took one look at Mr. Francis and at once offered him the Queen's Jubilee presents as an exhibit for the Exposition. Emperor William talked with Mr. Francis for an hour, and then presented him with "Die Grundaugen des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts," with his autograph on the fly-leaf. More than this no man could ask. The hypnotic methods employed by Mr. Francis were communicated by a process of contagion or osmosis to his colleagues who have carried them to the four corners of the earth. By them were the perilous privations of Tibet attained, King Menelik charmed, and the Sultan of Morocco induced to "come down" to the extent of a camel caravan loaded with silver. "Take the money," the Sultan said, "but for goodness' sake make that man stop writing me letters."

### The Genesis of the Show

It is now believed by many people that as far back as 1893 the embryo of the present show had found lodgment in the Hon. David R. Francis's brain. In that year Mr. Francis moved his family to Chicago. He attended the Exposition almost every day, unnoticed by the crowds, who little recked that beneath that glossy top hat were already beginning to revolve the wheels that were to set the present stupendous show in motion. As the idea grew, the Hon. "Dave" Francis grew with it. It is as easy for him to think on a fifty million dollar basis now as it was for him to swing his way through fifteen million dollar levels a few years ago. The Hon. "Dave" is in his office in the Administration Building every day now, and there he will remain until the close of the Fair, toiling without fear and without reproach of reward, and, as one of his local biographers says, "as approachable and genial as if he were umpiring a ball game for a lot of neighborhood schoolboys." The Hon. "Dave" Francis is a wonder—a diplomat and a dynamic giant.

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I have never made a promise I did not fulfill, and I have never caused the slightest injury or suffering.

Any one of the following people will be glad to tell you how I cured them. Many had been afflicted for years and had been given up as incurable by others:

Mrs. S. C. Willard, Libertyville, Ill., cured of Cataracts; William Cronoble, Winslow, Ill., cured of Cataracts; Mrs. E. M. Cooper, Ridgeway, Minn., cured of Stenosis of Tear Duct; Mrs. Herman Burdick, Richland Center, Wis., cured of Hemorrhage of the Retina, which had blinded her; Albert J. Staley, Hynes, Los Angeles County, Cal., cured of Cataracts; Mrs. C. H. Sweetland, Hamburg, Iowa, cured of Paresis of Optic Nerve; Mrs. Emma I. Carter, Tenstrike, Minn., cured of bad case of Granulated Lids and Optic Nerve Paralysis of 22 years standing; Mrs. A. P. Rifle, 78 Niagara St., Buffalo, Cataracts.

### READ this letter from the publishers of THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR—Replying to your inquiry in regard to the advertising of Dr. Oren Oneal, we beg to state that although we have carried the advertisements of Dr. Oneal in our magazine for some time and that these advertisements have been very large (some of them occupying a full page) and unquestionably a great many of our million and a half readers must have done business with the Doctor, yet we have never received a single complaint from any of them. In our opinion, this is the best possible evidence that Dr. Oneal does exactly as he says. As we absolutely guarantee the reliability of every advertiser in our magazine, and offer to make good the loss of any subscriber, sustained through being mistreated by any advertiser in the magazine, our readers always notify us very promptly if there is any reason for a complaint against any advertiser. Very truly yours, THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE. (Signed) E. G. Lewis, Pres.

#### Inflamed Eyes, Cataract and Film

NAVASOTA, TEXAS, Dec. 16, 1903.

Dr. Oren Oneal, Chicago, Ill.:

DEAR DOCTOR—I saw your ad. in the "Frank Leslie Magazine," and as I had been suffering so much with Inflamed Eyes, Cataract, and Film, with great pain and soreness in the eyeball, concluded I would try your treatment, which I did for two months. I am glad to say I feel no pain at all now, and my eyes are strong. I feel very thankful for your kindness and treatment.

Respectfully, MRS. ANNIE R. FOSTER.

I want the name of every person in the world who has any form of eye trouble.

If you are not afflicted send me the name of a friend who is.

### WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU.

I can cure you if you have any sight remaining. I have been able to restore sight to thousands who had been blind for years, but I would have to know all about your case before promising to do this.

I can give you some excellent advice, and I promise that you will never regret it if you write me.

I can tell you exactly what is the matter with you, if you will answer the questions I shall ask, and tell whether you need treatment, or whether all you need is some simple home remedy and proper care.

I am devoting my life to what I consider a good work, and I am glad to help anyone who is in any way afflicted.

I don't ask you to send me any money. Just get my book and advice.

My ability is vouched for by thousands of patients I have cured; my responsibility and integrity by the fact that this and many other of the highest class publications in the country have carried my advertising for years. They will tell you they never heard a complaint that I did not keep my word.

#### Granulated Lids and Optic Nerve Paralysis

TENSTRIKE, MINN.

DR. OREN ONEAL—I cannot express in words how I appreciate your kindness, sympathy and honest treatment after suffering twenty-two years with granulated eyelids and paralysis of the optic nerve—blind most of the time. The severe treatment that so many eye doctors gave me left my eyes in a bad condition. In fact I had lost all hopes of any help, until some one read to me one of your advertisements. I felt that God had pointed it out to me. Now I can see and feel happy and I owe it all to Dr. Oneal's Dissolvent Method.

MRS. EMMA I. CARTER.

#### Bad Case Cataracts Cured

109 Fisguard St., VICTORIA, B. C., CANADA, Dec. 2, 1903.

Dr. Oren Oneal, Chicago, Ill.:

DEAR DOCTOR—I am indeed thankful that I have heard of such a man as Dr. Oren Oneal. About six months ago the sight in my left eye grew very dim, and I discovered that Cataract was the trouble. After reading your book about your wonderful Dissolvent Treatment, I made up my mind that no knife should ever touch my eye. My eye has been wonderfully helped, and I am thankful to say that I can see better now than I have ever done before. I pray that your treatment shall be a blessing to many more who may have the same trouble.

Wishing you much success, I am,

Very truly yours,

MRS. JOHN LITTLE.

My book and advice will not cost you anything nor in any way obligate you, and may be the means of saving your sight.

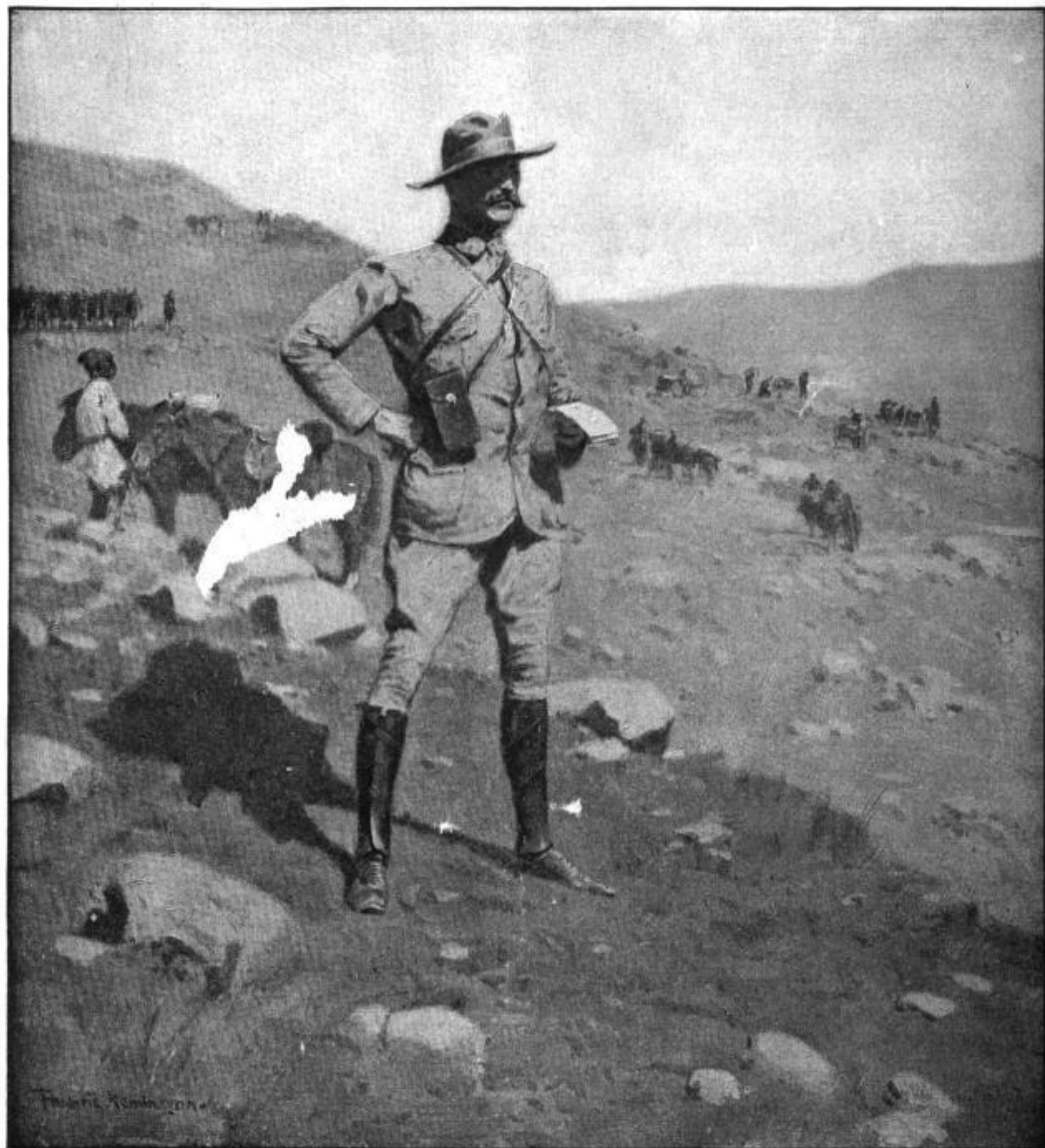
Write to me now. Address

OREN ONEAL, M. D.

Suite 219, 52 Dearborn St., Chicago, U.S.A.



*If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.*



DRAWN FOR THE EASTMAN KODAK CO. BY FREDERIC REMINGTON THROUGH  
COURTESY COLLIER'S WEEKLY. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

**"THE CORRESPONDENT"**

**In war as in peace**  
**The Kodak**  
**is at the front**

In Cuba and the Philippines, in South Africa, in Venezuela, and now in Korea and Manchuria, the camera most in evidence is the Kodak.

The same qualities that make it indispensable to the correspondent make it most desirable for the tourist—simplicity, freedom from dark-room bother, lightness combined with a strength that resists the wear and tear of travel.

Take a Kodak with you to the St. Louis Exposition. There will be no charge for the admission of 4x5 (or smaller) Kodaks to the grounds.

**Kodaks, \$5.00 to \$97.00**

*1904 Catalogue at all dealers or by mail.*

**EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N. Y.**





### "THE MAN INSIDE THE CLOTHES"

The man who has worn Kohn Brothers' Fine Clothes need not be told that we dress you as well as your merchant tailor, for half the money. He knows it. You don't. You should. You take no chances. Every garment guaranteed "as represented or money back." We illustrate on this page our Summer Suit. A Summer Coat made with the "K. B." Shoulder and permanent front. Suits from \$10 to \$20.

Ask your dealer for Kohn Brothers Fine Clothes. Look for our label—insist upon having it. Write for illustrated booklet No. 5, "The Clothes a Man Should Wear," a story of good clothes, when and how to wear them. If your dealer does not sell Kohn Bros. clothing, write us and we will give you the name of one who does.

**KOHN BROTHERS CHICAGO**



IN MAY

—and all the time—

## PETTIJOHN

### IS QUEEN OF CEREAL FOODS

Pettijohn, freshly cooked, as all cereals should be, is so deliciously mellow, so tempting, so inviting that it pleases everyone—always.

The full flavored flakes of Pettijohn satisfy the most delicate and exacting taste; they whet the edge of the duldest appetite.

To save one third on the cost  
Of your House Furnishings

Send for Our  
**CONSUMERS'  
BENEFIT  
CATALOGUE**

Address Dept. 5  
AMERICAN CEREAL CO., CHICAGO

# LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

*"The original school you hear so much about."*

## A Record No Other Correspondence School Has Equaled

In the Year 1897 the founders of the Page-Davis School originated the system of advertisement writing—taught the first class ever formed—and placed the profession on a legitimate basis, proving that it could be successfully taught just as law and medicine are taught. Read page 9 in our prospectus for full details.

In the Year 1902 the students of the Page-Davis School signified their entire approval of the course of instruction by giving Edward T. Page, their instructor, a banquet in New York City. Read page 29 in our handsome prospectus for full details.

Early in the Year 1903 the students gave the Page-Davis Company a beautiful loving-cup as a mark of their appreciation, not only of the instruction received, but of the continual interest manifested in their welfare by the Page-Davis Company long after their graduation. Read page 30 in our handsome prospectus for full details.

Later in the Year 1903 the United States Attorney called Edward T. Page into the United States Court to appear on the stand as expert, and give his opinion as to the instruction necessary to qualify a man for advertisement writing. (Read other literature sent free giving full details of the report.)

These four incidents in the life of this great institution, each marking a mighty step forward in its wonderful progress, are, after all, only of secondary importance, compared with the individual success of the individual students.

### Taught Thoroughly by Correspondence

Do You Realize the Full Significance of These Facts to You?

We are glad to have you ask us what has the Page-Davis Company done, what our students are doing, and what we can do for you. We will answer promptly and completely, if you write to us for our large prospectus mailed free.

# Page-Davis Co.

Suite 19, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago

????????????

THE  
**EQUITABLE**  
HENRY B. HYDE  
FOUNDER

J. W. ALEXANDER  
PRESIDENT

**STRONGEST  
IN THE  
WORLD**

J. H. HYDE  
VICE PRESIDENT

## DO YOU KNOW

that you can buy 5% Gold Bonds on instalments—and have them insured while you are paying for them?

A good investment for you—if you live. A splendid protection for your family—if you die.

Opportunities for men of character to act as representatives.  
Apply to GAGE E. TARBELL, 2nd Vice President.

Send this coupon, or write, for particulars

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of the United States  
120 Broadway, New York Dept. No. 24

I would like to receive information regarding Gold Bond for \$.....  
issued to a person aged ..... years.

Name.....  
Address.....



# DEAFNESS CURED

A Device That Is Scientific, Simple, Direct, and Instantly Restores Hearing in Even the Oldest Person — Comfortable, Invisible, and Perfect Fitting.

190-Page Book Containing a History of the Discovery and Many Hundred Signed Testimonials From All Parts of the World — SENT FREE.



The True Story of the Invention of Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums Told by Geo. H. Wilson, the Inventor.

I was deaf from infancy. Eminent doctors, surgeons and ear specialists treated me at great expense, and yet did me no good. I tried all the artificial appliances that claimed to restore hearing, but they failed to benefit me in the least. I even went to the best specialists in the world, but their efforts were unavailing.

My case was pronounced incurable!

I grew desperate; my deafness tormented me. Daily I was becoming more of a recluse, avoiding the companionship of people because of the annoyance my deafness and sensitiveness caused me. Finally I began to experiment on myself, and after patient years of study, labor and personal expense, I perfected something that I found took the place of the natural ear drums, and I called it Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drum, which I now wear day and night with perfect comfort, and do not even have to remove them when washing. No one can tell I am wearing them, as they do not show, and, as they give no discomfort whatever, I scarcely know it myself.

With these drums I can now hear a whisper. I join in the general conversation and hear everything going on around me. I can hear a sermon or lecture from any part of a large church or hall. My general health is improved because of the great change my Ear Drums have made in my life. My spirits are bright and cheerful; I am a cured, changed man.

Since my fortunate discovery it is no longer necessary for any deaf person to carry a trumpet, a tube or any other such old-fashioned makeshift. My Common Sense Ear Drum is built on the strictest scientific principles, contains no metal, wires, or strings of any kind, and is entirely new and up to date in all respects. It is so small that no one can see it when in position, yet it collects all the sound waves and focuses them against the drum head, causing you to hear naturally and perfectly. It will do this even when the natural ear drums are partially or entirely destroyed, perforated, scarred, relaxed or thickened. It fits any ear from childhood to old age, male or female, and aside from the fact that it does not show, it never causes the least irritation, and can be used with comfort day and night without removal for any cause.

With my device I can cure deafness in any person, no matter how acquired, whether from catarrh, scarlet fever, typhoid or brain fever, measles, whooping cough, gatherings in the ear, shocks from artillery or through accidents. My invention not only cures, but at once stops the progress of deafness and all roaring and buzzing noises. The greatest aural surgeons in the world recommend it, as well as physicians of all schools. It will do for you what no medicine or medical skill on earth can do.

I want to place my 190-page book on deafness in the hands of every deaf person in the world. I will gladly send it free to anyone whose name and address I can get. It describes and illustrates Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums and contains bona fide letters from numerous users in the United States, Canada, Mexico, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, India, and the remotest islands. I have letters from people in every station in life—ministers, physicians, lawyers, merchants, society ladies, etc.—and tell the truth about the benefits to be derived from my wonderful little device. You will find the names of people in your own town and state, many whose names you know, and I am sure that all this will convince you that the cure of deafness has at last been solved by my invention.

Don't delay; write for the free book to-day and address my firm—The Wilson Ear Drum Co., 1732 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky., U. S. A.

THE STORE OF THE ACTRESS  
**SIEGEL COOPER & CO.**  
SIXTH AVE. 6TH FLOOR NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

NOTICE:—The New York firm of Siegel Cooper Co. has no connection with any other mercantile establishment in the United States. All orders must be sent to us direct, 6th Ave., 10th and 11th Sts., New York City, N. Y.

No. 819 95 Cts. **WAIST No. 821 \$2.95**

No. 823 This is one of the most attractive and popular waists brought out this season. It is made of San Perino Lawn, cut extra full and long. The entire waist is side plaited and artistically trimmed with beautiful Irish crocheted lace insertion and medallions. Sleeves, Cuffs and Stock Collar are marked and finished in a superior manner. Price \$1.25

No. 821 "The Palm Beach Waist" made of pure white Japanese silk of superior quality. Fastens on shoulder and under arm, has a round yoke of beautiful all-over Irish crocheted lace, finished with two crocheted lace medallions around the lower part. Yoke is the same front and back. Same style of lace forms the stock collar which is attached. Waist is tucked in front and has the new stylish sleeves as shown in illustration. Sleeves 29 to 42. Our special price \$2.95

SKIRT No. 825 \$5.00

No. 829 \$2.75

No. 825 This Handsome Dress Skirt of Voile, woven good, giving a wide, graceful flare, trimmed with five clusters of tall, dark silk bows; each cluster contains five of these bows. Made with inverted plait back. Black or blue, 20 to 27 inches waist 28 to 44 inches long in front. We guarantee a perfect fit and absolute satisfaction. Price \$5.00

No. 827 This Ready-to-wear black straw braided hat is made of black straw braided with two gilt buttons and velvet ribbon trimming on both sides of brim. The front of the crown is finished with a stylish pompadour. The pompadour is made of ribbon and straw-ribbons. A very effective and stylish hat for street wear or for traveling. Price \$1.45

THE STORE OF THE ACTRESS  
**SIEGEL COOPER & CO.**  
SIXTH AVE. 6TH FLOOR NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

The **G&J Tire**  
"The make with a Reputation"

It has quality in its construction and years of experience in detachable tire making back of it, and are receiving more favorable comment to-day from makers and dealers everywhere than all other makes combined.

A postal with your name and address will bring you free our booklet giving practical information of interest to you. Address Dept. E  
**THE G. & J. TIRE CO., Indianapolis, Ind.**

NOW DEPOSITED IN THE BANK  
**\$75,000.00**  
IN CASH GIVEN AWAY

To arouse interest in, and to advertise the GREAT ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR, this enormous sum will be distributed. Full information will be sent you ABSOLUTELY FREE. Just send your name and address on a postal card and we will send you full particulars.

World's Fair Contest Co.  
108 N. 8th Street  
St. Louis, Mo.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY BINDER  
Postpaid \$1.25

The **OCULARSCOPE**  
FREE

Get Your Glasses at Wholesale

Examine your own eyes without an oculist. Send for our "Ocular Scope," the latest invention of the 20th century. SENT FREE, with our beautiful illustrated catalogue of spectacles and eyeglasses. MAIL ORDER ONLY. Good to-day.  
**GRAND RAPIDS WHOLESALE OPTICIANS**  
414 Houseman Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich.



The culmination of progressive enterprise

Two-Speed Gear,  
Coaster Brake  
Chainless  
Bicycles

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one catalogue mailed on receipt of 2-cent stamp.

Western Dept. Eastern Dept.  
Chicago, Ill. Hartford, Conn.

**POPE** MANUFACTURING COMPANY

## First Place Fixed

In all the genial offices of hospitality, and not less for cheer and comfort, strength and health



**Hunter**  
Baltimore  
Rye

holds the first place fixed. Its perfect maturity, purity and flavor secure the lead.

It is particularly recommended to women because of its age and excellence.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

**DEAF?**  
Well, Listen!

The deaf are immediately able to hear ordinary conversation by the Magnetic Otophone Sound Waves, which penetrate the deafest ear. A wonderful scientific invention, which restores hearing and banishes head noises. Guaranteed Invisible, Effective, Comfortable, and Harmless. Not an ear drum or trumpet. Compare it with other devices, and be guided by your intelligence. Deafness is no longer a hopeless condition. Book FREE.

**OTOPHONE CO.**  
1602 Arch St., Dept. C, Philadelphia, Pa.





## A Chance Courtship

is a story of an unconventional love match, well told and beautifully illustrated. The small picture above only suggests the real charm of these illustrations. As a bit of readable fiction the story is well worth writing for. It is contained in a handsomely bound book of 128 pages, a portion of which is devoted to the attractive mountain and lake resorts along the Lackawanna Railroad. It is a book you will like to see. It may be had by sending 10 cents in postage stamps to T. W. LEE, General Passenger Agent, Lackawanna Railroad, New York.

## POND'S EXTRACT

The Old  
Family  
Doctor

### CURES

Burns, scalds, bruises, cuts, sprains, wounds, lameness, soreness, neuralgia, rheumatism, sunburn, bites, stings.

### STOPS

Nose bleed, toothache, earache, bleeding lungs, hemorrhages and all pain.



Sold in sealed  
bottles with  
buff wrappers.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

## WE PARALYZE COMPETITION



**\$2.80** for our full size **FULLMAN** Sleeping Coach, equipped with the latest improved sleeper attachments, automobile steel gear, heavy rubber tires, rubber bath caps, safety latches, etc. for our 1904 **FULLMAN** Folding Go-Cart as described in our Big Free 1904 Catalogue. Don't buy a carriage until you get our latest 1904 FREE Catalogue; also our Great Free Book explaining how Co-operative reduces the prices of everything. Money refunded if goods are not fully satisfactory. **WRITE TODAY.** Cash Buyers Union.

First National Co-Operative Society  
47 E. Cash Buyers Bldg., CHICAGO

**DO YOU HAVE YOURSELF?** If so send \$1.00 for the wonderful new **RADIUMITE RAZOR STRIP** (The Strip The Razor). Sold under Dollar Back Guarantee. Makes shaving easy and a comfort. Doubles the value of your razor. Agents wanted. Write for terms. **W. F. McCLARKE & CO.,** Fort Jones, Calif.

## EDITORIAL BULLETIN

# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS

New York, 416-424 West Thirtieth Street; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.; and The International News Co., 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C.

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Vol. XXXIII No. 5

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\$5.20 per Year

New York, Saturday, April 30, 1904

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## Some Forthcoming Art Features

THE ART STAFF OF Collier's is already universally admitted to include the most representative American artists. Mr. Gibson's double pages, Mr. Remington's paintings in color, Mr. Smedley's Household frontispieces, and the exquisite covers by Mr. F. X. Leyendecker have set a new standard in periodical illustration, as will readily be conceded.

MR. MAXFIELD PARRISH, with whose heading for "Books and Plays" in this number our readers are familiar, will devote nearly all the month of May to the permanent arrangement and decoration of the pages of Collier's. Beginning in November, Mr. Parrish will draw exclusively for Collier's, and we can promise that no American publication will have a more distinguished decorative artist on its staff.

MISS JESSIE WILCOX SMITH, the charming delineator of child-life, who designed the cover for this number, will also, beginning the first of June, draw for us only. Miss Smith will contribute the covers for our Household Numbers, and in addition a series of illustrations in color for Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses."

OTHER WELL-KNOWN artists whose work will find prominent place in Collier's during the summer are Mr. Frank Brangwyn, R.A., the famous English marine painter, who is at work on three

covers for Collier's; Walter Appleton Clark, who will describe and picture in Collier's the great international automobile race to be held in Germany in July; A. B. Frost, André Castaigne, Louis Loeb, and Albert Sterner.

WE HAVE BEEN HIGHLY pleased at the recognition by art critics and the public at large of the wonderful work Mr. Gibson has contributed to Collier's. We confess some self-satisfaction over the splendid confutation of the charge that Mr. Gibson could only draw "society" pictures and "the Gibson girl." This week's double alone would stamp him as the greatest depicter of character and the surest draughtsman of our generation.

DURING THE SUMMER months Mr. Gibson's double-page drawings will be a feature of Collier's. They will not all be of any one kind, or on any one subject; they will deal with all classes of people, and all sides of human nature. We know from the drawings we have now in hand that Mr. Gibson has never expressed himself in happier vein than in these latest pictures.

WE ARE OFTEN ASKED for proofs of the pictures that appear in Collier's. While we do not make a business of selling these proofs, we shall be glad to furnish them on reasonable terms to such of our subscribers as will address the Proof Department.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of COLIER'S will reach any new subscriber. All subscriptions commence with the date of the first copy received.



A good library is collected piecemeal: a book here, another there, as our tastes dictate. It's a growing proposition. So should the bookcase be; it should grow, unit by unit, as the books increase, like the "Elastic" Bookcase. It's the original, handsomest, and only perfect sectional bookcase made. Has furnished with or without drawers. Carried in stock by dealers in principal cities, or direct from factory, freight paid. Send for

Catalog C-104

The Globe-Wernicke Co. 380-382 Broadway, NEW YORK. 224-226 Wabash St. CHICAGO.

Canadian Factory Stratford, Ont.



## Nominate your choice— Presidents

are being made. "Light-weight" 2 ounces; medium and heavy. 50c all stores or by mail for choice patterns.

President Suspenders are guaranteed—absolute satisfaction, a new pair or your money back.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.  
Box 306 Shirley, Mass.



**SELF-CULTURE** is the Golden Key to Success in Life. "What the World Wants" tells how to multiply your ability by awakening neglected powers, stimulating latent energies and developing resources before undreamed of. Over 300 pages, 35c. Our larger work, "Scientific Self-Culture," (over 250 pages) \$1.15. "Moore's Marvelous Memory Methods," 175 pages, \$1.00. Money back if not more than satisfied. Descriptive literature free. Address: Dept. C, W. 54, Self-Culture Society, Chicago, Ill.

**BIG POULTRY MAIL**  
Send us 10 cents and we will put your name in our Poultry News Directory, which goes to poultry publishers, breeders, supply houses, etc., who will send you FREE samples of their goods, services, seeds, etc., and you will get. We will also send you at once our big POULTRY PAPER and also our 64 page GUIDE TO POULTRY RAISING—all for 10 cents. Send gold. POULTRY DIRECTORY CO., Dept. D, 249 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.





## EDUCATED CLOTHES

THE term aptly describes Kuppenheimer creations. Avoiding the time-worn methods of construction, we have struck into the field of thought and educated skill. The result is clothing of intelligence—in keeping with the advanced thought of the period, and impelling the same respect as development in any other form of necessary commodity.

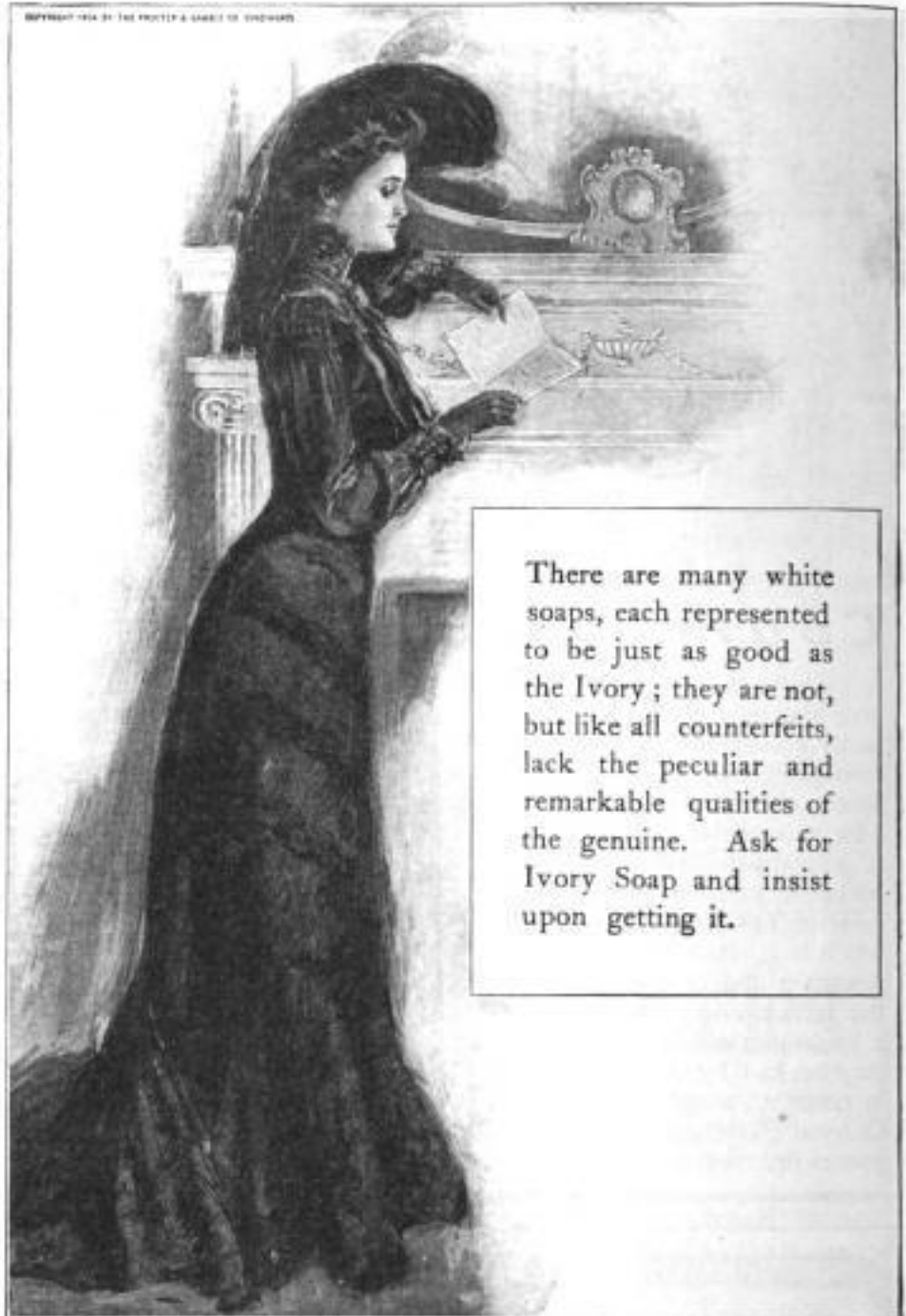
### THESE SPRING OVERCOATS

THE "TOPPER" and "BEVERLY" bear all these admirable characteristics, hence may be classed as educated. At all leading retail establishments. Free upon request our "Review of Spring and Summer Fashions," Vol. XIII.

**B. KUPPENHEIMER & CO.**

America's Leading Clothes Makers

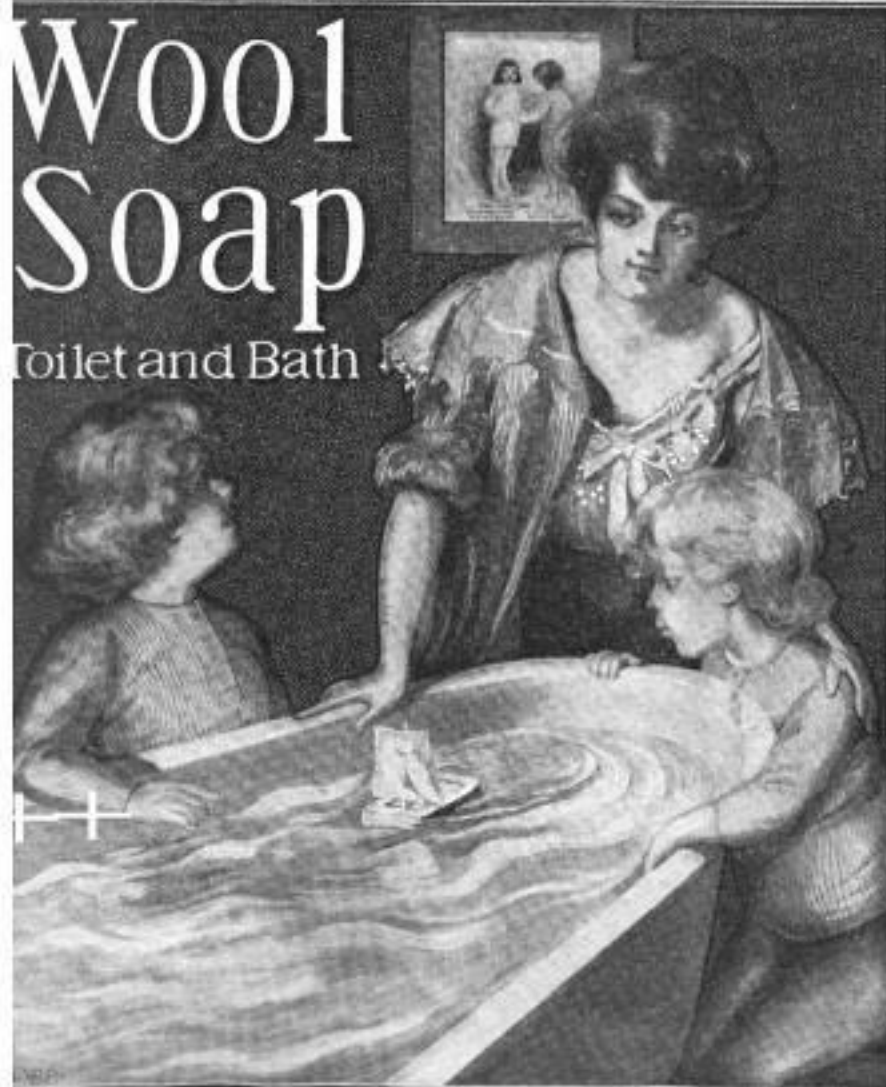
CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON



There are many white soaps, each represented to be just as good as the Ivory; they are not, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for Ivory Soap and insist upon getting it.

## Wool Soap

Toilet and Bath



### The Race for Cleanliness

Safety in cleanliness is largely a matter of soap. There never is any doubt as to the genuine worth in a cake of Wool Soap. Always good and pure.

Crown Princess Toilet Soap is the acme of scented soap excellence.

SWIFT & COMPANY, U. S. A.

## W. & J. SLOANE NEW YORK



FINE INTERIOR WOODWORK  
AND DECORATIONS, CLASSIC  
FURNITURE, UPHOLSTERY  
FABRICS, CARPETINGS, AND  
RARE ORIENTAL RUGS

BROADWAY AND  
NINETEENTH ST.





dependence and self-respect. Men who are injured in acts of service executed with conspicuous bravery are usually cared for, if they need it, and their families are likely to be provided for, if they are killed. To us it seems a pity to have natural valor made self-conscious. The very phraseology of the document rather makes us writhe. The word hero is easily rendered cheap. "The heroes and heroines are to be given a fair trial, no matter what their antecedents." "A finely executed roll of the heroes and heroines shall be kept displayed in the office at Pittsburg." Mr. CARNEGIE is a

#### INDUCEMENTS TO BE HEROIC

practical man, who has spent his life wrestling with the material world and getting the better of it. It sometimes happens that when men whose lives have been a hand to hand fight with material circumstances express their sentimental side, they do not do it as well as men in whom sentiment has been more spread over their ordinary activities. They have somewhat the same disadvantage that another kind of man might experience if he undertook casually to manufacture steel. But if Mr. CARNEGIE is not always inspired in the objects to which he devotes his money, he is at least accomplishing much good by spreading the idea that obligations are created by great wealth, and that fact also helps to make the public lenient with his errors.

**ADMIRAL TOGO'S BRILLIANCY**, accuracy, and daring, in tempting Russian vessels out of their refuge into deadly traps have led to generous, or at least impartial, acknowledgment throughout the world that Japan to-day probably surpasses any country on earth in death-dealing proficiency with modern naval engines. As no nation could be more calmly brave, so none could have shown a higher grade of strategy. They make a brilliant use of the wireless telegraph while Russia impotently decrees against it. With what dashing qualities of mind and nerve these upstarts, as the Russians are still calling them, have set the pace for Europe and America! How much food for anxious thought they are giving to experts whose reasoning has taken so little account of anything beyond the measurements of battleships. The wars between Japan and China and between the United States and Spain were tame in naval lessons compared with performances in the Yellow Sea, where the mysterious Asiatic mind has been solving the problem of destroying a sheltered fleet before reinforcements could be sent from

#### JAPANESE LEADERSHIP

Europe, and without the loss of ships that could not be spared even on a most favorable exchange. Russia may yet come out victorious or on even terms, for the whole land problem is as unknown now as the naval problem was on the day before the first assault; but each thing that has thus far happened has put Japanese military spirit and intellect further to the front. "God is with us," the Russians keep on saying, and they talk with sincere and earnest pride of what they intend to do. "I will dry the soldier of Japan upon my bayonet and send him home by mail," remarks the Russian patriot, and a Russian paper in Port Arthur has the taste to say that "in this utterance the whole greatness of the Russian nation finds expression." The Japanese say nothing about the preferences of Deity. They expend no rhetoric on the hazard of the future. They do not exalt unduly the ordinary acts of bravery. Their soldiers and sailors expect no reward more mercenary than death. When money payment became the preoccupation of the Roman legions, the Roman Empire was in decline. Watching the startling deeds of this young and ancient people, we must hold, in many ways, our judgment in suspense; but among the few comments that we can safely venture is the admission that, whatever their resources and staying power may be, they are leaders in the art of war.

**VERESTCHAGIN'S INFLUENCE WAS GREAT** upon the ideas of his time, not because of technical or strictly artistic superiority, but because of the vividness with which he saw and depicted the cruel and realistic sides of war. His life, his death, and the nature of his mind were all dramatic. General SHERMAN is related to have called VERESTCHAGIN the only painter who portrayed war as it really is, and what war meant to SHERMAN now has a world-wide vogue that makes it almost a household saying. To VERESTCHAGIN as to SHERMAN war was hell. The American general criticised favorably the Russian pictures for the accuracy of knowledge and observation shown in such details as the attitudes of the slain. It costs a lifetime to know one thing well, and VERESTCHAGIN spent his life studying that activity which he censured and deplored. When he was painting the battlefield of San Juan Hill, and later also, he spoke of knowing all warfare except battles on the sea, and added that he

#### VERESTCHAGIN'S DEATH IN BATTLE

wished to behold a sea fight before being mustered out. "I must hurry, though," he said, "for my beard is growing white." Hence his presence on the ship that steamed out to meet the Japanese and entered the trap from which the bold and enlightened admiral, the serious, spiritual painter, and some eight hundred private men were never to return. He has shown Sepoys blown from cannon mouths, he has shown the long, dark trenches of the dead, and he was preparing to report faithfully the latest horrors of warlike skill when all his work was ended and he was numbered among those victims he had so often drawn. His reputation is higher than that of many men of finer art, because he had a message to the world, and one function of the artist is to think. Primarily, he is to master the language of his special craft, but with that, in the greatest artists, goes something for the world at large, and it was in this half of the complete artist's composition that VERESTCHAGIN was strong.

**A BILL INTRODUCED IN CONGRESS** this session provides that not more than eighty thousand immigrants shall be admitted into the United States in a year from any one country. If such a scheme is practicable, as it would seem to be, it would discriminate in a way satisfactory to those who regret the vast new stream from southern Europe. Germans, Irishmen, and Scandinavians would come in as freely as before. The check would come on Italy, Russia, and Austria-Hungary, which now furnish the bulk of immigrants and show the greatest increase. Any day immigration as an issue in politics may be acute. England, which has so long been untroubled by her small number of unwelcome guests, now seems likely to adopt measures of restriction, the Royal Commission on Alien Immigration having recommended some excluding measures. Of the two principles, generous welcome and precaution, either is capable of over-emphasis. "Mankind," said MOMMSEN, shortly before his death, "can not do without either patriotism or international sympathy. To define the boundary between the two, one must be either satanic or divine. Being neither, I decline the task." The wise old historian waved aside a question which in Germany was academic, but which in America to-day grows every year more practically insistent. We solve the Chinese aspect almost unanimously, although, if Japan becomes Asia's victorious leader, Chinese exclusion may one day be far less easy. At present the American feeling is so strong that China seems to have made a diplomatic error in bringing the subject up again, although it may possibly be part of her embryonic policy of so conducting herself as to gain the place of a nation with which it is necessary to treat on more or less equal terms. Meantime Congress and the country become more and more inclined to call a halt on southern Europe, the only influential opponents of more restrictive laws being certain steamship companies.

#### THE COMPOSITION OF OUR RACE

**"ANY ONE CREATING WILD RUMORS,"** observes a Viceroy of China, "calculated to alarm or produce doubt in the people's mind will be beheaded." Thus do some potentates encourage the quiet life, and fight against that spirit of the age which was described by WORDSWORTH when he spoke of "the increasing accumulation of men in great cities, where the uniformity of their occupation produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies." WORDSWORTH did not live to see the telephone, by which each of us is constantly chatting with all the world and the farmers are able to get a little of the excitement which was once confined to cities. We are all very busy nowadays, even if we do nothing except look and listen. The press is the greatest aid to this intensity of life, for by it we live everywhere at once. Probably it makes for happiness, this distribution of the world's doings to every corner of the earth, and if it brings its disadvantages so does every other boon. The course of wisdom is not to give up the newspaper, or the telephone, but to strengthen the contrasting sides of life; to keep alive our love of solitude and nature, of great books and quiet thought; to cultivate repose; to take the world but as the world, with all its strenuousness and bustle—master of its pleasures, not their slave. Spring is with us now, and happy are those who are able to seek woods or fields with the opening of the buds; for nature, with her large, mysterious genius, has not her equal as a preacher of simplicity. Among the books which go on and on, because there is an unending want of them, is a little volume called "Power Through Repose," a treatise which is excellent in itself and which strikes at the centre one of the greatest needs of our American nature.

#### EXCITEMENT AND REPOSE





VICE-ADMIRAL SKRYDLOFF

Recently in command of Russia's Baltic fleet and now assigned to command the Czar's fleet at Port Arthur



RUSSIAN TORPEDO BOATS AND DESTROYERS AT PORT ARTHUR

The two dark vessels in the foreground are torpedo boats, while the white craft in the distance are the destroyers "Ka," "Skat," and "Kasanka." They are lying in the inner basin near the drydock



REAR-ADMIRAL PRINCE UCHTOMSKY

Temporarily in command of the Russian fleet at Port Arthur since the death of Admiral Makarov on April 13

## Appreciation of Conditions in the Russo-Japanese Conflict

### By Captain Alfred T. Mahan, U.S.N.

This is the second of a series of articles under this title to be contributed exclusively to Collier's by Captain A. T. Mahan, U.S.N., author of "The Influence of Sea Power on History," who was a member of the Naval Advisory Strategic Board during the Spanish-American War, and is a recognized authority, the world over, in matters pertaining to naval strategy. The first article was published in Collier's for February 20

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Between the date of writing this article, April 11, and the day of going to press, April 16, the Port Arthur fleet has undergone the disasters which have fixed public attention. These have for the moment materially affected the general naval situation, but it is questionable whether they have modified it decisively. Neither have they changed the leading factors which constitute the particular military problem, nor the fundamental principles of war applicable to its discussion. As in purpose the article is devoted to such discussion, the writer proposes to let it go as it first stood; annexing a brief estimate of the bearing of recent events upon the issues. He believes, indeed, that the first treatment will receive apt illustration from the subsequent occurrences.

TWO MONTHS have now elapsed since Japan in the current war dealt her first startling blow. The news was transmitted over the world, with a promptness which guarantees that since then nothing conspicuous in the way of exploit has occurred. This is by no means to say that nothing of an important or even of a decisive character may not have been accomplished. Much patient obscure progress underlies all achievement of serious purpose; and the successive steps by which advance is made may each be of greater consequence than the final act which proclaims success attained. Nevertheless, there is substantial practical truth in the proverb, *Finis coronat opus*. The efforts of both parties to the present war have doubtless been incessant since the torpedo attack off Port Arthur, and it is certain that, had any further definite gain crowned either, the world would have been taken into the confidence of the winner.

It is therefore safe to assume that, whatever progress may have been made, it is as yet only progress—not attainment; and for that reason prudence may forbid its divulgence, because revelation might preclude or impair eventual success. But none the less, through these weeks of expectation, there have been accumulating indications, scattered along the daily issues of the press, which warrant some tentative conclusions as to present conditions and future purposes, helping to guide the intelligence of men without technical military knowledge in estimating the probability and bearing of the various contradictory reports which have already reached us. Such may be expected to arrive in accelerated confusion as soon as active operations begin to develop into direct collision. A correct appreciation of leading factors and of principles involved will therefore be useful.

Nothing has as yet occurred to shake the opinion, which I believe is universal among military men, that the command of the sea remains the dominant factor in the war. The water communications of Japan exceed by far in copiousness those of Russia by rail, and, therefore, up to the extent of her resources in men and money, Japan possesses this definite superiority, initial and continuous, upon

the necessary field of war—Korea and Manchuria. Unless Russia can reverse or substantially modify this maritime condition, her inferiority must endure until Japan has sent forward her last reserves or exhausted her treasury. On the other hand, the known action of Admiral Togo at Port Arthur shows that Japan is not satisfied with the degree of maritime preponderance so far established. There is no other way of accounting for the reiterated efforts to block the entrance to the port, or for the repeated bombardments of the Russian works. While I am aware that some naval officers differ from me, I believe the great majority hold the opinion, practically universal among army men, that only under very rare conditions can ships assault land works without the probability of incurring greatly more damage than they can inflict. Much of our Navy Department's policy in the Spanish war was dictated by this view, and nothing that there occurred suggested any reason to doubt its substantial accuracy.

It is fair therefore to infer that Togo's bombardments have aimed, distinctly and chiefly, at injury to the Russian vessels, whether directly by projectiles or indirectly by facilitating the sinking of hulks in the harbor mouth. It is reported that the guns of the fleet outrange those of the batteries. If so, substantial immunity for the ships may be obtained by taking a distance which their guns can cover, while those of

the enemy can not; but, granting this, there remains the extremely costly expenditure of ammunition, at elevations which make precision of aim out of the question, and, more serious by far, the accumulating strain upon the guns. The life of a modern rifle cannon of large calibre, measured by the number of rounds it can safely fire, is short. Money will replace ammunition, whether spent to good effect or bad; but to replace great guns, the strength of which is impaired, means expenditure of time, possibly critical, during which the ship is lost to her fleet.

It is clear, therefore, that to seal up the Port Arthur fleet is an object deemed of necessity so urgent as to justify measures which are not only extreme in character, but of very doubtful—though always possible—success. This may be due to either of two principal causes. First, however damaged by the first torpedo attack—we do not yet know certainly just what this effected—there still remains a force in Port Arthur which constitutes a recognized danger; a "fleet in being," according to the definition of that phrase before given. In corroboration of this possibility, Mr. Angus Hamilton, the author of a recent widely noticed book on Korea, affirms in the April number of the "Fortnightly Review" that the dock at Port Arthur will receive the battleships, even with the increased immersion due to injury. Admiral Yamamoto, Japanese Minister of Marine, is quoted as saying in the House of

Representatives, March 25, that at least double the enemy's strength was required to blockade Port Arthur successfully. "The last report," he added, "showed that the Russians had afloat four battleships, five cruisers, and ten destroyers, from which it must be inferred that the work of repairing the damaged ships was being effectually carried on. The last attack had enabled the Japanese to observe the enemy's actual strength." Russia has no uneasy popular assembly to ask questions; but under the same date her Minister of Marine, Admiral Avellan, told the correspondent of a newspaper of her ally, France, that "the *Retvizan*, *Czarevitch*, and *Pallada* would be ready in a fortnight"—say April 10—"to resume their places in the fighting line." These combined utterances, of the two men on either side most likely to know, indicate conditions under which a temporary absence, disability, or mistake of the Japanese admiral may afford the hostile division, though inferior, the chance to strike a telling blow; for instance, at a large division of Japanese transports. This would be particularly the case if, as now commonly surmised, the Japanese should attempt an important, even though secondary, line of operations by Newchwang. In such case their line of sea communications must pass through the Straits of Pechili, only fifty miles wide, close to the extremity of the Liao-tung Peninsula, where Port Arthur is. The day after the statements just quoted, March 26, the local despatch boat of the London "Times" met, thirty-five miles from Port Arthur, "five Russian battleships and cruisers."



THE REGION OF ACTIVE HOSTILITIES IN ASIA  
From a map published by the Royal Geographical Society of London





JAPANESE INFANTRY BREAKFASTING OPPOSITE PING-YANG



FIELD ARTILLERY WAITING TO CROSS THE BRIDGE OVER THE TAI-TONG RIVER

## THE OCCUPATION OF PING-YANG BY THE JAPANESE, MARCH 1

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. L. DUNN, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY IN KOREA

The frontispiece of last week's Collier's was a photograph of the sappers and miners building a pontoon bridge over the Tai-Tong River, so that the main army might cross and occupy Ping-Yang. The present pictures were taken by Mr. Dunn after the bridge had been completed and as the infantry began to pass over it into the city. The Japanese made Ping-Yang one of their principal military bases in Korea and pushed on toward the Yalu from there. Mr. Dunn was about to start with this advance when he wrote from Ping-Yang, March 6, as follows: "Expecting to leave to-night for the north, so pictures for a few days will be delayed, as they have to come back here (Ping-Yang) by messenger on foot, then travel to Seoul on foot, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles or more. Half the messengers leaving us are turned back by the soldiers, or rather put to work to carry their luggage. It almost drives one to distraction to figure how to get stuff out from here. Money transactions are worse than anything. The Korean money is now taken exclusively, even at a higher value than the Japanese yen; every day there is a change in value; and money worth \$500 one day is worth in another city next day

only \$400—sometimes less. My expenses are very high. I have to have four horses in order to get about—two saddle and two pack—one saddle horse for my interpreter, and two coolies to see to the horses. The feed for the horses costs a lot, as everything is at war prices. One bar of soap yesterday cost 500. gold. Traveling ahead as I do in order to get good pictures, and of scenes not to be made by other photographers for several weeks yet, is very trying. All the roads are completely blocked and there is no place to sleep. We travel over frozen rice fields and ice-covered mountains, sleeping anywhere we may happen to be, nearly freezing every night, but I am getting the stuff ahead of others and I am willing to keep pushing on. The Japanese army does not know what to think of my pushing ahead with them without any credentials; but I understand there are many press men in Tokio doing no work and unable to get away. I am going to keep ahead and get results of the first land fighting." The first detachment of American and European newspaper correspondents to be officially allowed to enter Ping-Yang was landed there April 15, six weeks after Collier's photographs of the Japanese occupation were made.



The expression is ambiguous as to whether five battleships and attendant cruisers are meant, or a total of five vessels; but their appearance and the temporary absence of the Japanese fleet, encountered next day, illustrate conditions.

### The Baltic Fleet as a Factor

Again, there may very well be truth in the reported purpose of Russia to send to the East the remaining ships of the Baltic Navy. The Russian Minister of Marine has lately stated that by the end of August he hopes this division will have passed the Straits of Gibraltar, and that it is now waiting only for the completion of five ships, which will doubtless be hastened to the utmost possible. It is known that work upon them is being driven, night and day, Sundays and holidays. The operation will present no military difficulty. It is simply a question of coaling; far from insuperable, especially in summer. So long as the Port Arthur division has a navigable exit left to it, the main Japanese fleet can not venture far away, and therefore can not molest this external movement until it comes well within its radius of rapid action, measured from the position necessary to watch the port. When that occurs, the Russian divisions, though separated, will be so far within mutual supporting distance as to constitute a grave perplexity to their concentrated opponent; to whom, if united, they may be decisively superior. The Japanese, undoubtedly, would begin with the twin advantages of concentrated force and interior position,—between their two enemies,—and these they may preserve by judicious choice of station; but it is more easy to use the word "judicious" than to apply it in action. In the supposed case the Japanese admiral must be so near Port Arthur that its squadron can not give him the slip, yet not so near that the approach of the outside division can receive timely help from that within. To find such a comfortable position is quite as difficult as it sounds, especially in these days of wireless telegraphy. Moreover, granting success in meeting and beating the outside division alone, the consideration remains that, if this makes vigorous resistance, victory may be to the Japanese almost as disastrous as defeat. Nelson's notable remark concerning possible mishap to an inferior British detachment, in 1805, is as applicable now as when he made it. "This I freely ventured, that, by the time the enemy had beaten our fleet soundly, they would do us no more harm this year." The destruction of the outgoing Baltic squadron might possibly be compensated by leaving that of Port Arthur master of the situation. This calculation is obvious enough to a military man, and I am not surprised, the second morning after writing it, to find in the press the announcement that it is seriously entertained by the Russian authorities.

### The Truth is Hard to Get At

Much of all this is necessarily contingent on factors not to be known certainly. No one, for instance, can affirm the present condition of the torpedoed Russian ships, or vouch for the accuracy of the asserted Russian expectation that the Baltic fleet will sail in July. Neither foe nor neutral is entitled to expect the whole truth of a military situation to be disclosed by the officials interested. I am not engaged in prophesying, but in submitting, for those who have had no occasion to study the principles of war, such considerations as may facilitate their judgment upon circumstances as they develop, or reports as they arise. For instance, this importance of the Port Arthur division in the eyes of the Japanese, evidenced by their actions, in my judgment throws appreciable light on the probability of their intention to move in large force by way of Newchwang, in support of that which I conceive must remain their main line of operations—by way of the Yalu River. To neutralize Port Arthur is essential to the Newchwang movement, and the character of their persistence gives color to the view that it has this for its ultimate object. The map shows that the two advances, by Newchwang and the Yalu, can support one another only by the distraction—the "diversion"—they impose upon the enemy. The Russians, resting on the railroad from Port Arthur to Mukden, and extending their front of operations thence to the Yalu, would occupy, relatively to the separated Japanese armies, the concentrated interior position which the Japanese admiral in the former instance would have between the two Russian squadrons. As the larger part of the whole Russian army would be at liberty—subject to the general conditions of the field of war—to turn in either direction, each of the supposed Japanese armies must be strong enough to maintain itself against such an attack, and to this end must have secure the communications which the Port Arthur fleet menaces.

The apt use of such a central position, between the two divisions of a superior enemy which thought to inclose him, gave Bonaparte the brilliant successes of his Italian campaign of 1796, the beginning of his fortunes. Holding one in check by small numbers, the resisting power of which was increased by utilizing the accidents of the ground, he threw upon the other the mass of his force. This method applies at sea also, but with qualifications; for ships, especially modern ships, are so readily disabled, and with such difficulty

and delay repaired, that the party of the centre may well be so damaged in his first encounter as to be in no condition for new offensive action till too late to affect the fortune of war—as Nelson said. Also, at sea accidents of the ground are exceptional; therefore disparity of numbers counts for much more.

From these considerations, fundamental in war, it will be clearly inexpedient for Japan to divide her land force between the Yalu and Newchwang, unless there is reasonable certainty that she can place and maintain in each troops enough to act offensively—advance—against more than half of the Russian total; and also resist—act defensively with success—for an appreciable time, in case the enemy should succeed in turning largely superior numbers upon one division alone. That the Japanese believe they can do this seems probable from their action, as far as it transpires, and notably from their obstinate persistence in the endeavor wholly to eliminate the Port Arthur fleet as a factor in the campaign. This done, they could regard with equanimity the approach of any squadron that can be sent from the Baltic for two years hence. Their line of communication to Newchwang would then be not only probably safe—it is that now—but decisively safe, with the security requisite to so critical an operation as advance in force from there would be.

### Russia's Weakness in Manchuria

The various estimates of relative strengths, weighed in the balances of physical probability, and allowing for national bias on the part of those making them, tend continually to confirm the expectation of Russian numerical inferiority when the land campaign shall open. Incidental French mention inclines me to accept the calculations of a German military journal. Starting from the assumption of 133,000 Russians in the Far East, when the war began, and using German experience of rail transportation, the conclusion is that by April 20 there may be 233,000 available. This is much less than the first disposable force of Japan, and includes those that must be detached from field operations to garrison posts, like Port Arthur and Newchwang, and to protect lines of communication. Japan at first will be little hampered by such needs. Her communications are the care of her navy until successful advance shall have given them a land extension, and she begins with no bases out of reach of her ships' guns. On the other hand, the 133,000 Russians assumed constitute just so much start in point of land force, and time will be needed for overcoming this inequality.

I think these calculations sound, and they tend to confirm the inferences deducible from such information as leaks out. Together, they show that Japan keeps steadily in view that the main point of interest in her contention is Korea, and that the principal danger to her military action at present is Port Arthur, because of its fleet. These localize her action. Consequently her troops as yet are steadily pushed into Korea, and there only; landing at various points, because advance—as yet to the Yalu—is more rapid by several ways than by one. The distance of the Korean coast on one side from Port Arthur, and on the other

their indispensable line of communication—the railroad between Port Arthur and Harbin—and, most vital of all, Port Arthur itself, thereby depriving the enemy not only of the ships within, but of the naval base. This needs to be effected before the Baltic fleet can arrive.

### The Importance of Newchwang

Here the importance of Newchwang becomes evident: incidental to which is the speedy paralyzing of the Port Arthur squadron. Newchwang is so close to the railroad that its occupancy alone will almost stop movement and starve the port; but, on the other hand, the latter threatens the existence of a Japanese army there dependent upon communications by sea. Togo's squadron can probably assure these for some time, but whether long enough for the entire transportation, and to maintain the subsequent advance until Port Arthur falls, is more doubtful. Doubt will disappear if the Russian squadron be neutralized.

Newchwang being only fifty miles from the point where the main road from the Yalu meets the railroad from Port Arthur to Harbin, the movement thence would be of that turning character of which so much was heard during the Boer War. Striking at the enemy's communications with the railroad, it compels him at once to fall back from the Yalu over a hundred miles of rugged and elevated country, abandoning a series of defensive positions, from which otherwise he must be driven by successive frontal attacks, involving heavy loss. The continuous inpouring of troops toward the Yalu indicates that this is the Japanese main line. The persistency of Togo at Port Arthur indicates, probably, that they recognize and wish to secure the collateral advantage at Newchwang.

The most recent advices tend to show that Russia, recognizing this value of Newchwang, has pushed a very large part of her available force to the neighborhood of the place. This, of course, must modify Japanese action, though in what sense can not be foreseen; for it involves the personal equation of their judgment of the matter. The essential point for the observer to remember is, that the railroad from Mukden to Newchwang, and the high ground east of it,—of from 2,000 to 5,000 feet elevation,—between it and the Yalu, constitute together the central position of defence occupied by the Russian army. According to its dispositions, as estimated by the Japanese, their sea power enables them to accumulate on either side force in excess of that there opposed to them. It has been suggested that, Russia having drawn her force prematurely to this quarter, has probably weakened her position about Vladivostok, and that Japan may utilize the opportunity to strike there.

### The Yalu is the Strategic Centre

To me it appears that such a movement would be militarily eccentric; that the objects of the war centre from the Yalu to Newchwang, this being, in fact, the region demanded of China by Japan, in 1895; that the seaboard, from the Yalu westward, being much lower than the central range occupied by the Russians, may admit of successful flanking movements by the main Japanese line advancing from the Yalu, supported by close co-operation of the cruisers; and, finally, that to attack Vladivostok now leaves Port Arthur safe and its fleet in being.

It will be observed that, despite his evident recognition of the vital importance of destroying the Port Arthur squadron, and notwithstanding the brilliant success of his first torpedo surprise against a fleet lying at an open anchorage, the Japanese admiral has not attempted to send his torpedo flotilla inside of Port Arthur, as was apparently expected by those who contrasted the outside attack with the refusal of the United States fleet to send torpedo boats inside of Santiago. It may also be inferred, from his frequent disappearances, that he does not keep his fleet in a uniform position or within easy striking distance of the ten torpedo vessels inside the Port. Recognizing that upon the battle fleet turns the fortune of a war vital to his country, he evidently proposes to spare no precaution nor stratagem to ensure that it shall not risk injury, unless with the fair chance of greater injury done the enemy. Apparently, also, the Russian torpedo vessels have made no serious effort to molest a battle fleet of whose precise position they are at a particular moment ignorant, but which they know to be picketed and covered by vessels of their own type. It is too early for conclusions; but so far the fair inference seems to be that the "irresistible torpedo" is a game, like another, at which two may play. Upon it certain limitations may be presumed from the mere fact that in two months nothing more has been done by it, notwithstanding the fact that all depends upon the relative force of the two battle fleets.

April 16.—The immediate effect of the events of this week—the sinking of the *Petropavlovsk*, and disabling of the *Pobeda*—is to augment the local Japanese naval preponderance, probably to the extent of being for the time irresistible. Originally weaker, successive losses have deprived the Russians of almost all capacity for offensive action until their strength has been restored by repairs and reinforcements. If necessary for other



THE WRECKED RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP "CZAREVITCH"

This photograph was made in the roadstead of Port Arthur on the morning after the war vessel was injured by the explosion of a Japanese torpedo beneath her water-line. The crippled ship is being towed fore and aft, as her engines were disabled and some of her compartments flooded. The "Czarevitch" was struck at midnight, February 8, in the first attack made by Admiral Togo's fleet, which also put out of commission the battleship "Retvizan" and the cruiser "Pallada."

from Vladivostok, combined with the presence of the two Japanese naval divisions before either, adequately secures the transports. When sufficient numbers to hold the line defensively shall have reached the Yalu, military occupation of the desired territory—of the peninsula in their rear—will be established.

### What Japan Must Accomplish

This done, the time for offensive action arrives. The Yalu held, there arises necessarily the question of defeating the enemy's armies, gaining possession of



objects, the Japanese may now feel able to detach from their battle fleet; they at all events can send vessels into port by ones or twos, for refit or refreshment—no slight advantage. The whole maritime tension is for them relaxed; they have a period of free hand. But if the Russian ships can be docked, this condition may be temporary. The essential features of the situation are not revolutionized. The only permanent modification so far is the battleship sunk, for battleships are not built within the probable duration of this war.

From the past energy and promptitude of the Japa-

nese, it is to be expected they will recognize this opportunity to be transient, and will use it to the utmost. Japan is essentially on the defensive, both from the nature of her objects, in close continental contact with an overpowering land power, and from the inferiority of her ultimate resources. What she has gained has been by superior preparation, superior force at the point of action, and prompt initiative. On the same conditions only can the weaker hope for final victory.

These are eternal and permanent requirements of war. Inferiority in each has wasted the Russians in

detail. Their enemy has thereby gained further delay, the primary and constant need of the weaker, and it is fairly to be expected that in the immediate future she will act with the vigor which marked her first movements. The necessity remains, as from the first, for her to possess quickly the naval base of her opponent, and to occupy so much territory as by proper fortification and dispositions she can with her numbers hope to hold. Then will come the supreme test of the victor; whether a just weighing of conditions, estimate of powers, can impose moderation in purpose, and call a halt before overreaching the limits of safety.

## COLLIER'S FIRST CABLEGRAMS FROM THE FRONT

### ALL READY FOR ACTION IN NORTHERN KOREA

By FREDERICK PALMER

*Special Cable Despatch from Collier's War Correspondent with the First Japanese Army of Invasion.—Chenampo, Korea, via Seoul, April 17*

**A**FTER two months of inaction at Tokio, I am at last in the field, following the main Japanese army that is marching to Wiju and the Manchurian border. Along this highway, leading from Chenampo to Salinkan, signs of war and of the passage of many thousand troops are scarcely more visible than were military preparations in Japan. All signs are peaceful. The only indication that the army is somewhere ahead is the long lines of coolies, Japanese and Korean, bearing rice from the depots and transport to feed the troops on the road. Thousands of these coolies and small carts maintain the line of communication unbroken, with the military discipline and system that extends to every detail of the field organization. The roads are in the throes of the spring thaw, but their difficulties have been exaggerated so far as blocking the advance is concerned.

The whole fighting strength of the Japanese army is actually at the front with all necessary supplies, prepared for decisive operations. Everything observed along this route, as I hasten toward Wiju to join the army I hope soon to see in action, goes to show the clean-cut preparedness of the Japanese army of invasion for great feats.

Besides the characteristic military efficiency now

seen at close range, Japan has used the last two months also in making her influence dominant throughout Korea by peaceful measures. The people have been won over until their co-operation is spontaneous. Japan has policed the country with small posts widely scattered. I have traveled twenty miles without passing one of these few outposts guarding the line of communication. Security for supply trains, peace, and confidence among the populace have been attained by other means. In the path of this great army, moving by forced marches in winter weather, there are no burned villages, no plundered houses, no fugitive peasantry.

There has been no license or disorder among the troops. They have left no stories of loose discipline in their wake. The head men of the Korean villages tell me that the conduct of the individual private soldier has been exemplary. All supplies taken en route are paid for at native market rates.

Hostile critics said the Japanese were on their best behavior in the Peking relief operations when co-operating with the allies, but that in their own campaigns, away from foreign scrutiny, they would wage brutal and uncivilized warfare. This is flatly contradicted by their march through Korea. Their advance has been as smooth and orderly as that of a

British column in India, the organization as efficient in every way.

The natives are on their little farms making the fields ready for spring cultivation, already sowing crops of oats. They are unconcerned about war or passing armies which have not yet troubled them. In the summer months the farming regions of northern Korea will furnish great quantities of food supplies for the Japanese bases. The Japanese officers scattered along the route in charge of the military posts and transportation organization have been notably courteous and hospitable to the party of traveling war correspondents with their troop of servants and pack animals. The head men of the Korean villages have taken the cue from the military and hasten to place at our disposal whatever comforts and luxuries of accommodation their modest means can offer. It is slow work getting on at best, made more uncomfortable by the fear that the first great clash may come somewhere close to the Yalu before the advance guard of the correspondents' army can join the General Staff.

Meantime we are passing through a Korea that has been keenly and subtly made Japanese in two months—a country conquered by kindness, fair treatment and a nice skill in handling public and private opinion.

## RUSSIA MAKES RULES TO GOVERN WAR CORRESPONDENTS

By JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD

*Special Cable Despatch from Collier's War Correspondent with the Russian Forces in the Field.—Yingkow (Newchwang), Manchuria, via Tien-tsin, China, April 17*

**T**HE Russian Government has just granted permission to seven foreign war correspondents to join the main army and the General Staff in Manchuria. Scores of applicants have been on the waiting list for two months. Of the seven fortunate enough to be allowed to proceed to the front immediately, two represent French newspapers, one is an Italian, two are English correspondents. I am the only American representative in this party, and am enrolled as the officially accredited correspondent of COLLIER'S attached to the headquarters of the General Staff.

The regulations issued for our conduct in the field are extremely lenient. It was expected that, in the suppression and censorship of news, the Russian authorities would be more radical even than the Japanese. The stipulations made are no more than those expected to be observed with any European army, and are less restrictive than those of the British in South Africa. Legitimate news will not be blocked

even when it tells of Russian reverses. This is in line with the policy recently adopted at St. Petersburg.

The first rule for war correspondents says that they must not interfere in any way with the preparations for war, or the plans of the staff, or divulge military secrets of advantage to the enemy, such as actions in which forts are damaged or guns lost.

Rule two forbids the criticism of members of the General Staff, Corps, or Division Staff, and limits the report of an engagement to a simple statement of fact.

Rule three forbids the transmission of unconfirmed information about the enemy, such as rumors of victory or threatening movements, which may cause public uneasiness in Russia.

Rule four commands the correspondent to obey all orders received and to be careful in fulfilling instructions to the letter.

This manifesto orders the higher military authorities to turn back all correspondents without cre-

dentials. Those given permission to join the forces are in honor bound to observe the regulations, with the penalty of expulsion without warning for any violation. They can go anywhere in the field, and are barred only from the Russian fleet.

Newchwang has been steadily prepared, fortified, and filled with troops in readiness for the enemy. It is believed here that Japan intends to attempt landing with a large force. The latest disaster to the navy has deepened this expectation, now that it is known that the Port Arthur fleet can not interfere with the enemy's plans of invasion. The loss of the battleship *Petropavlovsk* and the death of Admiral Makaroff have spread a feeling of philosophic depression among the Russian staff and troops, but have only strengthened their determination to revenge with the army what has befallen the navy. M. Pavloff, formerly Russian Minister at Seoul, has been appointed diplomatic agent on the staff of the Viceroy. We are ordered to leave for the front Wednesday.

## MARKING TIME IN TOKIO: THE TEMPLE OF DAISHI

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Collier's Special War Correspondent in Japan

*The Japanese War Office has issued a war correspondent's pass to Mr. Davis, and has assigned him to the Second Column. Until this takes the field, Mr. Davis will write of events in the Japanese Capital*

**K**OBO DAISHI is a Japanese saint. Once while in China he carved an image of himself and threw it into the China Sea. It floated all the way to Japan, where it was caught in the net of a fisherman. When the fisherman found what he had caught he was happy and built a shrine for the image and worshiped it. The image performed so many miracles that soon people from all the coast made long pilgrimages on foot to kneel at its shrine. They still make the pilgrimages, but as now Japan is modern they no longer need to walk. Instead, on the 21st of each month the railroad runs special trains to Kawasaki, and the pilgrims are carried to the shrine in electric cars.

Of all the twelve festivals, the one on March 21 is the most important, and on that day a great bazaar starts a mile away and advances with two rows of fluttering banners to the very steps of the temple. Indeed, so close does the fair encroach upon the shrine that the priests who are selling prayers inside are interrupted by the men outside who are selling musical tops.

And those who came to worship remain to play.

Outside the temple is a great double-decked gate, and still nearer a covered well, a square stone tank fed from a spring. On the edge of the tank are wooden ladders, and before he says his prayers each pilgrim stops at the well to rinse his mouth and bathe his hands. Gay banners of various colors, and covered

with texts, hang above his head. These he uses as towels. The temple itself is a low massive structure, squatting on the great steps like a monster turtle. Its beams are of giant size. In comparison, the timbers of an old wooden battleship would look as though they had been cut by a scroll saw. The temple is virtually a single square hall open at the sides, except for screens, and divided by screens and carved railings. At the entrance to the temple at the top of the stone steps is an oblong wooden trough, covered by a gridiron of wooden bars. Pilgrims who wish to pray, or to give thanks for prayers already granted, as they enter, throw copper money into this trough.

Inside the porch, and under the roof of the temple shutting off the view of the shrine, were a row of tables, behind which stood priests vending prayers.

To the stranger their manner suggested less the priest than the alert and obliging salesman. So professional was their bow when they handed one a prayer that one rather expected to hear them ask, "Will you take it with you, or shall we send it?" They offered prayers of every variety and did so great a business that the priest who burned candles was forced to sell the same candle to many different worshippers. And although as soon as he lighted a candle he snuffed it out again, he was soon far behind, and by nightfall many prayers, though paid for, were still unuttered. Other prayers were sold after a fashion that suggested a well-known game of chance. Behind the priest were

rows of what looked like private letter-boxes in a post-office, each with a number. The pilgrim paid for his prayer, and the priest by shaking a box he held shot out a rod. He read a number on the rod, and from the letter-box that bore the corresponding number took a printed paper. It told the pilgrim at once whether his prayer was answered and what his future fortunes might be. Those of the pilgrims who wished to pass beyond the prayer tables and draw nearer to the shrine left their sandals with busy young men, who checked the shoes with large wooden tablets. Rid of their sandals, the pilgrims were free to walk upon the mats before the shrine. Those who wished to smoke did so. Those who had brought their children allowed them to run off with the other children and play hide-and-seek around the altar. In spite of the incense, the dim light, the golden images, it was difficult to realize that one was in a place of worship. The copper coins echoed from the coffin-like troughs or were smashed violently against the shrine, paper prayers wrapped around other coins hurtled through the air like shuttlecocks, the children's voices as they played hide-and-seek rang delightedly, and the peremptory clapping of hands as each pilgrim endeavored to attract the attention of the saint to his own particular prayer was as incessant as it was insistent. And in the moat around the temple great goldfish, when the children clapped their hands, rose out of the vasty deep and leaped into the air for sugar cookies.



THE FIRST STORY BY A. CONAN DOYLE AND ILLUSTRATED BY STEELE



## THE ADVENTURE OF THE SIX NAPOLEONS

This is the eighth story of the new Sherlock Holmes series, which began in October. The preceding Adventures were those of *The Empty House*, *The Norwood Builder*, *The Dancing Men*, *The Solitary Cyclist*, *The Priory School*, *Black Peter*, and of *Charles Augustus Milverton*. During the summer months the publication of this series will be suspended, to be resumed in the autumn, the next story, "The Adventure of the Three Students," to appear in the Household Number for October, dated September 24. There will be twelve stories in the completed series.

IT WAS no very unusual thing for Mr. Lestrade of Scotland Yard to look in upon us of an evening, and his visits were welcome to Sherlock Holmes, for they enabled him to keep in touch with all that was going on at the Police Headquarters. In return for the news which Lestrade would bring, Holmes was always ready to listen with attention to the details of any case upon which the detective was engaged, and was able occasionally, without any active interference, to give some hint or suggestion drawn from his own vast knowledge and experience.

On this particular evening Lestrade had spoken of the weather and the newspapers. Then he had fallen silent, puffing thoughtfully at his cigar. Holmes looked keenly at him.

"Anything remarkable on hand?" he asked.

"Oh, no, Mr. Holmes, nothing very particular."

"Then tell me about it."

Lestrade laughed.

"Well, Mr. Holmes, there is no use denying that there is something on my mind. And yet it is such an absurd business that I hesitated to bother you about it. On the other hand, although it is trivial, it is undoubtedly queer, and I know that you have a taste for all that is out of the common. But in my opinion it comes more in Dr. Watson's line than ours."

"Disease?" said I.

"Madness anyhow. And a queer madness, too! You wouldn't think there was any one living at this time of day who had such a hatred of Napoleon the First that he would break any image of him that he could see."

Holmes sank back in his chair.

"That's no business of mine," said he.

"Exactly. That's what I said. But then when the man commits burglary in order to break images which are not his own, that brings it away from the doctor and on to the policeman."

Holmes sat up again.

"Burglary! This is more interesting. Let me hear the details."

Lestrade took out his official notebook and refreshed his memory from its pages.

"The first case reported was four days ago," said he. "It was at the shop of Morse Hudson, who has a place for the sale of pictures and statues in the Kennington Road. The assistant had left the front shop for an instant when he heard a crash, and, hurrying in, he found a plaster bust of Napoleon, which stood with several other works of art upon the counter, lying shivered into fragments. He rushed out into the road; but, although several passers-by declared that they had noticed a man run out of the shop, he could neither see any one nor could he find any means of identifying the rascal. It seemed to be one of those senseless acts of Hooliganism which occur from time to time, and it was reported to the constable on the beat as such. The plaster cast was not worth more than a few shillings, and the whole affair appeared to be too childish for any particular investigation."

"The second case, however, was more serious and also more singular. It occurred only last night."

"In Kennington Road, and within a few hundred yards of Morse Hudson's shop, there lives a well-known medical practitioner, named Dr. Barnicot, who has one of the largest practices upon the south side of the Thames. His residence and principal consulting room is at Kennington Road, but he has a branch surgery and dispensary at Lower Brixton Road, two miles away. This Dr. Barnicot is an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, and his house is full of books, pictures, and relics of the French Emperor. Some little time ago he purchased from Morse Hudson two duplicate plaster casts of the famous head of Napoleon by the French sculptor, Devine. One of these he placed in his hall in the house at Kennington Road and the other on the mantel-piece of the surgery at Lower Brixton. Well, when Dr. Barnicot came down

this morning, he was astonished to find that his house had been burgled during the night, but that nothing had been taken save the plaster head from the hall. It had been carried out and had been dashed savagely against the garden wall, under which its splintered fragments were discovered."

Holmes rubbed his hands.

"This is certainly very novel," said he.

"I thought it would please you. But I have not got to the end yet. Dr. Barnicot was due at his surgery at twelve o'clock, and you can imagine his amazement when, on arriving there, he found that the window had been opened in the night and that the broken pieces of his second bust were strewn all over the room. It had been smashed to atoms where it stood. In neither case were there any signs which could give us a clue as to the criminal or lunatic who had done the mischief. Now, Mr. Holmes, you have got the facts."

"They are singular, not to say grotesque," said Holmes. "May I ask whether the two busts smashed in Dr. Barnicot's rooms were the exact duplicates of the one which was destroyed in Morse Hudson's shop?"

"They were taken from the same mold."

"Such a fact must tell against the theory that the man who breaks them is influenced by any general hatred of Napoleon. Considering how many hundreds of statues of the great Emperor must exist in London, it is too much to suppose such a coincidence as that a promiscuous iconoclast should chance to begin upon three specimens of the same bust."

"Well, I thought as you do," said Lestrade. "On the other hand, this Morse Hudson is the purveyor of busts in that part of London, and these three were the only ones which had been in his shop for years. So, although, as you say, there are many hundreds of statues in London, it is very probable that these three were the only ones in that district. Therefore a local fanatic would begin with them. What do you think, Dr. Watson?"

"There are no limits to the possibilities of mono-



Holmes had just completed his examination when the door opened

mania," I answered. "There is the condition which the modern French psychologists have called the 'idée fixe,' which may be trifling in character and accompanied by complete sanity in every other way. A man who had read deeply about Napoleon, or who had possibly received some hereditary family injury through the great war, might conceivably form such an 'idée fixe,' and under its influence be capable of any fantastic outrage."

"That won't do, my dear Watson," said Holmes, shaking his head, "for no amount of 'idée fixe' would enable your interesting monomaniac to find out where these busts were situated."

"Well, how do you explain it?"

"I don't attempt to do so. I would only observe that there is a certain method in the gentleman's eccentric proceedings. For example, in Dr. Barnicot's hall, where a sound might arouse the family, the bust was taken outside before being broken, whereas in the surgery, where there was less danger of an alarm, it was smashed where it stood. The affair seems absurdly trifling, and yet I dare call nothing trivial when I reflect that some of my most classic cases have had the least promising commencement. You will remember, Watson, how the dreadful business of the Abernethy family was first brought to my notice by the depth which the parsley had sunk into the butter upon a hot day. I can't afford, therefore, to smile at your three broken busts, Lestrade, and I shall be very much obliged to you if you will let me hear of any fresh developments of so singular a chain of events."

The development for which my friend had asked came in a quicker and an infinitely more tragic form than he could have imagined. I was still dressing in my bedroom next morning when there was a tap at the door and Holmes entered, a telegram in his hand. He read it aloud:

"Come instantly 131, Pitt Street, Kensington, Lestrade."

"What is it, then?" I asked.

"Don't know—may be anything. But I suspect it is the sequel of the story of the statues. In that case our friend the image-breaker has begun operations in another quarter of London. There's coffee on the table, Watson, and I have a cab at the door."

In half an hour we had reached Pitt Street, a quick little backwater just beside one of the briskest currents of London life. No. 131 was one of a row, all flat-chested, respectable, and most unromantic dwellings. As we drove up we found the railings in front of the house lined by a curious crowd. Holmes whistled.

"By George! it's attempted murder at the least. Nothing less will hold the London message boy. There's a deed of violence indicated in that fellow's round shoulders and outstretched neck. What's this, Watson? The top steps swilled down and the other ones dry. Footsteps enough, anyhow! Well, well, there's Lestrade at the front window, and we shall soon know all about it."

The official received us with a very grave face, and showed us into a sitting-room where an exceedingly unkempt and agitated elderly man, clad in a flannel dressing-gown, was pacing up and down. He was introduced to us as the owner of the house, Mr. Horace Harker of the Central Press Syndicate.

"It's the Napoleon bust business again," said Lestrade. "You seemed interested last night, Mr. Holmes, so I thought perhaps you would be glad to be present, now that the affair has taken a very much graver turn."

"What has it turned to, then?"

"To murder. Mr. Harker, will you tell these gentlemen exactly what has occurred?"

The man in the dressing-gown turned upon us with a most melancholy face.

"It's an extraordinary thing," said he, "that all my life I have been collecting other people's news, and now that a real piece of news has come my own way I am so confused and bothered that I can't put two words together. If I had come in here as a journalist I should have interviewed myself and had two columns in every evening paper. As it is, I am giving away valuable copy by telling my story over and over to a string of different people, and I can make no use of it myself. However, I've heard your name, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and if you'll only explain this queer business I shall be paid for my trouble in telling you the story."

Holmes sat down and listened.

"It all seems to centre round that bust of Napoleon which I bought for this very room about four months ago. I picked it up cheap from Harding Brothers, two doors from the High Street Station. A great deal of my journalistic work is done at night, and I often write until the early morning. So it was to-day. I was sitting in my den, which is at the back of the



and the bad. The stage, however imperfect the mirror which it holds to nature, reflects the general trend, and the drama changes with science and religion. Alteration in conventions, as lights, scenery, soliloquy, are superficial, but such a change as suppressing the old-time villain springs from the heart of modern thought.

#### Literature in Farce

THE average farce of France or America offers little excuse for thought or ink. German farces of the day are less attenuated, more full of life. Ours make a little go a long way, whether, in plot character, comic idea, or situation. To analyze any farce I have seen this season would be disastrous to peace of mind and self-respect, excepting "She Stoops to Conquer," which happily does not need analysis. The Ben Greet Company deserve our thanks for producing it. The acting, as a whole, was somewhat less than fair, but Miss Matthison's Kate was full of charm. Goldsmith was an enormous liar, a person abounding in good humor, versatility, and imagination, who became an author by profession at thirty, wrote a great novel at thirty-six, his first play at forty, and "She Stoops to Conquer" at forty-three, thus going through an evolution not uncharacteristic of literary men. If he was "an inspired idiot" we might imagine he would be the ideal man for farce, and "She Stoops to Conquer" would be perfect of its kind, if to its cheerful abundance it added a more technical logic and instinct for the stage. Lawless and awkward though it be, it is surpassed as farce in modern literature by Molière and Shakespeare only. No art requires a richer temperament than farce, in player and in author. The farce actor par excellence in our country to-day is May Irwin, and she has never found her author. Her mere existence should bring to light some genius able to create a woman Falstaff.

#### An Englishman on Chicago Humor

ANDREW LANG is a purist, and, moreover, he is old. His view of American humor is in no sense representative, for among the English generally the most popular American writing has been our humor. A recent violent review of George Ade by Mr. Lang is more absurd, if not more amusing, than

anything which Mr. Ade himself has written. Present American humor is largely built upon the metaphors of common experience. Mr. Ade is often comprehensible even when his slang is pure invention, because its origin is clear. He pushes his method very far, is frequently less humorous than peculiar, and is often overloaded in manner; but the gist of Mr. Lang's objection is that Mr. Ade is writing about a life of which Mr. Lang is ignorant and exultant in his ignorance. "It is not my design," he says, with fine scorn, "to go to Chicago in this present state of being, and, if I know myself, only a powerful medium indeed could summon me thither from the next world. One learns with regret that brandy and alcohol are 'paraphernalia,' which means 'that which a bride brings over and above her dower.' Why should a bride bring not only alcohol, but brandy also?"

Could pedantry go further? Mr. Lang would have difficulty in finding a modern dictionary in which paraphernalia does not have the derived meaning of equipments. Mr. Ade remarks of an English tourist that "the clothes he wore evidently had been cut from a steamer rug by his mother, or some other aged relative suffering from astigmatism," whereupon Mr. Lang indulges in the retort that "the nature of a steamer rug is not obvious, for perhaps 'steamer' is American for some entity not known here by that name," which is really almost too stupid even for Mr. Lang. He then admits that his countrymen have their "peculiarities": "We usually wear evening dress at public dinners, and we do not march down Piccadilly in round felt hats and frock coats." Note the "march," a favorite word in sarcasm of the heavier kind. To Mr. Lang wearing a round hat on Piccadilly is little short of *déshabillé*, and wearing a round hat with a frock coat anywhere is worse than a crime. It is a vulgarity. I was walking once in Hyde Park, wearing a sack coat and round hat, when I met a leading English author. He came as near as possible to cutting me. The next day, attired in a hat of shining silk and a coat to correspond, I met the same individual, was hailed as a long-missed friend, and hurried straightway into his social world. That author was not Mr. Lang, for there are many such. Our present critic is equally serious about clothes and vocabulary. He is wroth because he never heard of a one-night stand; but is Mr. Lang's

innocence of theatre talk the fault of Mr. Ade? Baseball metaphors make him very indignant, as they seem to him a combination of cricket and Rugby football; and to seem to mix up two recognized British sports is as bad almost as to wear a hat that is not English. Mr. Lang seems to be like his countryman of the anecdote, who said French was a queer language. "Just think," said he, "they speak of 'bread' as 'pain.'"

"But," explained his friend, "it sounds queer to a Frenchman to hear us speak of 'pain' as 'bread.'"

"Yes," hesitatingly admitted the Englishman, "but then, you know, it *is* bread."

Of this old story Mr. Lang needs reminding. I wish he would obtain and study McCutcheon's new book, "Bird Centre Dialogues." The "dialogues" are free from slang, and although they are in no way wonderful they are full of a fidelity in detail which would give the English critic much information that he lacks. The text is funnier than the pictures, but the whole is infused with that good-humored, laughing observation which is characteristic of Chicago and the humor of the West.

#### Another Englishman's Objections

UNIMPORTANCE is the salient feature of Sir Philip Burne-Jones. "Dollars and Democracy" lays claim to distinction from the run of hasty tourists' books, on the plea of Sir Philip that he stayed a year among us, under what he calls very fortunate conditions. Of some travel sketches we feel that the author might have produced a better volume could he have spared another week. Of Sir Philip we may say at least that he has done his best, and that time would not enlighten him nor custom cure his infinite stupidity. With the title of his book I have no quarrel, for money does count too much in our country, and it is wholesome to be reminded that it does. Mr. Lang would doubtless agree with the observation of Sir Philip that "for an American to speak of an English accent is like a singer who habitually sings flat commenting on some one else who is singing in tune! It's absurd." It is not, however, for any over-solemn provincialism that Sir Philip is remarkable, but for the utter commonplace of all he says. Part of what he writes is true, part is false, and true or false it matters not.



One Time there lived (that is to say  
If half a crust of bread a day  
And sleeping on a bed of hay  
May so be rated)  
A Gentle Youth who tuned his lay  
To all the Metres of the day,  
But was not, I regret to say,  
Appreciated.

In Market-place or Public Way  
He read his ode or sang his lay,  
As was the custom of the day,  
But none suggested  
A Laurel Wreath or Crown of Bay:  
Instead, one morn, to his dismay,  
While spouting forth a Tragic Play  
He was arrested.

In Irons he was led away,  
And, by a Justice stern and gray,  
For blocking up the Public Way  
He was indicted.  
Then, since he had nowith to pay  
The Fine (a trifle anyway),  
To leave the town without delay  
He was invited.



He was arrested.

There was no choice but to obey—  
He left the town at break of day,  
Yet still his heart was brave and gay;  
Fate could not queer him.  
For was it not the month of May,  
Were there not flowers beside the way,  
And little lambs to sport and play,  
And birds to cheer him!

He journeyed on for many a day;  
The Peasants gave him Curds and Whey;  
For aught I know the Fairies may  
Some food have found him.  
At night he slept beneath a Bay  
Or Laurel Tree, and I dare say  
Dreamed he was Laureate, and they  
Were twined around him.

Indeed his only trouble lay  
In this, that, tho' his spirits gay  
And gentle Heart and winning way  
Charmed and delighted  
All whom he met, yet, strange to say,  
To hear his verses none would stay—  
Even the Peasants ran away  
When he recited.

But he was not the sort that say,  
"Oh, woe is mine—alack-a-day!"  
He lived for Hope and in some way  
Was bound to find it.  
"What matter! Let them go," he'd say;  
"Each to his taste—henceforth I'll play  
And sing to Birds alone, for they  
Don't seem to mind it."

And so he journeyed many a day,  
Till now at last his darkening way  
Lies thro' a forest dim and gray,  
Yet, nothing daunted,  
Though hoary branches bar the way  
And twisted roots his steps betray  
And ghostly voices seem to say  
The place is haunted,

Singing a Carol blithe and gay,  
He presses on, nor does he stay,  
Until at last the light of day  
His sight surprises.



Even the Peasants ran away.

And now a little winding way  
Leads, through a meadow pink with May,  
To where, not half a mile away,  
A Palace rises.

He wandered on, his thoughts astray,  
Framing a little Roundelay  
And weaving garlands of the May  
(For whom not guessing),  
Until before him suddenly  
There loomed a gateway grim and gray  
Whose dark doors yielded to the sway  
Of his light pressing.

And lo! a garden gleaming, gay  
With flowers in dazzling array  
And fountains flashing silver spray  
And bowers shady;  
And on an emerald bank there lay  
A creature fairer than the day,  
Yet sadder than a moonlight ray—  
A wondrous lady.

Abashed the Poet turned away,  
When a low voice entreated, "Stay!  
Read me that little Roundelay  
I heard you singing."  
It was as though upon him lay  
A spell that forced him to obey,  
And he recited it straightway  
In voice clear ringing.

A dreamy, languid, far-away  
Expression dims her eyes as they,  
Like violets at droop of day,  
Are closing—closing.  
The Poet ends his Roundelay,  
And turns to hear what she may say,  
And finds to his complete dismay  
The Princess dozing.

Then rose a cry: "She sleeps! Hurray!  
The Princess sleeps! Oh, joyful day!  
The spell is broken—Rise, I pray,  
Oh, sweet song-maker."  
'Twas the King spoke, "Arise, I pray:  
I make you Laureate this day;  
My daughter's hand, too, by the way,  
Is yours—don't wake her."



"I make you Laureate this day."



Piotr Verégin, Russian



Threshing Wheat with Rollers

Piotr Verégin, American



## A RUSSIAN COLONY IN AMERICA

LIFE AND MANNERS OF THE DOUKOBORS, WHO ARE MAKING GOOD CITIZENS IN CANADA

By E. W. THOMPSON

THE Slavonic word Doukobor means spirit wrestlers. It particularly signifies a sect of Russian peasants, some nine thousand of whom are settled in the western territories of Canada. The term was first derisively applied by a Bishop of the Greek Church while the Doukobors lived in the Milky Waters country of the Crimea. They showed humor by accepting it cheerfully as a verbal badge. To describe them as Quakers, teetotalers, vegetarians, anti-tobaccoists, communists, and professional philanthropists would not be far wrong. Their principal tenet



Making Russian Embroidery

is that the spirit of Christ or Conscience dwells in all men. From this they both reason and act logically. They have no organized church, no clergy, no worship more formal than occasional meetings at dawn for devotional singing, bowing profoundly to the Christ in each, and such remarks as the older may vouchsafe. They respect the Scriptures, but do not make a fetish of the Bible. So catholic are they that no Christian opinion appears disagreeable to them. Many entertain peculiar regard for the Virgin Mary and duly certified saints. The others say, in effect, "Oh, that's all right." They believe the Christ spirit resides in Mohammedans, Buddhists, and even in pagans. It is a go-as-you-please religion, except in requiring all to do as they would be done by.

Their teetotalism comes of straight reasoning. Christ being within, it must be wrong to put into the mouth aught that may cloud the spiritual, or move the bodily part to evil. Nevertheless, a Doukabor occasionally imbibes. If the effect be obvious, his brethren leave him to remorse on the first offence. Next time they remonstrate gently. After his third lapse they afflict him much with regretful advice. Did he fall again they would give him the cold shoulder. Among them public opinion must be potent beyond the Keeley Cure, since no Doukabor has been four times intoxicated.

In general they eschew tobacco, but do not think smoking very wrong in certain of the old who used the weed before the Doukabor reformation. Still these indulged ancients feel that the vice should not be too openly practiced. Passing through the Doukabor villages last December, I was occasionally invited to bestow tobacco on invisible fathers, grandfathers, grandmothers, aunts, or uncles. They always wanted it for a poultice. A Fort Pelly storekeeper alleged that "the Douks" often bought tobacco on the sly. It is little more than twenty years since many of them not only smoked openly, but drank vodka, danced, fought on sufficient excuse, served in the Russian army, and were generally profane. The reformer who induced them to forsake such vanities was Piotr Verégin, then a youth.

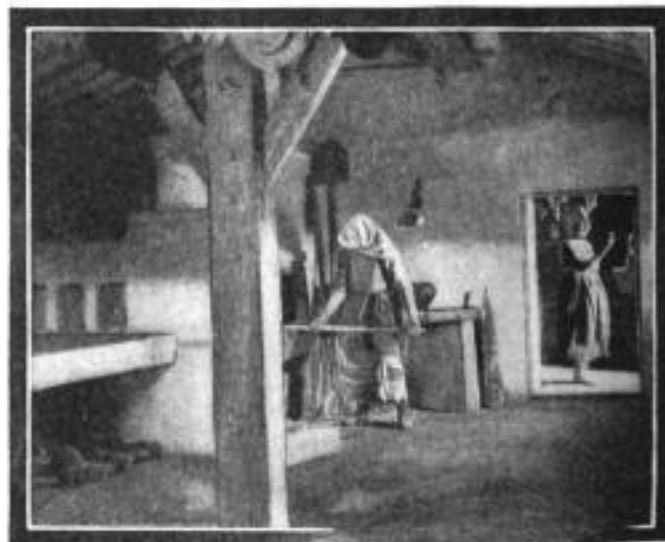
Piotr, an educated man, appears a disciple of Tolstoi, though somewhat original. The reformation was founded partly on his discovery that Doukobortshi of

old had been vegetarians who didn't go in for any naughty fun, much less for fighting or military service. Because he successfully advocated harking back to the primitive, Russia's Government could think of nothing better to do than send him summarily to Siberia. A good many of his chief associates were similarly exiled. This confirmed the Doukabor majority in his views, for these gentle beings are obstinate in righteousness. Because they made a bonfire in 1896 of all their privately owned guns, a paternal Government sent more to Siberia, and turned the rest out of their Caucasian villages. Far removed and destitute, they suffered much until rescued by the united efforts of certain Russian, English, and American philanthropists, aided by Canada's Government. Reaching their present lands in 1899, they were there three years before Piotr Verégin was liberated after sixteen years' exile.

Possibly that monstrous punishment did Piotr good. If he went to Siberia a dreamy religionist, he emerged at forty with his wisdom teeth completely cut. A more politic administrator could not have been provided for his people. Finding that they had wasted 1902 in religious controversies, he composed their differences by creating an executive council. He appointed the foremost of one side to certain calming practical business, and intrusted equally important affairs to leaders of the other. These men have recently purchased wisely more than \$100,000 worth of goods and stock. The money came out of \$250,000, brought back to Piotr by the Doukobors whom he sent forth during 1903 to work on railways and among the surrounding population. In the villages he left barely enough men to grow food for a year. The purchased machinery and implements will enable the Doukobors to show up in agriculture. In Russia they were skilful farmers.

Their vegetarianism is not from dislike of animal food, but because flesh can not be obtained without killing. Eggs, butter, milk they devour abundantly. No fish, because fish live. They do not reflect that eggs are alive. The chick's right to existence begins, for them, when it chips the shell. Pigs they do not raise: they scorn proposals to cultivate foredoomed porkers for profit. Tears come into their eyes at the thought of butchering. At the visitor's avowal that he would not think it wrong to sacrifice all the edible animals in America if thus he could save one beloved human life, Simeon Reiban, a shrewd young Doukabor, fluent in English, held up hands astounded. Every animal, he declared, glorifies God by its existence. Its right to live is as clear as any man's. If Simeon's mother seemed at the point of death, and he were assured by a doctor that chicken broth would save her, he would not credit the assurance, since no doctor could diagnose the will of God. Doukobors have no doctors. Simeon's mother would say that if God willed her to die she would die glorifying Him, and not as an accomplice in the sin of killing a chicken. Not even rats should be destroyed, though it was proper to stop up their holes to save one's goods. Did they die

in consequence, that would be God's will, as He could give them other exits to food if He chose. Killing cattle would be almost the unforgivable sin. Dumb creatures, after long supplying men with milk, were entitled to old age in good pasturage and comfortable shelter. Their calves were equally sacred. Whenever Doukabor herds should, by natural increase, become too numerous for Doukabor lands, the excess should be given to needy people who would promise not to kill them or their increase. If they failed to keep faith, that would be their sin. Simeon shrank from no question. He was bewildered only by the contention, novel to him, that vegetarians are essentially cruel to edible animals, inasmuch as, by abstention from meat, they prevent the existence of beasts that would otherwise be raised for the butcher! He soon rallied and declared that, too, was according to the will of God. Yet this fatalist would not admit that man could not kill except by God's will. The inward Christ of any man always objected to his taking life. This Doukabor readiness in meeting subtleties doubtless indicated much discussion in the villages.



A Doukabor Bakehouse

It is through their fondness for abstruse speculation that these sectaries are liable to religious vagaries. Late in October, 1902, eighteen hundred of them made a pilgrimage of two hundred and twenty miles on an opinion that Christ would reveal himself distinctly to those who should obey His injunction to leave all and follow Him. In May, 1903, another set of dreamers, including many women, old and young, assembled for a naked procession under persuasion that they were in the state of innocence of Adam and Eve before the fall. Early last autumn another group set about burning harvesting machinery by virtue of a contention that the employment of mechanical devices for purposes which human members can perform tends to blasphemy. Except for such absurdities, the Doukobors are orderly, industrious, and most charitable. They have frequently presented neighboring ne'er-do-weels with oxen, food, assistance in plowing, seeding, harvesting, and other matters.

Every village has its bath-house, where all inhabitants are steamed and doused once a week. It is a considerable cabin of two main rooms. One is for clothes washing, hot water being supplied from a great iron caldron let into the furnace of brick that heats the oven in which steam for the adjoining bath-chamber is generated. This oven is filled with stones, over which water is thrown through a little door when they are very hot. The steam rushes out through an orifice near the ceiling of the bath-room, where the temperature would be intolerable if bathers were not plentifully supplied with water. After having been rubbed and smartly whipped by oak twigs on which leaves have been cured, bathers descend to the floor and get a cold shower. Such a bath-house could be constructed anywhere for three hundred dollars,



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but Doukobors are perhaps the only working-folk in America who possess them.

To their strict abstention from flesh, prairie chickens bear silent testimony. They stare from the turfed roofs of the cabins, strut among the domestic fowls, regard passing human beings as of no more account than cattle, and much less dangerous than Doukobor dogs. Along the trails through the Russian tract of some twenty-five miles square these beautiful grouse, usually shy of man, scarcely trouble to get out of his horse's way. If any outsider comes to shoot at them, the people rise up and drive the birds beyond his reach, without one unkind word to him.

A somewhat formal politeness prevails among these people. On meeting they make obeisance to one another by a peculiar bow, with the left foot advanced, the body inclined toward that side, and the head respectfully bent. A visitor may suspect that a reverential habit of mind accounts for their heads being usually worn on the bias, as well as for the forward contraction of their broad shoulders. Further observation attributes this to bad tailoring by the women. They fashion the blouses of men and growing boys too narrowly in the upper front, as if to square accounts for the liberal bulging of their own garments. Except Ivan Makortof, ninety-two years old, who was in his youth a soldier, few well-set-up Doukobor men were seen. Ivan is still erect as on parade. He drills the boys and girls in singing psalms and hymns, some of which are said to be sixteen hundred years old.

Doukobor women wear no corsets. They are expert in sewing, embroidery, and lace-making. All the tasteful ornamentation of their shapeless garments is made by their skilful fingers. They are fond of being photographed in their finery, which might bring high prices in New York, though they seldom use the finer threads for lace-making. They wear starched and ornamented caps within doors and small head-shawls in the open. They decorate the whitewashed interior of their cabins by curiously artful arrangements of crude-colored advertising cards, from which the letters are cut away. Usually their faces have the placid look of rest, but often, in talk, they shine with happiness. Some are comely and beautiful in a large way. Cleanly and dressy in their peasant fashion, they are never neat except in their best clothes. At work, in cabin or field, they wear old garments, often torn and not always patched. In winter they wear outdoors vast cloaks of sheepskin with the wool inside, and appear additionally widened as by numerous petticoats. At all seasons they carry heavy burdens of water, two pail-fuls, hung at opposite ends of a neck yoke. Theirs is most of the rough work about the houses and much of that in the fields. Though they serve and stand back when the men are at table with strangers, and generally seem to regard the males as privileged vessels, their attitude appears maternal and not inferior. That they direct affairs a good deal is evident when Doukobors are seen in a Canadian town. There the men commonly follow the striding women meekly, watch them buying at the stores, and carry away the heavier parcels.

The men include many skilful mechanics. Some fashion anvils, hinges of excellent workmanship, and varied decorative iron-work. Others cut remarkable scrolls for gable-boards; carve and paint curious chairs, window trimmings, and door posts; mold the bodies of sleighs with laborious art, and beautify them with elaborate reliefs in wood. All alike aid in building great clay stoves of many flues, which heat their cabins gently and thoroughly. They quickly learn to use machinery, and have cleverly adapted the engines of steam threshers to milling purposes. Next year some villages will employ steam plows by way of sparing their horses and oxen. In 1902 several villages turned their domesticated beasts loose to enjoy complete freedom, while the owners drew wagons and plows. This excess of tenderness caused the Canadian authorities to round up the beasts and sell them as strays. Other Doukobors bought them in. The money was credited to a Doukobor aid account. Since then the liberationists of cattle have endured their share in the sin of owning and working quadrupeds.

Except hallooing and singing of anthems there are no Doukobor amusements, though a boy did admit that he had once played ball. Any sort of pilgrimage might relieve such monotony.

The Doukobors live in some sixty villages, about forty being closely bunched in the southeast corner of Saskatchewan and the northeast corner of contiguous Assiniboia. Each village is supposed to consist of forty "homesteaders," men over eighteen years entitled to one hundred and sixty acres of land. Some villages lack their quotas. From every collection of cabins they farm the appertaining land. Crops, cattle, work-horses, fuel, implements in general, are owned by the Mir, or village commune. Houses, furniture, clothing, stoves, belong to the home. Thus the family and the individual are free to exercise ingenuity in various ways. The greater commune, which includes separate colonies of villages within easy reach of one another, owns built, stallions, flouring mills, and similar plant of general service. They have bought some movable threshing-machines lately, which will relieve men and horses from the labor of traveling over dispread straw wheat with wooden rollers cleated diagonally, and also relieve women from kneeling to thump flaxseed from the straw with pounders. To a few villages is allotted the task of grinding flour for all. Others maintain stallions and beasts of common service. Each village has its cattle-house, sheepfold, and stable in charge of special persons. A Doukobor teamster or plowman does not groom or feed his horses. The whole system appears flexible and efficient. It is supervised by elders empowered by common consent. There is no formal

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election. Piotr Verégin, general treasurer, is required to account to an assembly from all the villages. He makes a voluntary report to the Canadian Government.

Because the Doukobors object to registering births, deaths, and marriages, holding these to be their private concern, some suspect them of looseness in morality. But no sign of this was visible to me. The faces were of clean consciences. It is true that much immorality might occur if the Doukobors were not what they profess to be. Their marriages are informal, the bond is not regarded as sacramental, and they think divorce should occur whenever the married find themselves linked in unhappiness. But the marriages are all love matches. There is no temptation to wed for social position or wealth where all are equally well off and in perfect equality. The system succeeds. Doukobor marriages last. There has been, according to Simeon Reiban, but one divorce among the nine thousand Doukobors in Canada.

The people are so hospitable that each village entertains all comers gratis, and so honest that any Canadian store or bank considers the word of "a Douk" as good for all he ever seeks of credit. Did they live in a flowery land of continuous summer, without mosquitoes or malaria, their Utopia might closely resemble the conventional sketch of Paradise. It is not, however, certain that many outsiders would wish to reside there long after having got in. Most of us are unfitted for conditions so simple.

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I. *The author must be an American by nationality or residence.* As the object of the Contest is especially to bring out American fiction, we have made this condition, using the word American in its broadest sense and to include anybody residing on this continent as well as American citizens residing abroad.

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IV. *All manuscript must be typewritten, laid flat, or folded in its envelope—in other words it must not be rolled. It must not be signed, but accompanied by a plain sealed envelope inscribed with the title of the story and containing a card or slip of paper with the writer's full name and address written on it.* Under no circumstances must there be any word or indication on this envelope or on the manuscript itself or any matter sent with the manuscript that would divulge its authorship. No one will know who are the authors of the prize-winning stories until the judges have selected the three best manuscripts. The envelopes with the corresponding titles will then be opened, but not until then.

V. *As one of the objects of this competition is to secure as many good short stories as possible, the Editor reserves the right to purchase any of the manuscripts which have failed to win a prize, but which he considers suitable for publication in the Weekly.* All such stories will be paid for at the rate of five cents a word, except in the cases of authors whose recognized rate is higher than this amount, in which instance the author's regular rate will be paid.

VI. *The copyright of the three stories winning prizes is to vest absolutely in COLLIER'S WEEKLY.* All other stories which fail to win a prize, but are acceptable for publication in the Weekly, will be paid for at the rate of five cents a word for the serial rights only.

VII. *All MSS. must be mailed on or before June 1, 1904.* That is, although a story may reach us a week later than this day, should the envelope bear the post-office stamp with the name of the starting-point and the date of June 1, 1904, or any date previous to that, the MS. will be considered eligible for the contest.

Every story will be carefully read and considered, but the awards having once been made, the greatest despatch possible will be used in returning manuscripts to their authors.

The following gentlemen have consented to act as judges: HENRY CABOT LODGE, United States Senator from Massachusetts; WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, Author and Journalist; WALTER PAGE, Editor "World's Work."

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## PHOTOGRAPHING THROUGH ANIMALS' EYES



FIG. 1.—Photograph of a house-fly made with the crystalline lens from the eye of an ox.

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN WATSON  
Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

It is a well-known fact that the eye of an animal is an optical instrument resembling in its plan a photographic camera, the lens being analogous to the camera lens. It is double convex and focuses the images of objects upon the sensitive back wall inside the eye, just as the camera lens focuses images upon the sensitive plate within it.

A consideration of these facts first suggested the possibility of removing the crystalline lens from the eye of a recently killed animal, mounting it in a camera, and using it to make photographs. After a large number of experiments this has been accomplished. Fig. 1 is the photograph of an ordinary house-fly, which was made by the crystalline lens taken from the eye of an ox. The natural lens was simply mounted in a camera in the place of the ordinary camera lens.

This experiment was extremely difficult on account of the softness and delicacy of natural lenses. They had to be handled with camel's-hair brushes, and only a small percentage of those mounted were found uninjured and capable of producing perfect photographs. In these experiments a few lenses were found imperfect owing to the growth of cataracts, which rendered portions of such lenses opaque.

The perfect crystalline lens is a very beautiful object, being entirely colorless and transparent. It refracts light strongly and is capable of producing very perfect images upon the photographic plate. As it magnifies considerably, it can be used for a class of work which is intermediate between ordinary photography and microscope photography. The scientist can readily get photographs of very small objects by combining the microscope with the camera, and can, of course, get photographs of quite large objects by the usual methods of photography. But to get good photographs of a fly or a spider is not so easy, because those objects are too large for the microscope and too small for the camera lens. But crystalline lenses of certain kinds seem to have just the magnifying power suitable for work of this kind.

It seems possible that further experiments with crystalline lenses from different eyes may more fully demonstrate their usefulness and lead to important practical results, especially if some method can be found for

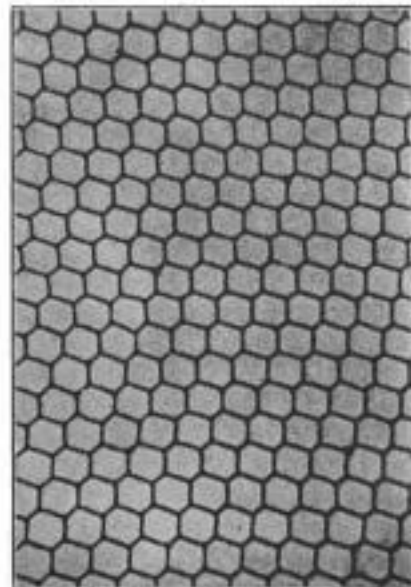


FIG. 2.—Corneal lenses from the eye of a house-fly

hardening those lenses while still permitting them to retain the exquisite beauty of form and transparency which they had while in the eye of the living animal.

The eyes of higher animals are generally very much alike and are all constructed upon the same general plan. But an examination of the eyes of lower forms of life reveals wonderful variations and peculiarities. Some of those have but one eye, while others have a very large number, and there is, of course, a great difference in the size. The largest eye that has ever been known was possessed by an ancient extinct reptile known as the ichthyosaurus. Its eyes were from twelve to fourteen inches in diameter. Some small organisms have to content themselves with eyes that are almost no eyes at all. These



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are called "eye-spots," and they are merely spots of irritable nervous substance, which seem to be scarcely capable of enabling the little creatures which possess them to distinguish light from darkness, much less to discern objects.

Insects' eyes generally present a conspicuous appearance, as in many species they cover both sides of the head. Those two organs are frequently called eyes, but in reality they are compound eyes, being made up of hundreds, or sometimes even thousands, of minute single eyes. In many insects those individual eyes can be distinguished by close observation without a microscope, as they give to the eye masses a granular appearance. These regular divisions on the surface are generally six-sided in outline and they are called facets. The number of facets of individual eyes possessed by different insects varies greatly. The common house-fly has about 4,000 and some beetles have more than 25,000. In Fig. 2 is shown a very small portion of the eye of a house-fly, considerably magnified. This illustration shows the regular arrangement of the six-



FIG. 2.—Multiple-image picture made with beetle's-eye lenses

sided facets which constitute the surface or cornea of the eye.

Into the small space of a beetle's eye are crowded hundreds of facets. And yet each one is a perfect lens which is capable of producing the image of an object. This aggregation of lenses, when in the natural, curved position, will not produce separate images of an object, but they are believed to produce, in some way, one image only in the eye of the insect. And yet if the cornea is removed and spread flat upon a glass slip, all the images which the different lenses produce will be separate and distinct. These images are far too small to be seen without a microscope. But with this instrument they are clearly visible, and if the microscope is combined with the camera it is possible to make a multiple-image photograph, showing hundreds of pictures of the same object all exactly alike. The multiple-image photograph, Fig. 3, was made in this way. To produce the negative for this picture required exceedingly careful adjustments, delicate lighting, and most exact focusing. A special developer was required for the plate, and the utmost care was needed in its manipulation in order to bring out the details.

□ □

## THE OLD-TIME MENAGERIE

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By CHARLES H. DAY

THE first elephants seen in the United States were exhibited in tavern barns, moving from town to town in the night, to prevent the inhabitants from "seeing the elephant" free of cost. The earlier circus managers leased their animals from importing speculators. Turner, who toured principally in the East, added a menagerie to his outfit in 1844, leasing an elephant and six cages of animals from James June. In 1847 Turner increased the attraction by exhibiting a hippopotamus made out of leather. As Turner was originally a shoemaker, perhaps he manufactured the fake beast himself. As late as 1872, George F. Bailey & Co. toured New England and the Middle States with a caged stuffed giraffe in their collection of "wild beasts." In 1881 the Turners, sons of the original Turner, purchased their animals, and it is claimed that they were the first managers in this country to do so. They were followed by "Old" John Robinson and Jerry Mahie, who also found ownership more profitable than paying a treasury-drawing percentage.

Percentage like interest was an eater, as exemplified by the firm of Thayer & Noyes, who during the Civil War leased a menagerie of the Van Amburgh party of showmen, who were large importers and in a single season received in percentage from Thayer & Noyes the full value of the animals leased.

As early as 1837 the desire to monopolize existed as it does to-day. June, Titus, Angevine & Co. of the Zoological Institute attempted a Morganic operation in the combination of all the tent-show exhibitions, but all the sheep did not come into the fold as contemplated, and the panic of 1837 prevented the completion of the plan. About that time General Rufus Welch and Caleb Weeks, who refused to be absorbed in the menagerie merger, sailed for Africa, and with the aid of John Clayton, a Scotchman of Cape Town, were fortunate in securing

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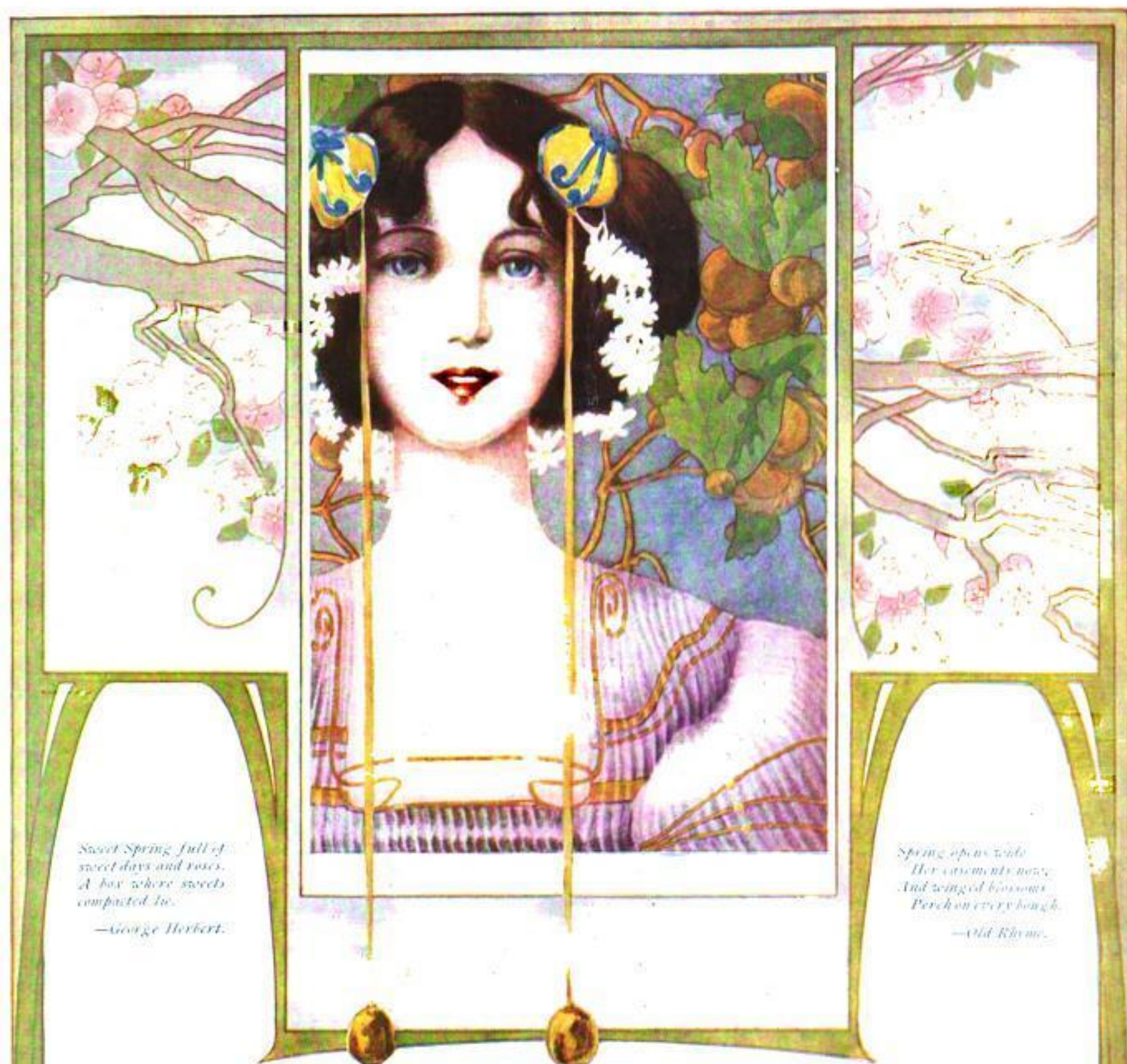
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sweet days and roses,  
A box where sweets  
compacted lie.*

—George Herbert.

*Spring opens wide  
Her casements now,  
And winged blossoms  
Perch on every bough.*

—Old Rhyme.

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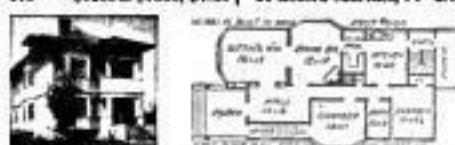
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the first giraffes seen in this country. In 1843 he exhibited at Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malaga, Algiers, the Balearic Islands, Genoa, and Marseilles, returning home by the way of Pernambuco, arriving on American soil in the spring of '44.

Frank Donaldson, a posturer and general performer, speaking of his experience with the first of the Turners in the early forties, refers to Tim Turner riding a principal act and Nap Turner riding and driving four horses. Donaldson is further quoted as saying: "Hotel rates were thirty-seven and a half cents a day, and it was no uncommon thing to see liquors placed upon the table free of charge, and the performers, upon leaving the dinner-table, presented by the landlord with a 'choice Principee'—two for a cent—and they were good cigars, too."

In the later forties and the early fifties, Raymond & Van Amburgh had a considerable corner in the menagerie business, having three exhibitions touring: The Eastern, Raymond & Driesbach's "Kid Glove" Show; Western, Van Amburgh & Co.'s Great Moral Exhibition; Southern, Raymond & Co.'s Native American Menagerie of seven cages, "not a foreign animal in the collection except a monkey." In 1868 they joined forces with P. T. Barnum, and were proprietors of Barnum, Van Amburgh & Co.'s Great Golden Menagerie, Longworth's Menagerie and Circus, Herr Driesbach's Menagerie and Floating Palace, sharing with Spaulding & Rogers, owners of the unique water amphitheatre afloat on the waters of the Mississippi. Messrs. Van Amburgh, Driesbach, and Longworth were "lion kings," their performances in the "iron-bound den" being a sensation of the day.

### Elephants Brought from Ceylon

Seth B. Howes began the organization of a large show in 1850, and invited P. T. Barnum to join with him in the importation of a herd of elephants from Ceylon. Barnum was favorable to Howes' project, but as he had \$50,000 tied up in a deposit to guarantee the American tour of Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, he had no money to invest. Howes shrewdly admitted the already famous Barnum to partnership, thus ensuring the success of the enterprise. A small bark called the *Rogatta* was chartered, and a member of the Howes family was sent out to Ceylon, returning after eleven months with eleven elephants, one of the herd dying on the voyage. All of the elephants were small except Canada, a large fellow of unsavory reputation, afterward owned by Adam Forepaugh, and known as Romeo. Romeo was finally put to death while upon one of his vicious and destructive rampages. The elephants, counting expenses, cost Howes & Co. the very moderate sum of \$11,000. During the seasons of 1852 and 1853 the proprietors were P. T. Barnum, Seth B. Howes, and Lewis B. Lent, afterward of the New York Circus on Fourteenth Street. The title of the exhibition was P. T. Barnum's American Museum and Menagerie, and the great drawing powers were the name of P. T. Barnum, Tom Thumb, and the ten elephants. The active management devolved upon Mr. Lent. The advertising of the show was in the Barnumesque, as Phineas was handy with the pen and liberal with the press. Barnum was a teetotaler, and made a great deal of capital out of his temperate habits.

Barnum and Howes also imported a giraffe at an expense of \$15,000, but it was not the first of these delicate animals seen here, as announced in the small bills and large advertisements. Out of revenge for the fib, the giraffe died early, as did half a dozen others that Barnum in vain attempted to acclimate. Howes & Co. brought out the first hippopotamus, afterward disposing of it to Sands, Nathans & Bailey, who quickly turned \$50,000 in profits in exhibiting the "river horse" in connection with their circus and menagerie. The Bailey of the firm was George F. Bailey, who married a Miss Turner, a daughter of one of the exhibitors of the previously referred to leather "Behemoth of Holy Writ." The Sells Brothers of Columbus, Ohio, were the first managers to exhibit a pair of hippos, male and female.

### Florida's First Circus

"Old" John Robinson, in 1824, organized a circus under the title of "Robinson & Eldrid's Great Southern Circus." Robinson was a rider and Eldrid was a clown, both experienced performers. Their announcements were headed, "Southern men, Southern women, Southern horses, and Southern enterprise against the world." Up to 1850 they toured the South-land winters. Adding a menagerie of eight cages, Robinson & Eldrid exhibited in Florida as early as 1845, being the first tent show to enter the State, and it is the boast of the Robinson family that the "Old" John Robinson Circus and Menagerie was the first of any consequence to visit Texas. In 1842 Connecticut by legislation, secured by John Robinson and other tent-show managers, removed a prohibitory law against that "immoral affair" the circus. Robinson & Eldrid quickly took advantage of the removal of the embargo, and as a pledged concession, "the ladies riding with the show wore long dresses, and the gentlemen knee breeches instead of trunks, puffed and frilled shirts instead of tight shirts." Subsequently, the Nutmeg State enacted a prohibitive measure against the tent shows, but by some hocus-pocus the bill was stolen and never received the Governor's signature.

John Lowlow, for a lifetime a clown under the management of "Old" John Robinson, referring to the performances at Hartford, Connecticut, after the removal of the ban, says: "In the city of Hartford the show gave four performances in one day, using as a lot the City Commons, the menagerie forming an excuse for many of the Church people to attend."



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## THE ADVENTURE — of — THE SIX NAPOLEONS

(Continued from page 15)

"The busts!" cried Lestrade. "Well, well, you have your own methods, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and it is not for me to say a word against them, but I think I have done a better day's work than you. I have identified the dead man."

"You don't say so?"

"And found a cause for the crime."

"Splendid!"

"We have an inspector who makes a specialty of Saffron Hill and the Italian quarter. Well, this dead man had some Catholic emblem round his neck, and that, along with his color, made me think he was from the South. Inspector Hill knew him the moment he caught sight of him. His name is Pietro Venucci from Naples, and he is one of the greatest cutthroats in London. He is connected with the Mafia, which, as you know, is a secret political society, enforcing its decrees by murder. Now you see how the affair begins to clear up. The other fellow is probably an Italian also and a member of the Mafia. He has broken the rules in some fashion. Pietro is set upon his track. Probably the photograph we found in his pocket is the man himself, so that he may not knife the wrong person. He dogs the fellow; he sees him enter a house, he waits outside for him, and in the scuffle he receives his own death wound. How is that, Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

Holmes clapped his hands approvingly.

"Excellent, Lestrade, excellent!" he cried. "But I didn't quite follow your explanation of the destruction of the busts."

"The busts! You never can get those busts out of your head. After all that is nothing; petty larceny—six months at the most. It is the murder that we are really investigating, and I tell you that I am gathering all the threads into my hands."

"And the next stage?"

"Is a very simple one. I shall go down with Hill to the Italian quarter, find the man whose photograph we have got, and arrest him on the charge of murder. Will you come with us?"

"I think not. I fancy we can attain our end in a simpler way. I can't say for certain, because it all depends—well, it all depends upon a factor which is completely outside our control. But I have great hopes—in fact, the betting is exactly two to one—that if you will come with us to-night I will be able to help you to lay him by the heels."

"In the Italian quarter?"

"No, I fancy Chiswick is an address which is more likely to find him. If you will come with me to Chiswick to-night, Lestrade, I'll promise to come to the Italian quarter with you to-morrow, and no harm will be done by the delay. And now I think that a few hours' sleep would do us all good, for I do not propose to leave before eleven o'clock, and it is unlikely that we shall be back before morning. You'll dine with us, Lestrade, and then you are welcome to the sofa until it is time for us to start. In the meantime, Watson, I should be glad if you would ring for an express messenger, for I have a letter to send, and it is important that it should go at once."

Holmes spent the evening in rummaging among the files of the old daily papers with which one of our lumber rooms was packed. When at last he descended it was with triumph in his eyes, but he said nothing to either of us as to the result of his researches. For my own part, I had followed step by step the various windings of this complex case, and though I could not yet perceive the goal which we would reach, I understood clearly that Holmes expected this grotesque criminal to make an attempt upon the two remaining busts, one of which I remembered was at Chiswick. No doubt the object of our journey was to catch him in the very act, and I could not but admire the cunning with which my friend had inserted a wrong clue in the evening paper, so as to give the fellow the idea that he could continue his scheme with impunity. I was not surprised when Holmes suggested that I should take my revolver with me. He had himself picked up the loaded hunting crop which was his favorite weapon.

A four-wheeler was at the door at eleven, and in it we drove to a spot at the other side of Hammersmith Bridge. Here the cabman was directed to wait. A short walk brought us to a secluded road fringed with pleasant houses, each standing in its own grounds. In the light of a street lamp we read "Laburnum Villa" upon the gatepost of one of them. The occupants had evidently retired to rest, for all was dark save for a faint light over the hall door which shed a single blurred circle on to the garden path. The wooden fence which separated the grounds from the road threw a dense black shadow upon the



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inner side, and here it was that we crouched. "I fear that you'll have a long wait," Holmes whispered. "We may thank our stars that it is not raining. I don't think we can even venture to smoke to pass the time. However, it's a two-to-one chance that we get something to pay us for our trouble."

It proved, however, that our vigil was not to be so long as Holmes had led us to fear, and it ended in a very sudden and singular fashion. In an instant, without the least sound to warn us of his coming, the garden gate swung open, and a lithe, dark figure, as swift and active as an ape, rushed up the garden path. We saw it whisk past the light thrown from over the door and disappear against the black shadow of the house. There was a long pause, during which we held our breath, and then a very gentle creaking sound came to our ears. The window was being opened. The noise ceased and again there was a long silence. The fellow was making his way into the house. We saw the sudden flash of a dark-lantern inside the room. What he sought was evidently not there, for again we saw the flash through another blind and then through another.

"Let us get to the open window. We will nab him as he climbs out," Lestrade whispered.

But before we could move the man had emerged again. As he came out into the glimmering patch of light we saw that he carried something white under his arm. He looked stealthily all round him. The utter silence of the deserted street reassured him. Turning his back upon us, he laid down his burden, and the next instant there was the sound of a sharp tap, followed by a clatter and rattle. The man was so intent upon what he was doing that he never heard our steps as we stole across the grass plot. With the bound of a tiger Holmes was on his back, and an instant later Lestrade and I saw him by either wrist and the handcuffs had been fastened. As we turned him over I saw a hideous sallow face, with writhing, furious features, glaring up at us, and I knew that it was indeed the man of the photograph whom we had secured.

But it was not our prisoner to whom Holmes was giving his attention. Squatted on the doorstep, he was engaged in most carefully examining that which the man had brought from the house. It was a bust of Napoleon like the one which we had seen that morning, and it had been broken into similar fragments. Carefully Holmes held each separate shard to the light, but in no way did it differ from any other shattered piece of plaster. He had just completed his examination when the hall lights flew up, the door opened, and the owner of the house—a jovial, rotund figure in shirt and trousers—presented himself.

"Mr. Josiah Brown, I suppose," said Holmes.

"Yes, sir, and you, no doubt, are Mr. Sherlock Holmes? I had the note which you sent by the express messenger, and I did exactly what you told me. We locked every door on the inside and awaited developments. Well, I'm very glad to see that you have got the rascal. I hope, gentlemen, that you will come in and have some refreshment."

However, Lestrade was anxious to get his man into safe quarters, so within a few minutes our cab had been summoned and we were all four upon our way to London. Not a word would our captive say; but he glared at us from the shadow of his matted hair, and once, when my hand seemed within his reach, he snapped at it like a hungry wolf. We stayed long enough at the police station to learn that a search of his clothing revealed nothing save a few shillings and a long sheath knife, the handle of which bore copious traces of recent blood.

"That's all right," said Lestrade as we parted. "Hill knows all these gentry and he will give a name to him. You'll find that my theory of the Mafia will work out all right. But I'm sure I am exceedingly obliged to you, Mr. Holmes, for the workmanlike way in which you laid hands upon him. I don't quite understand it all yet."

"I fear it is rather too late an hour for explanations," said Holmes. "Besides, there are one or two details which are not finished off, and it is one of those cases which are worth working out to the very end. If you will come round once more to my rooms at six o'clock to-morrow, I think I shall be able to show you that even now you have not grasped the entire meaning of this business, which presents some features which make it absolutely original in the history of crime. If ever I permit you to chronicle any more of my little problems, Watson, I foresee that you will enliven your pages by an account of the singular adventure of the Napoleonic busts."

When we met again next evening Lestrade was furnished with much information concerning our prisoner. His name, it appears, was Beppo; second name unknown. He was a well-known ne'er-do-well among the Italian colony. He had once been a skilful sculptor and had earned an honest living, but he had taken to evil courses and had twice already been in jail—once for a petty theft and once, as we had already heard, for stabbing a fellow-countryman. He could talk English perfectly well. His reasons for destroying the busts were still unknown, and he refused to answer any questions upon the subject; but the police had discovered that these same busts might very well have been made by his own hands, since he was engaged in this class of work at the establishment of Gelder & Co. To all this information, much of which we already knew, Holmes listened with polite attention; but I, who knew him so well, could clearly see that his thoughts were elsewhere, and I detected a mixture of mingled uneasiness and expectation beneath that mask which he was wont to assume. At last he started in his chair and his eyes brightened. There had been a ring at the

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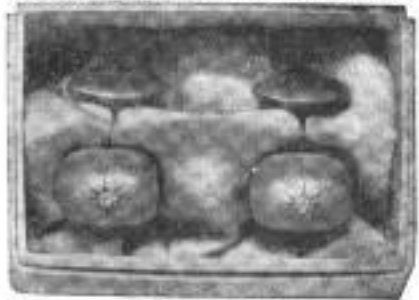
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bell. A minute later we heard steps upon the stairs and an elderly, red-faced man with grizzled side-whiskers was ushered in. In his right hand he carried a large old-fashioned carpetbag, which he placed upon the table.

"Is Mr. Sherlock Holmes here?" My friend bowed and smiled. "Mr. Sandeford of Reading, I suppose," said he.

"Yes, sir. I fear that I am a little late; but the trains were awkward. You wrote to me about a bust that is in my possession."

"Exactly."

"I have your letter here. You said, 'I desire to possess a copy of Devine's Napoleon, and am prepared to pay you ten pounds for the one which is in your possession.' Is that right?"

"Certainly."

"I was very much surprised at your letter, for I could not imagine how you knew that I owned such a thing."

"Of course, you must have been surprised; but the explanation is very simple. Mr. Harding, of Harding Brothers, said that they had sold you their last copy and he gave me your address."

"Oh, that was it, was it? Did he tell you what I paid for it?"

"No, he did not."

"Well, I am an honest man, though not a very rich one. I only gave fifteen shillings for the bust, and I think you ought to know that before I take ten pounds from you."

"I am sure the scruple does you honor, Mr. Sandeford. But I have named that price, so I intend to stick to it."

"Well, it is very handsome of you, Mr. Holmes. I brought the bust up with me, as you asked me to do. Here it is!" He opened his bag, and at last we saw placed upon our table a complete specimen of that bust which we had already seen more than once in fragments.

Holmes took a paper from his pocket and laid a ten-pound note upon the table.

"You will kindly sign that paper, Mr. Sandeford, in the presence of these witnesses. It is simply to say that you transfer every



He carried a large old-fashioned carpetbag

possible right that you ever had in the bust to me. I am a methodical man, you see, and you never know what turn events might take afterward. Thank you, Mr. Sandeford; here is your money; and I wish you a very good evening."

When our visitor had disappeared Sherlock Holmes's movements were such as to rivet our attention. He began by taking a clean white cloth from a drawer and laying it over the table. Then he placed his newly acquired bust in the centre of the cloth. Finally he picked up his hunting-crop and struck Napoleon a sharp blow on the top of the head. The figure broke into fragments and Holmes bent eagerly over the shattered remains. Next instant with a loud shout of triumph he held up one splinter in which a round dark object was fixed like a plum in a pudding.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "let me introduce you to the famous black pearl of the Borgias."

Lestrade and I sat silent for a moment, and then with a spontaneous impulse we both broke out clapping as at the well-wrought crisis of a play. A flush of color sprang to Holmes's pale cheeks, and he bowed to us like the master dramatist who receives the homage of his audience. It was at such moments that for an instant he ceased to be a reasoning machine and betrayed his human love for admiration and applause. The same singularly proud and reserved nature which turned away with disdain from popular notoriety was capable of being moved to its depths by spontaneous wonder and praise from a friend.

"Yes, gentlemen," said he, "it is the most famous pearl now existing in the world, and it has been my good fortune by a connected chain of inductive reasoning to trace it from the Prince of Colonna's bedroom at the Dacre Hotel, where it was lost, to the interior of this, the last of the six busts of Napoleon which were manufactured by Gelder & Co. of Stepney. You will remember, Lestrade,

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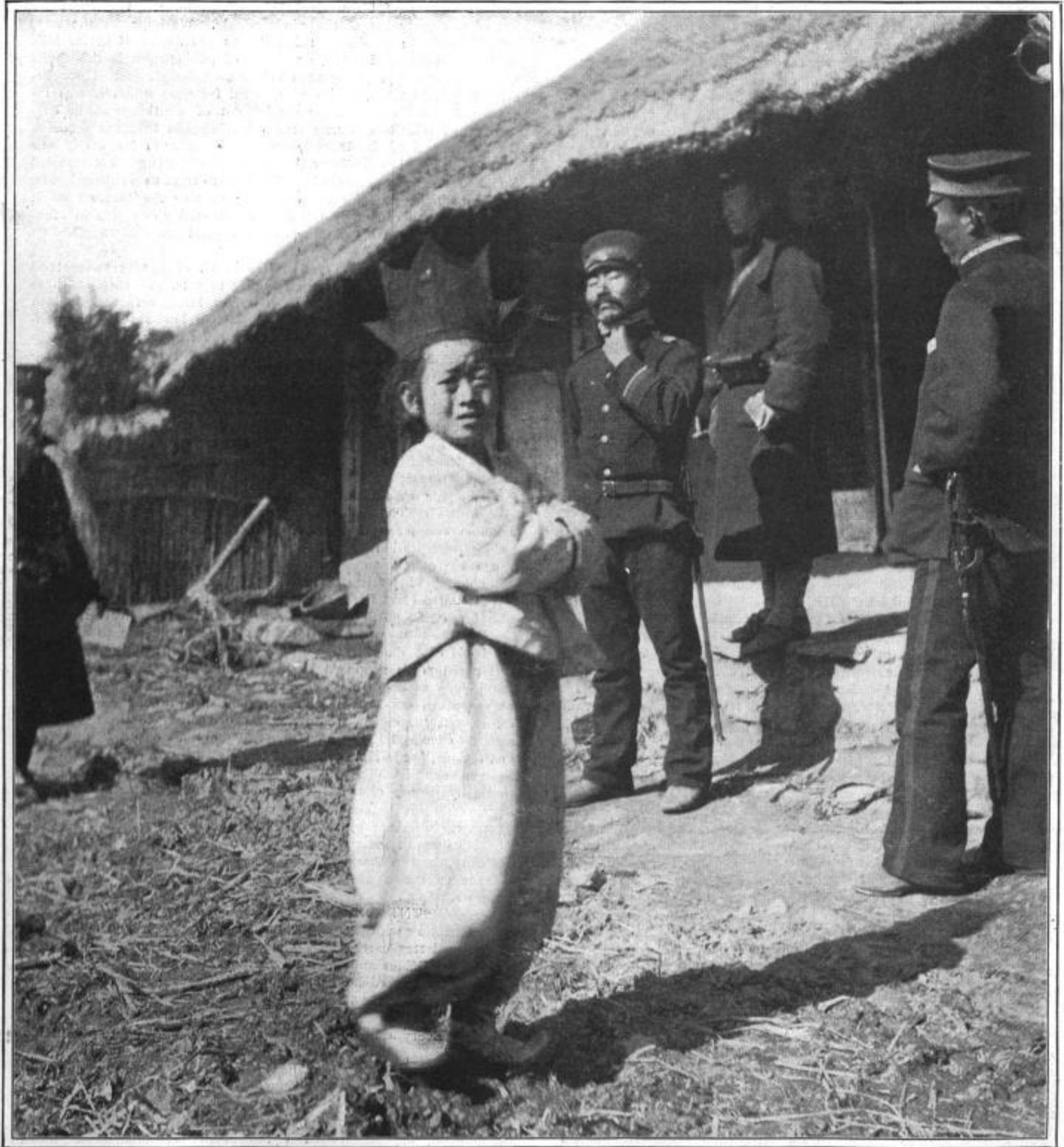
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# COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1904

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## A LONE BENEDICT OF SUNAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY E. L. SUNN, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER IN KOREA. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

The young man in white is fourteen years old and is the only married man left among the male citizens of Sunan, in Korea. This town is about twenty-five miles north of Ping-Yang on the road to Wifu, and was occupied by the Japanese early in March. The able-bodied inhabitants were set to work by the Transport Department, but most of the old people, women, and children betook themselves to the hills—not being familiar with the ways of modern armies. This young man's wife, aged twenty-five years, fled with the rest, abandoning her husband, who remained at Sunan and kept in close touch with the Japanese commissariat.





**T**HE REPUBLICANS ARE FRIGHTENED, a little, undoubtedly, by Democratic success in bringing the coal-trust question before Congress and giving sharper point to the criminal side of the SHERMAN ACT. The Democrats, on the other hand, are somewhat bothered by this issue also, as it is now the leading pretext for the disruption of their party, or for a line of division between Democrats and Populists. Normally, if party lines were clear, the trusts ought to be a neat fighting ground, the Republicans defending and the Democrats attacking them; but neither party is prepared for such division. Since MARK HANNA boldly defended trusts on Mr. BRYAN's challenge and led the way to easy victory, the Republican party has been changed, partly because the trusts have become more outrageous, partly because Mr. ROOSEVELT, although a devoted Republican, is

THE TRUSTS  
AS THE ISSUE

democratic in sympathy, the opposite of plutocratic, and has taken the most effective steps yet accomplished against these great combinations. The Democrats, on the other hand, are unprepared for rational attack, partly by Mr. ROOSEVELT's seizure of the strategic position, partly by fusion with the Populists, who go so far that they make a wise advance more difficult. If the Republican party were represented by the commanding "little group" of the Senate, or by another HANNA, and the Democratic party by such men as WILLIAMS, the issue would be distinct and the fight a hot one. With the only successful trust curber a Republican and President, and the Democratic party full of mad-dog policies, in which extremes are always chosen because they make more noise, it is impossible to draw this line. The tactical advantage gained by the Democrats on the coal-trust resolution is not great enough to force into the guise of trust-defender a party led by ROOSEVELT.

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WHY NOT  
ROCKEFELLER?

himself, Mr. ROCKEFELLER is greater in the combination line also. In holiness, too, he seems to our unbiased vision at least the equal of his rival. One of our readers writes indignantly that "no man in the Christian era" is to be compared for good work with Mr. HEARST, and others draw analogies which our sense of reverence renders it impossible to quote. Against this spiritual exaltation of the one citizen, however, we pit the long religious history of the other. Mr. HEARST, as we have magnanimously declared, is competent to pay the salaries of able men, and it has been suggested that a substitute candidate be found in Mr. BRISBANE, in whom resides the majority of his chieftain's brains. It would be more logical to choose a man who surpasses Mr. HEARST in that power which is his very own, namely money. We wish to be as fair as if conviction were an emotion foreign to our nature, and it is on the ground of logic purely that we launch a boom for the richest man of all.

**T**HE VALUE OF PARTY GOVERNMENT is not an open question. It is the only method of government by the people's will. The value of extreme partisanship is another and entirely disconnected question. "I am, as you all know," says Mayor GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, "a believer in partisan government. I may go further and say I am a believer in Democratic partisan government. But the moment that a partisan administration gains power, it is its duty to forget politics in serving the interests of the entire community." If Mr. MCCLELLAN is

THE VICTORS  
AND THE SPOILS

able to live up to that last principle, he is likely to loom large in public affairs for many years to come. The president of one of our large universities has been recently praising party feeling at the expense of non-partisanship, and a similar strong expression was brought out in Congress from Senator BAILEY by the attack on President ROOSEVELT's civil service record. To defend the principle of using the people's offices as fodder for party workers is a sorry deduction from a belief in the necessity of party government. Extremes in partisanship are closely allied to the corruption which is a blot upon the working

of our political system at present. As far as the President is concerned, his record on this whole party matter is an excellent one. The attempt to prove that he had been unfaithful to his lifelong civil service record ended in conspicuous failure, and in many important aspects of his work he has shown himself the Executive not of one party but of the whole people. We hope, by the way, that his attitude on the amended LODGE and ADAMS Consular bills will be emphatic. In no department of public work is the spoils system more inappropriate than in the consular service. Undoubtedly, the LODGE bill, in its unamended form, in which it was intended to take the consular service out of politics, was in harmony with Mr. ROOSEVELT's views. It happens that the office of Consul-General of the United States at the City of Mexico is now vacant. There is a tradition that that office "belongs to Missouri." Could there be any greater absurdity than to treat as a political plum an office which exists for the sake of protecting the interests of all Americans, and especially the fifteen thousand who reside in Mexico and the \$500,000,000 of American capital invested there?

**O**NLY THREE GREAT NATIONS in all of history have stood out from the rest for their ability to rule, and each of those three has been distinguished also by its instinct for stable law. The two qualities are inseparable. Roman law was the first triumph of jurisprudence and Rome was the first nation to show a genius for government abroad and at home. Rome lived for centuries and fell, leaving many lessons to succeeding nations. The one great contribution to law since that day has been made by England, which also has been the one country to prove a genius for self-government and for the government of others. We have inherited English law, and, in spite of a population as mixed as any in the world, we have had the power to govern ourselves and to reduce the heterogeneous masses to the Anglo-Saxon type. In governing dependencies we are untested, but the first experiments give promise. The important thing, however, is the ability to keep a stable and free government at home. When we see a faction basing its agitation on impatience of the law, we feel a possible danger to this sure-footed inheritance from

THE GIFT OF  
GOVERNMENT

the country of political freedom and perennial vigor. Mr. BRYAN said at Chicago that "it is as important to have judges who sympathize with the people as to have judges learned in the law." When "sympathy" takes the place of fidelity to the law, the basis of our civilization will be endangered. "The people" in this country are supposed to be all the people, and it is not for the judges to make class discriminations. There are wrongs to be remedied, some by legislation, some by the executive departments, but the courts are to have an eye singly to what is law, if we are to succeed in government as England has succeeded. "Free institutions," says HERBERT SPENCER, "can be properly worked only by men each of whom is jealous of his own rights and also sympathetically jealous of the rights of others—who will neither himself aggress on his neighbors in small things or great, nor tolerate aggression on them by others." An essential to working out this spirit, jealous of individual liberty, is a free, independent, unbiased judiciary, and nothing has weakened Mr. BRYAN more than his menace to the courts.

**T**HE AMOUNT OF SALARY or wages is frequently treated in connection with the pension question, as it was, for instance, when the letter carriers were endeavoring to induce the Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads of the House of Representatives to take steps toward increasing their recompense. We should much rather see conditions improved in any ordinary employment by an increase in salary or wages than by an extension of the pension system. Every cent that can be paid to labor, up to the point where only so much goes to capital as will reconcile it to the risks of industry, is a nearer approach to right-

WAGES AND  
PENSIONS

eous distribution. The highest wages possible to any business are a matter of mere justice, and high wages make for self-respect and better standards of living. Pensions, on the other hand, in ordinary cases too much resemble alms. Pensioner is not a sturdy word. For cases of actual injury, whether in battle for the Government or in a factory in private employment, a pension is the only possible mode of recompense, because the accident can not be foreseen, and there are special employments where retirement on a pension has its justification. In ordinary cases, however, money that can be afforded for pensions might much better be given as salary. Providing for old age is a wholesome need, and a man ought not as a matter of course to be supported because he has grown old. In one of those incisive, cheerful car-





toons in which American newspapers abound, we notice Mr. CARNEGIE appealed to for help by a henpecked husband, a commuter who is tired of riding on trains, a man who has lived two decades with his wife's mother, an over-questioned hotel clerk, and others weary of fortune's buffets and caprices. The pension system runs easily to all extremes. Pensioners should be kept as few as, justice being done, they can be. Wages, on the other hand, should be kept just as high as by any economic device is possible.

**THE YELLOW PERIL IS BUT ONE** of many which afflict the heated imagination, or which entertain the excitement-loving mind. From a prominent organ of thought in Naples we learn that "the terrible Yankees wish to seize the entire globe." When we have pierced the Isthmus, seized the commerce of the Pacific, and made of that ocean a lake, "the poor Atlantic will be no more than a ditch," and "as to the Mediterranean, by Bacchus, it will be reduced to the condition of a basin in which children sail toy vessels under their nurse's eye." Europe, decrepit, in this view, faces "the yellow peril on one side, the American peril on the other," and possibilities more remote threaten from Africa and from South America, to say nothing of the Slav. Alertness to approaching danger, consciousness of a crumbling world, seem keenest among the so-called Latin nations, which

PERILS  
EVERYWHERE

began to practice these qualms some years ago apropos of Anglo-Saxon strength. Each race and nation identifies its own cause with that of "civilization." To the Japanese and Chinese the menace is from the barbaric West, and the situation is like that in the later centuries of the Roman Empire. The Anglo-Saxons think they and progress are inseparable and one. The Slav sees in himself the herald of a brighter day. The Latins, while they admit loss of relative brute power, assume as an axiom that in their races reposes what is best in human thought, in art, and civilized refinement. To a mind detached from prejudices of race, these conflicting perils are but guesses at the unknown, indulged in partly to lend spice to current news. They have, nevertheless, deeply affected serious minds, and among those who have used the yellow peril to support vast armaments in Europe have been men of such different and distinguished understanding as the philosopher RENAN and our foremost naval authority, Captain MAHAN. Japan is now applying to the white peril a similar line of argument.

**PROPHECY IS DANGEROUS**, even for the best informed, and lurid errors are more frequent than accurate foretellings. Once in a while, however, something is said which later gives the world some ground for believing in, the ability of great minds to guess the future. Japan's use of torpedoes recalls the prophecy of ERICSSON about the temporary nature of the ironclad system in the invention of which he was a pioneer. He invented the monitor, yet he prophesied before he died that heavily armored ships would have their day, giving place to a system based upon the torpedo and the submarine. A still more brilliant prophecy is connected with the engineering feat which the United States is now facing on the Isthmus. It was in 1827 that GÖRKE said he should be surprised

BRILLIANT  
FORESIGHT

if the United States missed the chance to get into her hands a work which would connect the Gulf of Mexico with the Pacific, with incalculable results to the entire civilized and uncivilized human race. In calculating this result of American conditions, GÖRKE said that in thirty or forty years the young nation would have populated the areas west of the Rocky Mountains, whereupon important commercial towns, favored by nature's creation of safe and roomy harbors, would carry on a large trade between the Orient and the United States. Coming events cast their shadows before, but seldom are the shadows read so accurately. The history of prophecy on the whole, even with the most penetrating intellects, is more fairly represented by NAPOLEON's estimate of the few years to elapse before Europe would be either Cossack or Republican,—a prophecy which, like many others, showed intelligence, but happened to be wrong.

**THE POSITION OF A KING** is particularly adapted to diplomacy of the modern sort, which consists less in trickery than in reason and conciliation. Placed outside of factions and beyond many of the temptations and confusions which beset his ministers, the monarch is assuming a new and attractive rôle in history. EDWARD of England is not the only royal diplomat. The King of Italy and the Emperor of Austria are responsible for much of their national diplomacy, and even the Emperor of Germany, tactless as he often is, is busily and sometimes successfully engaged in diplo-

matic tasks. When BISMARCK was succeeded by the young and self-willed Kaiser, many prognosticators foresaw in the change an ebb in German influence, but the Kaiser has done so well that when he is ill the world, with all its criticisms, is seriously concerned. His omniscience, to the modern eye, is farcical. He gives laws to painters, and in his absence his representative hits upon the plan of accepting paintings which are brown and rejecting those where green predominates. The Kaiser is now reported to be occupying himself with designing a memorial card of the Herero war. With all his minor absurdities, however, his presumptuous judgment and fierce mustaches, he counts on the Continent of Europe more than any other single man, and counts on the whole for the power of Germany. His errors are neutralized and corrected, and his talents and intentions are helped enormously by his position. Monarchs to-day have lost much of their power for evil, and seem actually to be increasing their power for good. A king now is a hard-working official, the advantages of whose position are used, on the whole, in directions where they do most good. It is for reasons of utility and convenience, as much as from surviving sentiment, that the approval of monarchy is so strong in England and the desire for a Republic is practically non-existent. Apparently, all monarchs will become constitutional, but in that condition they are likely to be useful as far ahead as we can see.

ADVANTAGES  
OF A MONARCH

**COMPLIMENTS TO AMERICAN EDUCATION** swarm in the report of the MOSLEY Commission from Great Britain, and some of them are well deserved. Mistakes, however, in such a survey are inevitable. Of President BUTLER of Columbia, for example, it is said that he "is not only a man of great learning and high academic attainments, but possesses the initiative and organizing capacity that are required in a railroad president or chairman." This passage, occurring in a contrast between the educational systems of the two countries, is somewhat misleading; for, from the English idea of a college president, Mr. BUTLER would not be called a man of great learning, and undoubtedly he would not claim to be. His is an executive nature, and in that is typical of the American as contrasted with the British type of college president. Mr. MOSLEY goes on to speak of President ELLIOT, who is certainly the leading university figure and influence in this country, a large and notable man, an innovator, and the head and front of the movement which has carried the day in American academic education, but not a great scholar, as the English would understand that term. There has been talk, now and then, of having two presidents for each university, one of the American and one of the English type, one administrative mind and one more concentrated on the teaching side, and just now there is a rumor that Chicago University is considering some adaptation of the English system of dividing a university into separate colleges, each separate in spirit, and each small enough to feel the influence of its head. In the lower grades we have little to learn from England, but in higher education the case is not so clear.

ABILITY AND  
SCHOLARSHIP

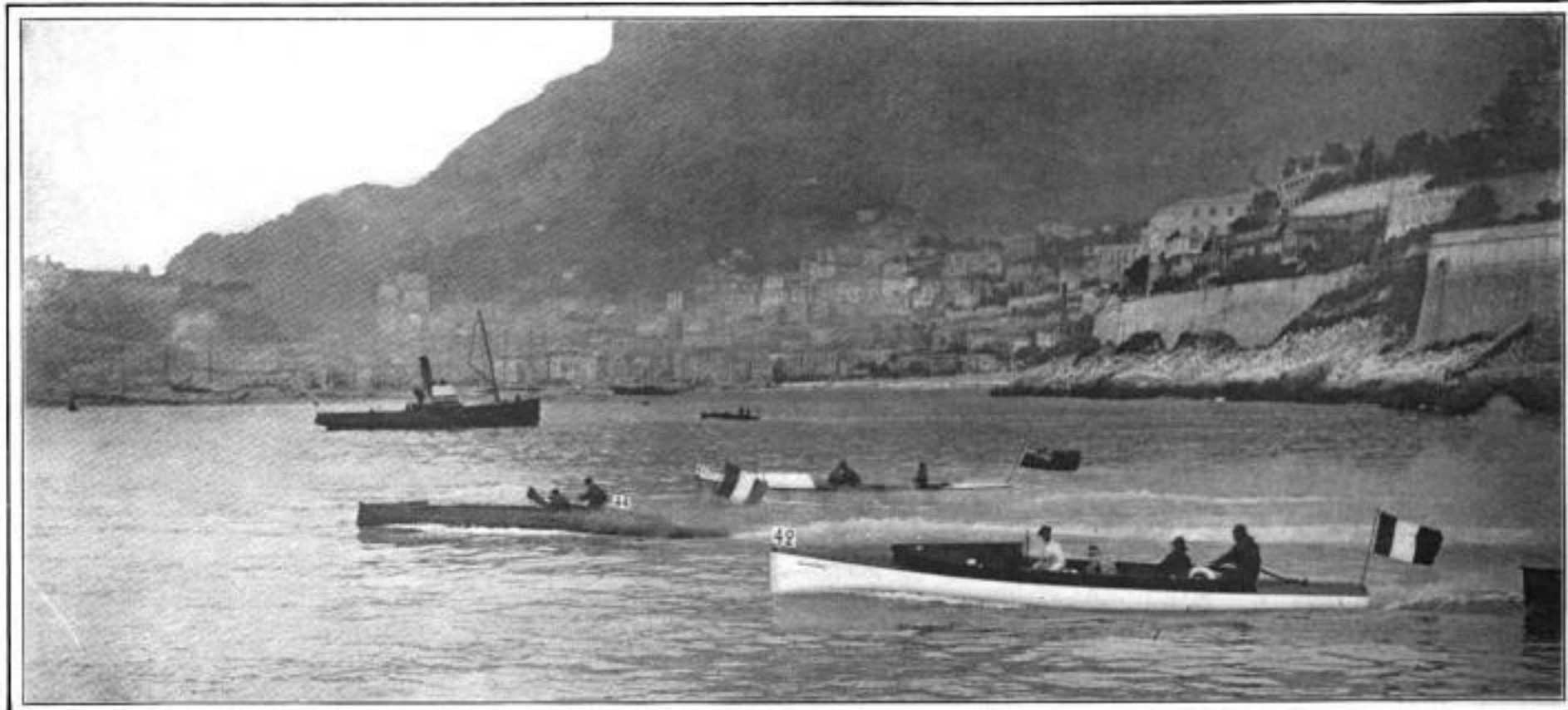
**SCIENCE HAS TAUGHT US** that heat and light, formerly viewed as less connected, are embodiments of a single force, one capable of transformation into the other form; and no law of nature has a nearer and less forced analogy to the human mind. As heat and light are two great creative facts of the natural universe, so they are of human life. Without heat there is no growth. This power it is, working in all living things, that

"Swells, and mellow, and matures,  
Paints, and flavors, and allures,  
Bird and brier inly warms,  
Still enriches and transforms."

and light, from the time when man first thought, has stood for what was most divine, being closely identified with creation and with Deity by MILTON as by the simplest thinker who ever dressed in skins and rubbed two sticks to capture fire from heaven. Ardor of temperament, force of character and will, is one side of human elevation, as the other is the pure white light of understanding. If we have elaborated this figure of speech to-day, it is not from love of metaphor or idle pleasure in spinning out comparison, but because we think often of the wisdom, in this day and country, of translating as much heat as possible into light. Energy we have, in volume unsurpassed, and the vastly larger part is turned into practical accomplishment, in various forms of strenuous life. Whatever part of our abundant force is turned to intellectual vision, to art, pure science, and the spread of poise and taste, will be profitably transformed.

HEAT  
AND LIGHT





#### AN INTERNATIONAL MOTOR-BOAT RACE AT MONACO

These fragile craft, driven by high-powered automobile engines, are only from twenty-five to forty feet long, yet they have attained a speed of nearly thirty miles an hour, or as great as that of a torpedo-boat destroyer six or eight times the length.



The procession passing through Warrington, led by Admiral Barker and his staff



Bringing the bodies ashore from the launches of the fleet

#### FUNERAL OF THE VICTIMS OF THE "MISSOURI" EXPLOSION, AT PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, APRIL 14

All the ships of the fleet were represented in the line of march, with 5,000 men in line. Pensacola suspended all business for the afternoon.



#### THE AUTOMOBILE MAKES NEW RECORDS FOR HILL CLIMBING

In the second annual contests of the Massachusetts Automobile Club at Boston on April 13, both steam and gasoline machines were driven up steeper grades at higher speed than ever before accomplished. Several crack foreign cars were beaten by American climbers. Thirty cars competed before 6,000 spectators. The grade was from five to fourteen per cent, the course a fifth of a mile long. The winning times averaged sixteen seconds.



# SHALL JINGOISM BE PERMITTED TO STARVE HOME DEVELOPMENT?

By JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS

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*Mr. Williams, as minority leader, is the unchallenged head of the Democratic party in the House, unrelentingly watching every move on the legislative chessboard, and aggressively fighting for the principles of which he has been a lifelong champion. He has represented his State in six Congresses, and on every important question that has been debated in Congress since he assumed his seat has won distinction for the profoundness of his study, the clearness of his expositions, and the soundness of his reasoning.*

**P**ERHAPS the first and primal necessity of a government is self-defence. Independence is to a nation what life is to an individual. Every government, therefore, ought to spend money enough to provide and maintain in a condition adequate for self-defence its two great combative branches, the army and the navy. The relative importance of the two will be governed largely by the geographical situation of the country itself. An army is of more importance to the nations of Continental Europe than a navy, because they are separated from one another by imaginary map lines, by rivers easily crossed, or by ranges of mountains which are at least traversable.

On the contrary, it has been the good fortune of the English-speaking race to enjoy either insular or continental isolation. This has been, perhaps, the greatest one factor in its development. Great Britain is surrounded by water, and it is palpable, therefore, that her most important armed defence is a navy. New Zealand is an island, Australia is a continental island or an island continent—both phrases have been used to describe her situation. British South Africa, bounded by water on three sides and by the desert and the wilderness on the other, has almost perfect protection from land attack.

The United States of America is protected by three thousand miles of ocean on one side, by twice as many miles of another ocean on the other and, owing to the military weakness of its southern neighbor, need fear no attack by land save along the northern border, and there need fear none, if, in the insolence of conscious power, it does not provoke it. Thus it happens fortunately for the English-speaking race that each farmer and each mechanic has not been compelled—as in France, Germany, Russia, and Italy—to bear upon his shoulders the person and equipment of a soldier; nor has it been necessary in the countries occupied by that race to take out of the fields of industry and put into the non-productive field of war immense numbers of men.

## Our Land and Sea Defences

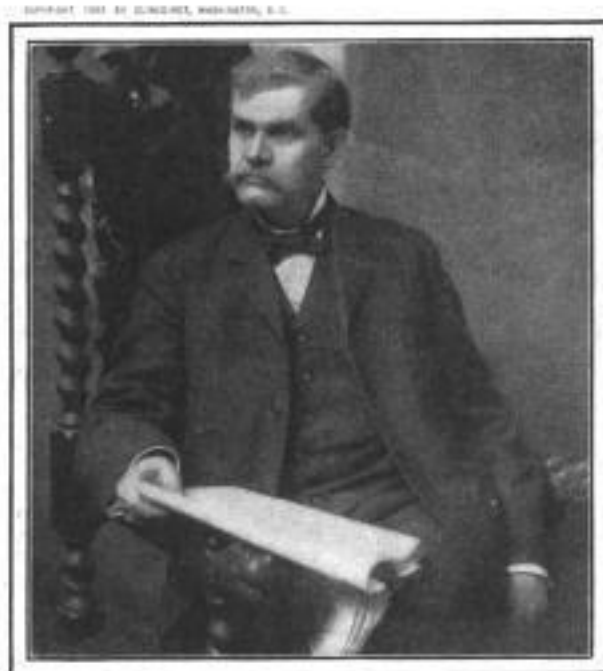
It is difficult to ascertain the precise number of the present army of the United States, though it is approximately 65,000, and the present annual appropriation to support it is \$77,000,000. Our experience has proven that a rough calculation of a thousand dollars to the soldier is a fair one for army expenditures in time of peace. Up to the outbreak of the Spanish-American war we got along well with an army of 25,000 men. It was the best army—man for man and gun for gun—on the surface of the earth. It formed a nucleus around which to gather and train armies of almost any size.

I am not going to enter into the question of our present naval expenses. The messengers from Athens to the Oracle of Apollo at Delphi brought back the answer that "the best defence for Athens was wooden walls." The wise men construed this to mean ships, which were then built of wood. The advice of the Oracle was heeded—Salamis, the destruction of the Persian fleet, and the retreat of the Asiatic hordes thereby necessitated, followed. It is always better, when the geographical situation permits it, to meet an enemy at sea and sink him, rather than to meet him on land, and, after more or less devastation and manslaughter, to overcome him there. The people of the United States, therefore, if they are going to err on either side—parsimony or extravagance—in building and maintaining a fleet, had better err on the side of extravagance. It is better still, however, to err on neither side. There is no danger of this, if those in authority will keep in mind the fact that the aim and end of a government like ours is defence and not offence, home development and not foreign aggrandizement, a broad and happy and industrious people, busy in the marts of commerce, in shop and field, and not a narrow, proud, and conquering people, kept employed in the never-ending work of accretion of territory by conquest.

Our present navy, conservatively and moderately increased from year to year, and adequately meeting changing conditions of naval architecture and warfare, is sufficient for all the purposes of a great, free, home-keeping people, the ultimate aim of whose government is the development of intelligent and righteous and industrious manhood and womanhood. I am one of those who believe that an army of 25,000 men, with a coast defence of 10,000 more, is ample to meet all probable—perhaps I had better say all possible—land enemies, when it is remembered that we have back of this a splendid national guard, better equipped and better disciplined than ever was the case in the history of our country, and back of that yet an army of reserve consisting of our sturdy, well-fed, intelligent, and independent people, accustomed to think and to act, and, as to a sufficiently great proportion of them, perfectly habituated to the use of arms and of horses. While self-defence is, as I have said, perhaps the primal necessity for any people, it is after all merely

a necessity, a necessary evil, and every dollar devoted to that purpose over and above what is necessary is a dollar unnecessarily and unjustly subtracted from the sum total of production and productive force. It is a bad day for any people, when they become flag-crazy, when they forget that the only soldier worthy of admiration is the citizen soldier, who fights in defence of the liberties, or the independence of his country, or the rights of manhood. It is a bad day in the history of any country when military expenditures, beyond the limit of what is reasonably necessary for self-defence, begin to starve home development and check historic evolution which ought to go on unchecked in accordance with the traditions and ideals of the highest, and therefore the freest, civilization. Every dollar devoted to the army takes a dollar from *something good in itself* and not a necessary evil, whether it be from increased facilities for transportation, readier intercommunication, public buildings, efficient internal administration, schoolhouses, churches, commerce, manufactures, or agriculture.

Consider for a moment what could be done by the annual expenditure for rivers and harbors and canals, as one item alone, of the amount of money now unnecessarily expended for the maintenance and equipment



JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS

Representative from Mississippi and Democratic Leader in the Lower House

of thirty odd thousand soldiers over and above what the history of our own country has proven to be amply sufficient for purposes of self-defence—an annual saving of thirty-five or forty millions of dollars. The average appropriation for rivers and harbors is about \$17,000,000. We have an overflowing treasury, and yet the excuse is made that, because of threatened deficit, under an extravagant government, works of this sort must either stand still or cease to go forward.

## Where We Need New Canals

Water transportation is the great bridle of railroad extortion. Take your map and look at it; I have not time to go into detail. Consider the benefits of a canal connecting the Delaware with the Chesapeake, the Chesapeake with Albemarle Sound, Albemarle Sound, by connecting sounds, with Pamlico, thence to Beaufort Harbor, escaping rough seas, cheapening freight, and giving an interior line of harbor defence. Consider the benefits of a canal across the peninsula of Florida; a canal going out from the Mississippi River at or near Memphis, Tennessee, to the nearest point upon the Tennessee River; a canal from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi; a canal across the Isthmus, connecting the two great oceans and virtually making the Mississippi and all of its tributaries empty into the Pacific! Consider the immense benefit that will accrue from the irrigation of the public lands by the United States Government and their sale for the cost of making them irrigable to home-seekers. Is not making the desert to bloom like a rose a better thing than training a lot of independent and intelligent citizens to the simple duty of a soldier's obedience in an unneeded army, and educating a lot of officers to hope for war in order to obtain promotion? Consider the question of a possible increase of commerce by a great pan-American

railway, finishing out the links in existing railway systems so as to complete an overland road from New York through Peru and Bolivia to Chili, and under the Andes on to Buenos Ayres! Remember the immense possibilities of commerce along lines of longitude across isothermal lines, facilitating the easy exchange of products of divers climates as well as of diverse soils!

There is never enough money to do everything with, not even when the doer of things is a fabulously wealthy country like the United States. Every dollar appropriated for one purpose is a dollar taken away from some other purpose. Not only do immense armaments starve home development in so far as the Federal Government is an agency of that development, but remotely it starves home development in so far as the States or individuals are the appropriate agencies for it. Every dollar that unnecessarily falls into the till of the General Government, to be unwisely and unnecessarily expended by that Government, is a dollar taken from some taxpayer in some State, who is thereby deprived of the opportunity to use it for better education, better shelter, warmer clothing, more books, more music, more pictures, more flowers, or more of something else tending to material, intellectual, aesthetic, or moral welfare. It is also a dollar less left with which to pay town, county, or State taxes, for good roads, good schools, good bridges, improved sanitation, or to answer some other public purpose *good in itself*.

I do not believe that I hazard criticism from any intelligent man when I say that the United States, with a sufficient navy and 35,000 soldiers, 10,000 of them trained in the heavy artillery work of the coast defences, growing every day in resources, in wealth, and in the respect of the world, would have no cause to fear a war from any nation on the surface of the earth, unless that war came about from American "jingoism," from bullying and carrying chips on our shoulders, daring somebody to knock them off, or else from an imagined necessity of holding in continued subjectivity alien, hostile, and non-assimilable people.

## Our Lessening Need of a Large Army

It is frequently said that the more populous we grow the larger ought to be our army, and there are those who have a percentage theory of self-defence, one soldier to each 1,000, or each 5,000 or each 10,000 citizens. The contrary is true—the more populous we grow the greater our reserve forces and the smaller the army that we need for international purposes. The American Republic needed an army, and a large army, for defensive purposes more during the period from the date of the recognition of its independence down to 1815 than it needs now or will ever need again. If we are going "to go a world-powering," of course that is a different question. If we are going to surrender our traditional ideas as to what government was made for and adopt the Roman idea, or the Russian idea, or the Macedonian idea, then, of course, all I have said goes for naught. If we are going to take all the little islands of the seas and hold them with a mailed hand, whether their people will or not, and make for ourselves "stepping-stones around the globe," justifying it by the hypocritical pretence of "bearing the white man's burden" or having a commission to civilize the earth according to the American standard, with a Bible and a dollar in one hand and a sword in the other, killing people to make them trade with us, or to guard or preserve "spheres of commercial influence" instead of building up our own waste places and gradually getting ready for the accomplishment of the old American dream of a magnificent continental sovereignty and hemispheric hegemony, then what I have said goes for naught. My premises have been taken out from under me.

As long as we stand for the reasonable possibilities and just hopes of our continental position, availing ourselves of the God-given boon of ocean defence, there is no temptation upon the part of any one to attack us. What little temptation we furnish to the greed of the world to-day, increasing occasions of war, consists of our possession of the Philippine Islands and possibly Hawaii. I do not believe that I hazard just criticism in saying that the possession of the Philippines alone doubles the number of ships to be necessarily built and maintained by the United States. Every outlying possession weakens us in a self-defensive war against any strong power. If we are to "girdle the earth with stepping-stones," each stepping-stone will require a garrison, and almost each one will require a naval station. Why can not we learn the old lesson, the lack of learning which has destroyed so many great and vigorous peoples before us;

"Tied down by race and creed and land and station,  
Go learn to find thy strength—in limitation?"

Our manifest geographical limitation is the North American Continent, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Trans-Isthmian Canal.





GENERAL BARON KAULBARS ADDRESSING THE SURVIVORS OF THE "VARIAG" AND "KORIETZ" UPON THEIR ARRIVAL IN RUSSIA

## THE HOME-COMING OF THE CHEMULPO CREWS

By JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN, Collier's Special War Correspondent at St. Petersburg

ST. PETERSBURG, April 10, 1904

WHEN the survivors of the *Variag* and *Koriets* arrived in Russian territory, M. de Plehve, the Minister of the Interior, raised the prohibition against patriotic demonstrations. The removal of the lid permitted an outburst of feeling not less intense than that I have seen in other countries in time of war. The people became almost delirious with patriotic exultation, and they were roused, it should be noted, not by returning conquerors, but by men who, however gallant their conduct, had suffered complete defeat.

Thus the welcome given by Russia to her first heroes of the war with Japan has more than passing interest. It is a substantial indication of the depth of the feeling of the Russian people in connection with the Far Eastern conflict, and it must be regarded as an event of political importance which foreign nations can not afford to disregard. Public opinion has no influence upon the policy of the Czar, but the emergencies of war demand a united people, and the attitude of the hundreds of thousands who took part in the ovations to the Chemulpo fighters has shown the Government, according to its declarations, that it need have no fear of internal strife while the war is in progress.

Everything emanates from above in the Land of the Bear. His Majesty presses a button, his Ministers respond to the signal and pass it to their subordinates; the latter act and then the people move. The Czar's view of the conduct of his sailors was shown by their decoration with the coveted Cross of St. George. News of the honor done them was cabled to Captain Stepanoff and his subordinates when they reached Suez. Upon the arrival at Constantinople of the steamer *Malaya*, which was bringing them home, the Unspeakable Turk, with courteous disregard of the valor of her passengers, held her in quarantine for twenty-four hours. Russia chafed at the new delay.

### Odessa Makes a Holiday

For weeks Odessa, the industrial centre of the Black Sea, and one of the most imposing cities of the Empire, prepared to receive magnificently her war-stained countrymen; and by Odessa I mean not only the Christian but the Jewish population as well. It not infrequently happens in Russia that the police will send flags to a resident with instructions to decorate and afterward submit the bill. No such notification was necessary at the Black Sea port. The beautiful Nicolas Boulevard, lying above the sea, was transformed into a Court of Honor. Venetian masts stood with almost the regularity of telegraph poles on both sides of the street. Flags fluttered from the windows of magnificent palaces and less striking buildings, and triumphant arches bearing the inscription "To the Heroes of Chemulpo" stretched across the thoroughfare. Lavish as were the decorations of the Boulevard and other less prominent streets, they had little

of the character of those which mark national festivities in the United States. They bore the imprint of powerful Russia and were arranged with Crimean art.

The city was ready for the fête when a salvo of great guns, fired by the Alexander battery, announced that the *Malaya* had appeared upon the horizon. A cheer from the waiting people crowding the quay on that brilliant April day testified their gratification at the approach of the men who had fought for them and for the common flag. A second salvo, and at the signal a fleet of steamers and yachts, loaded with passengers, whose shouts almost drowned the martial strains of the bands accompanying them, began the forward movement toward the incoming ship. In the lead was the launch of the commandant of the port, and by his side was a mysterious parcel which he carried with him when he boarded the *Malaya*. After exchanging greetings with Captain Stepanoff and his men, he opened the parcel and took from it the crosses of St. George. "My instructions," he said, "are to deliver these decorations before you arrive at the port."

### Welcomed by Military and Religious Functionaries

As soon as the *Malaya* tied up to the dock Captain Stepanoff passed down the gangway to receive the greetings of General Baron Kaulbars, commandant of the Odessa Military District, and other distinguished military, civil, and religious functionaries. The scene was brilliant and picturesque. The man, so modestly dressed, was the recipient of honors offered by those priests in robes made of cloth of gold sweeping to the ground, by the military and naval officers garbed in gorgeous full-dress uniforms, and by civic officials less showily but none the less strikingly clothed. Near by soldiers and marines were drawn up, with arms at present, and behind them was a cheering mass of people, who looked at Stepanoff and then past him to the deck of the *Malaya*, where were standing the men who had fought with him. After the official words of welcome were exchanged Stepanoff returned to the ship, and, giving the order to his 258 followers, marched at their head down the gangway. All wore the uniform of the British navy, which had been supplied by the English man-of-war *Talbot* immediately after the battle. A third salvo of great guns welcomed them to shore, and the massed bands of 20,000 troops played together the national anthem, "God Save the Czar." To the granite stairway, which leads from the port of Odessa to the city, the survivors marched through two lines of saluting sailors and soldiers. At the foot of the stairway the military gave way to young students of the universities, standing side by side and forming two rows, which stretched past the bronze statue of the Duc de Richelieu, at the head of the stairway, down the Nicolas Boulevard. Before the Richelieu statue were gathered representatives of the Church, the Municipality and the District Administration, who welcomed the survivors to the city. Here

the latter received a blessing and reverently kissed the cross. The procession then turned into the Nicolas Boulevard, where 200,000 people joined in a roar of welcome. Not satisfied with this demonstration, the people swept through the lines of students and police and seized the survivors, bearded men pressing their lips upon bearded cheeks with an enthusiasm that would have been the better understood by an American had the objects of the caresses been fair young girls. Some of the people's heroes were hoisted upon brawny shoulders and carried in this fashion, and crowds struggled and shoved to get near enough to touch the hands of the men whom they were worshipping. Somewhat rumpled, but thoroughly pleased by the rough attentions showered upon them, the survivors reached the City Hall, where a pavilion had been erected and where they were received by the City Fathers. The latter offered bread and salt to Captain Stepanoff upon a silver platter inscribed: "Welcome to Odessa to the heroes of the *Variag* and *Koriets*, whose deed astounded the world."

For twenty-four hours Odessa feasted and gave free rein to her frantic enthusiasm for her guests. Then the latter, in the auxiliary cruiser *Nicolai II*, proceeded to the military port of Sebastopol—the sturdy resistance of which in the Crimean War will be duplicated, if necessary, Russians say, at Port Arthur. A torpedo boat flying the signal, "Welcome to the Brave," was first sighted from the *Malaya*. Slowly came into view the whole of the Black Sea fleet, from its masts flying the flags that Russian men-of-war always hoist when going into action. The thunderous roar of cannon afloat and ashore intermingled, and the faint echo of the cheers of the military, the nobility, and the people came across the water. The survivors answered with a loud hurrah, which was caught up by the sailors of the fleet and thus carried to the shore.

### Skrydloff Gives Stepanoff His Medal

Sebastopol's reception was more of a military character than had been that of Odessa. The temper of the people had been shown at the latter port; the attitude of those gathered at Sebastopol indicated the feelings of the military. The Russian stronghold was not as gorgeously decorated as Odessa had been, but its welcome was not a whit less hearty. Vice-Admiral Skrydloff, commanding the Black Sea fleet, who had commanded the Pacific Squadron, warmly embraced Stepanoff. "In the fight," said the latter, "I did not forget your orders and instructions. We lost, but we fought as hard as we could, and we did not give up our ships." That night at a banquet, Skrydloff took from his breast the St. George's cross, gained in the Russo-Turkish War of 1878, and pinned it upon Stepanoff. "I have worn that cross for twenty-six years," he said, "and here in Sebastopol, whose soil is rich with the blood of Russian heroes, I give it to you, another hero, and wish you happiness and health."



But a portion of the crews of the *Variag* and *Korietz* were brought to Russia by the *Malaya*. The remainder came home two weeks later via Marseilles. When the survivors were reunited they were ordered to St. Petersburg. Immense crowds greeted them along the route. At Moscow they were given an ovation such as had not been ex-

ceeded probably by any previous demonstration in that old capital. St. Petersburg decorated in their honor, troops gave them a military reception, and the people let loose the enthusiasm pent up by long waiting. The welcome of the nation was crowned by an audience granted by the Emperor to the officers and men of the sunken ships.

Gifts of money, of jewels, of clothing were showered upon the survivors by the Emperor, the nobility, and the peasantry. The sailors and soldiers who are fighting in the East, and those who remain at home, were shown the depth of the nation's gratitude, and they may expect like treatment if they, too, dare bravely for the honor of the flag.

## MARKING TIME IN TOKIO: THE WAR DOGS DINE OUT

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Collier's Special War Correspondent in Japan

The Japanese War Office has issued a war correspondent's pass to Mr. Davis, and has assigned him to the Second Column. Until this takes the field, Mr. Davis will write of events in the Japanese Capital.

TOKIO, March 29, 1904

EACH time the War Office here announces that the advance of the army has been again postponed, those terrible dogs of war, the war correspondents, cry "havoc," and try to slip their chains. And the answer of the Japanese officials to their demand that they instantly be shown "battle, murder, and sudden death," is to invite them to a garden party. This is supposed to soothe the correspondents, and to satisfy the proprietors of their papers at home, who are sending them rich drafts and singing sadly, "It's All Going Out, and There's Nothing Coming In."

A few nights since the members of Parliament gave a dinner to the military attachés and the war correspondents, at which they asked us to be patient. As a sop, diplomatically administered, and intended to reconcile us to being bottled up in Tokio, it did not altogether carry its purpose, but as an effort of hospitality, as a dinner of ceremony and, in so far as it illustrated the courtesy and thoughtfulness of the Japanese, it was a charming success. It also is interesting, when one compares it as an entertainment with one that would be given to strangers in Washington by our own members of Congress.

We went to the dinner in jinrikishas, each with an accordion-plaited paper lantern bobbing fantastically in the night like a giant firefly, and stopped at a house that glowed among the surrounding trees, not from any windows, as it had no windows, but through its walls. It glowed most brilliantly through a square low doorway in which stood many little girls in gray kimonos with glistening black hair, worn à la Pompadour, and who bowed and rubbed their knees with their open palms, continually shifting from one stockinged foot to the other, and bowing and bowing again. They took away our shoes and gave us big woolen slippers, and then led us down corridors and along outer galleries into a room which ran the length of the tea house. It was covered with mats. Not with what we call mats, but with what is more like a mattress with a piece of fine matting sewn on its top. These mattresses were sunk between broad grooves of beautifully polished wood, and with the wooden beams formed the floor on which we walked, the floor on which we sat, the floor from which we ate. When strangers to Japan object to removing their shoes, and walk with boots upon a Japanese mattress, they shock their host just as thoroughly as it would shock an American hostess to see her visitor stamp with his boots upon the lid of her piano or on her damask tablecloth.

The room of the tea house was bare of all furniture, and even of ornaments, save the decorated screens that formed the walls and the decorated beams that supported the decorated ceiling. The room was its own ornament. The panels on the walls were of native woods of great beauty, and on some in bas-relief were carved flowers, dragons, and landscapes. It was like feasting in an enlarged glove box. From time to time one of the nesans, as they call the little girls who serve the dinner, would push back a paper screen with its squares of glistening black lacquer, and we could see outside swinging from the balcony cherry-red lanterns, and beyond them the chill spring moonlight and the black pines of Shiba Park. We sat on flat cushions of crimson silk, each with his back to the wall, in a long row that stretched around the room.

When we had last seen our hosts, when the Mikado addressed them in their House of Parliament, they were in our evening dress. Now, they wore their national costume; the skirts of cloth, silk, or brocade, and, folded over the chest like an abbreviated bathrobe, the kimono. There was no brilliant color in any of the costumes. They all were gray, brown, black. The room was heated by braziers of brass set in wooden boxes and filled with hot ashes over which the Japanese passed their hands continually, as though performing an incantation.

A Japanese dinner begins at the end with the sweets, and then starts over again with soup. A nesan placed in front of each guest a box filled with cakes, candy, and sugared fruit. The guest is not supposed to eat this, but to save it until the dinner is over, when he packs whatever parts of the dinner he has not eaten in the box and carries the box home. After the little girl had explained with much shaking of her head that we must not eat the sweets, she brought us a tiny lacquer table that stood about six inches from the floor, a blue and white bottle filled with saki (which tastes like warm sherry), a saucer of salt and mustard, a saki cup, a bowl in which to rinse the saki cup before we offer it

to any one with whom we wish to drink a toast, and a pair of chopsticks. Soup followed on a lacquered bowl, then hot fish, and, on a gridiron of glass rods, raw fish. The soup and the hot fish were as deliciously cooked as at the oldest and best of Paris restaurants, but the raw fish was a novelty which even the bravest military attaché and the politest correspondent dared not attempt. After that the dishes no longer came in courses, but were placed at the same time in rich profusion upon the tiny tables. Many with which we were familiar were so served that we failed to recognize them, and other dishes we thought were those we knew at home we ate in blissful ignorance that they were not. Some kidneys I especially welcomed. "Ah!" exclaimed one of the polite hosts, "I see you like very much our devil fish." I had seen devil fish in the aquarium at Naples, but I never before had hungered for one. Of course, the chopsticks were baffling, and of how many other breaches of etiquette we were guilty one blushes to guess. The next night I dined after the European fashion, and when I saw how adroitly the Japanese officers at the dinner followed it, I was amazed at our temerity of the night previous. For the first time I became conscious that the customs of our table are full of pitfalls. As some one has said, the Romans were able to conquer the world because they did not have to stay at home and learn their own language.

But no one of the Japanese members of Parliament made any sign that we were not eating with perfect

The geisha is—but, no, in this peace-ridden city, so far removed from "wars and the rumors of wars," where the coming of the cherry blossoms is the one event of vital interest, the geisha becomes a subject of too serious moment to be wasted in a paragraph. It must be saved for another steamer day.

### MR. HEARST AND THE VIOLET

The statesman resembles that modest flower in his attempt to shrink from view

THE personally conducted campaign of Mr. W. R. Hearst for the Democratic Presidential nomination is unique in that the statesman for whom it is being exploited has thus far been to the general public only a name. Mr. Hearst makes no speeches; no one knows what his ideas may be except, perhaps, the men whose brains he has hired to run his newspapers. He is a member of the House of Representatives, but he is rarely seen there, and he has never made a speech on the floor of the House. His maiden speech was made on April 23 to the House Judiciary Committee, which had called on Mr. Hearst to appear before it to explain one of his resolutions. Mr. Hearst read his explanation to the committee in the committee's chamber. The curiosity of the House as to whether Mr. Hearst could make a speech was therefore not gratified. During the five months that Mr. Hearst has served as a member of Congress, and during 108 days of actual Congressional sittings, the activity of Mr. Hearst, Representative of the Eleventh New York District, may be summed up in this way:

Speeches delivered	0
Incidental remarks on the floor	0
Motions or points of order made	0
Reports submitted	0
Petitions and papers presented	0
Resolutions introduced	1
Bills introduced	5

In those five months and more, extending through the extra session and the succeeding regular session to April 14, Mr. Hearst's record as to attendance, compared with the records, respectively, of Representative William Sulzer of New York, and the Democratic leader in the House, John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, has been as follows:

Whole number of roll calls from Nov. 9 to April 14	35
Hearst recorded as voting yea or nay	0
Hearst recorded as "not voting"	35
Sulzer recorded as voting yea or nay	29
Sulzer recorded as "not voting"	6
Williams recorded as voting yea or nay	31
Williams recorded as "not voting"	4

No report has ever been circulated in Washington that Mr. Hearst was prevented from attending the sessions of the House on account of illness or accident. He represents 228,000 constituents—more than the combined population of Arizona and Nevada—and he has made no explanation of his legislative inactivity.

By those who have come into close contact with Representative Hearst in Washington he is described as being exceedingly sensitive in the presence of strangers. The debates on the bills he has introduced—concerned entirely with the trusts and labor conditions—have been carried on by a so-called Hearst coterie in the House, including

Representative Livernash, from San Francisco, a former employee of Hearst's "Examiner," and Representative Hughes of New Jersey. During these times he sits low in his chair, on the "small" of his back, and issues whispered instructions to the half dozen men who follow his lead. Since his name has been mentioned prominently as a possible candidate for the Executive chair, Congress has observed Hearst with interest. It has been discovered that he takes absolutely no interest in any sort of legislation that is not directed against trusts or is not meant directly to affect the condition of labor. When the discussion leaves these topics Hearst leaves the floor. He is a member of the Labor Committee of the House, and attends its meetings with regularity.

Though Representative Hearst is reputed to be shy, and when politics is introduced into the conversation he becomes uneasy and seeks a chance to get away, his newspapers are not at all reluctant to spread his name and achievements. A table, showing the number of times Mr. Hearst's name appeared in an April issue of the New York "American," illustrates this fact:

Page	Display Type	Ordinary Type
Editorial	4	24
Second News	3	19
Third News	10	17
Fourth News	5	35
Sixth News	13	54
	35	145
Total for the issue		179

On April 18, Mr. Hearst had secured 32 delegates pledged to vote for his nomination at the Democratic



WAR CORRESPONDENTS ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP "CHINA"

Reading from left to right, standing: H. S. Hales, *London Daily News*; John Fox, Jr., *Scribner's*; Richard Harding Davis, *Collier's*; L. F. Lawton, *London Express*; C. Hagerty, *Associated Press*; Paul Cowles, *Associated Press*; Ashmead Bartlett, *London Express*; T. F. Millard, *N. Y. World*; I. C. Balet, *Petit Journal, of Paris*. Sitting: Frederick Whiting, *London Graphic*; L. E. Johnson, *Scripps-McRae Syndicate*; M. H. Donohue, *London Chronicle*; R. V. de Laguerre, *Paris Figure*.

propriety, though we must surely have shocked them. Many of the Americans and English could not understand that the little girls who knelt in front of them were not to be admired and complimented, but were there simply as waitresses. And when the Japanese heard their guests address them as "Maimie" and "Maude," they must in their artless Japanese way have congratulated themselves that when they determined to copy us they knew where to stop. Of course, it is very hard for the visitor to take the little nesans as seriously as they take themselves. The whole situation is unfamiliar. We do not often sit cross-legged, while quaintly dressed handmaidens kneel and bow before us. To the gallant American the occasion seems to demand that the least he can do is treat the young lady as one of the guests. As a matter of fact, one is supposed to treat her with every politeness, even if you speak Japanese, to discuss the food with her, and to give her the saki cup that she may drink with you, but it does not follow that you need necessarily address her as "Good-morning, Carrie."

Our hosts probably knew we did not offend with knowledge, and the little girls themselves accepted invitations to drink, and did drink, after a most polite ceremonial, and, when our chopsticks refused to work, and we spilled our food, shivered and giggled with delight, and covered their eyes with their hands.

After the dinner and the speeches, they gathered up the sweets and wrapped the boxes we were to carry home in napkins.

And then they cleared the floor for the geisha girls.





Looking west on Front Street; the fire was checked at the buildings in the left foreground



Wellington Street, in which the fire started, spreading immediately to both sides of the street

#### RUINS OF THE FIRE IN TORONTO, WHICH ON APRIL 19 SWEEPED FOURTEEN ACRES, WITH LOSSES OF \$14,000,000

The area destroyed was in the wholesale and retail business district, and included all the principal warehouses. Starting in a factory in the early evening, the fire was beyond control in less than an hour. One hundred and fourteen buildings were destroyed in eight hours, 250 firms were put out of business, and 7,000 people thrown out of employment. Fire engines were sent from Buffalo, Hamilton, and Montreal, by special trains. Only one life was lost. The total insurance was found to be \$7,000,000.

Convention in St. Louis in July. New Mexico furnished 6, Ohio 6, Rhode Island 6, South Dakota 8, Kansas 6. New York alone, which has instructed for Judge Parker, will send 75 delegates. Besides the robustly optimistic Hearst newspapers—the San Francisco "Examiner," the Chicago "American," the New York "American," and his journals in Boston and Los Angeles, California—few newspapers have treated his candidacy seriously. Perhaps the most representative of these few is the "Flickertail Flicker," of Goodrich, North Dakota, which announced in its issue of April 14, in large type: "It looks like Hearst!" Goodrich is in McLean County, forty miles east of Turtle Lake. The county is credited with having a population of 4,791.

### THE TRAGEDY OF THE "MISSOURI"

Naval experts had already feared that rapid-fire contests were passing the danger point

BARRING the terrible loss of life, the most deplorable feature of the awful tragedy on the battleship *Missouri* is that the exact cause of the accident will never, probably, be discovered. With the prospect that the reason for the ignition of the powder must remain an awesome mystery, the uncertainty surrounding the lives of officers and men when engaged in target practice will necessarily have an effect upon them that may, for some time at least, decrease their efficiency in firing ordnance. Many theories have been advanced to account for the explosion in the *Missouri's* after turret, but only one has any considerable number of supporters. This, put in its most general form, is that haste growing out of enthusiasm to make a record for rapidity in firing was responsible for the igniting of the several hundred pounds of powder in the partially loaded gun and the turret which protected it. The Navy Department is more deeply interested in this aspect of the matter than, perhaps, in any other; for the reason that trophies, cash prizes, and increases in pay were offered by the Department to stimulate the efforts of officers and men to establish records in both accuracy and rapidity of fire at target practice. The *Missouri* was at target practice when the tragedy occurred, but the Bureau of Navigation has announced that unofficial information shows that the *Missouri's* guns were being fired at a very slow rate, only half as rapidly, in fact, as the big guns of the *Alabama* were fired during her previous target work. The *Alabama* managed to load and fire one gun in thirty-eight seconds while on the target range, and in drill with dummy shells and charges this same gun established a record of thirty seconds between shots. On the Asiatic Station an even better record was made by the battleship *Wisconsin*, which managed to load and fire a 13-inch gun in actual target practice in just thirty seconds. This quick loading and firing excited much comment in naval circles, and even before the *Missouri* catastrophe conservative officers had expressed the opinion that the danger point had been reached in efforts to make records for rapidity. They contended that to load and fire a gun within the time taken by the *Alabama* and the *Wisconsin*, it was necessary to open the breech too soon after a charge had been detonated, and to have the new charge held too near the breech

for safety, ready to shove into the gun immediately. But although the exact cause of the affair on the *Missouri* may never become known, it appears to be certain that the loss of life in the handling-room below the turret would not have occurred if a considerable quantity of powder had not been piled up there ready to be sent to the turret at the word, to assist those engaged in loading and firing the gun to do their work with the greatest rapidity. Had there been no desire to do fast firing, the necessity of keeping any considerable quantity of powder or any powder at all in the handling-room would presumably not have existed. The indications point to the conclusion that an attempt was being made to fire the gun as rapidly as possible, and that an extra supply of ammunition was ready in the handling-room to be sent quickly to the turret. When the powder in the gun was ignited, the resulting flame flared back through the open breech and set fire to the powder that was ready to supply the rest of the required ammunition. Pieces of cloth and powder fell through the aperture of the ammunition hoist and brought about the explosion of the powder in the handling-room. The window of the magazine was open, and the wonder is that the ship was not blown up and sunk.

### THE FIGHT FOR BILL HOAR'S LIFE

Ten fathoms below the daylight, a diver, caught by suction, waited hour by hour for death

NOT even the sinking of the *Petropavlovsk* and the tragic death of the Russian Admiral stirred newspaper readers in the neighborhood of New York more deeply than the story about one man, which filled parallel columns at the same time—the story of the hopeless fight to save the life of Diver Bill Hoar. It was a fight that was fought for two days before hope was completely given up, and it was known that Bill Hoar had died with his boots on, caught fast by suction in a huge waste pipe, ten fathoms below the surface of the water back of the Boonton dam, Boonton, N. J.

Hoar, who was a big, powerful man and a veteran diver, had gone down to adjust a huge wooden ball which was to fit into the opening of the waste-pipe, and stop the flow of water while a break in the valve was being repaired. He was caught by the enormous suction at the bottom of the reservoir, his foot was whirled in between the ball and the opening of the pipe, and no power that might be exerted above could draw him away. For hours and hours, all day, all night, the men at the air pumps on a raft at the surface kept pumping. Signals came up from time to time, growing fainter as the hours wore on. The pressure at such a depth is tremendous, and few divers can endure it for more than a few hours.

### THE PAGE MURDER MYSTERY

Another baffling case added to New England's long list of curious and puzzling murders

NEW ENGLAND'S criminal cases, especially its murder cases, from the time of the famous Webster-Parkman trial down to that of Lizzie Borden at Fall River, have been notable for their peculiar features. Just now the curiosity of Massachusetts and especially of Boston is aroused over the murder of Miss Mabel Page, and the trial of the man who has been arrested for the crime. The Page family is highly respected. The Pages lived on Commonwealth Avenue, with a summer home at Weston, an aristocratic suburb. The family met with financial reverses, were compelled to sell the city home and retire to Weston. The family consisted a month or so ago of the father, aged over seventy; the daughter Mabel, about forty years of age, and one son, Harold, who has a position with a railroad company in Boston. Mr. Page had been in town one day in March and returned about two o'clock to find a note on the table from the daughter telling him that Harold had met with an accident, had been taken to the Massachusetts General Hospital, and she had gone to see him. He went upstairs, and there found the body of his daughter lying full on her face. She was partly dressed and was evidently about to leave the house for Boston. There were knife wounds in the throat and blood was on the floor. Mr. Page at once sent word to his son, who was in his office as usual, and to the medical examiner of the county. Massachusetts has no coroner, and the duties of medical examiner are very restricted. He viewed the body for a few moments, but made no exhaustive examination, pronounced it a case of suicide, and left with directions for the undertaker. When the undertaker arrived after dark he found deep knife wounds in the back that could not have been self-inflicted, and he sent again for the medical examiner. That official came the next forenoon and was compelled to reverse his former verdict. The murderer had evidently got into the house, purporting to bear a message to the girl that her brother was sick. She had been dressing to go to his side when the villain attacked her from behind and stabbed her many times. After searching clues, the detectives arrested a young man who lives in the neighborhood. The preliminary hearing at Waltham resulted in his being held for the Grand Jury. The Attorney-General of the State took part in working up the case.



SCENE FROM RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S FARCE "THE DICTATOR"

The play is about a young New Yorker who, believing he has murdered a cabman, flees from his native city, and accompanied by his valet seeks refuge at a small South American port. Here, posing as the United States consul, he becomes involved in numerous revolutions and is finally rescued by an American man-of-war. "The Dictator," which was finished just before Mr. Davis started for Japan as War Correspondent for Collier's Weekly, is now having a successful run at the Criterion Theatre, New York.



of a child who finds its confidence in a superior power has been misplaced. Then he thought of his remaining leaves and ran along the bank, shouting madly. He might as well have called to the sun to stand still. The paddle-wheels kept up their battle against time; the bow which they drove homeward was pointed for the centre of the channel at the bend ahead. The stern passed out of sight and Ippolit sank on a boulder at the base of the mountain wall which closed in Bikka's pasture.

"The *hetman* did that," he said. "He never gave the order. I shall have to eat hay now, of a truth."

When winter comes in these northern latitudes it comes as quickly as you would turn over the leaf of a calendar. That night and the next the gripping cold bridged the river with ice. When he put his head outside of the lean-to it made him gasp as if a knife had been thrust into his lungs. Again, while he slept, the weather moderated, and morning found the air white with snowflakes, which kept falling until they were waist deep. Then the hazy sun, as cold as steel, revealed the lamplighter's solitude with the sureness of a scalpel.

There were other posts up and down the river which might have had food, but if their watchers had not a visitor would be unwelcome, so unwelcome that he might never awaken from his first night's sleep in a convict's cabin. Leading Bikka, he might set out and travel on his little store of bread until bread and horse and man were exhausted. But this was desertion.

"Ak-h, Bikka, the Little Father who gave me you and gave me my rifle sent me here to light the lamps in the spring. Ak-h, Bikka, we are Cossacks and we obey."

No disloyal thought of the Czar entered his mind. When things go wrong it is the bad men who deceive the Little Father who are to blame. The Little Father loves all his children and he gives them all they have. So, like the simple child he was, Ippolit ate his bread while it lasted, leaving the morrow to itself. When the last crumb was gone and hunger smote him he cleaned his carbine for the hundredth time and slipped a cartridge home. He had only to pull the trigger and he would have meat to last him all winter. But first he would ask Bikka to forgive him. He patted Bikka's nose again and Bikka gave him a push, the big brother's push of fellowship.

"Ak-h, Bikka, that is what thou didst when I asked thee if thou couldst go seventy miles before dawn," he said. "If it had not been for thee, thou wouldst have had no master, and the heathen devils would have killed us all. Thy nostrils were like red coals; thy sweat wet my boots through, and thou wouldst not stop till the seventy miles were done! Ak-h! How the General patted thee! How I rubbed thee down as if thy robe were ermine! If I had thee and Grisha I would like to live. *Da, da*, we would have a little house for ourselves and a house for thee, and thou wouldst plow and take our wheat to market, and in the long winter evenings Grisha and I would sit by the samovar courting. No, no, Bikka! Thou shalt live! I could not eat thee. Thy flesh would be poison to me. There is hay enough for thee. In the spring they will find thee and me."

He put his carbine against the wall and sank back on his blankets and slept.

### III

**K**HARBAROVSK, the Governor's winter quarters—a town of a dozen frame buildings, four or five brick and two or three hundred log cabins—sits on a bluff at the junction of the two greatest rivers of eastern Siberia. This afternoon the thin columns of blue smoke rising from the chimneys seemed to cut grooves in the still, biting air. The piled-up hummocks of ice on the Amur glistened in the dim light. The boughs of the trees were sprinkled with diamond dust, their trunks pricking the white carpet, with the town anchored in its frigid calm, which seemed as limitless as the ocean. In the streets the snow was packed by the Cossacks, the soldiers, and the few settlers, and by sleigh tracks; for the Governor rode when he went four blocks to church.

Within doors the huge-tiled Russian stoves dissipated their tropical heat evenly throughout the room, and comfort was as permeating as the cold without. The Governor's samovar had ceased hissing; he had drunk his fourth cup of tea, which was stored in sweet peace with caviar, pickles, herring, and vodka. His nose was sinking into the big beard as he slipped deeper into his chair, when he was roused by the noise of quarreling servants. Then Grisha burst into the quiet room on that quiet day, her face as blue and white as the landscape.

"May the *hetman* freeze to death, with scalding water trickling down his back! May he starve in the sight of food! He has just told me about Ippolit—Ippolit, who saved the garrison! You remember Ippolit and his pony Bikka, Excellency?"

"*Da, da*, a big boy of a blue-eyed Cossack, stuttering and blushing and looking as if he had grown out of his clothes—*da, da*—and a scrubby little Cossack pony. *Da, da*. I wrote to the Minister of War about him, and the Czar is going to send him a medal. You wanted to marry him and you proposed—I know you did, you cunning child! I am going to let you be married in the spring to keep you still, so you won't wake me up afternoons, child."

She had listened while he ruminated in the easy flow of good digestion—listened, digging her nails into the

palms of her hands and trying to think what she would best say and do for Ippolit's sake. But when she might speak the torrent of her anger carried her away again.

"The *hetman* put no food aboard the last steamer for him! He has not a crumb of bread now! What good will medals do him when he is starving? Oh, he is dead! I know he is dead! The *hetman* has killed him."

Children *en masse* when the wards of a ruling class are as bothersome as those of the family. They must be borne with, humored and chastised. The Governor was a good father, as fathers of his kind go. Now his wisest smile played on the old face.

"Softly, child. Ippolit had his pony with him, didn't he?"

"Yes, but the pony was Bikka." She knew beforehand what the Governor was going to say and the folly of it.

"A Cossack could not be a Cossack if he did not find a way. Would the Father give him a pony and a car-

ing could have stirred him out of Kharbarovsk till he should go in the comfort of the Governor's cabin aboard the steamer.

"You will do nothing, nothing, Excellency? You will not—" and she was going to say "punish the *hetman*," but desisted, and a look of cunning took the place of that of supplication.

"You had better clear away the samovar, child." And the Governor sank back into his chair.

When she entered the kitchen, carrying the samovar, the *hetman*, who had overheard all, was back on the bench from which he had told her the story. When he saw her face he began grinning and swinging his legs. She smiled at him.

"You are a clever man, *hetman*. You always have your way."

This pleased him. It was a true Cossack tribute to a Cossack.

"I am good at waiting," he said. "You are a wise girl and will marry me."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I do not have to marry you. No, no, I have to marry nobody. I have my price."

"Ak-h! So many men have found, you beautiful devil."

"Thank you." She came a step nearer, still smiling. In that moment her cunning caught his cunning off its guard.

"If his Excellency's dog team were away for a week, would he know about it?"

The *hetman* knocked the heels of his boots together and rubbed his hands and leered at the door of the Governor's room.

"If they were absent six days he wouldn't know, but he calls for them every Sunday morning and tells me to keep them in good condition, as he may need them."

"And this is Monday. It will be six days before he calls for them again."

"*Da, da*, as sure as the clock goes round."

"Clever man! You know everything. You know that Ippolit would never eat Bikka. He would starve first."

"*Da, da*."

She was at his side now. As she threw back her head and shoulders she looked strong enough to have broken the little *hetman* in two. But she was bent on displaying her charms, not her strength.

"Ippolit is a great fool, I know. He is not the man for me to marry. You are the man for me to marry. *You* would take care of a woman."

He sprang to his feet and was going to kiss her, but she put out her hand and pushed him back to his seat.

"Not till I've made my bargain," she said. "I want to

see if you are as brave as Ippolit. I have heard that you are not. I have heard that you are not strong; that you can not ride far, that you are afraid of the cold and the ice hummocks, and you make your men carry you pick-a-back over the mountains. I want to save Ippolit because my love made a fool of him and made you send him to Post Number 8. You know I don't care whether I marry you or not. You know I will never marry a weakling. If you will take the dogs and go with me, and if you are strong enough to reach Ippolit's cabin, I will marry you."

"Marry me first and I will travel night and day."

"Marry you first and you would not go at all. I may marry you because I know that you are clever, you Cossack; but I am as clever as you. I will have Varenka come from the Colonel's in my place. She will tell the Governor that I am sick. I will go with you, and if I see that you are not afraid of the cold and hummocks—if you reach Ippolit's cabin—I will be yours. Come!"

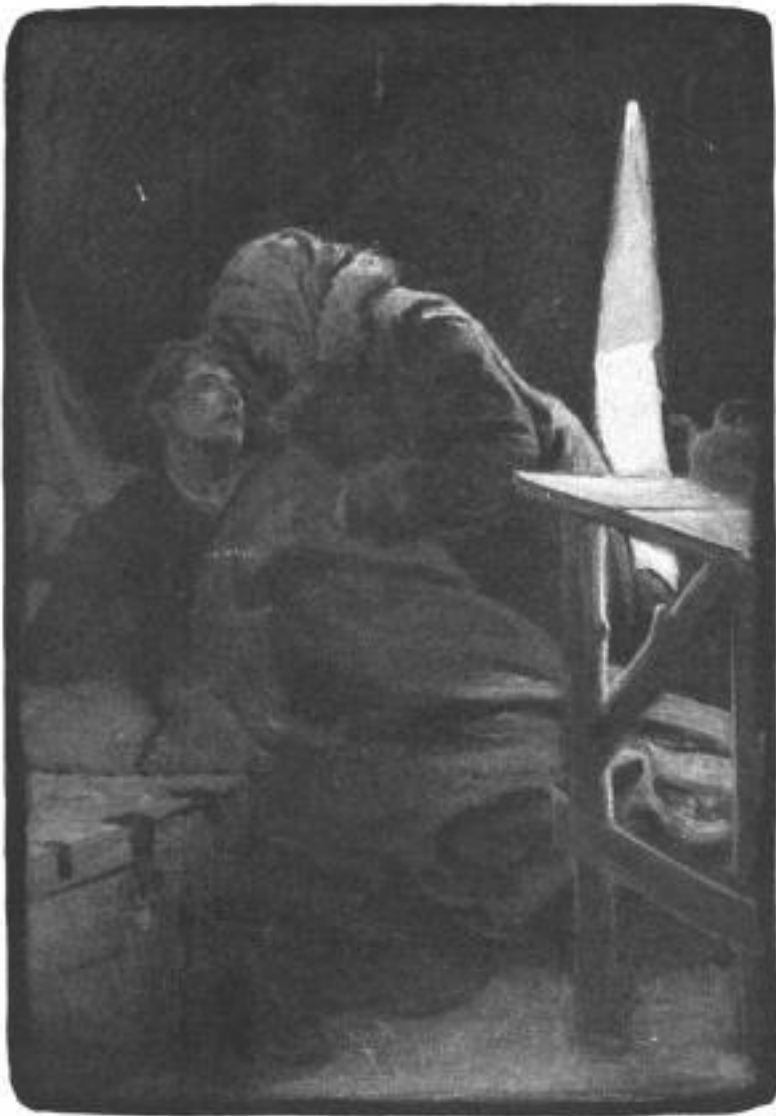
She seized his hand in hers with a kind of abandon. She swung him to his feet, using all the ripe charm of her womanhood to play with his senses.

"Come, we are true Cossacks. We will go together!"

The Governor was still deep in his siesta when his sled, behind his team, disappeared over the bluff, leaving a scurry of snow in its path.

Truly Ippolit was not dreaming. There was Bikka in the stall, and none other than Grisha herself was bending over him.

"Ak-h! I will make you some warm soup as soon as the fire is burning. Then I will go back to the *hetman*. He is a good dog driver; I don't want him to freeze. I left him tied to a tree a mile back, so he did not reach here, and I need not marry him. Some Cossacks are not as cunning as they think."



GRISHA HERSELF WAS BENDING OVER HIM

bine unless he knew how to use them? I have been long in Siberia, my child. Ippolit will not be the first Cossack who has dined off his pony. Pony meat is not bad. Bikka was fat, as I remember, and he will last Ippolit until the first steamer up in the spring. Long before you came to Siberia, child, when I was on General Kopsky's staff, one of our garrisons on the Manchurian bank ate Chinese. They were quite healthy in the spring, too. *Da, da, da*."

The Governor nodded his head with his affirmatives. This was one of his favorite stories. It showed the hardihood of the Cossacks. He never thought of the Cossacks as human beings, but as devils whom the State might call in and lose at will. He looked at the pile of cigarette stumps beside the samovar and lighted the only one that had not been smoked.

"Excellency," said Grisha, "Ippolit is not like the others. He is so simple, such a boy. He is not cunning; he can not lie; he can not contrive. I must contrive for him. That is why I love him. I love him because he does stutter and blush, and because, when he came back from fighting the Chinese, there was not that something terrible in his eyes like the stories the others told."

"Ho-m-m," said the Governor. "Are you telling me of a Cossack or of a baby?"

"Of the bravest Cossack of them all, Excellency. He would die before he would eat Bikka. It was Bikka that carried him the seventy miles, the seventy miles from dark to dawn, Excellency. You will find them both frozen stiff, I know you will."

"Sh-h! You did not know Ippolit when he was hungry."

"Oh, Excellency, your dog team has not been out once this winter. In five days they could go to Post Number 8 and back. Oh, Excellency, Excellency, won't you send them?"

"I may want to use them at any minute myself, child." That was a favorite pose of his. But noth-





## NEW YORK AS IT IS

NEW YORK rises in the Tammany Hall District and flows in a northerly direction into the State Legislature at Albany. It is the wealthiest State in the Union, retiring its politicians at a comparatively early age, and supporting them abroad in regal splendor.

In the northern part the bald-headed Adirondacks can be seen, having in course of time been shorn of trees by the unselfish patriotism of the lumberman.

In the south, Brooklyn and Staten Island sleep side by side in the same ocean bed, disturbed only at long intervals by the glad hum of the Jersey mosquito as he rises briskly from the historic meadows of Hoboken.

New York is afflicted with chauffeurs, trolley cars, and after-dinner speakers. Also by the real lady.

Honeymoons are raised in large quantities at Niagara, wads at Saratoga, and family discords between Fourteenth Street and One Hundredth Street.

## WISDOM WHILE YOU WAIT

IF the streets were paved with gold there would still be objections raised to the dust.

Misery loves company, perhaps, but society at large does not reciprocate the affection.

The pen-and-ink artist may be classed among those who draw the color line.

When a man is a "good fellow" downtown his wife usually wears her straw hat all winter.

An old woman sometimes evolves into a new woman.

Brevity may be the soul of wit, but there is nothing humorous in a short answer.

Lazy people like to imagine all the world's a stage, so they may ride.

The most brilliant jewel among gems is a sunny disposition.

Dowie certainly proved himself a divine healer.

A man's own tongue betrays him as frequently as he is betrayed by the tongues of others.

The self-made man is not always a well-made man.

Divorce is not an evil when it separates manhood and liquor.

When things go awry, rye is sometimes to blame.

Smoking may be a pernicious habit, but fuming is worse.

The political pot frequently emits unsavory odors.

Frost is a good thing so long as it is impersonal.

When contestants wade into the political pool they usually stir up a quantity of mud.

An immaculate shirtfront frequently poses in lieu of a spotless reputation.

A coconut is not always what it is cracked up to be.

Some men who boast of holding the key to the situation seem compelled to knock.

Many a young woman with golden hair wouldn't dare face the assayer's test.

Inches do not constitute the only measure of smallness.

Vanity causes strong men to appear weak.

## WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY

IT was just before the curtain rose. The great house was crowded. A small, nervous-looking man, with a propitiatory smile on his face, leaned forward from his seat in the centre aisle and whispered something to a tall woman who sat in front of him. There was a momentary silence—like the lull before the storm. Then something happened. A human cyclone was let loose. People shrieked. Everything was in confusion. Ten minutes later, the ushers carried out the nervous-looking man, now hopelessly disfigured, and laid him tenderly in the waiting ambulance. Then it was the manager, with a look of intense sympathy, leaned over the prostrate form, his curiosity no longer able to restrain itself. "Would you mind," he asked, "telling me what you said to that woman?"

Even in his great pain the man shuddered as he feebly replied:

"Alas! I asked her if she would kindly remove her hair."

## MODERN BRIGHTNESS

"SHE is very bright!" It was thus that they spoke of her who had been plucked from the kindergarten at the early age of four, and transplanted into the primary; who had gone through all the grades, cantered through college, and remained a monument to her parents' foresight.

"She is very bright."

Nobody in the outside world had seen her give her baby his first bath, or feed him on pseudo-scientific food. Nobody had seen the butcher's or grocer's books, or the servants arrive and depart. Nobody had noticed her husband grow thinner for want of proper nourishment, or detected him as he made out his own laundry list, or paid a professional repairer to

sneak into his room once a week and keep the buttons on his trousers. Nobody had noticed the children running loose and wondering why their home was so different from that of the intensely stupid people across the way, who never had time to attend the latest lectures.

But it was a great comfort to them all to have it said of her in the end as in the beginning: "She is very bright!"



## ADOLPHUS AND THE LION

By WALLACE IRWIN

ADOLPHUS was a thoughtful child

Who acted as he should,  
Self-sacrificing, meek, and mild,  
And full of impulse good.

One day when he was eating pie  
Beneath the forest tree  
A timid Lion passing by  
The gentle child did see.

"Adolphus, I am hungeree  
And rather faint am I.  
Pray be so good as give to me  
A morsel of your pie."

"I'm very glad you told me so,"  
Adolphus said, well pleased.  
"Twill be reward enough to know  
Your appetite's appeased."

The Lion ate Adolphus' pie  
With all politeness due,  
Then pausing with a grateful sigh  
He ate Adolphus too.

Then rising with a thankful roar  
He sauntered down the plain—  
A stronger, better Lion for  
Adolphus' deed humane.

Herein there lies a moral sweet  
Which all who read may find:  
Be generous to those you meet—  
To animals be kind.



His After-Dinner Cigar—The Envy of the Gang

## WASHINGTON NOTES—OF THE FUTURE

SENATOR SMOOT SMYTHE took his wives out for a drive yesterday. The procession formed at the Treasury Building. All had an enjoyable time.

Senator Hiram Harem has chartered the largest hospital in town to accommodate his children, just taken down with the measles. A syndicate of doctors has been engaged.

It is rumored that Senator Abraham Scoot is engaged to three of our leading beauties. A triple marriage will take place in a month or so between Senator Scoot, party of the first part, and the aforementioned ladies, parties of the second, third, and fourth parts.

## IN A FEW YEARS

MARTIAN: "Can this be the New York we've read so much about?"

Young Martian: "I think it must be, mamma. See all the people being killed by the cars."

## HAROLD AND HIS PA

"SAY, pa, I heard mama talking yesterday about the servant-girl problem. Is that like the problems we have at school?"

"No, not exactly."

"But what is the difference?"

"The problems you have at school, Harold, can all be solved."

"But mama said she thought she had solved this one."

"Oh, yes—but that was yesterday when the new cook came. To-day, when the new cook packed up her duds and lit out to restore the balance of power at the Servants' Agency, your mama doesn't feel that she is any nearer solving this problem than she ever was."

"Oh, my, how funny! Tell me, pa, what is a balance of power?"

"It's very simple, my son, when applied to the servant-girl problem. You see, when you have a cook, which sometimes happens, she has the power. You've noticed that, haven't you?"

"Why, yes, pa. I've noticed that you and ma speak low and act sort of meek and humble. But tell me, what does the cook do with the power when she has it?"

"She turns it on, slowly at first, and then a little more, until the safety-gauge begins to get uneasy and lift up."

"But I don't see where the balance comes in."

"That's because, my boy, you have not yet experienced the joys and sorrows of married life. The balance is what you had at the bank to begin with."

"Then you don't always have it?"

"Oh, no. After you have bought a few dinner sets and paid some agents' fees, to say nothing of car fare and wages, your balance begins to fade away."

"And then do you feel happy?"

"Supremely so, Harold. You laugh and shout, and the glad tears of joy begin to fill your eyes."

"But I can't understand why you should be so happy."

"Simply because, my dear boy, another cook at this moment begins to loom into sight."

"Loom! Where have I heard that word before? Oh, I know. Why, pa, I thought only vessels loomed into sight."

"That's only because you are young, and are not versed in metaphor."

"What is metaphor?"

"Metaphor is transplanting a thought so it blooms in another color, and can thus be seen better. Now you know, Harold, if domestic life were only a dry-land performance, it wouldn't be proper to say that a new cook looms."

"Then, pa, what is domestic life?"

"It is in reality a dark and stormy sea, one on which it is perfectly proper for a new cook to loom."

"And while the new cook is looming, pa, what are you and ma doing?"

"Why, we are sitting on a raft, having been tossed for days without food."

"Without food or drink you mean, don't you, pa?—that's the way it reads in the story-books."

"No, Harold—not this time. This is real life, you know, and one of the peculiar things about it is that without a cook there may be nothing to eat, but there's usually something to drink."

"But are you so much thirstier then, pa?"

"Of course, Harold. Being without a cook always drives one to drink."

"But tell me, pa, about the cook that looms. What does she do after that?"

"It depends, Harold. If she sees your signals of distress, and you have cash enough, she may throw you a line and give you a tow."

"But does she ever tow you into a friendly harbor, pa?"





Hide-and-Seek at Ostrichville  
Drawn by E. W. Kemble

"No, Harold, never. This isn't what you are there for. You are there to toss and swear, and swear and toss, and be picked up and dropped by all the cooks that loom."

"What an awful thing, pa. It makes me shudder to think of it. But tell me honestly, don't you think the servant-girl problem will ever be solved?"

"Certainly it will, Harold. When the millennium comes."

"Millennium! Why, pa, what is a millennium?"

"A millennium, my dear unsophisticated little boy, is a place where you don't have to wash your own dishes."

#### A CASE OF IDENTIFICATION

OUT in the country near New Rochelle lives a shiftless sort of chap, whom we may call Jim Johnson," said Francis Wilson. "At frequent intervals he drives to town and drinks more than he should. Recently some fun-loving loungers unhitched his horse from the wagon, as the patient animal was drawing its

sleeping master home, and led it away, leaving the wagon standing by the roadside. After several hours Jim awoke and looked about him in amazement. He gazed at the empty hills and the wagon, and shook his head doubtfully. Finally he soliloquized: "If I'm Jim Johnson, I've lost a horse, and if I'm not Jim Johnson, I've found a wagon."

#### HIS DAUGHTER'S LOVE

"He must be mine!" The proud patrician American girl expressed in her determined attitude all the pent-up ambition that had so long animated her.

"At any cost," she murmured, "he must be mine!" On the other hand, the Duke never for one moment lost his self-possession. He knew his own worth. In American terms, he was "on to" his own value.

"As for the price," he muttered, "it must not only be a willingness on your part to let me do as I please, but it must be also every penny your father possesses." She involuntarily paled.

"But," she exclaimed, "poor papa has to live. Would

#### A FABLE

By McLANDBURGH WILSON

THERE was a very learned man  
Who had a foolish wish;  
He set a mouse-trap on a bank  
In hopes of catching fish.

He then went home and all day long  
He sat around the house;  
With rod and reel and wriggling worm,  
He tried to catch a mouse.

The moral of his enterprise  
The whole of life will match:  
You always should adapt your bait  
To what you want to catch.



The Medicine Man at Gooseville  
Drawn by E. W. Kemble

you have him come running to you in the future for the price of a night's lodging?"

"Even so," replied the Duke coldly. "And you must decide at once. Otherwise I take the first train for Pittsburgh."

Only for a moment did she falter. Then she raised her hand.

"Go!" she said. "It can never be. Papa must be considered."

The Duke sneered.

"As if," he replied tartly, "he would suffer. Anyway, what difference would this make to him?"

"This," she replied firmly, "it would necessitate his having to live with mother."

#### THE DIFFERENCE

"I SEE they have made a new rule on the New York street cars."

"What's that?"

"They go by you on the near instead of the far side."

## THE TWO-MINUTE TROTTER

By LEIGH GORDON GILTNER

AT THE CLOSE of the racing season of 1902, during which the world's trotting champion did not succeed in lowering his record of 2.02½, a number of practical horsemen expressed themselves to the effect that the trotter which should negotiate a mile in two minutes did not—and probably never would—exist; yet within a year the trick was neatly turned by a five-year-old mare which came unheralded out of the West to lower the world's record and carry off Cresceus's crown.

When Mr. C. K. G. Billings last spring paid (against the advice of his manager) \$12,500 for Lou Dillon, the initiated sat up; for while it is well known that this excellent amateur reinsman never races his horses for purses, it is equally well known that he does not court the dust of defeat at matinee events or on the speedway, and the fact that he regarded the Western mare as good enough to add to a stable which already contained at least a dozen trotters with records of 2.10 or better was evidence that he rated her as a speed proposition worth considering. And so she proved. The gallant chestnut has accomplished whatever her owner has asked of her—smashing the world's trotting record; the world's record to high-wheel sulky; the world's record to wagon; lowering the world's record to sulky and to wagon a second time, and, finally, as a fitting climax to a series of brilliant performances, stepping a quarter on the New York Speedway in 25¼ seconds—the most marvelous flight of speed ever exhibited by a light-harness horse.

On August 24 of 1903, that which the scoffer had previously pronounced a Utopian dream, a chimera of the horseman's brain, was realized—in the appearance of the two-minute trotter, when Lou Dillon, "the swiftest lass that ever trod the track," going against her own record of 2.02½, covered the course at Readville in two minutes flat. The pure-gaited chestnut, paced by two runners and driven by Millard Sanders, the man who "made" her, moved over the track so smoothly, so unrestrainedly, so easily, that the spectators scarcely realized that she was trotting in record-breaking time. Yet when the little Western mare, which had never started in a race prior to the previous May, and which twenty months earlier had never looked through a bridle, passed under the wire, Cresceus's record had been cut 2¼ seconds and Lou Dillon was queen of the track in both hemispheres.

Straightway there arose from the old-timers a cry of "adventitious aids," "modern appliances," and "mechanical equipment." They harked back to Maud S. and her high-wheel, steel-tired sulky, rating Lou Dil-



Cresceus, 2.59½

lon's two-minute clip with the aid of rubber tires and a wind shield no faster than that exhibited by Bonner's great mare in 1885.

Accordingly, Lou Dillon was sent after the record of Maud S. (2.08½ to high-wheel sulky). Hitched to a sulky built to order "like the one made for Maud S." by Charles Caffrey, manufacturer of the one used by the Bonner mare in her record mile, the trotting queen stepped a mile on the Cleveland track in 2.05 flat, which, if necessary, could have been cut at least a second. Protest against official recognition of this performance was promptly made by the Messrs Bonner (sons of the late owner of the erstwhile champion) upon the ground that the sulky used by Lou Dillon was fitted with ball bearings, and that the latter followed a pacemaker, while Maud S. accompanied one at her side. An arbitration board composed of representatives of the American Trotting Register Association, the National Trotting Association, and the American Trotting Association, after hearing evidence and argument in the case, made this remarkable finding:

"We find that the performance of Lou Dillon at Cleveland, Ohio, September 12, 1903, in 2.05 to a high-wheel, ball-bearing sulky, with a pacemaker, with a dirt shield in front, was not a record, because the mare had previously performed in faster time, which performance was her record and precludes a slow performance being a record."

"We also find that the performance of Maud S. at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1885, was to a high-wheeled, plain axle, according to rule; that the time, 2.08½, was not only her best time, but the best time ever made up to that date, and was a record."

This illogical and irrelevant decision, which evaded the point at issue and in no way settled the question, proved distinctly unpopular with press and public alike. The discrediting of Lou Dillon's great mile (in despite of the testimony of the manufacturer of both sulkies that the Maud S. sulky was fitted with roller bearings, and that the two vehicles were as nearly as possible alike, except that that drawn by Lou Dillon was somewhat heavier) elicited a storm of protest from horsemen and lovers of the sport all over the country, who were practically unanimous in according to the game little mare the credit to which, a trivial technicality aside, she was officially entitled.

At the Association Track at Lexington, on October 10, this speed marvel, in the teeth of a strong wind, succeeded in reducing the world's wagon record, held prior to that date by herself. Five minutes earlier her strongest rival, E. E. Smathers's great bay gelding, Major Delmar, had cut her wagon record of 2.04½ to 2.03½. But his triumph was brief. The Western mare, driven by her owner, Mr. Billings, stepped out upon the track, settled to her work, as if realizing that her supremacy was at stake, and circled the oval handily in 2.01¾.

The trotting season of 1903 witnessed the smashing of more records than any previous year in the history of the track. Scarcely had Lou Dillon electrified the racing world with her phenomenal performance at Readville, when Major Delmar equaled the feat, trotting a mile in "even time" at Empire City Park. For some years past a spirit of friendly rivalry has existed between those expert reinsmen, Mr. E. E. Smathers (who the day previous to this feat had purchased Major Delmar at \$40,000, the highest price ever paid for a trotting gelding) and Mr. Billings, Lou Dillon's owner. Each of these distinguished amateurs had long cherished the ambition to possess the champion trotter, and each had spent money without stint to attain this end. Major Delmar, barred as he is by reason of his low record from all class races, was purchased,



Major Delmar, 1.59½



Lou Dillon, 1.58½



John A. McKerron, 2.04½



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**Rhythmic, 2.03 1/4**

*The blind horse which was the largest money winner on the Grand Circuit in 1903*

not as a business proposition, but as a plaything for an owner in a position to gratify his penchant for equine speed, and with an eye to the Memphis Gold Cup (won last season by Mr. Smathers's Lord Derby)—a trophy standing next in importance to the Boston Challenge Cup; and Mr. Smathers, after driving Major Delmar for the first time at Lexington—where he reduced the wagon record to 2.03 1/4—is said to have remarked casually, as he got out of his speed wagon at the end of the exhibition mile, that his new purchase "drove like a very good horse." Major Delmar was with one exception (the blind horse Rhythmic) the largest money-winner on the Grand Circuit last year, having earned something like \$20,000—the product of seven victories, one second, and two thirds.

The first two-minute class in the history of the track was trotted at Memphis on October 20, 1903, when Lou Dillon met Major Delmar in a race at a mile for the Memphis Gold Cup. No event in the annals of the trotting horse was ever fraught with greater interest for the racing public; both horses had previously negotiated a mile in 2.00 flat (the world's best record till the day preceding the race, when it was lowered by Crescens to 1.59 3/4); and both horses were to be driven by their owners, amateurs of more than national repute. Horsemen generally conceded to Lou Dillon the greater amount of true speed, but the mare was sensitive and excitable, and a novice at the racing game; while the other contestant, a seasoned campaigner, had, in the language of his owner, "been to the races." Yet such authorities as Geers, Doble, and Salisbury are said to have liked the chestnut mare. While there was no open booking on the event, and while Mr. Billings never stakes one cent on his horses, and Mr. Smathers, who makes no secret of

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Backed by 15 yrs. experience. Only covered by patents. Bureau of Inventions. No danger from thorns, nails, glass, tacks or nails. Serious punctures like conventional kinds can be instantly repaired. Guaranteed not to become punctured. NOTE the thick tread and puncture proof surface—will reflect any other make. Soft, elastic and easy riding. We will ship C.O.D. on approval with out a cent deposit. If you order direct from this advertisement, sending cash, we will proper express charges. Pump free with each pair.

Send for CATALOGUE—showing all makes and kind of tires, bicycle, motor, motor, trucks, built-up wheels, etc., at half retail prices.

**MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. T-83, Chicago, Ill.**

Mr. C. K. G. Billings, owner of Lou Dillon

his fondness for a wager, smilingly rated his bets at "a box of cigars and a basket of champagne." It is understood that the great match race was one of the largest betting propositions ever trotted. But unfortunately what had been anticipated as the event of the age proved "a lame and impotent conclusion"—Lou Dillon taking the race in two straight heats, winning the second, eased up, by eight lengths—time 2.04 3/4.

The day previous to this event Crescens, the ex-champion, who had been generally regarded as having reached the limit of his capacity when he snatched the laurels from The Abbot and set a new world's record of 2.02 1/4, regained the coveted crown by stepping a mile in 1.59 3/4 at the Wichita, Kansas, Track. (This performance was subsequently referred to the Advisory Board, provided to adjudicate disputed records, which, failing to give its official ruling either for or against the record, thereby established it as authentic.) Crescens is a game and gallant horse, the holder of many records, and a fine type of the rugged, enduring racer; but he had been rather relegated to the ranks of the "has-beens," and his triumph was a complete surprise to the racing world. His victory, however, proved a short-lived one. The deposed



## Suit Made \$12 to Measure 12

Suit Case Free

Fine All-Wool  
Tailor-Made  
Cashmere or  
Worsted Suit

Your Choice of a variety of colorings and weaves, and all the newest patterns just from the woolen mills. We direct special attention to the fabrics. The cloth is specially woven from new, high grade wool; it is close woven and the wool is full of "life," so that the cloth is elastic and the garments will hold their shape. Before cutting into the cloth for each suit, the suit pattern is thoroughly shrunken. Our cutters are first-class workmen, who incorporate into the suit the latest style, and take into account the various little differences in build each man possesses. The suit is lined throughout with "Bull" serge and the sleeve linings are of the celebrated "Fowler" flannel. All trimmings are the very best, and buttonholes are hand finished. The pants pockets are made of strong drilling, and all the fittings are such as only can be secured in the high grade merchant-tailor article. Our measure and order blank will enable you to take your own measurement accurately, and a perfect fit is guaranteed. We are manufacturers, importers and custom tailors, and guarantee our \$12.00 suits to be equal in wear to the best suits you can obtain from your local dealer for Twenty Dollars, while in style and fit our garments are incomparably superior to any but the product of high-priced city tailors.

### FREE Suit Case

In order to establish customers throughout the United States, we are giving on the first order received from any one person, a handsome suit case, which we use to ship the suit. The suit case that goes with each suit is most presentable and would cost in your local store from \$5 to \$8.

A trial is all we ask. You run no risk in ordering from us, as we guarantee absolutely a perfect fit. We do not ask you to pay for the goods before seeing them. We send them by express C. O. D., with the privilege of examination at Express Office, and if the suit is not satisfactory in fabric, finish or fit, you need not accept it; it will be returned to us at our expense. The suit shown in the picture is our No. 251, and is a sensible, becoming suit to most gentlemen. The price is \$12.00. It is entirely new, out of the ordinary and very stylish. Samples of cloth that make up nicely in this style are shown in our new catalogue, which contains styles and samples varying in price from \$12.00 to \$30.00. Our catalogue and

**SAMPLES OF CLOTH FREE** will be sent you the very day your request for same reaches us. Remember, we have no agents, no branch stores, and no connection with any other clothing concern. Our business has been established 40 years. Write today for samples. Address: **Meyer Livingston Sons, Dept. 48, South Bend, Ind.** Reference: Citizens National Bank, South Bend, Ind.



Lord Derby

queen, down at the Memphis Track, remained to be reckoned with. Within a week her Majesty was heard from; Crescens was again dethroned, and the great daughter of Sidney Dillon was once more the champion trotter of the world. At the Memphis Track, on October 24, Lou Dillon trotted without the wind shield, and under adverse conditions, a mile in 1:58 1/2—an achievement altogether unparalleled in the history of the track. Within the space of a fortnight the Western wonder captured the Memphis Cup, reduced Crescens's record, and trotted a mile to wagon in two minutes flat, setting a new world's mark—a series of performances calculated to justify her trainer's confidence in her quality.

The fastest mile trotted in a purse race during 1903 by a mare was 2:05 1/2, by Fereno; the fastest by a gelding in 2:06 1/2, by Prince of Orange, and the fastest by a stallion in 2:06 3/4, by Rhythmic. All of these fast trotters carry the blood of the great Wilkes—each being by a different son of Baron Wilkes.

A mile somewhere around the two-minute mark was confidently predicted last season for another Wilkes horse, John A. McKerron, 2:04 1/2, which (owned and driven by that prince of amateur reinsmen, Mr. Harry K. Devereux of Cleveland) secured to the Cleveland Driving Club the \$5,000 Boston Challenge Cup by winning it three successive seasons. This great son of Nutwood Wilkes has scarcely a superior as a type of the American trotter. He possesses quality, speed, and courage, and, with the exception of Lou Dillon, is probably unequalled for absolute purity of gait by any horse ever raced. His gameness was subjected to a triumphant test the past season, when, laboring under the disadvantage of extreme soreness, resultant from a splint, he trotted his record mile at Syracuse. His necessary retirement before the meeting at the lightning-fast Memphis Track, where he would doubtless have further lowered his mark, is to be regretted. Much is expected of him during the ensuing year.

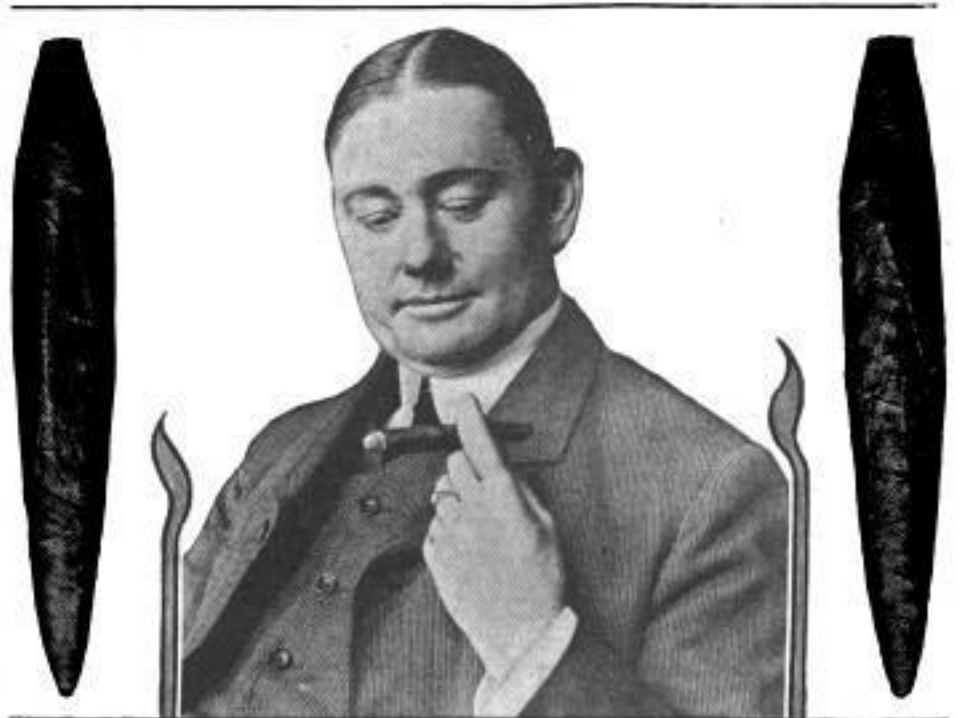
Unquestionably, matinee racing, essentially the sport of the American gentleman, has done much to foster interest in the



Mr. E. E. Smathers, owner of Major Delmar

performance of the light-harness horse. The construction of speedways in all our larger cities has popularized amateur driving with the wealthy classes, enhanced the value of a good trotter, and given a better tone to harness racing. The owner of a fleet trotter or pacer can now enjoy both the pleasure of driving him on the speedway and of personally piloting him to victory over a company of his peers in a matinee event—conditions largely attributable to the efforts and influence of such distinguished amateurs as Mr. Devereux, Mr. Billings, and Mr. Smathers, who, actuated by the true sporting spirit, have lent themselves and their resources to promoting the popularity of matinee racing throughout the States.

Twenty-five years ago Professor William H. Brewer of Yale University made the prediction (based upon a chart tracing the relative speed of the famous trotting horses of the age) that the two-minute trotter would appear in the first decade of the twentieth century. A recent magazine writer has demonstrated scientifically that the ultimate speed limit of the trotter is 6 1/2 seconds to the mile; but arguing mathematically from the



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**OUR GUARANTEE**—Every cigar we ship is guaranteed to please you, and if from any cause it does not do so, we will exchange cigars with you or refund your full purchase price. Transportation each way at our expense and no charge for any number of cigars smoked in testing.

No smoker will sacrifice the pleasure and comfort of a cigar that suits him even to accomplish a saving, but by the method first introduced by John B. Rogers & Company, The Pioneers, who first recognized how unnecessary it was for a consumer of good cigars to pay the inbetween profits and expenses, you are able to secure a cigar that exactly fits your taste and brings to you perfect satisfaction and comfort, and still

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of ordinary retail prices. Read our guarantee, then make your selection of what you wish, and we will furnish you a better cigar than you are used to smoking and still make this saving for you. Having received this cigar, test it in the quiet of your own home, knowing that your remittance to us is only on deposit until you are thoroughly satisfied. We suggest that you smoke it side by side with any cigar costing at retail twice our price, and if you are not suited as well or better, our guarantee may be applied. If you are a 5 cent smoker, why not, at the same expense, smoke 10 cent cigars? If you smoke 30-cent or better cigars, why not get twice the value and

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A Few Suggestions from an Unlimited Variety

	Boxes of 12	25	50	On for 75 cents we will gladly send you an assortment of 37 cigars, each separately wrapped and described, showing four varieties of 10 cent and two for a quarter value; or for 90 cents an equal showing of High-Grade 5 cent and 10 cent values. Send for our catalogue, "Rolled Treasures," which explains everything.
La Persevere, 4 1/2 in. Camellias,	\$1.25	\$1.50	\$3.75	
Pisces, 4 1/2 in. Conchas,	1.00	1.75	3.50	
Salmetto, 4 1/2 in. Pampas,	.85	1.45	3.25	
El Provost, 4 1/2 in. Perfectos,	.85	1.50	3.00	
Monart, 4 1/2 in. Caprichos,	.70	1.25	2.50	
Fedora, 4 1/2 in. Londres,	.60		2.00	

### ALL TRANSPORTATION CHARGES PREPAID

We have but one factory, which is a model of sanitary arrangement, cleanliness and system.

"I have enjoyed the Perfectos and have been surprised at the price. I am eager for the box to come and get again the best smoke I have ever had for the money."—Dr. J. C. C. Brown, Dept.

Deliver is expensive. Make out your order to-day, sending name to

**JOHN B. ROGERS & COMPANY, "The Pioneers," 142 Jarvis St., Binghamton, N.Y.**

## \$200 CASH FOR LITTLE RHYMES

Can You Write Us One?

This verse won a \$50 prize in our previous contest:

"Her smile is of pearl and of coral,  
Her hair has a wondrous twist,  
Her breath is the breath of the laundress—  
She uses Hy-Jen Tooth Paste."

We pay liberally for catchy advertising jingles about Hy-Jen Tooth Paste and we want everyone to compete in our \$200 contest. Some of the rhymes which occur to you may be just what we want. It costs you but a few minutes time and a stamp to send them in and bright ideas win from \$2 to \$50. We don't care for literary excellence or poetical polish—we want little jingles that will stick in the public's memory. For the best advertisement in rhyme containing not more than eight lines, submitted before July 28th, we will give \$50 in cash; for the second \$25; \$10 for the third; \$5 each for the next three and \$2 each for the next five. Robert John Company (Advertising Agents) will act as judges of the contest. We also reserve the right to purchase from those which do not win a prize, but which we consider suitable for advertising, a sufficient number to make up our calendar of 365 advertising rhymes, with which we shall burn the name Hy-Jen Tooth Paste into the minds of the people. We want to make every one acquainted with the real qualities of Hy-Jen Tooth Paste, which is endorsed by dentists everywhere as the best and safest, the dearest and most agreeable dentifrice made. Get a file, take at your druggist's and try it thoroughly—it has so many refreshing qualities you will be surprised how easy it is to think of a little rhyme about it and it's the simple one that makes a hit in advertising. The richest one wins \$50 in this contest. To show that you have used it each competitor must send in the front of the poem, four Hy-Jen Tooth Paste boxes in, along with their rhyme—don't let all that is required. You may send as many different rhymes as you like providing you send one box-ful for each separate rhyme. If your druggist doesn't have Hy-Jen Tooth Paste ask him to get it of his jobber or send us his name and we will send you a package postpaid. Address: Adv. Dept., Hy-Jen Chemical Co., 35 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**HY-JEN  
TOOTH  
PASTE**

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Particulars of agents of the Illinois Central and connecting lines.

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No other boat so desirable for ladies and children.

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Made of steel. Practically indestructible. Air chamber each end. Cannot sink. Cannot leak. Requires no caulking. Ideal boat for family use. Summer resorts, parks. Guaranteed. Will wait five persons in comfort. The modern row-boat for pleasure, safety and durability. W. H. MULLINS, 407 Depot Street, Salem, Ohio

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Complete business course, single and double entry book-keeping, Business Practice, Bookkeeping, Commercial law, Letter Writing, Penmanship, etc.

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## Agents Earn \$75 to \$250 a Month Selling "NOVELTY KNIVES"

Your name, address, photo underneath handles; also embossed lodges, societies, etc. Finely tempered razor steel blades. Big Profits. Good commission paid. Send 3c stamp for great special offer to agents. **NOVELTY OUTLET CO., 40, Bar St., CANTON, O.**

## Fresh Laid Eggs

**WE HAVE A PLAN** by which we are supplying hundreds of fastidious families with fresh laid eggs delivered at the door at little more than the cost of stale, cold storage eggs. You don't know how delicious eggs can be until you have used "Clover Brand Eggs" fresh from healthy, grain fed fowls. Booklet and Plan FREE. **CLOVER BRAND EGG CO., 21 Clover St., TORONTO, MICH.**

## THE DOBSON X-RAY

Latest Scientific Wonder. Here is an X-ray article, boys, that will please you. With it the clothes and flesh turn transparent and the bones can be plainly seen. Just think of the fun you can have with it! Sample in strong box, with catalogue and agent's prices. Ten Cents, by mail. **A. R. PIKE, Dept. 11, Stamford, Conn.**

## IT DOESN'T WARP

or twist—Sure Hatch Incubator. Mellow, regular heat from copper tank. No disappointment. Free Catalogue B-17. **Sure Hatch Incubator Co., Clay Center, Neb., Indianapolis, Ind.**

## Southern California

For reliable information, enclose five cent stamp to the Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, California.

## World's Fair "Meteor"

The handsomest souvenir of the Greatest Exposition, in World's Fair colors (silk) postpaid, 25c. Address **W. F. METEOR CO., 394-C Century Bldg., St. Louis.**









## A Chance Courtship

is a story of an unconventional love match, well told and beautifully illustrated. The small picture above only suggests the real charm of these illustrations. As a bit of readable fiction the story is well worth writing for. It is contained in a handsomely bound book of 128 pages, a portion of which is devoted to the attractive mountain and lake resorts along the Lackawanna Railroad. It is a book you will like to see. It may be had by sending 10 cents in postage stamps to T. W. LEE, General Passenger Agent, Lackawanna Railroad, New York.



### Rider Agents Wanted

One in each town to ride and exhibit a sample bicycle. Write for special terms. High-class 1004 models \$8.75 to \$17. Counter Sales, Hedgesboro, Pontiac, Mich. and best equipped. 1000 and 1001 models \$7 to \$12. 300 SECOND-HAND WHEELS. All makes and models. Good as new. Great factory clearing sale at half factory cost. We ship on approval without a cent deposit and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL on every bicycle. Any wheel not satisfactory returned at our expense. EARN A BICYCLE taking orders from a sample wheel furnished by us. Our agents make large profits. Write or come for catalogue and our special offer. **ATTENTION!** Bikes, sewing machines, tires, sundries, etc., half usual price. **MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 53-P, CHICAGO**

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Cured to stay CURED. Health restored. **BOOK 4 Free. P. HANCOCK HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.**

## NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

**Roots of newly discovered African plant said to yield satisfactory substitute for rubber**

NOW that the supply of rubber is getting small, it is interesting to know of a new supply. In the interior of Africa, where the forests have been cleared by fires, a creeping plant, yielding rubber, grows. Curiously enough, the rubber does not come from the stalks of the plant, but is extracted from the roots. These grow to a length of from six to ten yards at a slight distance underground, and at intervals throw up stalks to the surface. These plants are so abundant that the roots form a perfect network, and from six square yards of ground as much as nine pounds of roots have been collected, which on desiccation yield rubber of good quality.

The French Academy of Science is about to investigate the plant with a view to its commercial possibilities as a substitute for the present rubber tree.

**A Russian proposes to embalm bodies by pouring around them a film of molten glass**

IN order to preserve the features of those who have died, it is proposed by a Russian to embalm corpses by casting around them a solid mass of glass. This would be perfectly transparent, and as no air could get in, the features would be preserved indefinitely. Of course, it is not possible to pour molten glass directly on the body, so it is first coated with a thin coating of so-called "liquid glass," or sodium silicate. This is allowed to harden and forms a protective coating. The body is then put in a mold and melted glass poured around it. When this is hardened we have a solid transparent mass inclosing the body.

The inventor of this process hopes that some day we will have a large museum, filled with the perfectly preserved bodies of the great men of their times for future generations to gaze upon.

**Bacteriological action is found to produce disease in plants as it does in animals**

EVERY ONE is more or less familiar with our knowledge of the relation of bacteria to animal diseases; relatively few persons appreciate the fact that, as our knowledge of the diseases of plants increases, it becomes more and more evident that many of these are also caused by bacteria. Thus the tubercle disease of the olive and the black rot of the turnip are plant diseases of bacterial origin. Very recently the discovery has been made that many plant gums, gum-arabic for example, are not spontaneous products of the plants where they occur, but are products manufactured by bacteria infesting the plant, the plant in this case acting simply as the culture medium. R. G. Smith, working in Australia, has been able to isolate in pure culture three different species of bacteria which, either alone or growing together, are the cause of gum formation in a number of plants studied by him. He has been able to grow these bacteria on artificial media in the laboratory and obtain a production of gum. Two practical applications immediately suggest themselves. The yield of the valuable gums may be vastly increased by artificially inoculating the proper trees with cultures of the gum-producing bacteria, thus planting bacteria and reaping gum. Moreover, it may prove that we can prepare suitable culture media, and, dispensing with the trees, grow bacteria for gum where and when we please.

**New and successful application of electricity in the treatment of internal diseases**

RECENTLY an enlarged artery was operated on by applying electricity internally at the diseased point. The current was applied at the aorta, the main artery of the body, in order to reduce an aneurism or enlargement, which extended for some inches, and was about three inches wide. A hollow porcelain needle was introduced into the artery, and fifteen feet of fine gold wire passed through the hollow and allowed to coil up. The outside end of the wire was connected to an electric battery, and the circuit completed by a metallic plate on the patient's back. A current of five milliamperes was sent through and gradually increased to fifteen; this was left on for an hour.

The operation seems to have been successful in attaining its purpose, which was to coagulate the blood at the diseased point. The great danger is that small pieces of the coagulated blood may be carried into some of the small arteries, clogging them and causing death.

A somewhat similar application of electricity was the restoring to life of an infant apparently born dead. At birth there was a slight pulsation of the heart, which grew fainter till there was not a sign of life. Fifteen minutes after birth the electric current was applied, and in fifteen minutes more there were faint pulsations of the heart. When the treatment had been kept up about half an hour, the heart was beating and the infant breathing normally.

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"My hair was dry and brittle and falling out in an alarming manner. A friend suggested Crani-Tonic. It has restored my hair to health. It is soft, strong and easy to manage. I have recommended Crani-Tonic to many friends, all of whom praise it."  
—Miss JEANIE CUTHILL.  
No. 78 East 128th St., New York City. December 31, 1903.



"Crani-Tonic has done so much for me I feel I owe it to my many friends and the public to let them know that after trying everything, Crani-Tonic alone cured my dandruff, stopped my hair from falling and gave it life and lustre."  
—ANNA E. DELANEY.  
No. 87 Mott St., Brooklyn, New York. April 16, 1904.

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## Crani-Tonic The Hair Dressing Par Excellence

*Used by People of Culture and Refinement Throughout the World*  
Makes hair grow—stops falling hair—removes and prevents dandruff. Prevents hair becoming coarse and brittle and splitting at the ends. Gives it lustre and that indescribable sheen that makes even the poorest head of hair beautiful. Its application imparts a most delightful sensation to the scalp. Its odor is the perfection of daintiness and its action, though potent, is yet gentle, pleasant and agreeable.

**If You have any Trouble with Your Hair or Scalp**  
you are recommended to explain fully the symptoms of your case, fill out the following coupon and send it, together with a few hairs pulled from the head, or a sample from the daily combings, for microscopic examination. Our physicians will make a careful diagnosis and send you free by mail a full report upon the condition of your hair, with suggestions for home treatment.

CUT OFF HERE AND MAIL TO US TO-DAY

<p>Name in full.....</p> <p>Address in full.....</p> <p>Have you Dandruff?.....</p> <p>Is the Dandruff oily or dry?.....</p> <p>Is your hair falling out?.....</p> <p>Is your scalp tight to skull?.....</p> <p>Does your scalp itch?.....</p> <p>Any scaly eruptions?.....</p>	<p><b>Mail Coupon and be Convinced</b></p>
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Crani-Tonic Hair Food is for sale by all Dealers throughout the world. 35 cents, 50 cents and \$1 the bottle, or will be sent direct from our laboratories, express prepaid, on receipt of price.

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Rain or shine,

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Underwear

will enable you to enjoy life  
out-doors as well as in.

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Every sufferer from stomach, intestinal or liver troubles should read it. No one need be further ignorant as to what causes the serious complaints or of the only rational scientific treatment positively curing them—for a price has been set on this book—it can be had free. It is the evolution of a lifetime's specialization and close study of these vital organs; what breaks them down; what alone can cure them. Over 5,000 cured patients stand in back of this positive philosophy and declare it is the only method of personal treatment, which in a scientific and rational way produces positive results—quickly. If you will give me a description of your trouble enclosing stamp for my reply (besides this valuable book) I will send you my opinion about your case and tell you how with my scientific individual treatment you can be positively cured without leaving home at all, and in a remarkably short time you will be able to eat anything and digest everything as though you had a new stomach.

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Absolutely harmless, strictly scientific and endorsed by leading physicians

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Results quickly accomplished at home



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"I have increased my height nearly eight inches since began following the Cartilage method. These results are lasting and are a great surprise to my most intimate friends. There is no brainy or guesswork about it. Those who know me before and know me now are wily to swear to this statement. I am interested in those who are short and stunted and I will gladly tell you how I acquired this increased height. There is no pain or inconvenience connected with it. No electricity, drugs or knife used; simply a process which causes the Cartilages to expand and lengthen as bones. Write me and I will tell you how to receive the same benefits which I have received. Tell me your exact height and age and I will give you information that will surprise you. You will also receive my free book which tells all about this remarkable discovery, and it contains the pictures and statements of many who have increased their height on two to five inches. All correspondence will be held strictly confidential, and all letters and books of free in plain envelopes. You can increase your height if you are not over fifty years of age. This method also develops the body proportionately. Write today for the absolute proof. Do not take my word for it, but satisfy yourself. I can prove it to you if you will give me the opportunity." Address: The Cartilage Co., Dept. B234A, Rochester, N. Y.

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Cost Less Than Wood

And one half as much as brick when constructed of

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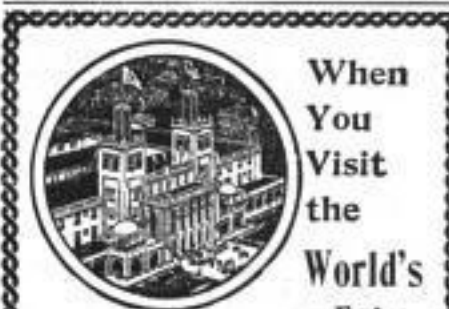
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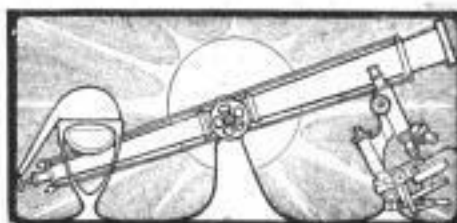
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## Is there Snow on the Moon?

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

SPECULATION is once more rife about the moon. Professor William C. Pickering of the Harvard Observatory is the immediate cause of it.

One of the great sights of the moon, with which every possessor of a telescope is fond of astonishing his non-astronomical friends, is the mountainous district known as the Lunar Apennines. In eccentric grandeur this region on the moon is beyond comparison with any of the great landscape spectacles of the earth. It covers a triangular area of some four hundred miles on a side, situated near the centre of the moon's northern hemisphere, and as the sunshine crawls over it during the long lunar day, with gradually altering inclination of the rays of light, there is brought into view by successive steps a series of Alpine scenes that excite the imagination, and defy at once the pencil of the artist, the skill of the photographer, and the pictorial power of language.

A singular view of the Lunar Apennines, showing them in only one of their rapidly changing aspects, is not enough to convey an idea of their extraordinary construction. The observer should, if possible, watch them during many successive nights, noting the pointed black shadows of the mighty peaks, shortening as the sun rises higher upon them, and finally vanishing, to reappear on the opposite side when the illumination changes from the morning to the afternoon slope (on the moon morning and afternoon are each about a week in duration), and noting also the appearance, disappearance, and reappearance of craters, ridges, pinacles, ravines, and gorges as the contrasting lights and shadows play over them. Far away though they are, on the surface of a foreign globe, the tremendous precipices where the Lunar Apennines suddenly descend to the prairie-like level of the Mare Imbrium (Sea of Showers) produce almost a dizziness of the head for the imaginative observer who, knowing their height and steepness, long gazes upon them.

This wonderful lunar region has recently acquired fresh interest through the asseveration of Professor Pickering's belief that its mountain peaks and slopes are periodically covered with snow. Nobody has studied the moon longer, or more patiently, than has Professor Pickering, and his opinion naturally excites much interest among astronomers, and among all who are accustomed to watch and admire the queen of night, even though they take little interest in the scientific problems she presents. The series of photographs of lunar scenery made by Professor Pickering, and published in the latest volume of the "Harvard Observatory Annals," are unique in the opportunity which they afford for discussion of the actual conditions prevailing on the earth's satellite.

During the progress of the lunar day very remarkable changes occur in the brightness of the landscape. Professor Pickering's interpretation of these changes is that they are due to the deposition and melting away of snow, which not only gathers on the high mountain backs, but during the chill of night forms over the elevated plains also, and, after sparkling for a time in the slowly rising sun, at length disappears. It is to be supposed that the snow mantle, if one really exists, has no great thickness, as the quantity of watery vapor on the moon must be very slight.

The photographs of the Lunar Apennines in the "morning," in the "forenoon," at "noon," in the "afternoon," and in the "evening" certainly show that, if Professor Pickering's theory is not correct, some peculiarity of the moon's rocks, or soil, exists capable of creating the appearance of a white blanket alternately displayed and withdrawn. The spectacle is especially imposing along the crest of the range, where peaks from 16,000 to 21,000 feet in height tower almost perpendicularly over the Mare Imbrium. In the forenoon-light the long gentle slopes on the side opposite the Mare Imbrium show white, while the great vertical cliffs overhanging the Mare are invisible in shadow. But in the afternoon the sun strikes these cliffs full upon their faces and they gleam like glaciers.

The snow theory, however, has not met with universal assent. The English astronomer, Mr. E. Walter Maunder, dissents from it, and holds to the view that the observed changes are simply due to contact between the broken superficies of the steep mountain slopes and the more uniform surface presented by the comparatively level portions, where meteoric dust and tarnished mineral debris cover the ground.

Intimately connected with the question whether there is snow on the moon is the still more interesting question whether there is life there. To this latter Professor Pickering, running counter to the generally accepted opinion, replies that there probably is life. But the indications of lunar animation which he has found do not encourage romantic expectation. They do not relate to animal, and much less to intelligent, forms of life. They concern only a kind of vegetation springing up on low ground at the touch of the sun and perishing with the day that brings it forth.



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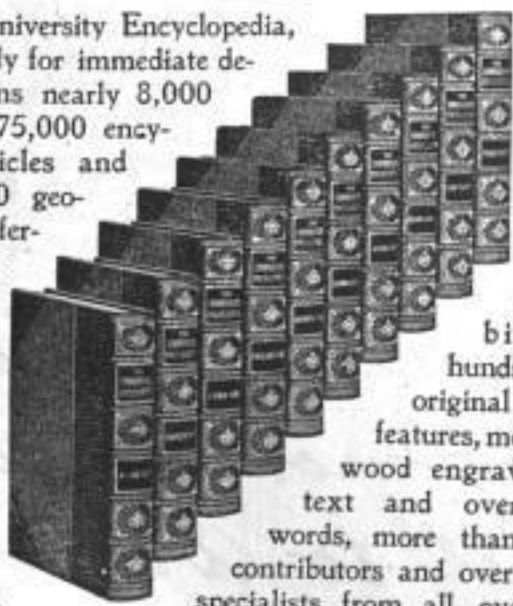
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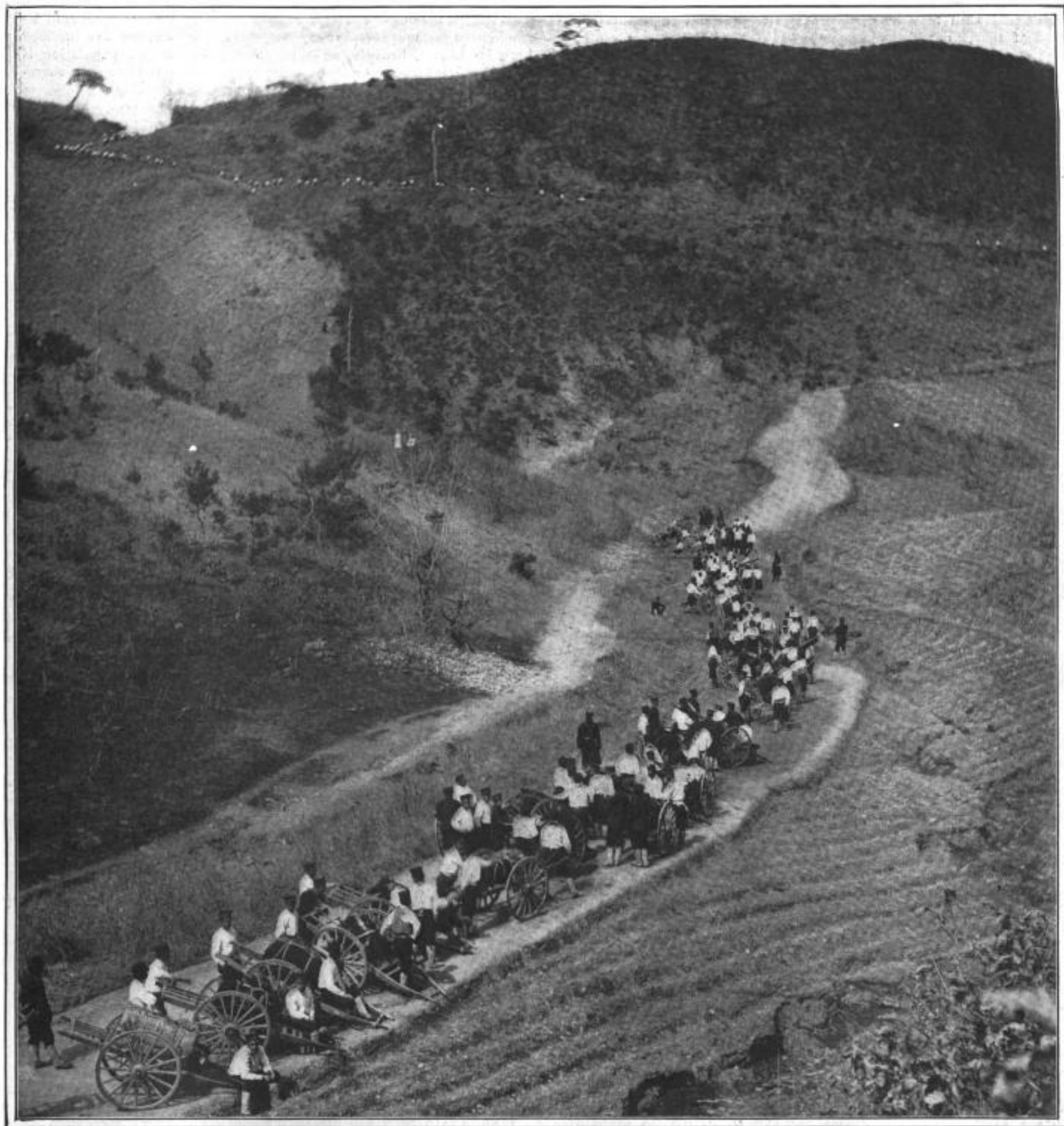
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# COLLIER'S

MAY FICTION NUMBER



## RUSHING SUPPLIES FOR THE JAPANESE ARMY ON THE YALU

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT L. DUNN, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY IN KOREA. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

This photograph was taken in the middle of March, and shows a transport column resting in the defiles of the Tong Sari Mountains. Winter breaks and spring comes with astonishing swiftness in this region, and these troops, a few days before toiling through snowdrifts and over frozen trails, have stripped off their coats, and appear to be in summer marching gear. In place of the wagon transport of other modern armies, the Japanese use small two-wheeled carts which can be drawn by ponies, or by man-power, as occasion favors. Food, clothing, ammunition, all the hundred and one items of supply for an army, from tent-pegs to shoes, are packed in small matting-covered packages of uniform size, ready to pack or cart. Instead of a vast litter of all sorts of material at a transport depot, or on steamer or wharf, the Japanese

army supplies are carefully numbered and piled, each of the small packages having a handle. This is one of the reasons why the bold advance through Korea in mid-winter was so successfully carried out. Under the same conditions of climate and terrain, the Russians in Manchuria have been hampered by the fact that the troops could move no faster than the wagon-trains which were helpless in bad roads. The Japanese transport can move as fast as the fighting column at all times, and the increased mobility of action will be an important advantage in movements of grand strategy. The reports that the Japanese infantry have been rushing to the front in marches of from fifteen to twenty-five miles a day are easily credible when their transport system is as light as shown in this photograph





"ALL THAT IS HUMAN," says GIBBON, like many others before and after him, "must retrograde if it do not advance." Such statements are easily made, but a nation is often going backward in a hundred ways while it is going forward in a hundred others, and it would take an infinite mind to tell in which direction it was moving on the whole. Even any single point appears to one wise eye whirling toward the promised land, while to another flawless optic it seems plunging toward perdition. To a BROWNING almost any change is forward. To a TENNYSON it seems that through the ages one increasing purpose runs. A MATTHEW ARNOLD finds in nature, a force that makes for righteousness. To other minds, like the author of Ecclesiastes, or the Persian Omar, progress is mirage, and man's history is

"A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste  
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste—  
And Lo!—the phantom Caravan has reach'd  
The Nothing it set out from."

As in a universe or a nation, so even in a man, as he changes from one to another of his stages, altering his views, his interests, his activities, he will appear ascending to some friends and degenerating to the rest. If a man has typhoid fever, some acquaintances believe it will surely purge his system and leave him better, and to them a boil seems nature's happy way of withdrawing evil. A few acquaintances of ours, much too intelligent to respect Mr. HEARST, cheerily contend that the body politic and the Democratic party will be better for having suffered him. An old cook in our family, decades ago, when we were shining in our angel infancy, on being asked about her condition replied, "Very bad, glory be to God."

**MOST PLATFORMS MEAN NOTHING.** Sometimes there is significance in a plank or two. The Republican strategy this year will probably be to put the least possible meaning into the largest number of words, and stand on the record. We do not blame them. They are simply refusing to leave a ground on which victory seems assured. The Democrats are uncertain whether to say too much or nothing. The faction headed by BRYAN would make any statements sufficiently extreme and sufficiently unlike Republican policies. The majority, now centred around Judge PARKER, showed in New York that they fear, at present, to do more than throw paper bullets at the President. If they are to seem at once sincere and sane, it will be necessary at St. Louis to say explicitly both what they favor doing and what they do not favor doing to the trusts. Such a statement might be uncomfortably like President ROOSEVELT's position, but it could be at least plausibly argued that the Republican party as a whole is too closely tied up with financial interests to be independent in dealing with combinations. Here, also, is the only promising

PLATFORMS  
AND TRUSTS

approach to the tariff issue, which could be resurrected in its bearings on the whole principle of special favors to the money power, and also on the side of reciprocity with Canada. Mr. WILLIAMS could write a plank, or a series of planks, about these topics, which would mean something, and which the people would accept as meaning something, whereas a document filled with the ordinary vague verbosity of such compositions could do nothing toward giving the Democrats a fighting ground. The American people have proved thus far that their common-sense is too strong for demagogues and agitators—those gentry who, as long as history has existed, have appealed straight to hatred. The people probably believe, nevertheless—a majority of them—that our present system allows to concentrated money illegal and unjust influence. They would embrace a man or party which could make them believe that he or it had really seen how to diminish the evil without disturbing those American principles under which we have lived with satisfaction for a century and more. For a just, intelligent solution we do not think they will ever accept as substitute the appeals to passion which have sometimes been successful in other lands.

**THE SENATE IS AN ANOMALY,** both in the mode of its election and in the distribution of its membership. Granting that we need a second House, State Rights has now become a phrase of so changed a meaning that it forms no excuse for making up the Senate in a manner so uneven. The composition of the second chamber was a device to protect the smaller States. Nobody could maintain that they need protection now, and justice, according to their size and population, they would have under a more even representation. The proposal to make Arizona and New

Mexico into one State, therefore, and Oklahoma and Indian Territory into another, was essentially unwise, and we are glad that the Senate Committee failed to report on the recommendation of the House. When action is ultimately taken, these large Western Territories should be let in as each a State. When they should be admitted is another question, on which, however, we are inclined to be liberal, because we think that a distributed population is more advantageous to the country than a congested one, and therefore a representation which encourages the development of large new Territories tends toward results profoundly desirable. Often it is taken for granted that population is the only just basis of representation. If that is so, the whole composition of the Senate should be changed. If not, then we see no reason why a congested island like New York City should have in the Senate a greater influence than some vast stretch of farming territory, which equally needs to have its interests cared for, especially as the denser centres inevitably have the advantage in the House. The next Congress should pass either a more liberal Statehood bill or none at all.

STATEHOOD

**JOSEPH FOLK FOR PRESIDENT** is a cry which shows appreciation of a work well done, but which shows an absence either of sense or of sincerity. In Mr. BOURKE COCKRAN, who threw out the hint in one of his two tempestuous scrimmages in the House, we do not think the deficiency is in sense. He used FOLK as a handy brick to throw at PARKER. Two reasons would make the nomination of the St. Louis attorney absurd. One is general: that he has done nothing to show what kind of a President he would make, except to vote for BRYAN, with an honest indifference to financial questions and an equally honest instinct that changes were needed to make opportunity more even. Nobody knows what kind of a Cabinet he would appoint, were he President; what his view of foreign politics would be; how his mind would work on currency or the tariff. We know him only as honest, brave, and gifted as a prosecuting lawyer. The more specific and immediate objection, however, is much more cogent. Mr. FOLK's campaign for the Governorship is the direct and necessary consequence of his fight against corruption in the city. He became a candidate for Governor because he saw that in no other way could the corroding evil be removed. If he is Governor, we may expect laws honestly designed to destroy the industry of stealing the people's money, and the rigorous enforcement of these laws. If he should abandon the fight to accept another nomination with the probability of defeat, not only would he fail to carry on himself the stimulating and needed work of his own beginning, but he would inevitably hand over the Governorship to the very forces whom his victory would suppress. The Governorship goes either to FOLK or to the machine, the corruption of which it is FOLK's glory to destroy. To deliver Missouri to a predatory gang for the mere glamour of being the figure-head on a larger stage is an act which would be impossible in JOSEPH FOLK.

THE PLACE  
FOR FOLK

**CONGRESS IS USUALLY JOKED** when it retires, as well as while it sits. No divinity hedges the powers that rule America, and the people laugh freely, in their good-natured way. The Congress which has just adjourned did more than the average amount of work, some of the best of it being influenced by the President. The Republicans were stupidly led in the House, where the Democrats made an unexpected showing, strengthened by a leader of real ability in WILLIAMS and an eloquent and clever, even if superficial, debating orator in COCKRAN. In the Senate the lead in ability is still with the Republicans. The gravest charge made against this Congress, as against most others, is that the members are less full of disinterested thought for the nation than of special wire-pulling for themselves or their constituents. On the principle of local representation the result could not be different. Far better legislation at Washington would probably result if our National Legislature were elected after the manner of the House of Commons, each district not being restricted to men who happened to reside within it, but being able to choose from the whole United States. With any such change, should it ever come, ought to go a devolution of as much legislation as possible from Congress to the States. The more Government can be localized the better for local interests and the better also for those general affairs on which the attention of the National Legislature should be centred. No such radical change would be considered at present, but it is a possibility of the future.

CONGRESS





**I**DEAS ON PUBLIC EXPENSE are vague in the minds of most voters in America. Living as freely as we still do, we take no such exact interest in national economy as older nations do, and as we shall in the future, when our resources have been more fully used and the margin of profit made more narrow. A city administration is more likely to suffer under a charge of extravagance than a national administration is, because the ways of raising money for local purposes bring the reality of taxation home to the people, whereas for the general Government they pay without knowing in what manner or how much. Nevertheless some interest has been aroused by the fact that during the last four years we have had appropriated for the National Government \$211,000,000 more than for the four years of McKinley and \$883,000,000 more than for the last four years of Cleveland. Mr. Roosevelt's pension order

**EXTRAVAGANCE** is the item that has been most attacked, and it is defended on the ground that had it not been issued Congress would probably have passed a service pension law that would have cost several times as much. The tariff, so arranged at present as to take money from the poor and give it to the rich, is likely to be modified when we begin actually to feel the pressure of taxation. As few men can make such topics as economy interesting to Americans, it is one of the proofs of Mr. Williams's ability that he is able to do so. "Every dollar," says he, "that unnecessarily falls into the till of the general Government, to be unwisely and unnecessarily expended by that Government, is a dollar taken from some taxpayer in some State, who is thereby deprived of the opportunity to use it for better education, better shelter, warmer clothing, more books, more music, more pictures, more flowers, or more of something else tending to material, intellectual, æsthetic, or moral welfare." Economy is discipline, for man or nation, and a sharp supervision of the general expenditure is to the advantage and credit of a public.

**F**RRIENDLY UNDERSTANDINGS seem likely hereafter to play a larger part in diplomacy than formal alliances. The value of such agreements as those between France and Russia, and between Germany, Austria, and Italy, is at present seriously questioned, and even the alliance between Japan and England, the most timely and effective of those now existing, does not lack criticism from both countries, although on the whole this one alliance is regarded with enthusiasm. If the alliance is on the wane, the friendly understanding is noticeably increasing in frequency and value. Twin sister of arbitration, it may play an even larger part in preventing conflict and increasing strength in peace. The visit of President LOUBET to Italy, and the cordiality of his reception, are more characteristic of the times than the German Emperor's warlike tone and his attempt to rehabilitate the formal Triple Alliance. M. LOUBET is the seventh President

**ALLIANCES AND ENTENTES** of the Republic, and the one whose life and position seem most serene amid the shifting scenes of France. Two have died tragically, and some of the others have left office under conditions far from mild. The seventh President finds his country quiet at home and ready to be friends with its most ancient foe, and anxious to send him as peacemaker to any neighbor whose desire is peace. Probably the only Government in Europe to-day which ever thinks of war without distaste is Germany, and this general dread of warfare is what has caused the rapid growth of the entente as an informal device for preserving peace.

**C**ORPORATIONS HAVE NO SOUL is a saying about as old as corporation law, and it is one to which current history is adding strength. The Western Union is the latest moral delinquent to be attacked for doing as a body what its members would presumably refuse to do as individuals. Probably its connection with the pool rooms will be made impossible by the great publicity given to the facts. It is said that a number of directors have resigned from the Fuller Construction Company since the exposure of that

**SOUL AND CORPORATIONS** company's corrupt dealings with walking delegates, and thus by publicity is public opinion gradually improved. If Mr. THOMAS W. LAWSON is able to make good his intention of exposing the methods of the Standard Oil Company, the public will gain both pleasure and profit from the opportunity to "witness a series of flashlight pictures to which, for flashlighting generally, the United States Shipbuilding fandango will look like a midnight silhouette." Corporations are a necessity of modern business methods, but they have much to answer for in the way of blunting conscience. Since men will do readily as directors what they would hesitate to do as single owners, what they do as a corporate entity, without a soul, helps to form the business habits

of the community and thus reacts upon all individuals. American high finance deserves a good deal of punishment, and the country at large will not grieve overmuch if the punishment is administered. If a few million dollars were cut off from the Western Union Telegraph Company in the name of honesty, the loss would be endured by the rest of us with the greatest equanimity. Corporations not only have no souls. They have no friends. And often they deserve none.

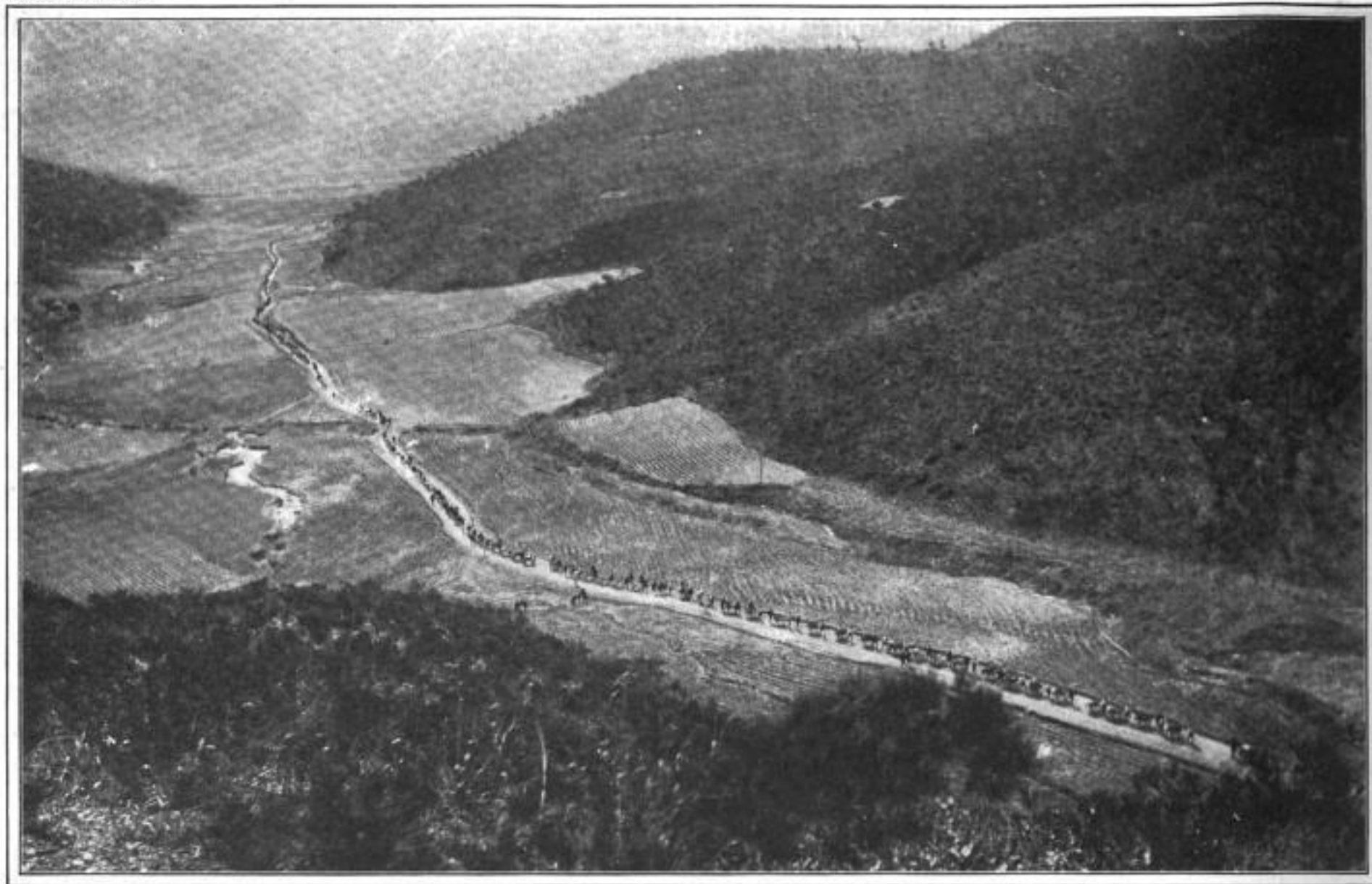
**T**HE SINS OF ALCOHOL are often celebrated, but usually the alcohol so vituperated is in the form of whiskey, gin, or other compound intended ostensibly for pleasure. It is a satisfaction, therefore, to see the evil assailed in a form which wears the garb of virtue. Mr. Bok, famous purveyor of manners and morality, is a man of contrast. Not long ago he published an essay on extortion in New York, which from end to end was undiluted "fake." Now, however, he appears with an article of which any journalist might be proud, attacking an outrage with truth and potency. The people who drink or eat patent medicines number millions. Some do it to save doctors' bills, others because they find the patent medicine more effective, since no reputable doctor would give in quantity and kind what the patent medicine contains. Beer contains from 2 to 5 per cent of alcohol. Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound contains 20.6 per cent of alcohol, Paine's Celery Compound 21, Ayer's Sarsaparilla 26.2, Hood's Sarsaparilla 18.8, Vinol 28.5, Parker's Tonic 41.6, Boker's Stomach Bitters 42.6, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters 44.3, Warner's Safe Tonic Bitters 35.7, and so on, through a long list given by Mr. Bok, which all who are their own doctors may read in the "Ladies' Home Journal" for May. Opium, digitalis, and other powerful drugs also add to the power of these "medicines" by which drunkards are formed and babies are poisoned at the breast. Nothing succeeds like success, and a person who has been cheered by one of these compounds goes about enthusiastically urging it on his friends. Much virtue in a name. Call a mixture by some moral title and thousands will swallow and advocate it who would hesitate at absinthe or raw gin. The law, which forbids harmless oleomargarine to be sold as butter, does not prevent these poisons from being sold as "non-alcoholic." The Woman's Christian Temperance Union busies itself with such important matters as christening ships with wine. Life insurance companies, more intelligent, have begun to ask their applicants whether they have the habit of using patent medicine. These preparations are popular in prohibition States.

**A** LEAGUE OF LANDLORDS is rumored, in one or more of our great cities, to make rent higher by so much for each added child. There are in some places already entire blocks without a child. Hotels are leaning more toward excluding him, because invalids do not like his lively ways. Why should we not exclude the invalids instead? We might run hotels for the robust souls who enjoy the child's vitality and have children themselves. The difficulty is that the richest people are the landlord's object, and they it is who have fewest children and like them least. Now comes HENRY JAMES and accepts the diminution of progeny as the most favorable of signs; but Mr. JAMES is a bachelor, over-sensitive in his nerves. His observation was probably made without regard to two considerations. One is that the element which reproduces most rapidly is the one which is also immigrating in such numbers from southern and eastern Europe, and which is not the most desirable. Happily, if the so-called "pure American" refuses to increase, the German and Irish-Americans are still given to replenishing the earth. The other objection to the small-family habit, apart from the resulting composition of the race, is its effect on moral tone, by substituting luxury for naturalness and duty. We observe great bitterness on this topic not only among landlords but also among the women's clubs, and therefore touch it lightly, yet, feeling that the love of children lies so deep in normal human nature, we are unable entirely to conceal our furtive approbation of the stork.

**O**UR OPPOSITION to Mr. Hearst is entirely consistent with our desire to have our readers hear all that can be said in his favor by the ablest of his lieutenants. In our issue for May 21st there will be an article by Mr. Arthur Brisbane, describing Mr. Hearst in detail as a man, a journalist, and a politician. The same issue will contain an article by Mr. Norman Hapgood on immoral journalism; its effect on American life—especially on our respect for truth—and the contrast between its professions about wishing to improve civic life and the deeds with which it every day seeks at any price the most conspicuous "success."



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THE JAPANESE ADVANCE INTO MANCHURIA ALONG THE GREAT PEKING ROAD

PHOTOGRAPH BY R. L. DUNN, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY IN KOREA

With the coming of the first days of spring the difficulties of the advance were greatly diminished, as may be seen in this photograph. While much of the march from Seoul to Ping-Yang was through forbidding mountains, fertile and cultivated valleys were also crossed. By summer the fields through which this main highway runs will be a granary to supply great quantities of maize and millet to the Japanese forces in Korea. The farmers of these little patches have welcomed the invaders who have contracted ahead for their grain crops with liberal rates of payment.

## OFF FOR THE FRONT!

By FREDERICK PALMER, Collier's War Correspondent with the Japanese Army of Invasion in Manchuria

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Mr. Palmer arrived in Japan, January 25, and spent two months in Tokio waiting for the General Staff of the Japanese army to depart for the scene of operations. When, at last, permission was granted to fifteen war correspondents and photographers to leave for the front with the first expedition, Mr. Palmer and Mr. James H. Hare, Collier's Special Photographer, were selected among the five Americans allowed to go. A cablegram from Mr. Palmer, sent from Champo, Korea, April 17, was published in the Household Number for May—April 30—announcing his arrival there.

KORE, JAPAN, April 3, 1904

NEVER was parting guest more happy to get away; never was parting guest more heartily and sincerely sped. With the correspondents of the first contingent actually going, the hopes of the second and the third rose to the dignity of expectations. They gathered at Shimbashi Station with tin horns and gave the chosen few an Anglo-Saxon cheer. For over two months some of us have waited for official passes to join the Japanese army in the field. Now that we have the treasure it is not much to look at—only a slip of paper which would go into the average size envelope. By rights, it should be on vellum, with marginal decorations of storks standing on one leg and an inscription of *summa cum laude* for patience in flourishes. Our thoughts, however, are not on such trivialities. They are entirely on how much each little pass will permit us to see.

"The Japanese were absolutely prepared for this war and all possible contingencies save one," said a secretary of legation in Tokio. "They overlooked the coming of a small army of correspondents representing the public opinion of two great friendly nations, whose goodwill it is to Japan's special interest to court."

Nearly a hundred foreigners, used to entirely different food and conditions of life from the natives, turned a hotel into a barracks, and with persistent address asked for privileges from the Foreign Office. In time such a force can wear even the Japanese smile of politeness down to a studied grimace. We had and have the conviction that the army would like to follow the navy's suit and permit no correspondents at all with its force. Had as much been said at first, then we could have gone home, feeling that if Japan had broken away from the customs of the age of the free press that was her affair. The lives, the millions of dollars, the national aims at stake were hers, and we came only by courtesy as foreigners. What was wearing on our nerves was the week by week "You may go very soon." We were told, so near was our departure—whether six weeks ago or last week—that it would be most unwise

for us to go to Korea, and we waited and waited until candor took the place of our suavity, and the Japanese smile, suddenly broadening into its old sunniness, said that it was really very early for us to start, but there was something to see already, and if we wished we might go. So the rampant curiosity of the spoiled children of the press, grateful for small favors, may at last feed itself on the sight of a Japanese soldier really marching toward an enemy in a disputed land. A pitched battle is not expected for fully another month yet, if not for two months.

For two weeks Mr. Yokoyama's ship has been in readiness at Kobe. It was to have sailed on the 21st of March. When this date was announced we were temporarily quite pacified. A week passed, and while Yokoyama's ship waited only the "very soon" came from the General Staff. The smile met the increasing impatience—for each outburst was worse than the one before—with the polite, the deferential query whether

we would not prefer to go on a transport rather than on our chartered vessel. Possibly the smile foresaw division and discussion. But were the chosen few, who had been sent from afar at great expense to their papers, trained to neglect patches of local color, however offered or wherever found? With one voice came our "Yes." Moreover, we were ready to go aboard at any moment, and we said so.

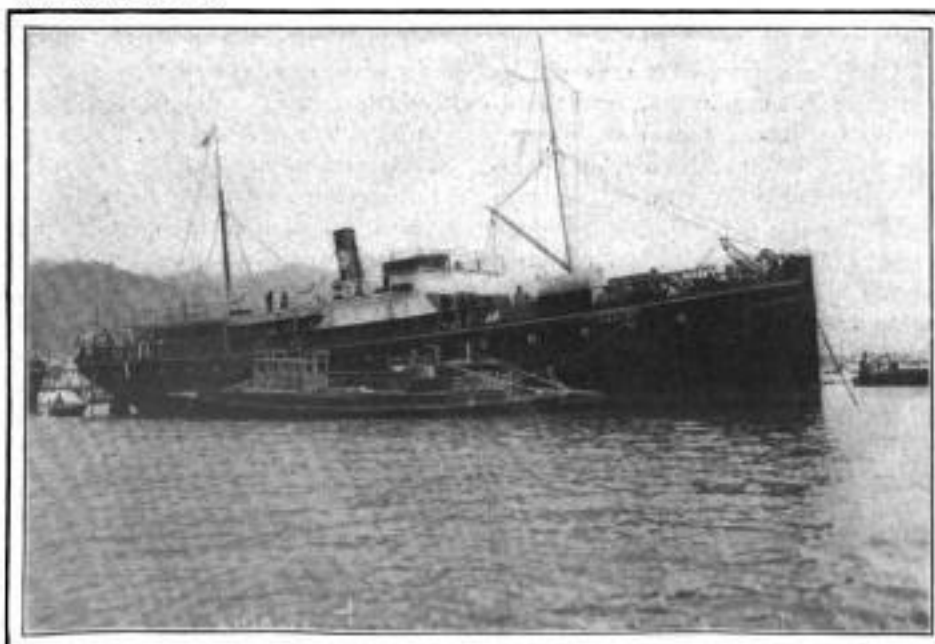
Now that we are started, we wonder what lies in store for us in this campaign of an Oriental power in a hermit land. Officially, we know as little of where we shall disembark as we do of General Kuropatkin's plans. The time of our return is shrouded in the mystery of the vicissitudes of a great war which has scarcely begun. The departure from Shimbashi, when an Anglo-Saxon hurrah broke the long record of *ban-zais* for departing troops, the parting of a dozen foreigners from their American and European friends, reminded us again of the romance and the picturesqueness of our position. There was never

a war at all comparable to this, and never a war which drew so many foreign correspondents. The uncertainty of our position, the uncertainty of the conditions under which we shall live, brought a havoc of buying at the last moment on the part of men who have studied their requirements in the field while they waited. We have everything, from postage stamps done up in oiled paper to tool chests the size of a pocketbook—and now we are in the hands of Mr. Yokoyama.

Whether we bring profit or loss, praise or blame, to Mr. Yokoyama, we shall make him famous. Mr. Yokoyama has made a contract to transport our kits, from tents to extra buttons and shoestrings, and to give us three meals of European flavor a day. He has in this harbor a four-hundred-ton steamer, the character of whose cargo and whose passengers adds the finishing touch of the unusual to our departure.

In one cabin are twelve bunks. The first arrivals have staked out their claims with posted visiting-cards and baggage bestowed. Below decks are ponies which are to bear the "specials" to the victory or the defeat of editorial decision. In the hold are the outfits.

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The Steamship "Nagatamaru," which carried the War Correspondents from Japan to Korea

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY IN KOREA



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Hoisting the "charger" of a Collier's photographer on board the steamer at Kobe



The Japanese contractor in charge of the correspondents, and his staff

### EMBARKING THE FIRST GROUP OF WAR CORRESPONDENTS BOUND FOR THE FRONT AFTER THEIR TWO MONTHS OF INACTION IN TOKIO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY OF INVASION IN MANCHURIA

In handling the problem of war correspondence, the Japanese military authorities acted with characteristic shrewdness and ability. So long as it was considered necessary absolutely to screen all field operations, two hundred correspondents were hospitably entertained in Tokio under the strictest censorship ever devised. When the embargo was lifted a contractor (with assistants) was hired by the army authorities for the maintenance of the correspondents in the field. Such an organization will accompany each group of foreign observers

Never before was there such a pile of baggage as that—bags and rolls and little Japanese officers' trunks, but nothing outside of the hold-all (unconventional in construction to suit the owner's whim) which would make the baggage smasher or porter feel at home. We need no longer discuss the relative merits of sleeping-bags and open blankets; they will be put to the test, leaving the discussion as warm as ever for future campaigns. But in that incongruous pile are furs and thick woollens for winter campaigning. (It was in February that the first "very soon" was sounded, and we provided for the cold of northern Korea and south-

ern Manchuria.) Every separate piece is marked with the correspondent's name in Roman and in Japanese lettering; and "soon, very soon" we hope that all will be deposited on the beach, and we shall raise our tents and saddle our horses and go to work instead of to official dinners.

Acting as quartermaster of the dumpy craft is a serious Japanese (Mr. Yokoyama's representative) who has "Canteen" embroidered on a white circle on his arm. We, too, must wear white circlelets with the name of the publication which we represent. Thus we shall not be taken for Russians, though the Russians may

take us; and I doubt if the Japanese would mind much if the Russians did. For every correspondent there is an interpreter and a servant. When we are not dependent upon Yokoyama, we are dependent upon them. Finally, we are in the hands of the all-doing, never-talking General Staff, and bound for an unknown destination. At Moji we board a transport, and Mr. Yokoyama's ship, with the horses, the kits, the servants, and the interpreters, proceeds at eight knots to the rendezvous at Chemulpo. After that, it is to be hoped that the correspondents may write about something besides themselves.

## MARKING TIME IN TOKIO: A WAR DRAMA

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Collier's Special War Correspondent in Japan

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The Japanese War Office has issued a war correspondent's pass to Mr. Davis, and has assigned him to the Second Column. Until this takes the field, Mr. Davis will write of events in the Japanese Capital

YOKOHAMA, March 20, 1904

WHEN you have journeyed this far to send home news of battles, it is hard to find that the nearest you may come to being a war correspondent is to write criticisms of war plays. For, although the General Staff has given each of us a correspondent's pass, it maintains the attitude of the anxious mother:

"Oh, mother, may I go in to swim?"  
"Oh, yes, my darling daughter,  
Hang your clothes on a hackery limb,  
But don't go near the water."

What made the war drama I saw the other night interesting was that it was so like the war drama as we have it at home. It pulled the same strings, it paused in the same places for the same applause, and, except that it ranked love of country higher than love of humans, it was an old-fashioned Academy of Music melodrama in a Japanese uniform. In my ignorance, I had supposed the Japanese theatre would be as far removed from our own as is the Chinese theatre in Chinatown. It was not at all like that theatre. The only great dissimilarity lay in front of the curtain, especially in the orchestra floor. The orchestra floor slanted down toward the stage and was divided, by rails of polished wood raised a foot from the matting, into tiny squares. It looked like a mammoth cucumber frame without the glass. Each square held four persons seated crosslegged on the matting, and with them their tea things, trays of food, and pipe boxes. The ushers who brought the tea and food ran and leaped with the agility of tight-rope performers along these polished rails. The musicians occupied the lower stage box. The chorus sat in the one opposite. It was a "Greek" chorus, not a "show girl" chorus. The aisles, or what in our theatres would be aisles, were long, narrow platforms. When with us the prestidigitator comes down among the spectators to borrow watches and take rabbits from a high hat, he walks on just such a platform. In Japan they form a part of the stage. Actors make their entrances and exits upon them, appearing from the part of the house that we call the lobby, but which in a Japanese theatre is the dressing-room. To see an actor make his entrance, the spectators must twist about and look behind them. Sometimes they are too comfortably settled to do this, and the actor is forced to deliver his entrance speech to the backs of the audience. Some of our stars would not approve of a Japanese theatre.

Except that it is furnished in dark wood and lighted by only a few gas

jets, the auditorium resembles one of our own. The Japanese, like ourselves, have a nickname for the highest gallery. They call it the "deaf man's" gallery. At first, when the actors ran up and down the platforms, it was confusing, but one soon became accustomed to it; and when, during an act which took place at sea, the platform was solemnly spread with a strip of canvas three feet wide, painted to represent storm-tossed waves, which rolled over the heads of the spectators, one accepted it as an inlet of the ocean.

The stage of the theatre in Tokio is twice as wide as one of the ordinary size at home, but the flies hang only half as high. This is in keeping with the tiny proportions of the Japanese house. Were the proscenium arch as lofty as with us, four-fifths of the scenery would consist of blue sky. This smallness of

the Japanese dwelling and the great breadth of the stage make it possible in one scene to show several houses of actual size, separated by streets and gardens in which people pass in rickshaws, or trim the flowers. The construction of the Japanese house gives the stage manager another advantage; for, as the Japanese work, eat, and receive visitors in houses one side of which is open to the air, it is possible to show what is going on at the same moment both inside and outside of the same dwelling.

But other features of the Tokio theatre did not lean toward realism. The prompter sat on the stage in view of the audience, and the fact that he was dressed in a skin-tight suit of black with a black hood, like a chimney sweep or a goblin, and that he kept his face always from the spectators, was supposed to render him invisible. Another black imp remained on the scene to act as dresser and stage manager. It was his duty to assist an actor in making any alteration in his costume, and to carry away any prop that had been used: a letter, fan, or tea-tray. If he thought an actor's sash was not properly fastened, he would creep up behind him, even though the actor were speaking, and tie it properly. We were not supposed to see him do this. As a matter of fact, it was curious how soon one failed to note his presence.

The war drama was preceded by a classic play. The same actors appeared in both, but their methods in each were entirely different. In the war drama they were conventional, natural people; in the classic play they followed the traditions of the old days and of the old players, and moved by jerks with long strides, speaking in shrill, falsetto tones, or remaining for many moments like mute, immovable idols. Originally, what is now the classic drama was played by marionettes, and when real people were substituted for them, it is said the actors, instead of imitating their fellow-men as they saw them around them, copied the dolls. This theory is offered to explain the jerky gestures from knee and elbow, the fashion of standing with legs far apart, bent at the knee, with the toes turned out. The strident tones are supposed to be an imitation of the false voices used by the man who talked for the different dolls. Others believe that the stilted acting in these old dramas is a correct but exaggerated reflection of the actual movements and gestures of the days that were choked with artificiality, ceremony, and etiquette. Now these classic plays give the best picture of ancient Japan which it is possible to obtain. They reproduce



WRECK OF THE RUSSIAN GUNBOAT "KORIETZ" IN THE HARBOR OF CHEMULPO

PHOTOGRAPH BY E. L. DUNN, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY IN KOREA

The "Koriets," sunk in company with the "Variat" on February 9, was untouched by Japanese shells, but was set on fire and blown up to prevent her capture. The awful destruction wrought by the explosion of her magazines and boilers gives a faint idea of what befell the Russian battleship "Petropavlovsk," after a Japanese mine had torn her bottom out



the days of the Shoguns, the Daimios, the two-sword men. They show modern Japan how these men lived and moved, how they wore their robes and armor, the ceremony that obtained among them, and their manner of using the sword, the teacup, and fan. With us the comedies of Congreve or Sheridan are so seldom played that even in London it is difficult to find men who are at their ease in wigs, small clothes, and ruffles, who can present a snuff-box with elegance, or exclaim "damme" and "fore Gad" with conviction. They have not been trained to the artificial manners of the eighteenth century. But in Japan modern plays are a very modern innovation, while the traditions of the classic drama through many years have been handed down from actor to actor, and always to the best actors. For here the best of the older actors selects the most promising among the younger, and adopts him as his son, instructing him in all that pertains to his art. When the great actor dies, the pupil takes his name, and inherits not only his experience, but his museum of priceless robes, kimonos, swords, and armor.

The war drama was entirely modern. It had no chorus to interrupt with its comments and prophecies; the costumes and uniforms were such as you saw before you in the auditorium, and the stage properties were so up-to-date that they included one of Walter Camp's eight-day clocks, which is the first thing that shocks the seeker after atmosphere in every paper-screened, doll-like house in Japan.

The events in the first act occurred some four years ago in a Japanese seaport outside a Shinto temple, where the priests, villagers, and fishermen were holding a festival. Into their happy holiday came a band of drunken Russian sailors, who threatened the priests, beat the old men, and, what was much worse, kissed the women. With screams the villagers fled and the Russians pursued. A fisherman, who in the classic piece had played a Daimio, arrived on the scene and announced that alone he would drive the sailors from the village. As he rolled up his skirts, leaving his legs bare, the audience howled and applauded just as they do when one of our leading men throws off his coat and tucks up his sleeves. The curtain fell on the fisherman's vow to avenge the insult to the temple and the women. The curtain rose as soon as it fell, and we found that the stage revolved like a railroad turn-table, and that while one act was going forward the scene was being set for the next. In this act, the fisherman kept his promise, and the sailors with their officer were driven to their shore boat. But as they pushed off the Russian officer shot the fisherman and he died. The turntable spun again and we saw the home of his son. Four years had elapsed and war between Russia and Japan was in the air. This son was the captain of a torpedo boat, and he told how his father had been killed by a Russian, a captain, now Admiral Makaroff, whom he in turn would kill. A sailor sauntered down the long platform, opened the garden gate, and gave the officer his summons to join his ship. War had been declared. The officer retired and returned in uniform. The parting from his wife and his little boy, from our point of view as to how such a parting would take place, was interesting. The Japanese officer could not exhibit the least emotion, and neither he nor his wife touched the other, nor, of course, did they embrace or kiss. The woman brought the husband a photograph of herself and her son, and he looked a long time at it and stuck it inside his coat. The scene was real and solemn—the sailor who had brought the message loitering outside in the garden, yawning unconcernedly, or grinning at the little nezan waiting at the steps to put on her master's boots; the boy admiring and tugging at his fa-

ther's sword; the wife weeping, but making no outcry, and kneeling at her husband's feet, and the officer holding himself in hand and saluting her prostrated figure as he marched away down the long platform. I must confess that it made me choke, and the men with me all went out and drank to the Japanese navy.

In the next act we saw a torpedo destroyer off Port Arthur; the waves rolled and tossed, and the men on the torpedo boat changed watch, scanned the sea with binoculars, and at last were sent to quarters. They awaited the dash upon the battleships. The officer of the previous act stood alone on the bridge. He took out the photograph of his wife and boy, and in the moving searchlight gazed at it. Then scornfully and contemptuously he tore it into tiny bits, threw it into the sea, and shouted the order to attack. The audience of husbands, wives, and children shouted in sympathy. The torpedo was launched, the shells flew, the first attack on Port Arthur had begun. An officer was shot in the arm, and a sailor tried to bind up the wound. The officer threw the sailor off, and to shame him beat the open wound repeatedly with his fist. There was much more of this same spirit illustrated in



BREAKING THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR PUTTING THE SHOT

In the Relay Race Carnival at Philadelphia, on April 23, Ralph W. Rose, a Freshman from the University of Michigan, equaled the world's record for putting the 16-pound shot in competition, with a distance of 48 feet 3 inches. Later, in an exhibition effort, he eclipsed this feat with a put of 48 feet 3 1/2 inches, but only the former figure stands to his credit officially. This is enough, however, to stamp Rose as one of the world's foremost athletes. He stands 6 feet 4 inches, is of gigantic build, and is expected to make a football player of great renown.

the war drama, but the climax was the tearing up of the photograph, the sacrifice of every other emotion to that of patriotism. For here "my country" is first. Lafcadio Hearn tells how in the last war officers shot themselves, the modern hara-kiri, because they were left at the base, or were too ill to lead their men into action. Already in this war three have died for this same ideal. One officer shot himself because he was taken prisoner. A recruiting sergeant, because a private wept when saying farewell to his parents, drew his sword and struck him dead, and, on the ground that Japan has no need for soldiers who weep, the sergeant was not punished. The third was a young lieutenant, who, when ordered to Korea, found no one with whom he could leave his little daughter. That his mind might not dwell on her possible sufferings in his absence rather than on his country's work, he killed her. He was ordered to be tried for murder after the war, and sent to the front.

I do not know of any writer of melodrama in England, the home of melodrama, who has ventured to

place the love of country over the love of sweetheart or wife and children. Even William Terris could not have made that sentiment popular, and I doubt if an American audience would care for it. If it were known that an American officer had halted at the foot of San Juan Hill to tear up the portrait of his wife and boy, he might get to the top of the hill, but he never would get to the White House.

## GRIEF-STRICKEN RUSSIA

By JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN

Collier's Special War Correspondent at St. Petersburg

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ST. PETERSBURG, April 17

RUSSIA is to-day a grief-stricken nation. The requiem sung over the sunken *Petropavlovsk* by the waves that wash Electric Cliff has been heard in every part of the Empire. I saw the Czar on his knees testifying to the greatness of the loss he had sustained. Down the cheeks of the Empress Dowager rolled tears of sorrow at the national misfortune. The young face of the Empress, more self-controlled, gave evidence of the internal emotion from which she was suffering. At the Admiralty, the men who had known and loved Makaroff, and who appreciated the effect of the destruction of another battleship, wept bitterly over the disaster. The night the news reached St. Petersburg, a clerk of the Department of Agriculture, with whom I was talking, burst into tears. A blinding snowstorm swept the streets of the city the next morning, but from the earliest hour I saw Mujiks clustering around bulletin-boards upon which had been posted the official despatches announcing the sinking of the *Petropavlovsk* and the death of Vice-Admiral Makaroff. They formed sober little groups. There were no loud comments, no criticisms, no noise. When the despatches had been read, the crowd would melt away and another would quickly form. That day all the flags and bunting which had decorated the houses and streets in honor of the resurrection of Christ were removed.

The news seemed at first to daze the people. I called at the home of Lieutenant Travlinsky, who commands the torpedo boat *Reshitelny* at Port Arthur. "It can not be, it can not be," cried the lieutenant's sister. "How can it be?" pathetically asked his mother. In this household, as in others throughout Russia, no anger was evinced toward the Japanese. There was no cry for vengeance. Few charged the Japanese with the responsibility of blowing up the ship, not because of any feeling of pride, but rather because they did not think of it. Blindly disregarding the human agency that caused the disaster, the average Russian said simply: "God blew up the *Petropavlovsk*," and, after a moment's reflection, added: "And God will blow up the Japanese fleet."

But in spite of this fatalism, the immediate effect of the *Petropavlovsk's* destruction was to increase public interest in the war to a degree hitherto unshown. Walking along the Nevsky Prospekt the day following the disaster, I saw newspaper vendors hustled by crowds anxious to buy the latest intelligence from the front. Hundreds gathered around the Admiralty and near the palace, dumbly awaiting further news, and occasionally, from the yellow building over which flies the flag of the navy, would come out a picturesquely clad peasant woman, her eyes filled with tears because of official confirmation of her fears. That night, save a few naval officers, who did not seem to appreciate



Weighing the gold bars in the Assay Office



Packing the bullion in kegs for cartage to the steamer

SHIPPING SIX AND ONE HALF MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF GOLD FROM WALL STREET TO PARIS

This money was sent on April 30, to meet the first payment on the purchase price of the Panama Canal, and a part of it will probably be used to assist in handling a Russian war loan





FORMAL OPENING OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION, ST. LOUIS, APRIL 30, 1904

At noon, Saturday, April 30, after five years of preparation, a golden button, pushed by President Roosevelt, set in motion the machinery of the St. Louis Exposition. The exercises attracted a great multitude, which found the buildings ready for the public, the adornment of the grounds delayed by bad weather, and about forty per cent of the exhibit space yet to be filled. This record is better than that of the latest Paris Exposition and not quite so good as that of Chicago.

the decency of the moment, theatres and cafés lacked their usual throngs of pleasure-seekers.

By direct command of the Emperor, a requiem mass was sung for the repose of the soul of Vice-Admiral Makaroff. On the day the news first came and the miraculous escape of Grand Duke Cyril, a possible heir to the throne, who was attached to Makaroff's staff, was reported, a thanksgiving service was held in the chapel of the Winter Palace. Here gathered all the members of the imperial family. The grief of the rulers, the military services, and the people, was expressed at noon the next day at the Church of the Admiralty. In this white marble edifice, with its garish gold ikons, its three shining crosses, and its historic religious pictures, the heart of the nation was placed quivering before the throne of God.

#### *Mourning the Loss of Makaroff*

A few nights before, the highest dignitaries of the land had assisted at a brilliant festival in the Winter Palace in recognition of the anniversary of the rising of Christ. In the uniforms and decorations they wore on that occasion they appeared at the Admiralty Church. The Emperor, tactfully honoring the service that had suffered the most, was in the special full dress of a captain of the navy. His mother and consort were in black, and this sombre color was worn also by the other women there. Kneeling beside the Empress, her face hidden by a heavy crape veil, was the striking-looking widow of Makaroff, and behind her was her beautiful young daughter, Lillie, and son of eleven years.

When the American Republic offers a service in memory of a dead hero, army and navy detachments guard the portals of the church and line surrounding thoroughfares. Thus it was, in time of peace, for Lawton and for Sampson. But military Russia, where every tenth person one meets is in uniform, made in time of war no imposing demonstration of force in honor of Makaroff. Not a company of soldiers, not a detachment of sailors stood before the Admiralty Church. When I entered, a sailor took my coat, and I walked up the stairs in a crowd of officials, officers, soldiers, sailors, and civilians of the poorer class. Entering the church proper, I was given a candle, as was every other person who assisted at the service. Even the Czar held one in his left hand. When his Majesty lighted it, the other worshipers followed his example; and soon the daylight that flooded the church was punctuated by hundreds of little flames that vainly attempted to vie with it. Before the altar stood a bishop and three priests chanting, rhythmically, an impressive mass. The imperial party followed it attentively, the Emperor devoutly crossing himself and kneeling at the appointed moments. Toward the close of the service, the bishop, raising his voice above the

sweet intoning of the choir, prayed that eternal rest be granted to "Stepan and all warriors who had died bravely for their country." The tears of the Empress Dowager flowed faster, and sobbing was heard in every part of the church. The Emperor showed his participation in the prayer by falling upon his knees, and, with face uplifted, audibly repeating the words of the bishop. At the close of the service, a priest advanced to the Emperor and received the lighted candle from his Majesty. It was placed upon a silver platter, and beside it were put the candles which had burned in the hands of the Empress Dowager and Empress. Lay priests collected the tapers from the rest of the congregation. The Emperor then lifted Madame Makaroff from her knees and murmured his heartfelt sympathy. As he passed out a diplomat said to me: "Did you notice the expression on his Majesty's face? It seemed to me that he has said to himself: 'My hand is upon the plow, and I shall do the work allotted to me, whatever be the personal sacrifice!'" And I could at the moment believe this of Nicholas, for I recalled that he had insisted that Makaroff should go to the East in spite of the desire of that officer to remain at Cronstadt. Driving back to the Winter Palace, the Emperor was saluted by a detachment of soldiers marching toward its barracks. His Majesty knew better than these drab-coated men that, with the Port Arthur fleet a negligible factor, they and their comrades were the only force which could save his country from a terrible and lasting defeat.

#### *The Attitude of the Russian People*

I have told of Russia's grief. What is the effect of the disaster? Before describing the attitude of the people, I allowed several days to elapse in order that complete reports might be received from Port Arthur, and the feelings of the people, thus worked upon, should be more patent to the observer. Perhaps the most surprising thing to me was to find slight increase of anger against the Japanese. An editor of a St. Petersburg paper unconsciously gave me the key to the character of the Slav. Before the disaster he emphatically declared his confidence in Russian arms ashore and afloat. After it he said bitterly that Russia could not hope to win. "What can we do against these people?" he continued. "Our fleet is gone, the Japanese can land where they will, and I feel sure that their army will be as well handled as has been their fleet." Thus he swung from optimism to pessimism. But because he feared Russia would not be victorious, he by no means advocated any effort to restore peace. "Russia can not, must not, be beaten," he added, rather illogically. And then one of his confrères, whose temperament enabled quicker recovery from despair, interrupted: "Surely we will win. God is with us. But the war will be long, very long, and we

will lose more ships and thousands of men." "That is true," said a third journalist, who hails from the Caucasus. "But I do not think it will be so long as you imagine. Wait until the Cossacks strike. They've shown already what they can do. At Tyeng Tjiou, General Mischenko displayed strategy immeasurably superior to that of the Japanese commander. And do you recall the fight near Eui Tjiou, where thirty-five Cossacks annihilated a detachment of fifty Japanese?" Nevertheless, among high officers of the army, who also believe in the Cossacks, apprehension exists that the proved courage and cleverness of the Japanese will roll back Russia's troops as the ships have been sunk down to the bottom of the waters of Port Arthur. It is not, of course, believed that the Japanese victories will be continuous. The General Staff cries with every other Russian: "Russia must win." However great the sacrifice, Russia will make it because she feels that her national life demands it.

#### *Russia's Plans for the Future*

The loss of the *Petropavlovsk* and the ramming of the *Poltava* and the *Pobieda* raises the question: What changes will Russia make in her plan of campaign to meet the new conditions? Her first effort will be to repair her injured battleships and to conserve all the vessels now in the harbor until the Baltic Fleet shall arrive in the China Sea. Reports are being circulated that the Baltic ships will not go out. You can dismiss them from your mind. They are idle speculation. "Even if we knew in advance that the fleet would be annihilated," said an official of the Admiralty, "still would it go to the East. Russia will strain every nerve to be victorious afloat as she must be on land."

A few nights after the disaster, I went to the Maikhailovsky Manège, a huge riding hall which has been transformed into a place of amusement for the people. A theatre had been erected in the back of the hall, and a play entitled "Port Arthur" was being produced. There must have been 5,000 spectators, who followed the performance with the most intense interest. The plot was woven around the love of a hero lieutenant and a Red Cross nurse—the Admiral's daughter. There was blood, hogsheds of it, bursting bombs, and clever Japanese. The ubiquitous American correspondent, resembling Frederick Palmer, played a mighty part in the stirring drama, always beating his English competitor, who recognized his own mental and physical inferiority. The impressive feature of the performance was the final tableau. It represented Russia triumphant, surrounded by the various races that form this heterogeneous Empire. When the curtain rang up upon it a deafening roar of applause burst forth. Again and again the curtain was lifted. It was the finale which the people evidently earnestly seek in the war now in progress.



# NOT HONORABLY DISCHARGED

By  
OCTAVE  
THANET

ILLUSTRATED  
By  
W. L. JACOBS

DOWN near the new bridge, the massive piers of which lift incomplete parapets, lies on the Cambridge side of the Charles a tangle of streets, narrow and mean, filled with wooden houses of two or three or four stories huddling together like sheep in a sheep-fold, their clumsy stoops and crooked bays blistered with age, shabby in front and squalid in the rear. Some day, when the wind is high, a chimney will go wrong, or any of a dozen possible causes will start a conflagration, and it will grow into Pepys's "malicious, bloody fire" and gulp down acres of buildings. But with this the inhabitants of the present do not trouble. They fear, as well as live, from hand to mouth, and only the rent due to-morrow or the pestilence striking to-day concerns them.

One of these streets curves like a weighted fish-rod out of a wider thoroughfare. It has a few dejected shrubs, a few maimed trees, to fling wavering shadows over its uneven sidewalks. The windows show grimy shades or dingy lace curtains. Some of them have the further ornaments of an imitation palm or a red lamp, and a placard of "Students' Rooms." On a certain January Sunday this street was steeped in a silver fog which gave a pastel-like quality to the scene. The snow covered roofs and railings, and was so newly fallen that it was still white in patches. Dull grays and velvety black notes in the bare trees made the high lights brighter. Figures of men or horses were silhouetted rather than cast in relief, with all the detail of them lost. The steel-gray sky hung low and white smoke volleyed out of the tall shop stacks, scalloping wonderful clouds against its luminous shadow. There was a pensive and lonely beauty about it all, not the less lonely that the street was a crowded quarter in a great town. An old man who had come out of one of the houses had eyes for both aspects. He smiled back at the woman who was sweeping the steps and said, as he took the broom from her hands—with a gesture of such long habit that it did not need apology—"Well, snow's uncommon pretty, if it is kinder lonesome!"

He won a wintry smile from the woman, who was elderly, but not old, and had been pretty in her tidier and vainer days, when she did not strain her wisp of gray hair back into a knob on the nape of her neck or wear a dragged little red plaid shawl over a limp black calico with white spots.

"'Tis kinder sightly," she agreed, "but someway sets me thinkin' of funerals."

The man smiled. "Now it makes me think 'bout Gloucester way and how the streets looked my weddin' mornin'. Fifty years ago to-day, Mrs. Carney, and she's been gone twenty-seven, come May; and there ain't been a day I ain't missed her more than the last."

"My land!" exclaimed the woman, a faint glint in her sharp and faded eye, "that's more'n I could say for Carney, though he wa'n't mean, 'ceptin' when he was overtaken, and I will say he was a real good provider. But I couldn't feel to be onresigned when he went, for talk's I would, his bad habits was growin' on him. Well, I hadn't no right to complain. My mother warned me if I would marry a Irishman I'd have to pay the price, but I was one couldn't endure 'why do you do so?' from nobody, so I did marry him, and I did pay the price, land knows! Wust is, I didn't get only a Irish husband, but a Irish son and a Irish daughter."

"Now, Mrs. Carney"—in a voice of propitiation—"your children will be the crown of your old age. There's Denis fighting the battles of his country—"

"Way off in them heathenish Phillipes, that we oughtn't to have took! Well, I dunno but 'tis better'n fightin' in the Port and gittin' juggled!"

"He's a kind-hearted boy, and he's sent you a parrot and a pineapple frock! And there's Delight—"

"Much delight I got out'er her till this last year. Why, I whipped that girl when she was sixteen years old to keep her from gadding with folks no decent girl would be seen with."

The broom fell on the porch as the old man straightened and looked at the mother almost sternly. "Don't you ever, ever try do that again to her, Mrs. Carney, or her blood, or worse than her blood, will be on your head!" he warned. "You got to remember she's got her father's recklessness and your obstinacy in her, and that's a mixture to be handled awful gingerly!"

No one else in the street would have ventured to say as much to Mrs. Carney, who had by no means lost her youthful inaptitude for receiving advice; but Jonas Wainwright was a high favorite with her, and she only shrugged her shoulders. "Well, anyhow, I stopped her, and she's improved right along sence," she flung back; then added, "I ain't denyin' that you had a lot to do with it. Delight sets the world and all by you, Mr. Wainwright."

The old man's smile was bright, and so little had



An old man had come out of one of the houses

Mrs. Carney seen it for the last week that it seemed brighter. It fairly illumined his delicate old face. His clean-shaven profile and his curling gray hair belonged, somehow, to his old-fashioned black frock-coat and the "dickey" on his Sunday white shirt. By trade, Jonas Wainwright was a wood-carver, a handicraft which admits of cleanliness every day for its followers; and every day Jonas shaved, but it was only of a Sunday that he allowed himself white linen. "He's a real handsome old man," thought Mrs. Carney. She looked at him kindly.

"I guess I set the world by Delight, too," he said, "is she gone out?"

"She went down to the Social Union this mornin', but I'm looking for her. You goin' to church, I expect?"

"Well, no, ma'am, I'm going to go to Gloucester."

"Good land! to visit your folks?"

"My folks are all in the graveyard"—but he smiled faintly instead of sighing. "No, I'd a notion I'd jest git a glimpse of the old town once more. Well, good-by, Mrs. Carney. You've been real kind and good to me, always. I was sorry to keep you waiting for the board."

"My sakes alive!" interrupted Mrs. Carney vivaciously, "if my lodgers was all's prompt as you I'd be a lot better off! And you paid me all up yesterday. I hope you ain't casting round to change your boardin'-place, Mr. Wainwright, or dissatisfied—"

"I'd be pretty demandin' if I wasn't satisfied, Mrs. Carney. No, ma'am, I'm not looking for any other boardin'-place."

"Well, come back early; we're going to have pigs' feet for supper, and Delight wants you to come."

Wainwright only had lodgings with the Carneys. He "found himself." He made appropriate acknowledgments for the social courtesy. It was only after he had shaken Mrs. Carney's hand, raised his worn silk hat, and limped down the street that it occurred to her he had said no word of acceptance. She was pondering a little on this and some other unusual traits of her lodger, when Delight, the daughter, returned. Delight had the attenuated but trimly pretty figure, the fine carriage, and the gift of making an impression in toilets with very little money which belongs to the Irish-American shop-girls often. In addition, she had a rich color, long black curling eyelashes, and a wonderful mop of black hair parted on one side to sweep duskily above a black brow and a brilliant blue eye. Her glance swept carelessly down the street and lingered on Wainwright's lean shape as if it were a good sight to her. "He's taking the street cars," she said.

"Well, he is!" exclaimed the mother, with a disproportionate interest in a trivial act; "he must feel flush; he paid me in full yesterday night. I was kinder glad to git the money, but I wouldn't have pressed him if he'd gone a week longer."

"I should think not," the girl cried emphatically. She spoke with the purity of articulation and the correctness of speech which the public schools of Massachusetts have given to the humblest scholars of this generation. The only trace of her Celtic origin was a

melodious deepening of her tones. "He helps us more than his board. How did he seem this morning, mother?"

"Why, he seemed real chirked up and chipper. You don't 'spose he could have got that pension? I wisht he'd git it; he'd be real well fixed, then; there's so much back money, three, four thousand at least. He'd ought to have it; for he fit all through the war, riz to be a sergeant, and wouldn't be a lieutenant 'cause he said he didn't know enuff. And he wouldn't have asked for a pension if he hadn't needed it bad. And all the fuss jess because his capt'in thought his name was John 'stid of Jonas, and them blamed ignorant fools in Washington can't straighten out a little mistake like that. I ain't got no patience with 'em nor the President, nuther. Say, how long's he been lodgin' with us?"

"Two years last week," said the girl, and for some reason a dull red burned in her cheeks and slowly spread over her brow; "he came when the Moodys moved."

"That was jess after his brother died. I remember I seen the funeral creepin' past, jess a hearse and two carriages, and I thought it a pretty meachin' funeral till I found out they was sending the corp' to Gloucester. The old captain was bedrid ten years, wasn't he? And not the best of company, neither. Ann 'Liza Moody told me he was the most demandin' man and the wust at profane swearin' she ever knew of. And the temper of him! He'd pitch anything handy at you when he got his dander riz. One time 'twas his pocket-knife with the blade open and next 'twas a teapot—all the same to him. You can't convince Ann 'Liza that he didn't kill that sailor man, and she was free to say that 'twas a pity Jonas Wainwright got him cleared of murder. He spent an awful

lot of money on the lawin' and then had to keep him. Such orderings of Providence make me sick!"

"Ann 'Liza told me Mr. Wainwright owned as much as twenty thousand dollars once, and he used to put a dollar in the plate at Trinity every Sunday of his life."

"Think of it," sighed Mrs. Carney, "and every last cent of it gone, what between the lawin' and that bank that broke and the doctors' bills. But poor Jonas he went back to his trade, and he got the skipper every mortal fool thing he'd ask for. Tryin' to kinder console him for not bein' footloose. And the skipper he was sich a nat'ral born pig he jest took it all, not so much as thankin' for it. He grunted even 'bout his going to church Sunday mornings. But Jonas Wainwright did make a stand there."

"He told me once that he'd gone to Trinity Church every Sunday, 'cept when he was twice out of town, for twenty years."

"Shaw! Come to think, I guess he did. And he was clean daft 'bout Bishop Brooks. Why, he'd buy his sermons and read 'em to the captain. And the time Bishop Brooks died I never seen a man mourn truer'n he done."

"Did you know, mother, that he spoke to Bishop Brooks once?"

"Dear me, suz! What did he say?"

"Oh, just Good-morning, Dr. Brooks, can I git your car for you? It was one day when he had preached at Trinity and we were outside waiting. Uncle Jonas was mortified, afterward, because he hadn't called him 'Bishop,' but I guess Bishop Brooks didn't mind."

"What did he say?"

"Why, he looked at the Grand Army button on Mr. Wainwright's coat and said, 'No, thank you, he was walking,' and then he said, 'Haven't I seen you in Trinity Church?' 'Every Sunday but three for twenty years,' said Uncle Jonas, 'if you were there, for I was.' 'You sit by the third pillar in the gallery,' said Bishop Brooks. Uncle Jonas looked as if he could kneel right down in the mud and glorify Dr. Brooks. But somebody came up for the Bishop just then and he went off, but he told Uncle Jonas to be sure come see him if he ever was in any perplexity or trouble."

"Did he?"

"No, he didn't think that he had any great enough occasion, and not very long after that Bishop Brooks died. He wished, then, he'd gone. Ma, how did Uncle Jonas seem to-day?"

"Why, he seemed a sight chippered, seemed to me. He brought you a box of candy, yesterday, when he paid me."

"He's always so good to me," sighed the girl.

"Well, I guess you're good to him, too," snapped Mrs. Carney; "he never got his darning done neater than you do it, and find your own thread, too. Well, if you got time to stand out here gassin', I ain't, and I guess Barney Martin kin find you inside the house as well's out."

Though the words sounded peevish, Mrs. Carney was well pleased with her daughter, as Delight perfectly understood. Yet as she went into the house



the girl sighed to herself—"I wish I'd seen Uncle Jonas before he went!"

Had she been able to behold Jonas Wainwright at the moment of her thought, she would have seen nothing to justify any depression, only a tidy little old man with a singularly interested and alert expression, swaying on a car-strap which he had just clutched, having given his seat to a feeble little woman with a baby, and his friendly admonition to the athletic Harvard student and the young negro fop who had sat placidly in front of her gyrations.

The car bumped past Beacon Street and Commonwealth Avenue and veered unwieldily down Boylston. From his side, Wainwright could not see Trinity Church, so he went out on the platform. He looked long and intently at the great pile, perhaps the noblest monument of the most imaginative American architect. In that subdued and pallid atmosphere it seemed built of shadow stones, massive only as clouds are, and about it the shrubs and trees of the Public Gardens dripped on the thawing snow, bleak and sad.

The old man sighed for the first time. "Well, good-by," he was thinking. "I'd like to go once more to church, and I'd like once more to see Dely, but, maybe, I'd give myself away, and it would be one more day to pay for!"

He did not look up again until the car was descending the gentle incline past the ragged wall of shrubs, which is so dazzling with light and color in summer, into the roaring subway. In the subway he changed to the elevated road, but the train was late and he had barely time to swing aboard the Gloucester car at the North Station. Not since he went to Gloucester on the wild skipper's last journey had he been on the cars. "Seats spotted jest like they were then," he muttered. He did not look out the window. He was seeing visions of his brother and his brother's life, from the time of his reckless youth before he went to sea, and Jonas used to help his mother dissemble his drunken headaches before the neighbors, to those days of suspense in the court-room, his brother at his side, while the impassive twelve faces on whom everything hung mocked their torment, and so on to the final dragging years of helplessness, the caged wild beast breaking his helpless, sullen heart.

Jonas had almost hated him in the early time, because he made their mother suffer so much; but there came years of calm when Abner was sailing the seas, in reputable condition on his visits, and showing a lavish good-will by strange gifts—ivories and silks and fragrant woods. During this halcyon period the mother had lived contentedly with her dutiful son and his wife, and it was her good hap to die before Abner returned in chains to be tried for murder; his wife, also, was dead by then, so that Jonas was the only one to be punished for Abner's sins; and the man's danger, his high, if brutal, courage, and the misery peeping behind his callous pride, drew his brother to him. "I guess 'twas knowing I was the only mortal being he had to help him, and that he was all I'd left to need me, made me kinder cling to him"—thus the old man's thoughts ran as the train moved slowly out on to the flats past the inky black piles and the tidewater scummed with ice-bound snow—"and he was real good company when he was easier, and never did much harm in his contrary fits, 'cept to the furniture!" He gave a reminiscent smile to some grotesque outbreaks of the past. "And he certainly did git more peaceful and Christian-like toward the end. I make no doubt he and ma are in heaven together now. I do hope he's got over wanting to shy things at folks, though, or the angels will have to skip lively." Here he checked a grin severely. "I'd ought to be ashamed of myself. Someway I never could take things serious as I ought. Poor ma used to reprove me oftener for that than anything else I remember. Well, I bless God I'd a tidy sum saved up, and she'd a cab to go to church in rainy Sundays, and all the street-car rides she wanted; and how she and mother did enjoy gitting a good dinner when the Gloucester folks would come to town! Ah, well! I didn't have those good times long enough to git any foolish vainglory, for I never held my head up after Abner's trial—" His thoughts, as is the ill-regulated manner of thoughts, misted from definite sentences into pictures or sensations, and he was again seated in that greasy arm-chair in the hot court-room, with the jury loling uncomfortably behind their palm-leaf fans, and the judge in his court-room black (it was before the day of robes for the Superior Court), and the heart withering within him, because of familiar sea-port faces drifting in among the strangers. He never made sign of recognition, and he never went back to Gloucester until he went with his brother's coffin. For one thing, it was a Gloucester lad whom Abner had slain, whether with or without adequate provocation, and there was an ugly story of money owed and a debt wiped out foully in the creditor's blood. He never knew quite the rights of the tale, but he found out enough afterward to induce him to send his last thousands to the boy's mother, and to say his only

reproachful words to Abner. "It's what our mother would have made you do if you had the money," he said, "and I'll do it for you, for her sake, not yours."

Well, he had held up his head with the best of them to the last. He held it up after his brother went. He paid the doctor, he paid the undertaker, and he would have been able to lay up a little sum for his old age if his eyes had lasted. At this, he was back at his bench, with the work which he had loved so blurring before him; because of the blur he was slow, he was careful. The envelope did not hold as much as once by many dollars on the weekly pay-days. But the work hadn't fallen off. It was just as true. His hand was as firm—if he did have needle-like pains jabbing him with every stroke. Yet it cut a man to feel himself growing old, and not a living soul to care for or to care for him. Only Delight; he had saved the girl from more than he knew himself, for he was of too chivalrous and clean a nature to let his fancy act as scavenger among squalid temptations. She meant to be a good girl; she would be a good girl—of that he was assured, and he went no further; therefore he gave her the deference and the respect he kept for all good women, and by degrees grew to care for her tenderly. But she was young, she was pretty, she would be finding a mate and happiness, and he was only a poor lodger of her mother's who barely could pay his way. Of a sudden the scene shifted, as he thought: "But now I can't pay my way!" for he was in the doctor's office, and the doctor—a good, kind man—was telling him with gentle circumlocution that he could not use his eyes for a year; they would never be any better, they might grow worse, possibly with rest and care they might improve, but any use of them in his trade would ruin them.

Well, he was glad that the only feeling in his mind was, "Jonas, you've been a soldier, you've got to git out of this here in good shape!" and every word he said was "Thank you, sir; I guess you've broken it to me as easy as you could. How much is it?" He remembered just how the old wallet felt in his fingers, and how it flashed over him that he mightn't have enough money saved up for him; but the doctor said, "Well, I don't think I'd like to take money for telling a man a thing like that."

So he thanked him another time. It was kind of the doctor to shake hands with him, and he went away. He went, crushed like, telling himself he'd have to go on the town. Standing in his room, the full bitterness swept over him, and he cried aloud, "If I'd only died first!" As he spoke he saw the pipe which Abner carried all over the world and left to him, and it was as if he heard Abner saying again: "Once the pirates caught me, but they couldn't scare me, for I always carried round with me the way out. I wasn't going to give up my mates. Well, I got rescued then, but it's a big thing to have your own rescue always ready."

"But," said Jonas—he remembered what he said perfectly—"you wouldn't have the right to use the way unless it was sure death anyhow, and guess you would have the right to choose an easy death for a hard one, 'specially if those heathen peoples was trying to persuade you to give information that might hurt your shipmates, and human nature might give way!"

Abner had nodded: "I'll say this for you, Jo, you're not a sneak, but I guess a man's got the right to go when it gits so bad he's no comfort in living."

"No," said Jonas. "I take it a man's put here by God Almighty just as a soldier's given a post, and he's no right to go till he gits his discharge. So long's a single person needs him he hasn't got his discharge."

He remembered the talk as if it were yesterday. And distinctly, as clearly as a mortal voice could sound, he heard Abner's sea-roughened tones. "Well, you got your discharge, all right, to-day!" Had he? Was it possible that this which had seemed to him an unbearable burden was really the mercy of God? His

permit to leave a hard and lonely world? He walked to the little window where he could look out toward the reddening skies where the sunset was hidden by the city roofs. Always his simple heart had imaged supernal glories behind that pageant. He softly repeated a hymn which he had found copied by his wife in one of her books, after her death:

"Beyond the hills where the suns go down,  
And brightly beckon as they go,  
There lies the land of fair renown,  
The land which I so soon shall know."

"I wish it was soon!" he mused. "Oh! I do wish it. I've been lonesome so long." He went back to the pipe, standing sunken in thought for a long while, considering whether as a Christian man he could leave the world of his own motion. In his distempered musings he cast his eyes about the room; directly before him was a picture of Bishop Brooks, which he had bought in more prosperous days, framed according to the taste of the department-store clerk who had framed photographs in Gloucester before he came to Boston, and who surrounded the noble face with red plush and bronze. "Bishop Brooks," said the old soldier, "I'm in a very great deal of trouble. I followed your sermons faithful in my daily life for more'n twenty years. I don't re-

member I ever knowingly wronged a human creature. I wa'n't improvident nor idle. I lay up a plenty for my old age. But I couldn't see my own brother on the gallows, so it all went; and now I'm old and my eyes are gone and I ain't got any folks. I do want to be gone to my folks and my wife. Bishop, you told me to come see you if I was in trouble. Here I be. Tell me I've got the right to go."

The picture made no sign, the bright eyes looked at him with their look of comprehension and encouragement, the faint smile on the beautiful, sensitive mouth did not stir; but as Jonas half turned to the pipe he heard his brother's voice again: "You got your discharge, Jonas, the doctor gave it to you to-day! Nobody needs you; you'll be eating other folks' bread; you've a right to step out; you ought to step out!"

"That's so," he answered, as he would have answered a human speech.

After that he did not argue the question any more; but made his preparations for his final exit with a view to cause as little trouble as possible. He sold some of his tools and his watch. This gave him funds to pay his board bill, and the tailor who had pressed and cleaned his best suit, as well as for the cheapest decent funeral. He made his will, leaving his few articles of furniture to Mrs. Carney, and the simple trinkets which his wife had possessed to Delight. He left her, likewise (as an afterthought), any pension money which might come to him. The application had been pigeon-holed in some Washington office so long that it had ceased to be even an asset of his hopes. Last of all, he made up a small packet of his wife's letters to him when they were "keeping company" and he was in the wars, a few little belongings of the twin boys who died in their babyhood, his wife's picture and his mother's, and some old family daguerrotypes; this packet he addressed in Delight's care, but with the direction "To Be Burned." He hesitated a moment ere he added the picture of Bishop Brooks to the heap on the table. "I don't feel some-ways like I wanted anybody to be handling that, and maybe not quite so particular to be respectful to it," he said. Then he wrote a letter to Delight which he marked, "Not to be opened till five o'clock." Having thus arranged his worldly affairs, and having set his room in order, the morning being come for some hours already, he shut the door behind him and fared forth on his quest of peace.

He had determined to go to Gloucester, to walk to his wife's grave in the old Wainwright lot, and he had with him the means of quick and painless sleep. His motives had been explained to Delight, and inclosed in the envelope was enough money for his last rites, which, as he had said, "won't cost near so much if I'm already in Gloucester, for they charge awful for a trip in a coffin."

Thus at peace, and his simple testament complete, Jonas went not merely with composure, but with thankful joy, on his last journey. Never had he or his wife doubted that they would be reunited in another world, and it was with an artless and pure-hearted anthropomorphism that he speculated on the future. "I'd ought to be able to find her out by to-morrow"—was his calculation—"and for all her glorified body I'll know her all right. I can't even think of ma, but I will soon's I've seen mother. And pa, too. And then I'll look up all the folks and the friends. (Continued on page 27.)

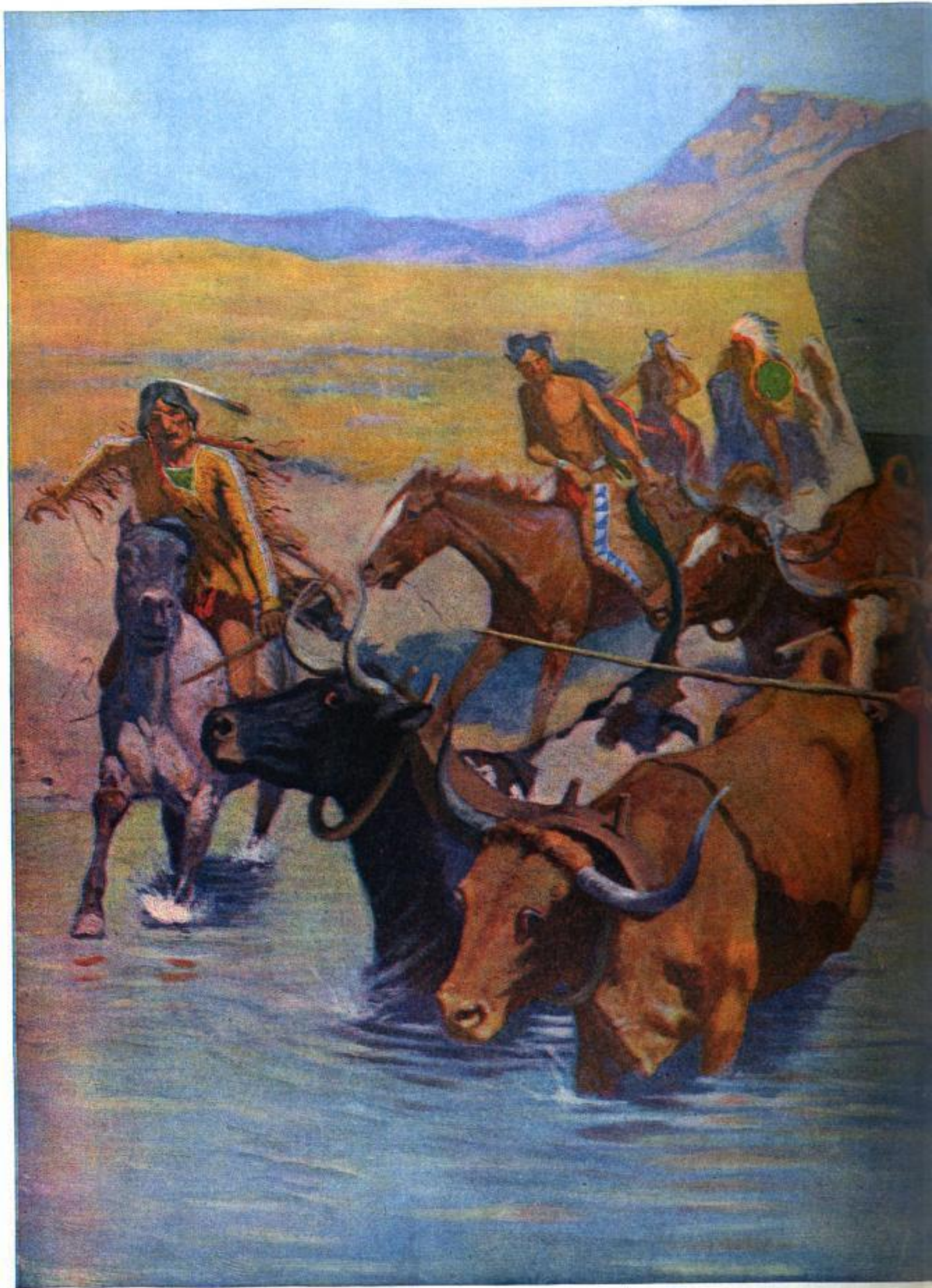


With shaking hands Jonas lifted the portrait



He opened his paper and his face changed solemnly

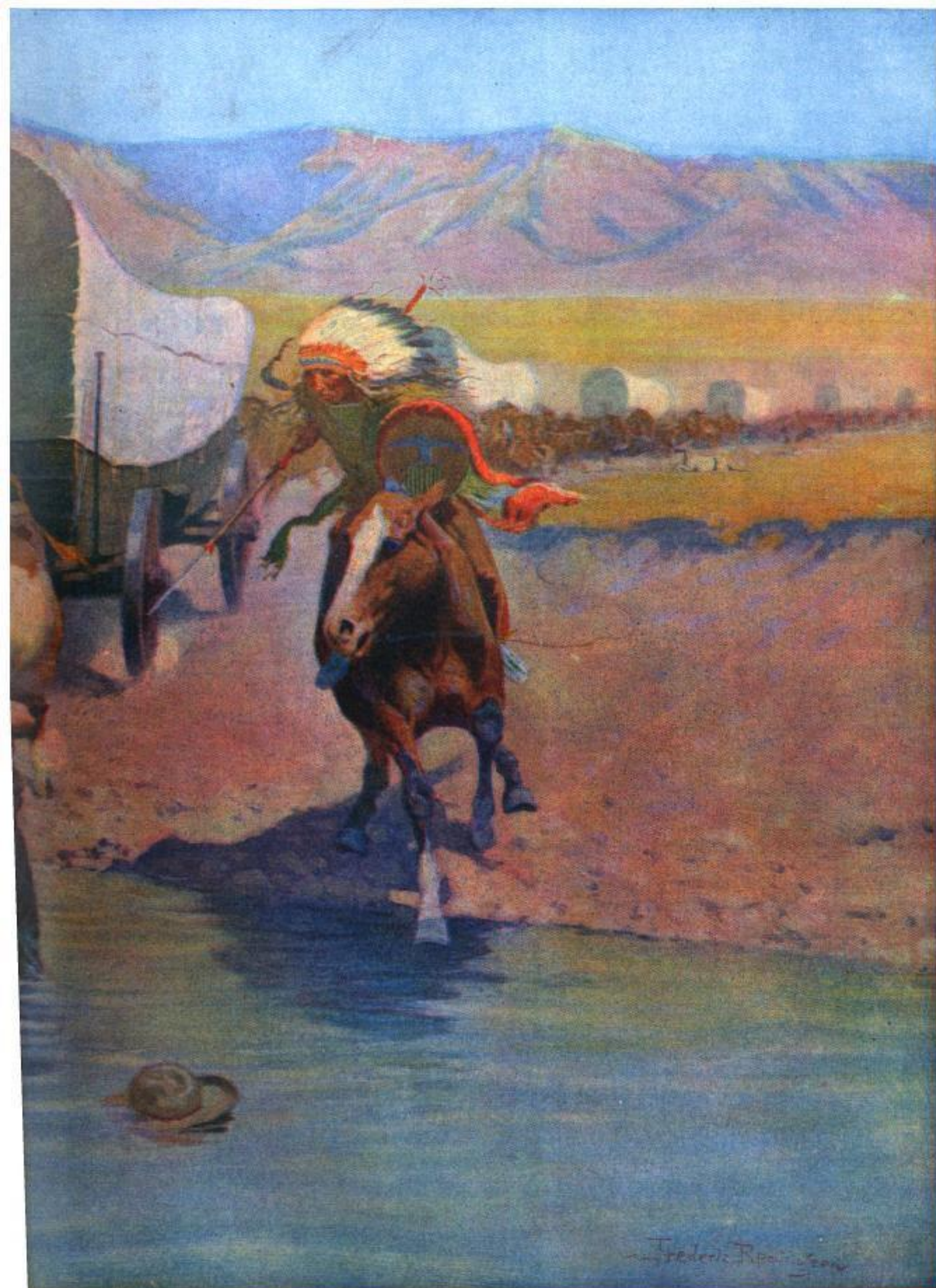




This is the fourth of a series of twelve paintings, made especially for Collier's by Frederic Remington, illustrative of the Louisiana Purchase Period. These pictures will appear, one every month, in the Fiction Numbers.

INDIANS ATTACKING A WAGON  
FOUGHT ON THE PLAINS BETWEEN





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# EMIGRANTS

ERS—ONE OF THE MANY AND FORGOTTEN BATTLES THAT WERE  
ID WHITE, WHEN THE TIDE OF EMIGRATION FIRST SET WESTWARD

INTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON



# SLAVES OF SUCCESS

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

*From now until November politics will be uppermost in the minds of all Americans. "Slaves of Success" is the title of a series of political stories which every prospective voter ought to read. In them Mr. Flower has given us a truthful "inside" picture of the game of politics as it is being played to-day in every town, county, and state of the United States. The characters are drawn with great fidelity, and the story of how Azro Craig, an honest farmer, after first fighting the "machine" in the Legislature, gradually comes under the influence of the "boss," is told with both force and humor. There are to be six stories in the series, of which the titles are:*

THE NECESSARY VOTE—May Fiction Number  
THE REFORMER REFORMED—June Fiction Number  
A MORTGAGE ON A MAN—July Fiction Number

THE SLAVERY OF A BOSS—August Fiction Number  
A STRATEGICAL DEFEAT—September Fiction Number  
AZRO CRAIG'S AWAKENING—October Fiction Number



## THE NECESSARY VOTE

THE day after Azro Craig was nominated for the Legislature he found himself surprisingly popular; three days later he wondered if people thought he was to be the whole Lower House. For Azro Craig was an unknown quantity politically, and therefore an object of solicitous interest to all those who sought legislative power. He had been nominated as a Republican, but there was little reason to believe that he would consent to wear the party collar. He was a guileless, hard-headed old fellow, with unlimited faith in his friends, but inclined to be obstinate and suspicious where faith was lacking. Consequently, he would not be an easy man to handle.

The nomination was a surprise to the politicians. The "machine" had been back of Nagle, but the good people of this country district had wearied of the "machine." The word conveyed only a hazy idea to them, but the newspapers had taught them to attribute all that was evil in State politics to the few men who were popularly supposed to be at the head of it, so they had turned out in unexpected force at the primaries to put the stamp of their disapproval on Nagle. It naturally followed that they had put up a man who had as fierce a hatred of the "machine" as any of them, and quite as little practical knowledge of it. In this emergency certain prominent politicians began to wonder whether it would not be advisable to elect the Democratic candidate. The district was Republican by only a small majority, and a little quiet treachery would almost certainly change the result. Indeed, if the Democrats made an aggressive fight and the Republicans practically no fight at all, it was more than likely that the Democrats would win. Possibly a "deal" might be made that would be more advantageous than the election of an obstinate old mossback. Thus it happened that Azro Craig received more attention than it was customary to give a nominee in that district.

The first man to arrive on the scene, after the neighbors had extended their congratulations and warned their candidate of the wiles of practical politics, was Tom Higbie, who had been sent by Ben Carroll, and there was an element of treachery here. It had been arranged that John Wade should go, for Wade had once lived in the district and knew the people, but Carroll was afraid that Wade might so arrange matters as to give himself more power, and he had enough already. Wade was politically unscrupulous, but personally honest—a combination sometimes found. This means that he was not a boodler himself, but that he was not above helping boodlers in order that he might use them politically. He would not offer a man money, but for a political price he would let him steal it from others or from the State. Carroll, on the other hand, used politics for his pecuniary advantage; with him power had a cash value, in addition to being personally gratifying. He liked to rule, but he played politics principally because it put him in the way of making money. At the present time he could not get along without Wade, and Wade could not get along without him. Their alliance was one of convenience, which either would terminate the moment he felt himself strong enough to do it. So Carroll had put the case to his lieutenant, Higbie, in this form:

"Wade is going down there next week to look the ground over, but I don't see why we can't do the job first. The House is going to be pretty close, and I'd rather not have Wade in a position to dictate terms, as he may if he gets that yahoo on his staff. I want to make Mackin Speaker. Mackin is our man, and, with him in the chair, we can organize the House and make Wade keep in line in order to get any favors at all. He'll have to stick to us. But the margin is so small that a very little may upset everything. He has a personal hold on some men now, and control of this yahoo is likely to give him a grip on some others of the same class—they stick together pretty closely now and then. If you can pledge Craig to Mackin, we'll take chances on getting him when we need him after that; if you can't, see what you can do with the Democrat, Rowley. We can't use him on strictly party measures, but I'm told he can be reached on pretty nearly everything else, and a 'handy' Democrat is a whole lot more useful than a balky Republican, and won't be as dangerous to our Speakership plan. And Wade isn't going to like the Mackin idea at all. That's why we've got to see that he doesn't get too much power. Do you understand the situation?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, make a smooth job of it, and, if Rowley looks like the best man for us, I'll see what kind of a deal can be made at this end of the line. The Democrats ought to be willing to concede us something if we put their man through in a Republican district. I wouldn't wonder if Hatton and Dailey would help us organize the House, in a pinch, just to turn down Wade. They know where our organization will be of advantage later. I'll see them if that seems to be the best thing to do."

With these instructions, which show how "machine" men of opposite parties can sometimes meet on the common ground of personal or pecuniary benefit, Higbie sought Craig and had a long talk with him. But Higbie was not a good man to handle Craig. There was something in his manner that suggested the schemer. He hinted at things that he did not explain, and he talked too much of being "with the party" and not enough of being conscientious. Perhaps his idea of conscientiousness was "being with the party." At any rate, his main argument was that they had to pull together or the Democrats would control.

"That ain't worryin' me," retorted Craig. "There's good Democrats an' there's bad Republicans. You kin count me ag'in the 'machine' on both sides."

Then Higbie tried to explain that the "machine" was merely the necessary party organization, which impractical reformers had maligned until they had



"You go to thunder!" roared Craig

made an opprobrious term of an innocent word, but Craig was obdurate. He did not believe in the "machine," and he would make no pledges whatever.

"All we want," said Higbie, "is to make sure that the House will be organized on a good Republican basis."

"You kin do that easy," returned Craig, "by doin' it right; but I ain't goin' to help organize on no 'machine' basis. When I git to Springfield I'll see how things is an' act accordin'."

"You may not get to Springfield if you don't have the party behind you," suggested Higbie.

"Goin' to turn me down, are you?" exclaimed Craig hotly. "Well, you go plump to thunder!"

"You misunderstand me," urged Higbie. "We'll support you, of course, but you'll stand better if there's no question as to your party loyalty."

"The folks here knows what I stand for, an' that's enough," asserted Craig aggressively.

"Why not take a run up to Chicago and have a talk with the party leaders?" asked Higbie, seeing that he would be able to do nothing with the man alone. "That will give you an idea of the situation and of the need of harmony. Together we can rule, and you will be of real value to your district, but no one of us can do anything alone. We'll be glad to see you, and when you know the men I think you'll take a different view of things."

Craig said that he might do this, but Higbie already had given him up as an unsatisfactory proposition. It was advisable to treat him as cleverly as possible, so far as outward appearances went; but Rowley, the Democrat, might easily prove to be the better man

for their purposes. Rowley had changed his party twice. Beginning as a Democrat, he had switched to the Republicans and then back to the Democrats. He was not a man to let a little matter like political affiliations interfere with his own interests, so he had changed whenever it had seemed to be to his advantage. The Democrats, although they had no great love for him, had nominated him as a matter of party expediency. He would draw some independent votes, and he could be controlled by those who would need his services. Knowing this much about him, Higbie quietly arranged for a confidential chat.

Craig, suspicious, but unsophisticated, puzzled his head not a little over the significance of Higbie's visit. He had expected to meet and fight the "machine" at Springfield, but he had not expected that the people in Chicago would take such an immediate interest in him. It looked to him as if he were of more importance than he had supposed. This idea was strengthened by a call from a representative of a political reform organization that sought to do with the Legislature what the Municipal Voters' League had previously attempted, with reasonable success, to do with the Chicago City Council. It investigated the records of candidates and sought to pledge them in advance to certain principles of legislation, and to a line of action that would thwart the plans of the unscrupulous.

Letters and circulars had come from the Chicago headquarters of this organization, but Craig was suspicious of all pledges and he had ignored them. Nor did the agent impress him any more favorably than the letters and circulars. The agent seemed to look upon him with tolerant condescension. He was earnest, but there was an aloofness about him that was aggravating. Somehow he gave the impression—quite unintentionally, of course—that he was a superior person. And Craig would have none of him. "I ain't signin' pledges nor makin' promises," said Craig.

"My dear sir," said the reformer, with lofty complacency, "I fear you do not understand. All we desire is to wrest the control of legislation from those who will use it unscrupulously. We realize that it would be folly to attempt to interfere with purely party measures, even though some of them may be questionable, but we hope to put an end to many forms of corruption. This task is more difficult in a State than in a city, for the party is more important, but there is no reason why it can't be done in time. With the aid of the honest independents we can teach the politicians the importance of putting up good men. The independent voters turn against an objectionable party man every little while, so why not organize and concentrate that independent force with a view to compelling the parties to put up good men? To do that effectively, we must pledge the candidates and study their records. Now, you have no record—"

"You go to thunder!" roared Craig. "I got a record of forty year in this one township, an' all the folks know I'm square. You git out! I ain't goin' to have nobody tellin' me what it's my duty to do, an' I ain't goin' to make a promise—not a darned one."

The air of the man exasperated Craig, and so it happened that he was labeled "Doubtful," although, as Rowley was designated "Bad," this did no particular harm. The reformer did not know how to handle him, but this was also true of all others—until Wade came. Wade was a better judge of men, and he had the advantage of knowing both Craig and the district, although it was all of ten years since he had seen either. Moreover, Craig had a sort of sneaking admiration for Wade. He had gone to the city and had become a big man, which was proof of his ability. True, he was identified with the "machine," but one could admire his success and still be reasonably cautious about succumbing to his influence. And Wade urged nothing. He was the same old Jack Wade of years ago.

"Great guns, Azro!" he cried, when he met the old man, "how did you do it?"

"I didn't do it," laughed Azro. "You folks up to Chicago did it by takin' so blamed much int'rest in Nagle. You got him so plastered over with 'machine' tags that the people couldn't stand him. We ain't electin' men down here to represent a lot of you Chicago fellers, you know."

"That's right, too," Wade declared heartily. "I told the boys to keep their hands off, but they wouldn't listen to me. Well, I'm glad you got it."

Much more did Wade say in the same line, and he talked politics with Craig for over an hour, but never



once did he even suggest that he had the slightest interest in the old man's course of action. He advised nothing, argued for nothing, and asked no questions that could possibly arouse suspicion. But he learned all that he wished to know, which was that Craig would be "anti-machine" on everything.

"Ever been to Chicago, Azro?" he asked finally. "Once, twenty year ago," replied Craig. "Why don't you run up some day? You know I'm always glad to see you. Just go right to the house and make yourself at home."

So far as possible, Wade was clever to every one. "You never can tell when you may need a man," was the way he put it, "so the more you have on your staff the better you are fixed for emergencies." He had decided that Craig would be "worse than a Democrat," but that was no reason why he should not hold his friendship, if he could. He had not the same use for Rowley that Carroll had, but a good hold on Rowley would have its advantages, and a strong "anti-machine" Republican would be an absolute menace. Furthermore, it was policy to let Carroll have his way in this matter, and Carroll wanted a spoilsman. Wade could strengthen his own hold on the party machinery by giving this spoilsman to those who had need of him, at the same time escaping a political danger. For he felt that there was danger in this intractable old man, with his intense hatred of "machine" politics.

A secret conference with Rowley was as important in Wade's case as it had been in Higbie's, for public knowledge of it would create comment and arouse suspicion. But to the suggestion that such a conference be arranged he received a most startling reply.

"Mr. Rowley says it would be a risk that is unnecessary," the go-between reported. "He already has seen Higbie, and it's all right."

"Seen Higbie," mused Wade, when he was alone. "Why has Higbie been here when the job was left to me?"

He had no need to ask the question of himself, for the answer was framed in his mind before it was really asked. It was Carroll's work. Carroll wanted this man for himself; he wanted him for certain "jobs" that would follow the organization of the House, and he did not wish to pay a political price for him to any one else. He was strengthening himself—preparing, so far as possible, to "go it alone."

"That means trouble," commented Wade. "If I don't watch out I'll be on a side-track somewhere. I wonder if he saw Craig."

A delay of a day or two and another casual meeting with the old farmer gave him the information he desired on this point. Higbie had seen Craig, had failed to pledge him, and had asked him to come to Chicago. Wade quickly saw that Higbie had made an unfavorable impression, and another man in his place would have told the old man of the contemplated treachery. But Wade deemed it wisdom to let that information come later, and, if possible, through some other source.

"He's got to be handled carefully," he said. "He'd look to see where I was interested, and he'd find out. Then I'd be losing, instead of gaining, his confidence."

Wade went back to Chicago and called together a few of his personal followers, with whom he went over the situation carefully. According to indications, he might or might not have considerable strength in the Legislature. Some he might properly call "his men," but there were others whose loyalty would depend largely on the showing he was able to make; they favored him, but favored themselves more, and would not hesitate to ally themselves with a stronger combination. If Carroll could get these, he might easily control, and there was no doubt that Carroll was seeking to make himself the absolute dictator.

"I wish I could get a grip on that hayseed," he muttered. "He may be the key to the situation. How the devil can I make him my friend?"

He wrote to him, making certain wise suggestions for the campaign, and he exerted his own influence in his behalf. He even sent one of his followers down there to do a little quiet work, for he considered Rowley quite out of the question now. He began to hear talk of Mackin for Speaker, too, and his first impulse was to notify Carroll that this was equivalent to a declaration of war, but he thought better of it. With Mackin in the chair, Carroll would rule, and Carroll must be pretty sure of his ground or he never would have dared risk the opposition that this plan would arouse. All in all, it was better to meet this trickster on his own ground of strategy and duplicity.

It was about a week after this—a week devoted to investigation and hard work, during which men had been sent to various parts of the State to weld what promised to be a faction of the "machine" more closely together and to see what could be done to add to its numerical strength—that Wade found Craig sitting on his doorstep, and it took all his self-control to withhold an exclamation of astonishment and protest. Craig had come to the city as a result of the many invitations to do so—some extended as a mere matter of form and some in the hope that he would really come, for even those contemplating treachery were anxious to keep on the right side of him temporarily. He had prepared for the trip by donning "store clothes," which did not fit, and a pair of new boots, which hurt. The city pavements troubled him, and his feet were painfully sore when he appeared at the door of Wade's home.

"Jack Wade live here?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wade, who had happened to come to the door herself.

"I'm Craig—Azro Craig," the old man explained. "He told me to come here an' make myself at home."

Mrs. Wade, being the wife of a politician, had become accustomed to all sorts of queer characters; so

she assured Craig that her husband would return soon and asked him to come in.

"Reckon I better wait here," returned Craig. "It's so darned close indoors."

As he held to this determination, he was left on the steps, where he amused himself by making a careful survey of the exterior of the house. To do this the better he crossed the street and sat on the opposite curb.

"An' Jack Wade didn't use to have no better home than I got," he muttered. "By gum! he's a smart feller, an' I'm darned if I ain't proud of him." Then after another survey of the house, "An' that there belongs to Jack Wade, that was my friend down to the farm, an' he acts like he was the same old Jack Wade, too."

He wandered back to the steps, sat down, and pulled off his boots to ease his feet. The home-made knit socks, with conical toes, stuck out like a pair of submarine boats, and these caught Wade's attention the first thing; but, as recorded, he restrained the exclamation that sprang to his lips.

"Tryin' to ease my hoofs," explained the old man, "but I won't do it in the parlor nor at meal times, so don't you worry."

"Oh, that's all right, Azro," returned Wade genially. "It's you and not your boots that we're glad to see. Come up to my den and we'll have a talk."

The old man followed, carrying his boots, much to the astonishment and dismay of Mrs. Wade, and presently was comfortably settled in a big chair in the room that Wade had reserved for his own use, while the boots rested on a table. While this was distressing to Wade, it happened to be, in this instance, a minor detail of the game of politics—and he is a short-sighted politician who sees only the things that have a direct bearing on the game. The theoretical politician would bring all to his standard of life; the practical makes some concessions to theirs.

"Say, Jack!" remarked Craig, when he was comfortably settled, "what's the matter with them reform fellers?"

"Why do you ask?" inquired Wade.

"Well, I was up to see 'em," explained Craig. "They wrote askin' me to come, so I come; but it looks like they think their brand's the only thing that makes a feller good. The way they talked you'd think there wasn't any virtue anywhere, only what's got their stamp on it. Why, they pretty near had me wild—not owin' to what they said so much as the way they said it. Who made them the boss of me, anyhow? Just 'cause they're leanin' away from evil so hard that they're fallin' over backwards, ain't no sign that they're the only good people there is. They aggravate me, that's what they do. They act like I was a poor suff'rin' sinner, that ought to give thanks for a chance to git in the glory of their smiles."

"Did you sign their pledge?" asked Wade, quite casually.

"Sign nothin'!" exclaimed Craig. "They ain't my kind; they're 'way off somewheres, an' I don't seem to git close to 'em. Looked like they had an idee they was so big an' good an' wise that folks ought to do what they said just 'cause they said it. A feller can see that they're sort of lookin' down on him, even when they talk nice; they ain't sociable."

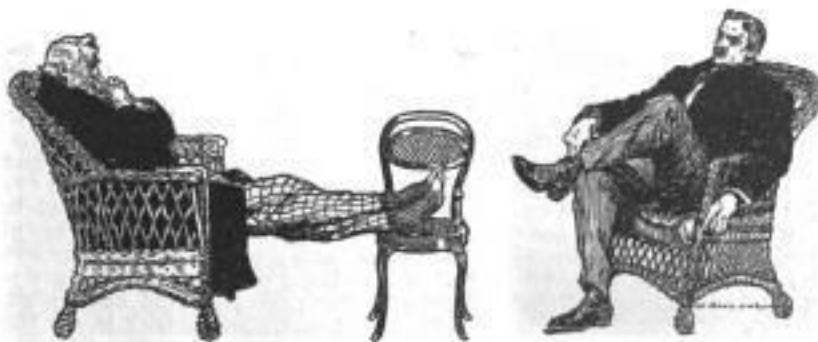
"Oh, they are not so bad," said Wade magnanimously.

"Ain't they ag'in you?" asked Craig.

"They have opposed me in some ways," explained Wade, "but they mean well."

"By gum, Jack! folks has lied about you," asserted Craig admiringly. "I was lookin' to have you tell me those fellers was the meanest skunks livin', like Higbie did."

"Have you seen Higbie?"



The old man was comfortably settled in a big chair

"Yep. Went to the headquarters where he hangs out, an' when I told him how these reform folks looked to me, he couldn't talk mean enough—said they was all lookin' out for the best of it an' was reg'lar hypocrites."

"That's not so," said Wade promptly. "They're doing the best they know how, according to their ideas, but they're narrow-minded and they can't get down to the level of the people."

"Darn me if you ain't better'n all of 'em, Jack!"

cried the old man. "You're the only one that's talked anyways decent about the others. Why, they said you was workin' to be, or to own, a United States Senator, an' didn't give a hang what happened s'long as you could run the 'machine' while you was doin' that."

"That only shows their egotism and narrow-mindedness," remarked Wade carelessly, although the statement was dangerously near the truth.

"An' they seemed to think all I wanted was lickin' an' se-gars an' some fun," Craig went on with some indignation. "Kept tellin' me to drop in whenever I wanted an' help myself, an' I heard Higbie say to 'take that old billy-goat down an' make him think he

was livin' high by openin' a bottle of champagne." Carroll talked nice, but he was always showin' me how I could git good things on the committees by bein' with the party. 'We take care of our people,' he said. I tell you, Jack, it looked like they thought I was jest graftin', an' I could see some of 'em was laughin' at me, too. They ain't my kind, Jack; they got too much idee of everybody watchin' to gain some-thing for himself; I wouldn't trust 'em. Fact is, I heard when I was leavin' home that they was dickerin' with the Democrats."

"It's possible," admitted Wade, noncommittally, "but I would hesitate to believe it without some evidence."

"Jack, you're white," asserted the old man, impulsively leaning forward to take his hand, "an' you're the only white man I've seen in Chicago. All the rest of 'em is doin' dirt an' talkin' dirt one way or another."

Wade, knowing his man, had got the grip on him that others had failed to get, and that is the secret of successful practical politics. Some men know how to do it one way and some know how to do it another, but the true politician has no hard and fast rule. He gauges his man and acts accordingly. For the first time, Craig felt that he had a generous political friend; all others sought to be his political masters, either by purchase or by right of birth and commercial standing.

Wade saw his advantage and made the most of it. He insisted that the old man should remain two or three days; he introduced him to his wife and children, who gave him cordial greeting and treated him as a welcome friend; he invited a few friends in to dinner, expressly stipulating that there should be no dress suits, and the friends were diplomatic and clever. One among them was a business man of some prominence, and he reciprocated by giving a stag dinner at his club. How Wade arranged for this it is unnecessary to state; let it be sufficient to say that the man was an intimate friend who would do much for Wade, and who rather enjoyed the old man's breezy comment and rustic simplicity, anyway.

"But they'll all be wearin' spike-tails there," protested Craig. "Don't believe I better go."

"Nonsense," returned Wade. "I won't wear one, so there'll be two of us anyway."

That dinner was worth more than weeks of argument and explanation. There were men there whose names Craig had seen in the papers, and they were not politicians, so he felt reasonably sure that friendship and not politics was at the bottom of it. There was a freshness and sincerity about him that made them like him, too, and he was flattered to find himself among such men. Here were successful men, big men, and he was one of them; he was seeing something of real city life—not the features that are provided for every stranger who has the price, but the real thing. He forgot about his clothes and talked freely. It was an experience that he could and would treasure.

And all this was part of the game of politics, as played by an astute man. Carroll would have done as much, if he had had the wisdom; but the reformers would have thought it more than should be expected of them. With them, politics is too often a thing apart, to be taken up during the spare time that they can give to it and then put aside; they would not take it into their business or their homes. With the practical politicians it is of first importance everywhere and at all times. And somehow the practical politicians seem to have the best of it when the test comes.

Craig returned home, singing the praises of Wade. There was nothing of envy in the old man's heart; he was glad to see a man from his district do so well in the city—this was local pride—and he was glad to find him so good a man and so companionable and democratic in his ways.

"He ain't swelled up a bit," he said. "He's jest as glad to see his old friends as he ever was, an' it ain't politics, either. It's friendship; that's what it is. We talked politics in a friendly way, but that's all, an' there wasn't nothin' but politics to the other fellers; they jest wanted to 'fix' you one way or another an' then have you mosey along—nothin' real, you know. I tell you, folks has lied about Jack Wade."

Craig learned, too, that his election, which followed later, was partly due to Wade's efforts—Wade saw to it that he should learn this in a roundabout way—and that there had been treachery in other quarters. He verified, sufficiently for his purpose, the story that he had heard before leaving for Chicago. After that he was Wade's man.

Carroll knew this, and he redoubled his efforts in other quarters, but so did Wade. (Continued on p. 28.)



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# THE RESTRICTING CLAUSE

By JOHNSON MORTON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

FOR seventeen years Ann Foss had been librarian of the Acton Library. In the early days her duty consisted in unlocking the side door of Mrs. Asa Burden's shed-room on Tuesday afternoons, and mounting guard over some slender rows of discreet books in brown paper—a nucleus formed from the leavings of successive summer boarders of philanthropic tendency. Then the Ladies' Aid Society (having no wars on its hands) took up the matter, and, after a series of fairs, readings, and an unexpected windfall or two, the library marched triumphant to the chamber over the Town Hall, where Miss Foss sat in gratifying isolation behind a railing, and, three days a week, gave out books with bits of sage literary advice and acquired that authority of manner which, later on—after the Hon. Phineas Bowles had tardily remembered the town of his humble birth in his will—landed her in the haven of a salaried position in the smart Colonial building that flanked the Freewill Baptist Church. Not that the honor came unchallenged, for when it was learned that a salary of four hundred dollars a year was made possible by the terms of the bequest an army of claimants appeared. It would be useless to number the cabals and struggles that marred two town meetings. Sam Volney's paper, the "Clarion," backed him; the Church supported the claim of Deacon Burr's son, while the Widow Bibby relied on her importunity, and sat, on the back row of seats, a pathetic figure with a twin on either side. But Miss Foss, with experience behind her, a look of competency on her smooth brow, an impressive knowledge of things literary at her tongue's end, and, more than all, that air of authority which comes to those who have "forbidden" for years, won over the field and got the appointment.

After that the little town settled to the enjoyment of its privileges. Every day at precisely ten minutes before two o'clock Miss Foss entered the library buildings and locked the door carefully behind her; a window was flung up, and then came a period of stillness till nine minutes later, when the key turned in its lock again. An early caller or two was admitted, and the business of the day began—a well-ordered, regular business; the giving out of books, the looking up of a reference for a school composition, or data for Mrs. Evans's paper on "Marie Antoinette as a Mother," to be read in the vestry at the Wednesday Literature Circle next week.

Yet on this particular July afternoon the heart of Miss Foss was far from serene. Under an outward calm reigned a discontent that had grown apace since the proud moment of her accession, for to all the honor and dignity of her position was attached a "Restricting Clause," and the increasing pressure of this little librarian was feeling to the full. At the very end of the Hon. Phineas's will it had been appended—unlucky afterthought: "I hereby direct that my brother Clarence Bowles, by virtue of his tastes and interest in such matters, shall be a sort of adviser to the directors and librarian of said library, and that his opinion shall be followed in questions that do not have to deal too definitely with financial matters."

Airy phrases these, that seemed at first mere graceful figures of speech, but which proved, alas, rocks in the pathway of Miss Foss. Now Mr. Clarence Bowles, a neatly preserved gentleman, well turned of sixty, had evinced early in life tastes that brought upon him the contempt of his brother. The child of his parents' old age, of delicate disposition, he had been coddled through infancy and petted through childhood, so that at twenty-five, a full-fledged dilettante, he had spent the whole of his small patrimony in a trip to Europe, only to return, penniless, some months later to catch the metaphorical crusts that his brother threw him disdainfully, yet half proudly. Clarence painted a little, could sing a song, once he had written a book of poems, and it was said that the great sculptor, Mr. Thomas Starbuck, himself a native of Acton, had been so struck by the lines of his brow and chin that he had perpetuated those features in his statue of the "Young Isaac." This fact alone had set Clarence apart.

Promptly on the second morning of Miss Foss's occupancy he had appeared, and, seated opposite her in a mahogany chair that bore his name on a silver plate at its back, had addressed her in his thin, precise voice:

"It's a pleasure, a great pleasure, to see you here, Ann. The sight of you recalls many a boyhood memory to me." He coughed gently. "You seem so associated with my youth, Ann, that as I look at you it all comes back to me."

Ann bridled a little. In the old days there had been what might be called the "beginning" of an "understanding" between the gentle lad and the energetic girl. She thought of a home-made valentine, with an original verse, tucked away in silver paper in the back of her bureau drawer, and wondered if he still kept the muffer she had made. But she turned to him calmly.

"Yes, Clarence, it does seem good and natural to sit

talking here with you after all these years, and I hope to see you often. The will, you know, gives you a certain position in the library, and it's likely you'll look in on me from time to time. You'll always be welcome, Clarence," she added primly.

"Yes, I know." Mr. Bowles put on his glasses and produced a paper from his pocket case. "It's about the library that I want to speak to-day. There are two or three things that I'd like particularly to call to your attention."

Miss Foss flushed. She was quick to take offence, and there certainly was a note of implied rebuke in his tone. This from Caddy Bowles, who hadn't spunk enough to walk home with her from singing-school in the old days, but had kept a distance behind on the other side! It was almost too much, but she remembered the "restricting clause" and turned attentively.

"I've been through every shelf," he went on in small, clicking phrases, "and there seem several, several too many, little mistakes of arrangement that must be corrected. So I've taken the liberty of jotting them down for you."

Ann took the paper with dignity, folded it into a neat square, and tucked it into the bead bag at her side. "I did them myself, Clarence, and I am sure that everything was correct."

He smiled as she went to attend to a child with a book, as if to close the interview, and rose too. "And there's one thing I didn't jot down," he called after

rearranged her neat black apron and stole a glance at the smooth hair reflected in the little gilt mirror over her desk—a mirror intended for no such vain uses, but rather of a detective in its way; it exposed the sins of the young to the eye of the law.

"I do wonder what Clarence will have to find fault with next," she thought. "He made me get my catalogue done by that woman from New York when I could have done it just as well myself, and he put 'Trilby' back into the library when, goodness knows, it's a book that half the girls in town hadn't ought to read. He's bolder than he used to be, at any rate, and he's here all the time. Last Monday about the furniture polish I was to use; on Friday about the color of my delivery cards—buff or salmon—the fussbudget. And here 'tis only Monday! I declare, I'm getting tired of it all. Yet he is a nice man, and I suppose he does know!"

A step grated the threshold; there was a careful wiping of a pair of shoes on the mat, and a faint glow of pleasure tinged Miss Foss's cleanly soul at the sound as the "Advisory Board" stood before her.

Clarence was dressed to-day with more than common care; his thin hair was tossed into an aged semblance of the curls that years ago crowned "Young Isaac's" brow; an opal pin flashed from his starched white tie, and his open gray coat disclosed a colored waistcoat with pearl buttons. He held a straw hat with a gay ribbon in his left hand, as he took her limp right in his.

"You are surprised to see me so soon again, Ann?" She drew in her breath.

"I'm never surprised to see you, Clarence; you don't give me a chance," she added dryly; "besides, I got the telegram about an hour ago. What's the trouble now?"

Mr. Bowles had seated himself delicately with outspread coat-tails, and was drawing a fine silk handkerchief across his brow. "You see, Ann, this is a very especial occasion. I've a suggestion—we may call it a proposition—to make. I've already seen the directors, Mr. Thom and Deacon Fairbanks, last week." Ann winced a little, for she liked to be first, even at the rack. "And they have agreed. You see it is like this. He hitched his chair nearer her own, and went on in a breathless way that disclosed some agitation.

"You are aware that Acton has, from time to time, been the birthplace of some remarkable men—and women," he hastened to qualify—"men who went forth into the waiting world and trod the path of fame—*paths* of fame, I should say, for they led to varied summits. My lamented brother—in oils—was one of them, of course."

"Then Eli Pearson, he invented the clothes-pin, you know, and"—with a wave of a white hand—"we have a little tribute to his memory in our relic case."

"Then Miss Wolcott, your relative, the 'Educationalist,' we may call her—a woman spoken highly of by Froebel himself; her white tombstone marks the slope of yonder hill, quite visible from our southeast window."

"And Oscar Barker—'Cattle King of the West'—donor of our beautiful symbolic fountain, of which a photograph graces these walls." Instinctively Miss Foss turned to regard it. "But—" and here Clarence paused for effect—"of all Acton's sons none shines with clearer light than the great sculptor Starbuck, he who hewed from solid rock fair fancies of his brain."

"He made statues, I believe," interrupted the lady with some acidity. The "Advisory Board" heeded no interpolation.

"And of this great genius there is, alas, no monument—nothing to which recollection can fondly cling. It's worse than an oversight, it's a culpable neglect"—his hand struck the chair—"that such things can be! But it shall be said no longer that Acton fails to honor her proudest scion. There shall be a copy of his greatest work here in this very spot. It is my intention, Ann"—and his voice sank to an impressive whisper—"to procure a copy of Starbuck's 'Bathing Girl' for our Entrance Hall!"

He leaned back smiling and replaced his handkerchief. The glasses fell from Miss Foss's horrified nose. Her voice sharpened.

"What are you talking about, Caddy Bowles?"—the old name shot out in her agitation—"That 'Bathing Girl' in my front hall! Well, I guess not!"

The "Advisory Board" raised a conciliatory hand. "My dear friend, you quite miss the point. 'Tis an honor for the library—a fair white replica of this lovely statue—the pride of the Old World should not be lacking in the New. What more fitting than that in this, I may say, Temple of Literature, there should be a niche for a sister art. With perhaps a screen of crimson velvet for a background—"

"Screen of crimson velvet all around it, tight," retorted the lady. "Caddy Bowles, don't you know any better than to talk like that to me? I can stand your everlasting fault-finding, hard as it is, because there's some truth in it, maybe, and because you're a man! I was mistaken about the book of Mr. Warner's. I



The "Advisory Board" raised a conciliatory hand

her. "You oughtn't to have put Charles Dudley Warner's 'Summer in a Garden' under 'Agriculture'."

Ann's color came; she shut her lips together and forgot to upbraid Johnny Jenks for a smooch on the cover of "The Lamplighter."

So it went on. A conspicuous postal card, read by Mrs. Saunders, no doubt, in the post-office, which read: "Tauchnitz was not an author. He did not write 'Quits' and 'Cometh Up as a Flower.' Don't put his name on the outside of all those little volumes." Or a letter of a more serious tone:

"Don't cut jokes out of the copies of 'Life' even if you don't like to have the children read them. There is a rule against the mutilation of magazines that would seem to apply to a librarian as well as to readers."

It was all very trying, and on this particular afternoon on Ann's desk lay a telegram which had been brought a few minutes before—a sort of thing that always disturbed her with its unaccustomed color and method of approach. It looked innocent enough: "Wish to talk with you this afternoon on important business.—C. Bowles."

He might be there at any moment. The afternoon train had whistled at the station; mechanically Ann



don't know any language but my own, thank Heaven, and I do get those foreign names mixed up. I am a stupid old woman about the catalogue, and that slip of a girl from New York was a help, though I hated her; but, when it comes to your setting there and proposing to put into my front hall, that I've always kept sweet and proper, a shameless hussy of a marble woman, with nothing on but a towel in her hand and a bracelet, to the best of my remembrance, I tell you it's got to stop! She ain't in any condition for anybody to see. I don't care if Starbuck did make her; I don't care if you made her yourself. She don't come into this library building while I have breath to deny her."

A faint color had mounted the shaven cheek of the "Advisory Board." His voice quavered. "It's all for art," he went on feebly. "She's a work of art. That's a reason for her existence."

"Art!" interrupted the librarian with awful distinctness. "If that's art I don't want any of it. I've always been found on the side of decency! Caddy Bowles, ain't you ashamed of yourself? You used to be such a nice little boy, with modest ways, too, and shy. I never thought you'd grow so bold—I never thought it." Her voice broke pitifully, and the tears stood in her eyes.

Mr. Bowles hurried toward her, gentle, apologetic, deprecatory. "Why, Ann," he stammered, "I didn't mean to hurt you. I never thought—why, you see—"

"I don't see anything," came inarticulate from her

pocket-handkerchief. Then she steeled herself with an effort and looked him full in the face.

"Clarence Bowles, that 'Bathing Girl' don't come here without it's over my dead body." Her voice rose, and two young heads from the reading-room peered curiously through the door. With dignity she pointed a long finger before her. "Once and for all," she added, "and it's my last word. You'll have to choose between *her* and *me*!"

She sank into a chair, white and weary; her hands clasped one another tightly. She was no longer the stern champion of decency, only a sobbing little woman who wanted to do right, and who, alas, *remembered* still.

Some subtle sense flashed the meaning of it all straight to the man's heart, stripped him of his small affectations, and left him dazed by what he understood at last. "Restricting Clause" no more, just the man he was meant to be.

Carefully he closed the door behind him against the questioning eyes outside and stood before her. "Ann," he said, and he spoke with his real voice, "do you mean just what you have asked me?" Her eyes answered him. "Why, then, Ann"—he took both her hands in his and held them close—"why, then, dear Ann, I choose *you*!"

And the long intervening years were forgotten, and the sun of youth shone again, and they found that the heart never grows old, and that love is just the same at sixty as at twenty, and there were no regrets as they

looked at one another; only courage and hope and the blessed consciousness that they were together.

Mrs. Bowles is librarian still, though she spends her salary for the services of a desperately capable young woman who has just finished a course in Library Economics, and is eager to try it on. Every afternoon she comes to open the building, driven in a neat, covered buggy by a dapper old gentleman, who springs eagerly to the sidewalk and helps her out. Side by side, at precisely ten minutes before two, they go in and close the door behind them, stopping in the hall, perhaps—though this is pure conjecture—to look at a statue which stands between the portraits. Of this the "Cricket," the defunct "Clarion's" spruce successor, spoke not long ago:

"Last Thursday evening the latest acquisition to the art treasures of this town was shown in the library to a host of delighted citizens. Afterward cake and coffee were served and an enjoyable time was had. It consisted of a copy of our famous townsman Starbuck's statue entitled 'Innocence,' less well known than some of his work, but remarkable for its beauty and chaste qualities. It represents a female figure, closely draped in a heavy cloak, and only the face—a sweet and appealing one—is visible. There was much talk a while ago of adorning our Temple of Literature with a copy of Starbuck's world-famous 'Bathing Girl,' but, we are glad to add, wiser counsel prevailed."

# BLIND MAN'S BUFF

By LAURENCE HOUSMAN

Author of "An Englishman's Love Letters," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ANNE ESTELLE RICE

EVERY ONE in Chadsy knew that old Peter Booth was rather narrow in his dealings with others. Those who worked for him did not give him a good name. All the little differences which distinguish one who means to beat you at a bargain from one who means to deal fairly by you came out pretty soon if you had to do with old Peter. But beyond reckoning him a hard man of business, folk thought no more of it, though there was some talk when his daughter Sarah chose to go out into service in preference to staying at home, as she might well have done, for the old man had his small bit of leasehold, and was reckoned to have saved something by the time that he had got past work.

When his wife died, every one thought his daughter would come home to look after him. But no, she did not; and Peter lived on with an old body coming in every day to do for him and going back to her own home again at night. That, no doubt, got him into lonely habits—he became very unsociable, never inviting a neighbor inside his door. With his wife's death, hers being the last life on which it was held, the land fell in to the owner; but Peter had insured himself against that event by an annuity policy, and it was known that a certain sum then began regularly to be paid him; how much or how little no one knew. When he put down the pony-cart it was understood to be because his sight was failing, so that he could no longer see to drive in safety. There was no talk, then, of its being for any other reason. But when the woman who did for him got past work, and no one else came to take her place, people did begin to think it strange; and then on the top of that it was told that he was really going blind, and one day his daughter Sarah came back to look after him.

She was almost in middle age then, and had given up a good situation as housekeeper in a gentleman's family in order to be with him. A capable, managing sort of woman was Sarah, and eminently respectable, but it was not to be looked for under the circumstances that there should be any great affection between father and daughter. Duty was what had brought her, and her duty she meant to do; but she found that old Peter had got ways of his own by then which no reasoning could disturb.

She had hardly been with him half a year when he went quite blind. People were sorry enough for him, but they seemed even a bit more sorry for Sarah. Nobody thought old Peter would be a very easy person to live with.

What I tell you now only came to be known bit by bit afterward, but I tell it in the order of its happening. We go inside the house, so to speak, so as to get Sarah's own view of affairs and understand her consequent action, which was what led at last to the whole thing becoming known.

She had not been with her father long before she noticed plainly enough that there was a difficulty with money. She was surprised at the small amount which she received week by week for the housekeeping, and though she was a born manager she found it hard enough to make ends meet. When his sight completely failed, she thought, no doubt, that she would have the entire handling of his business for him; but no—once a quarter he made her take him down into the town to his banker's, and there he would go into the manager's room alone and come out again with his annuity money in his pocket. Sarah never knew what the amount was.

It so happened, however, that just when one quarter day came round old Peter was laid up in bed, too stiff with rheumatism to move out. When the day arrived he became very fidgety and restless, and at last it ap-

peared as if he could not wait. Sarah indeed was bothering him for the usual housekeeping allowance, and by his own account he had not got it to give her. So at last he wrote by her hand a letter to the bank asking for remittance in a sealed bag to be made by bearer. He signed the letter, put in a receipt made out by himself, and closed it up.

Sarah carried it to the bank, and, being known, got the money handed over without any difficulty. When she received it she was considerably surprised at its weight, and, having already her suspicions, she felt through the thickness of the canvas and counted no fewer than fifty coins of various sizes, and by their weight she knew that a large proportion of them must be gold. This opened her eyes considerably.

When she got home she was astonished to find the old man out of bed and downstairs. Evidently he was waiting for her. He took the bag, and without opening weighed it in his hand, saying, "Ah, so they've sent it in silver!"

Now that she knew was not true, but she said nothing. Old Peter, still without opening the bag, gave her some money—which he must therefore have still had by him before she set out—and told her to go out at once and do her shopping in the village. Sarah accordingly set out; but, seeing that she had the average curiosity of her sex, I need not tell you she did not go far. She went in fact no further than the garden gate, and after giving a clatter to the latch, stole back toward the window of the room she had just quitted. There she saw old Peter returning from the window to his chair. It was evident he had been listening to make sure of her departure. Then he sat down and began to undo the bag containing the money. He had just broken the seal and was about to pour out the contents—and you may think how Sarah then sharpened

her eyes—when a thought seemed to occur to him. He got up, felt his way across to the window once more, and let down the blind.

Sarah was mightily put out by this unexpected rebuff to her curiosity, as well she might be; but though deprived of the ocular demonstration she had anticipated, her mental vision was henceforth clear. In a word, in spite of what old Peter had said to put her off, *she saw gold*—and a good deal more of it, now she came to think matters over, than was in the particular bag which she had brought back that day from the bank.

Being of a philosophic mind, she went off and fulfilled her errands. When she returned she found the old man sitting in his accustomed place, quite quiet and natural in his demeanor, and the window-blind up again. She stared round the room pretty hard, but she said nothing, nor did she see anything to give direction to her suspicions as to where the money might be stowed.

It seemed to Sarah a long time before she could get her father back to bed again, but he went at last. When she came down from seeing him comfortably settled for the night she had a regular turn-out in the hopes of finding where the hoard lay; not that she had any thought then of appropriating it to herself—that she would be sworn, as, indeed, there was occasion for her to do afterward—but she had a natural housekeeping dislike to a thing being about, with herself in ignorance of its whereabouts. Some day the old man might take it into his head to die suddenly, and what a waste then it would be to have to pull the house down in order to find it! She wanted also to know how much her father had managed to save—her curiosity was very natural. But it was not on that occasion satisfied. She sat down and thought the matter out. One practical result of her cogitations was that she let down the window-blind and cut in it a good, comfortable, round hole at a height easy for looking through from the outside. Then she bided her time, trusting to fortune.

She had not to wait long. Having her wits now well awake, she watched the old man as a cat watches a mouse. The very next evening, just as it grew dark, he sent her off, according to a custom of which she now recognized the significance, to buy him his half-ounce of snuff. This trick of laying in stock by small dribbles had always been a worry and an inconvenience to her. That was now explained—so also was his waiting until the time when the blinds would be safely drawn against in-lookers.

On this occasion his daughter got up to do his bidding with more hearty good will than usual. According to his habit, old Peter followed after her to the door to lock it against intruders during her absence—a performance which also had now acquired a fresh meaning to her. Sarah went down to the gate, opened and clicked it to, and straightway creeping back over the loose garden soil, took up her position outside the window, and applied her eye to the hole in the blind.

In the opposite wall of the room she now looked into was an old disused window, blocked up perhaps first in the days when windows were taxed or walled in when some lean-to, now no longer existing, was added to the cottage. In any case the window, both glass and framework, remained entire, with merely a white-washed wall at the back of it. Now and then, when the wind set from a certain quarter, it was opened the very few inches that were possible in order to counteract a descent of smoke from the chimney, since a draught out of some cranny or from below the floor thus found its way into the room.

To this window Sarah now saw her father feeling his way and knew all in a flash, half of exultation at the



She got out the bag . . . and emptied out its contents.





discovery and half of chagrin at not having thought of it before, that the hoard must lie concealed somewhere on the further side.

She watched old Peter first fumbling with the hasp, then opening the casement, then stooping and making a long arm, and finally rising again and fetching out a couple of bags into view. With these he advanced to the table, and she recognized the smaller of them as the one she had herself brought from the bank the day before. He got them on the board, opened first one and then the other, and poured out their contents.

Sarah saw in one heap by themselves something like a hundred and fifty gold sovereigns. In the other gold and silver lay mixed; the old man pushed forward an arm, feeling slowly and cautiously to make sure that the two heaps lay well divided; then he began counting the smaller one. Sarah noticed that he made mistakes now and again, putting sovereigns along with shillings and shillings with sovereigns. She saw him weighing and feeling to make sure of their size, till in the end he got matters right. She would have been surprised at his finding so much difficulty in judging by touch alone, but she knew that the sort of palsy which had come with old age had affected his sense of touch and destroyed his steadiness of hand; nor are hands that have been used all their days to outdoor labor so sensitive and informing by contact alone as perhaps yours and mine may be. In any case, it was apparent that old Peter had in the end—this being but one of many like sittings—been able to sort his gold from his silver and keep it sorted, making a hoard of the one and leaving the other for current expenditure.

Fixing her scrutiny on the smaller of the two piles, Sarah was able to make a fairly close reckoning of the amount that she had brought home to him. It would be, she thought, twenty pounds, two pounds of it being in silver. That meant, then, that her father had eighty pounds a year to live on; but the amount of money that actually came into her hands for household expenditure was something very much nearer to the quarterly allowance than to the whole sum. What she did not receive evidently went into the reserve fund, for as she watched she saw old Peter take twelve pounds from the dissected heap of gold and silver and transfer it to what might be termed his deposit account—that is to say, to his accumulated savings.

Sarah Booth till that moment had attended on her father in his old age and infirmity from no sordid motive or calculation of future advantage. She had, indeed, made a sacrifice, for she knew that his annuity died with him, and that only the small freehold cottage and garden would be hers after he was gone. She had come to look after him from a sense of family pride and decency, rather than from affection; but she had the right to feel that she had been and was a dutiful daughter to him, and her sense of justice revolted that she should have been led to give up a good situation, with its comfortable living, in order to aid and abet this old man, her father, in dragging out a life of sham penury—that all her management and economy and hard scrubbings and gardenings, with no help from outside, had been practiced to no end but to allow him to hoard up a little more gold in which his blind eyes could no longer take any delight and for which at his age he could have no prospective use. Undoubtedly, as she looked through her eye-hole in the blind and watched those miserly hands pawing over the gold sovereigns, Sarah felt aggrieved, and a little inclined to let her resentment have play. But there was something of the sporting instinct also in her mood; she had found old Peter out, had spotted him down, taken his exact measure, and—he did not know.

It gave her a sense of power and of possession. The knowledge that her father was not so dependent on her as he had pretended to be restored her independence also. The question was: How should she use it? She could, of course, go back to him now, declare all she knew, insist that if she stayed to look after him he should make her an allowance for the housekeeping according to his means. But it was just possible that he might find some way of rejecting any such ultimatum on her part; and Sarah, feeling defrauded, and having seen the glitter of that heap of gold, so much larger than any she had ever set eyes on before, was minded to stay and see that it was well spent—that no accident happened to it. It was impossible, in fact, for her not to be moved, and perhaps a little contaminated at heart, by the sight which had met her eye. And so in the end, determined to risk nothing, instead of breaking in and dropping thunderbolts on the old man, as she might have done, she let things stand as they were and went her way to the village, leaving him still scrabbling over his gold heap.

When she returned, having been gone hardly longer than usual, she found old Peter sitting under the mask of his affliction just as she had left him—the patient, resigned, almost reverend figure she knew of old.

But from that day the game of hide and seek began, and with it there came to Sarah a constantly growing sense of power, a power which became the more sweet to her in that she let no sign of it reach him. It was her secret; presently it became her mastering passion. Hitherto she had led a life of dull respectability in the employ of others, a dependant in petty authority without initiative. Life had not struck her before as specially interesting, nor had it occurred to her that humanity was an object worth studying. But now it was revealed to her, this life, this humanity, in a new and a romantic aspect—a thing to discover and pry into, to gloat over and experiment on. She was a woman unlikely ever to marry or have children, yet she had that harder domestic instinct which makes good nurses mothers, and housewives out of unlovable tyrannical characters. This possessive sense in her had never be-

fore found its full scope; even the household management which her father left to her of necessity had given her but small satisfaction, since he had not eyes to see how by hard labor she had impressed her individuality on her surroundings. Now, however, she exulted in the means of ascendancy secured to her by his infirmity. He had practiced concealment and evasion, keeping secret what she had every right to know. To her, therefore, it seemed fair enough to practice a corresponding deception, but before long what had started as a sort of game had become deadly earnest.

At the first safe opportunity, Sarah, you may be sure, did not neglect to make a strict investigation of the money bags. She found in the larger one rather more than she had expected—not far short, that is to say, of two hundred pounds. This was made up entirely of sovereigns. In the other were sovereigns, half-sovereigns, and silver. These coins had been separated, the gold from the silver, and knotted into opposite corners of a silk handkerchief—a development which she had missed sight of through having to prosecute her errand to the village.

Now, in a spirit of mischief or experiment, it occurred to Sarah to substitute among the gold a sixpence for a half-sovereign. Tying up the handkerchief again, she put it back into the smaller of the two bags, restored both to their hiding-place, and waited to see what the result would be.

It so happened that the very next market day gave her the demonstration she had expected. Old Peter, giving her the money for the weekly purchases, told her, as was his custom when the coin was gold, to be careful and not lose it. Sarah was delighted. "Lor! father," said she, "whatever are you thinking of? This is only a sixpence you've given me!"

The old man was very unwilling to believe her and asserted that he knew better—wasn't so blind as all that, he declared. She gave it him back. "Come and do the shopping for yourself, then," she said, "if you won't believe your own daughter. That's a sixpence you gave me, and not a penny more it wasn't. Not a penny!"



Against the eye-hole that she herself had made, she saw in the semi-obscure of the moonlit night the shadow of a man

Peter was greatly perturbed, and Sarah sat down opposite to him and smiled, now quite pleased with herself. Her father handled the coin suspiciously and uneasily, shifted about in his chair, got up and sat down again, unable to keep still. All this Sarah watched with a comprehending eye. It was evident that he wanted to get her out of the house. But if he gave her nothing how was she to shop, and if he surrendered the impugned coin, which according to her was only sixpence, how was he afterward to dispute it?

Sarah was quite phlegmatic over the business. Whatever course he decided on, she had made her point. In the end he kept the sixpence and raked out of his pocket a couple of shillings more, saying that this was all he could afford, with the ten shillings gone somewhere, and that she must make it go as far as it would.

She went off submissively enough, and before long was round at the window watching. Sure enough, old Peter was out with his money bags, and to watch him, she told herself, was as good as a play. He brightened up wonderfully when, by dint of much testing, he recovered the missing half-sovereign from among the silver—for up to that time Sarah had taken nothing actually away, though she had begun to have out the money-bags and open them for her own amusement after she had got him to bed.

So, when she came back from market, she found him all right again, but saying nothing; and she understood that the fiction of a lost ten shillings was to be kept up and the housekeeping purse be stinted for a week in consequence.

The incident perhaps helped to remove any strong scruple that Sarah might up till then have retained. Anyway, from that date she began more definitely to scheme against old Peter's unfair miserliness, and to wonder how, comfortably and without suspicion, above all without spoiling her game, she might get things more into her own hands.

Matters were now at this pass: The old man, since his desire to be ever handling his gold increased as time went on, was forever waiting for his daughter's back to be turned, and she was forever giving him the opportunity he sought. And as the delight of secret watching grew strong in her, so gradually did a love of the gold itself work its way into her heart. She

wanted to possess. It was unreasonable, she knew; for she had only to wait till the old man was in bed to possess it just as much as he did. It was as safe in his keeping as in hers. But she could not forget that he had deceived her and was unfairly stinting her, that she worked harder than was necessary, and lived with him on a poorer scale than he had any right to expect. Nor can you play the game of cat and mouse continually without the predatory instinct getting some hold upon you. With the money under her eyes—hers and yet not hers—Sarah became more and more covetous of its possession, but could not yet see her way to become possessed of the one joy without thereby defrauding herself of the other.

The next quarter-day was drawing near, and Sarah, who had hopes that her father might again be too indisposed to go himself to the Bank, had the disappointment of seeing him keeping in his usual health and strength, though both were of a failing character. In spite of a wet season his rheumatism seemed to have left him.

But being well resolved now to prosecute her purpose, she made preparation to suit the circumstances. So in company when the day came they visited the Bank, set out and home again, old Peter carrying the money-bag safe in his own pocket.

Now Sarah knew quite well that nothing would induce him to open it in her presence, and that immediately on their return he would invent some excuse for getting her out of the house so that he might count over his money in solitude. So, as she was getting tea ready, Sarah, in taking the kettle off the fire, let it slip through her hand, tilt, and spill.

Old Peter was informed by a lusty scream that his daughter had got her foot scalded. She made a great to-do with it, bandaged her shoe up in rags, and walked lame. After that there was no getting her out of the house again that night.

The old man fussed and fumed, inventing wants of this and that or the other—things she might perhaps be able to get for him from a neighbor; but their nearest neighbor was a quarter of a mile away, the cottage standing lonely in its own lane, and Sarah declared that she could hobble no further than the wash-house and back again. This she did, giving him just time to slip his bag away into its hiding-place. After that her foot began to get better, and when old Peter suggested that she should get to bed early and lie up with it, leaving him to follow when so inclined, she declared she had too much cleaning and mending to do, and shouldn't think of bed much before eleven.

Old Peter tried to sit her out, but it was no good; when she saw that was his game she opened the door and let the fire out, till the room got too cold for his old limbs. Then to quicken him she declared that they would both go, and by that at last got him upstairs.

No sooner did she hear him get into bed than down she came again, with a fine scheme all ready and waiting to be put into execution. She got out the bag that he had brought home that day and emptied out its contents. The amount was twenty pounds—eighteen pounds in gold, two pounds in silver. To replace these, Sarah put in from a store that she had provided beforehand eighteen shillings, ten florins, and eight half-crown coins—easy for the fingers to reckon with.

It was a simple piece of artifice, and yet ingenious when you come to think of it, since it left nothing with which the shillings could be compared and so be found wanting. Old Peter was so certain the

bag contained twenty pounds that only by being put out of his reckoning would he be likely to come to think otherwise. Sarah was still playing the game with some caution. It was a sporting venture. She put three pounds of what she had now taken into the large bag of sovereigns—making the total there just what it should be (their temporary withdrawal had been the chief risk of the proceeding)—and pocketed the rest.

Scarcely had she done this than she fancied she heard a creak upon the stairs. In another moment there could be no doubt of it. Old Peter had got up from his bed and was softly and slowly descending.

"The old cheat!" thought Sarah to herself. "Why, he must have got into bed with his clothes on!"

She had only just time to get the bags back into their nook without noise and the window hinged—that was the most difficult thing to do silently—when her father's hand fell about the door handle without. In her trepidation she blew out the light. This, of course, made no difference so far as old Peter was concerned—darkness and light being all one to him, except when the latter was right before his eyes—but it made the situation rather trying for Sarah. She had to trust to her ears alone to guess what went on, and to keep out of reach of the blind man as he moved about the room. She backed into a corner, held her breath, and waited. Evidently old Peter was nervous, afraid of being overheard. Twice he went back to the door and listened. Dead silence convinced him at last that his daughter had not been disturbed. He came on again, unheeded the little window that Sarah had so lately shut, and got out his money-bags. She heard their muffled chink as he carried them across the room, the soft rattle of the coins as they slipped out on the table, and then—"tink-a-tink"—the slow counting over of them began.

To Sarah's ears the light chink of the pieces as they fell one upon the other was unmistakably silvery; but she heard the old man muttering through his arithmetic in undisturbed tones, and presently began to breathe more freely. It was evident that he suspected nothing.

How strange, if you come to think about it, was this obsession of an old blind man! His blindness had

(Continued on opposite page)





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## TWO VIEWS OF DIVORCE IN FICTION

By ROBERT BRIDGES

**D**IVORCE, as a subject for fiction, is in great favor at present. The natural evolution of a topic for popular fiction seems to be through the daily press to the comic papers, to the woman's clubs, to the pulpit, to bar associations, to men's clubs, to a novel that is well advertised. The thing is in the air for three or four years before it really gets on to the book-stalls. We have become fairly accustomed to modern divorce, and accept it as a matter of course, as we do the X-rays. Yet a few years ago both were sensational. It is difficult now for the reader to get very warm over fictitious marital troubles. Lawyers pretty generally agree that there should be a uniform law for all the States, and by and by it will come just as naturally as the national bankruptcy law. Preachers seem to agree that it is too easy, but show a readiness to accept fees for remarriages. Several of the strongest Churches stand firmly against both divorce and remarriage. Men and women generally are rather cynical about the whole matter, and poetry and romance have felt its blighting chill.

The most recent novel on the subject is "He That Eateth Bread with Me," by H. A. Mitchell Keays—a woman, for no man ever dared to write about "a dainty little gray embroidered grenadine, edged about the pretty, round throat with purple velvet pannies." From the first page to the last the story is keyed up to the divinely impossible Katharine, the wronged wife, who loves and suffers and endures through two death-bed scenes (which were pulled out of the fire by an Agnostic Doctor) and a railway accident, by which the seductive lady with the copper-gold hair and pink-and-white complexion is suddenly "removed" in perfect health. Psychologically a fast express is a very weak device to restore the erring husband to his one and only real wife (who always looked on his second marriage as a mere legal interlude). But Katharine can be trusted to get some suffering out of even this stroke of good luck. She got what she wanted, "yet in a way her return to him will be the greatest sacrifice she has yet made for him." Poor restored husband! The fast express was unkind to him.

Robbed of its fine writing and emotional sprees, the author has depicted in this novel with considerable force the state of mind of a refined woman who believes that marriage is indissoluble and finds herself deceived and deserted by the husband she loves and who had loved her. That is also the attitude in "Let No Man Put Asunder," by Basil King. Readers of "Anna Karenina" will recall that the wronged husband came round to that point of view—though from entirely different motives. How Tolstoi's great novel, written a quarter of a century ago, towers above these pigmies of fiction! It is as modern as though it had been finished last week in Chicago.

In the current number of Robert Grant's serial, "The Undercurrent," two divorces in Newport high life are impending, and the struggle of a woman of high ideals and small

resources to accept the legal relief as a solution for her troubles is, evidently, to furnish the third example in the story. Mr. Grant approaches the problem not only as an experienced social satirist and writer of fiction, but through many years of observation as a Judge of Probate in Boston, where motives are apt to be sifted down to their original molecules.

The lawyer in this story, Gordon, puts the case for the State, as opposed to the Church, very clearly: "It seems to me that if my wife had been false to me and my love for her were dead, I would not allow such a sentiment—and it is only a sentiment—to tie me forever to a woman who was no longer my wife, except in name. Your life is before you. Why should a vitiated contract be a bar between you and happiness?"

All the novels, and plays like Sardou's "Divorçons," fall into these two categories—those advocating the indissoluble character of marriage and those approving of divorce for cause. It is one phase of the old contest between Church and State, and the solution of it is a long way off.

Whichever view prevails, there can be little divergence of opinion as to the main cause of the trouble. Divorce prevails because material standards prevail. This applies to rich and poor alike. Loyalty to an idea, which used to be so potent, is old-fashioned. Capitalist and workman both want to see definite results from their endeavors. If they do not materialize, throw them over and try something new! The mind gets little satisfaction from following an old ideal. It is restless and impatient, and must be consoled with new ideas.

The women have this same restless mind demanding material novelties. If they are rich, amusement becomes their meat and drink. One of them in Mr. Grant's story "intimated politely, but clearly, that I bored her—said we did not care for the same things." What moral obligation, or legal, can justify perpetual boredom! Therefore, change partners all around!

Some people solve the trouble or make it easy by having three or four houses and three or four changes of climate in a year. Keep the eye and mind busy with new sensations, and the old obligation may not gall.

But the step from several homes to several wives or husbands is often very easy. New conditions demand new companions; the wife who helped make a fortune is not the one to help spend it. We change religions, politics, businesses, and friends so often and so easily—why not change wives or husbands?

Moreover, there has been a serious breakdown in the belief in immortality. One wife for eternity may have been an appalling prospect to some, but four or five seemed incongruous and often humorous. However, if the present life is all there is of it, the average American wants to make the most of it, and is not going to stay bored through loyalty to a faded ideal. That is pretty nearly at the root of the whole trouble.



## BLIND MAN'S BUFF

(Continued from preceding page)

caused him to give up tobacco and take to snuff instead, but it had not made him lose the joy of handling the yellow metal whose color he could no longer see, whose sound even—not that he was dull of hearing—he could no longer with any certainty distinguish, whose weight his trembling old hands could no longer properly appreciate. And yet the love of his gold was stronger in him than it had ever been. It was becoming each day more furtive and more passionate. Sarah had seen him spread out his pile of gold sovereigns and bury his face in them, take them up one by one, and lay them against the lids of his blind eyes, as one lays coins on the lids of a corpse to give to dead eyes the appearance of rest; and, watching this miserable exhibition of base human folly, Sarah's heart had felt neither the shrinkings of disgust nor the melttings of pity. It had become infected, corrupted, and debased, till the covetous desire of gold had grown in her also, along with that other desire, which perhaps can run to more cruel extremes still—the desire to have mastery

over another soul. Her old dotard father was now a puppet in her hands, of which she pulled the strings in order that she might watch the workings.

But she had not yet probed all the mysteries of the poor human heart. Presently, as she listened, she was startled to hear sobbing and a dull metallic note, as though the money lying upon the table was being softly pushed about under the pressure of face or palm. "Oh, I am so poor, so very poor!" quavered the old voice in a depth of maudlin self-pity, indescribably forlorn. And again and again came the cry, faintly uttered, "I am so poor, so poor!"

Then there was silence, till at last his daughter thought he must have fallen asleep where he sat. The room was very cold; gradually light stole into it. The late moon had risen; before long its radiance fell upon the blind. Through the hole she had cut in it came a small disk of clearer light; it lay upon the wall near her like a large white coin slipping by degrees to ground. Presently some form intervened; the disk, dis-

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# Roof Leak?

appearing from the wall, alighted on the old man's shoulder as he sat at the table bowed over his gold. Sarah, who believed in death-ticks and all such portents, wondered superstitiously if this betokened death; but before she could seriously entertain the thought he had moved from his recumbent posture. In the obscurity she saw him gather up the two piles separately and restore each to its bag and its accustomed hiding-place, and, having hopped up the window, feel his way cautiously back to the door by which he had entered. Straining her ears, she heard him ascend the stair and re-enter his room. She then relighted her candle and made a practical investigation to assure herself of the success of her device. Finding that twelve shillings had been transferred to the larger of the two bags, she smiled as if satisfied, put the hoard back into its hiding-place, and, after waiting a safe time, stole softly to bed.

Sarah had now found out that to old Peter's dulled perception shillings and pounds were very much alike, and the certain knowledge of this made the temptation too strong to be withstood. Little by little, lest too sudden a change in the weight of the bags should attract his attention, Sarah took over the gold into her own keeping, and before long had by substitution left her father nothing but silver.

She may have held that the ruse did him no wrong. It deprived him of no pleasure or benefit that was otherwise his, while it left her free to add as she thought fit to the comforts of the house. Old Peter, if he thought anything, ought to have thought his daughter a wonderful manager. Sarah, having the gold secure in her own hands, was not so purely the miser as not to expend a portion in satisfying her housewifely pride, which had so long been stinted of means; in fact, she was not miserly in the true sense at all. She was naturally a saving woman, but it was rather graspingness than hoarding that was her passion, and she cared very much for the look of things, and to stand well in the envy of her neighbors.

Old Peter did not guess how smart bit by bit things were becoming all about him. When his daughter got in help for the garden, she declared that she was doing it out of her own earnings, and that it would pay for itself in results. Apparently it did, since her housekeeping cost him no more than formerly—no more, that is to say, so far as he knew. Meanwhile the double secrecy of their relations to each other went on, and as it was the comfort of his life to have out his money in his daughter's absence and count it over, so it became the delight of hers to watch him doing it, and to see him handle so cherishingly the silver she had given him in exchange for gold. Two days hardly ever passed without their coming together for an indulgence that had become second nature to both.

Sarah was more bold in her procedure; what she had loved best was to sit in the room with him unknown, and watch each movement he made and every expression of his face.

In order to secure this dearest joy for herself she started a practice of pretending to go across to one of her neighbors a little before her father's bedtime, leaving him to find his way up to bed by himself when he liked. As this gave him a fresh opportunity of paying a visit to his hoard, he raised no objection and consented to be locked up in the house during her absence, since he would be in bed before she returned.

Sarah would take the key from the inside of the lock, open the house-door, shut it again, put in the key and turn it, pull it out once more, slip it into her pocket, and creep back to the room where her father was sitting. Under cover of the stir he made in opening the wall-window and reaching after his money-bags she found no difficulty in getting back to her carefully arranged vantage-ground. Then, with only the table between them, she would sit and watch him, and now and again would reach out very cautiously and substitute a shilling for a pound among the outlying coins while he was engaged in counting up his piles of tens; and doing it she felt with a keen sense of satisfaction how the reins of power were really passing from his hands into hers. Power—that was what she loved.

Before long she had gone further still. Led on by his helplessness into experiment, and feeling her way with fresh tests of the dulness of his wits, she would remove a coin here and there from some pile that was waiting to be recounted, so as to make the total come wrong, would withhold it until she had driven him to count over and over again, each time more perplexed and desperate, and finally would restore it and let the reckoning come right. A cruel trick, but habit sweetened it to her, for she felt indeed then that she had him, body and mind, in her own keeping; also it made the deception safer to maintain—the old man was beginning to be unsure of himself, and would count many times over, even when the results came right. And yet she would wonder, as she heard the light chink of the silver pieces, that he did not detect a difference in the quality. This was, perhaps, because she herself had become an adept, and with her eyes shut could tell by sound and touch the white metal from the yellow. That, surely, was a strange game for any one to look at, played across the table, week in, week out, by the blind old man and the middle-aged woman with the hard face and the cold beady brown eyes.

During this time old Peter kept his health fairly well—not that he went out much, but he was able when quarter-day came round to go as usual down to the bank.

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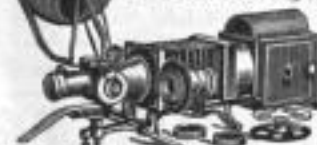
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goes old Peter Booth to get his coin!" was a likely enough remark to be heard in the market-place, when the blind man went by, his daughter leading him. Perhaps it was said on this last occasion of all.

This time Sarah was not concerned as to how he received his money: all went like clockwork under her arrangements, and she had but to take her own time to get things in her own way. Nevertheless, on this occasion, as on the last, perhaps from the liking she had for working on that haggard brain and watching results, perhaps without intentional malice, Sarah stayed in the house on their return, and would not stir out again.

On Saturday night there was always more to do in preparation for Sunday; unexpectedly, before she was ready for him, old Peter announced that he was going to bed. That meant that the Bank money-bag was going upstairs with him. It meant, therefore, that when the house was quiet he intended to come down again.

Sarah went in to have a look at him about half an hour later, declaring herself then on her road to bed. A glance round the room showed her where his clothes were: he had got them under the sheets. Sarah retired, saying nothing.

Downstairs again, she fixed up a candle, in an old horn lantern, sufficient to throw a dim light on the scene, and placed it upon a high bureau not too near the door. She took this precaution because at times her father had sufficient visual sense left to be aware of a light near and on a level with his eyes. Having thus made ready, she took up her position and awaited his coming with confidence.

It was about twenty minutes before she heard him feeling his way downstairs. As soon as he had entered all went as usual: with one money-bag drawn from its hiding-place and the other from his pocket, he sat down to the table, and was speedily engrossed in business.

It must be remembered how the situation now stood. The only gold remaining in the old man's possession was what he had brought from the Bank that day. All the rest—the coins occupying the larger bag—were the two hundred substitute shillings. As old Peter spread out his riches into two heaps, Sarah, according to what was now her established custom, began substituting shillings for pounds.

By some chance, either her sleeve touched it or he did, a coin slipped off the table and fell to the floor. Old Peter, hearing it go, went down on hands and knees and began to grope for it. When at last he had found it he was evidently in doubt which heap it had fallen from. By fingering it, he knew that it was either a shilling or a pound, but he was not sure which. To solve the matter, he felt his way to the heap of should-be sovereigns, and, taking up one, laid it face to face against what was in fact a pound. In another moment he arrived suddenly at the disconcerting discovery that the doubtful coin was a little bit smaller than the one which he knew to be a pound.

Sarah, fully alive to the fact that his suspicions were now awake, or were on their way to becoming so, saw that her only safety lay in depriving him at once of all means of comparison. The moment he laid down the questioned coin in a place by itself and raked for another of the pretended pounds wherewith to make further comparison she saw how his mind was working. Quick as thought she reached over, took up the pound he had for a moment laid down, and substituted a shilling.

Peter having found that the two supposed pounds he had in hand corresponded, that all, in fact, from that heap did so—for he tried others—now started with considerable agitation to try comparison once more with the coin that had fallen.

This time, of course, its size matched; he was more puzzled than ever.

At once he began plunging his hands into the larger heap, picking up haphazard, comparing, weighing, and finding that all of them agreed.

Sarah, meanwhile, was subtracting one by one every gold piece from the smaller heap and substituting shillings. The game was exciting—just touch and go—requiring all her courage and address. She held her breath for long periods, fearing to make a sound. The slightest slip might at any moment betray her.

A man with his suspicions awake is much more acute than a man without. The complete exchange had hardly been effected when Sarah was surprised to witness the sudden hurry, agitation, and vitality which seized hold of the old man. With violently trembling hands, but quick decisive gesture, like a bird picking up its food, he began to catch up coins and compare them first from one heap and then from another. They gave him no information whatever.

Then he began to count over the last quarter's payment, which still lay apart from the rest. Sarah had been unable in the time at her disposal to set matters so right as to make her shillings give a correct total as representing pounds. At the end of his addition the old man was hopelessly out. If these were all pounds then he had received too much, five or six pounds too much, since Sarah in substituting shillings had forgotten that there were shillings already there, which must now, to his calculation, stand for pounds.

And now Sarah saw him, in greater agitation than before, counting up tens and twenties and weighing them first in one, then in the other palm. She leaned forward over the board with her two clinched hands lying out in front of her like a rower waiting to start. The old man muttered and whined. All at once he threw up his hands in a sudden access of despair. "Oh,



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God!" he cried. "Oh, God, I am going mad! I can't see, I can't see! Oh, for one moment, just for one moment, give me back my sight; or how shall I ever know?"

Sarah had been holding her breath so long that now as she let it go it issued in a faint sigh. Old Peter sprang suddenly to his feet. "Who's there?" he cried, sharp as a pistol crack, and hung half-crouched, his hands out to guard his treasure.

Sarah had risen at the same time, cool and self-possessed, still hoping to ward off discovery; lest he should reach out and touch her she drew back and held herself rigid, strung to her last muscle.

"Who are you?" cried old Peter again. "Some one is there; you have been robbing me! Where is all my gold? how much have you taken of it? Ah, I'm blind, I'm blind! Sarah, Sarah, come down! They are robbing me!"

As he thus cried aloud, he began in frantic haste to clutch up all the money he could lay hold of and tumble it back into its bag. In a wonderfully short time he had cleared the board. Thus bulked it became a formidable weapon in the hands of a man, even though old and feeble, nerved to desperate defence of his property. He reared it up with a threatening gesture.

Sarah saw him about to advance toward her. She was in a corner, with only one way for escape—the table was between them. She was hoping even now that persistent silence on her part would make him believe he was mistaken. Then it struck her that if he came nearer he might discover the light that stood behind her on the bureau. Across the back of a chair a shawl lay handy. Catching it up, she threw it over the lantern, completely muffling it.

As she did so, as the natural gloom of the place asserted itself, the window became the most illumined point in the room; and there against the blind, and against the eye-hole that she herself had made, she saw in the semi-obscure of the moonlit night the shadow of a man, the motionless shadow of one watching.

Terror and dismay seized her. She uttered a low cry, and stood self-betrayed. In another moment the blind man had sprung upon her, lifting up his bag to strike. She struggled to get past him, and, unable to, shrank back, crying aloud: "Don't, don't, father! It's me—Sarah!" It seemed as though the suddenly revealed truth did but add to his terror and rage. All at once a stunning blow from a dull metallic weight, that chinked as it descended, fell on her, striking her out of her senses to earth.

When Sarah came to herself again all was dark and silent. A gust of cold air told that the outer door stood open. Search proved that she alone remained in the house. Old Peter and his money-bags were gone.

In the remaining hours of the night she waited, expecting that he would return, wondering, perhaps, how much she would be obliged to admit if accused. But when it began to grow light a new fear impelled her into action. It would never do for the story to get abroad; and her father might possibly have gone to seek shelter and protection at some neighbor's door. It was necessary, therefore, for her to go and bring him in.

Her head was still dizzy from the blow she had received, but she dared not wait. She hurried up the lane in the direction of the nearest group of cottages.

The event proved that she need not have hurried. She came on the old man lying by the side of the way with placid face upturned, quite dead. His throat bore marks of rough handling, his clothes gave signs that a struggle had taken place. The money-bag, which his dead hands still crooked to clutch, was gone.

That, afterward, was traced; and the man in whose possession it was found did not attempt, in the face of his graver danger, to deny the charge of robbery and violence of which he stood accused. But no murder could be proved against him. Failure of the heart's action was the medical verdict when the coroner held his court. There the incriminated man elected to give evidence, and, having been duly cautioned, gave it.

Truly he had a tale to tell of what had gone on under his eye as he watched at the window-blind.

Sarah, too, entered the witness-box and bowed her head to the judgment passed on her by the world. She never lifted it again. And though she gave old Peter a funeral that all the world turned out to see, and in due course raised a costly marble emblem over his remains, she never righted herself in men's eyes.

She sold the cottage, and, with the proceeds of the sale and what remained of her ill-gotten gold, passed out of the district. Chadsy heard of her no more.

□ □

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(Continued from page 15)

First and foremost I'll look up Bishop Brooks. He'll be high spiritedly, I say, as he was in this world; but I'll hear him speak and get the shine of his eyes on me again, and have him speak to mother. Well, I must look out and see how the country looks so's to tell mother. I declare, I'm that eager it's like my first trip to Boston way when ma couldn't keep me still. I'm glad there ain't nobody in front or behind of me to remark my antics. Say, Jonas, you must look out, here's Montserrat!

Montserrat showed only the tattered and winter-pilaged remnant of her arboreal beauty. The black lace-work of vines over the station walls, the leafless trees, or the snow-laden shrubs around it, and the wide, white plain could but feebly recall the orderly loveliness of summer. But the sea shone presently at West Manchester, blue and dazzling in a rift of sunshine; and the old man smiled as he put away in his mind every violet shadow on the snow, every white blaze of hillside. "I'd most be willing to live a little longer," he thought. "It's such a sightly world. But I got my discharge." At Magnolia a single passenger, a girl with a bundle, climbed into a waiting wagon on runners, which crunched and squeaked up the snowy road through the fir trees, a bleak contrast to the noisy bustle which the summer had used to pour out on the platform. West Gloucester lay deserted, screened by its dense white forests. Jonas looked about him, at the vacant car of which now he was the sole occupant; he experienced a curious longing for human intercourse, for some parting token of that deep underlying kindness which man has for his brother, because of their common lot. When the brakeman gave him a segment of a ruddy young face through a half-open door, calling "Gloucester; do not leave any articles in the cars!" he rose quickly so as to speak to the youth before he went.

But the words were not said. The old man stood as if palsied, staring at the car seat. On its dingy plush lay a picture framed in red and bronze; the picture which he had put away with his own hands in Cambridge; the same, yet not the same, for on the pictured face was stamped a look of reproach and warning never there before.

With shaking hands Jonas lifted the portrait. No one had sat in the seat and he had passed it on his path into the car. He could remember just the sprawling stain disfiguring the red plush—the stain which the picture had hidden, but which was plain and black now. That picture was not on it then. There could not be two such pictures framed exactly alike, with the resemblance complete down to the detail of a chipped right hand corner. It was Jonas's picture. But this melancholy and solemn appeal was not in his picture. Jonas sat down. Unheeding, he looked into the wonderful eyes, while the train moved out of the Gloucester station and sped over the snow to Rockport. "Is this how you answer me? Don't you want me to do it?" he was crying inaudibly. "Oh, let me, please! I have done everything you asked me, for these twenty years. Now—I can't. Why, Dr. Brooks, Dr. Brooks, I couldn't go to the poorhouse! And that's where—I haven't grudged rich folks their luxuries. I was willing, cheerful willing to live plain. Why, Bishop, I didn't have a meat dinner three times last month, or any other meal with meat, either. But I have got to feel I don't owe no man. I fought for my country and she won't recognize it 'cause my captain's dead and he mixed my name up—I don't blame him; if you see him, you tell him I don't blame him; but I ain't got no chance there. I haven't any of my own folks alive, and my friends are poor's I am. And I'm growing blind. Dr. Brooks, I can't bear it—lemme look off a minute and then come back and look your old way at me, for God's sake, Dr. Brooks; and let a useless, tired old man go home!"

But when he saw the eyes again, though there was immeasurable pity in them, they were warning, prohibiting him, still.

"But I got my discharge, I ain't deserting," the old soldier pleaded.

The brakeman pushed his entire robust presence, breathing fresh air, into the car. "Hullo, grandpa," he hailed jovially, "you got carried on? Well, jest set still; I'll fetch you back; we turn round at Rockport, y' know." He was tipping the seats over in preparation for the return.

Jonas wearily moved his head to pick up the picture which he had laid beside him.

There was no picture on the seat!

He inspected the floor; he rose and searched the seats in front and behind, without result. The portrait, his own portrait, had vanished. Awestruck, Jonas crumpled up in his old place. He had no thought of revolt. "I didn't sense it was wrong, Bishop," murmured he, wiping the slow tears away, "but I know you know best. I'll not try to desert, since desertion it would be; and one comfort, I'm nigh the allotted span. It won't be as hard waiting for mother as for me, that's more comfort. I won't disappoint you, Bishop, after you've took all this trouble to show me my duty."

The low afternoon sun was gilding the State-house dome as a pale and haggard old man caught sight of it on the Harvard Bridge, returning homeward. Almost the same instant, he caught sight of something else in a passing car, a young girl in a big hat waving for the motorman to stop. He was too spent to wonder much even when Delight Carney, with her eyes lustrous with emotion and her cheeks burning, boarded

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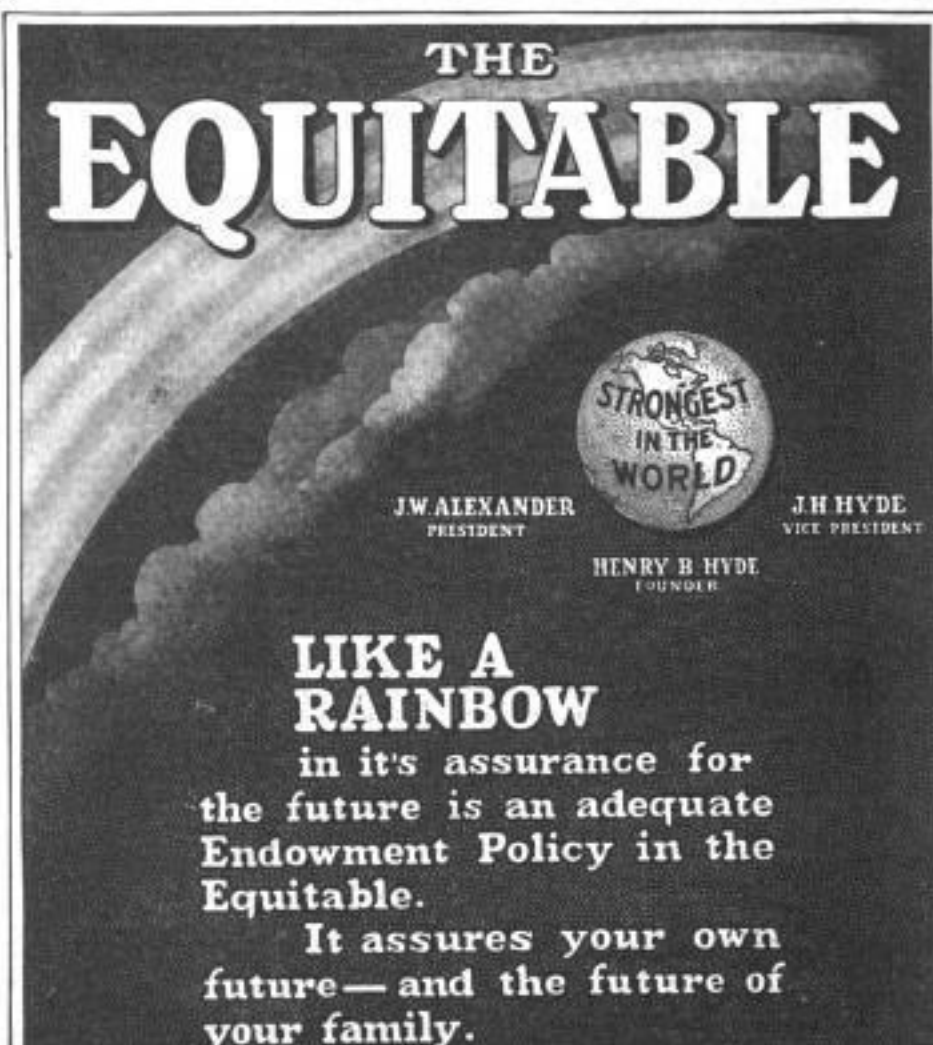
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the car. She gasped a queer little laugh  
and squeezed his nearest hand, reckless that  
the people were watching her and pleasantly  
misinterpreting her little drama. "Oh, but  
I've been scared about you—scared to  
death!" she began, with a hysterical laugh.  
Instinctively the slower masculine mind  
righted her feminine incoherence. "Keep  
cool, Dely, that's a good girl. What'll folks  
say!" he soothed.

But she only gurgled a staccato compound  
of a laugh and a sob. "I don't care, now  
I've got you back! Oh, I was so scared."  
"What scared you, daughter? Speak low,  
so the folks don't hear."

"Something came for you; Barney Mar-  
tin brought it over. It came to the shop  
last night after you'd gone; and the boss  
gave it to him; so he brought it over; he's  
waiting at the house now, I guess, for he  
said he'd come back. And I was going out  
to try find you in Gloucester—"

"But why? I don't understand!"  
"Because—because, you see, after he left  
I took it up to your room to be waiting for  
you and give you a beautiful surprise; and  
—oh-h! Uncle Jonas, I saw the things on the  
table and the envelope to me to be opened  
at five—"

"You didn't open it, daughter? It ain't  
hve—"

"No, I didn't open it; I haven't forgotten  
what you taught me so much as that, but  
I went downstairs, and the two Rooneys  
were there—they told 'bout your making  
your will, and how they witnessed it—I  
got terrified. I guess I was plenty scared  
before. But here you are, all right! And  
here—here's the envelope from Washington.  
I didn't tell you I went to some of the  
Trinity Church ladies and told them about  
you, and they stirred them up in Washing-  
ton. And I got a letter from one of them,  
yesterday, saying the lawyer was pretty sure  
you'd get it. Barney thinks for sure this is  
it." She pushed the long envelope into his  
hands while he could only stare. But he  
made a stand for his lifelong habit of  
reticence.

"Don't wiggle so, Dely!" commanded  
he in a quivering voice, "folks will think  
we're crazy. I guess we'll git off and  
walk now." She walked him into a quiet  
back street and promptly fell on his neck  
and hugged him. He opened his paper and  
his face changed solemnly; his lips moved.  
Dely jumped up and down, all the Celt in  
her aflame.

"Three thousand dollars! Oh, Uncle  
Jonas! Now you can open your shop,  
your own shop, and Barney will help you,  
and I'll keep house for you—for you both."

"Is that why Barney has been here so  
much, daughter? Well, well, I guess I'll  
have to give you your wedding."

They walked home together. He would  
not return her the unopened envelope, but  
he confessed his purpose.

"And what would I do without you?"  
she cried.

"But you have Barney."

"And how'd I keep Barney straight with-  
out you?"

They were standing outside his room  
door. He kissed her as her father might.  
"Well, I ain't thinking no more forever of  
it. I guess the good Lord knows better'n  
us when a man's usefulness is ended. Now,  
daughter, you go down and help your mother.  
I'll follow soon."

She nodded, and, almost in reverence,  
after he had passed in and closed his door,  
she went softly down the hall.

He lighted the gas to gaze about him;  
his eyes last of all went to the little marble-  
topped table. The packet was untouched.  
As he opened it, his fingers were cold.

The picture of Bishop Brooks lay on top,  
and the face wore the old gentle and hope-  
ful smile.

## THE NECESSARY VOTE

(Continued from page 10)

It was an out-and-out fight for control of  
the party machinery now; one or the other  
would have to rule, and the weaker would  
have to make the best terms he could with  
the victor when the test came. After all,  
according to Carroll, Craig was only one  
man, but there could be no doubt that Wade  
knew how to make the most of the man.

Thus matters stood when the scene was  
transferred to Springfield just previous to  
the opening of the session. Wade had put  
forward Henry Wellington as a candidate  
for Speaker, and Craig had accepted him  
without question.

"Perhaps he isn't the very best man,"  
Wade explained, "but he is the most avail-  
able one for our purpose. He's certainly  
better than Mackin, who would be the tool  
of Carroll and Higbie, and would make up  
the committees in accordance with the  
wishes of the hoodlums. It's a very sim-  
ple thing for the Speaker to make graft  
easy or difficult—a little juggling with one  
or two committees will do it. I know how  
to prevent this, and some of the indepen-  
dents and country members ought to be  
willing to help me. Talk it up a little,  
Azo. It's the chance of a lifetime to beat  
the 'machine.'"

Craig did talk it up a little in his blunt  
way, and his talk was reasonably effective.  
There is always an undercurrent of opposi-  
tion to the "machine," especially among  
the country members, but it is too often  
weak and vacillating. Men fear that open  
opposition will destroy their usefulness to  
their districts, and many of them fear to  
be called traitors to the party if they in-  
terfere with what seem to be the party  
plans. But here was a chance to win. True,  
it was only a split in the "machine," but  
why not make the most of it? Why not

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the food for he commenced to get better  
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else. He commenced to get fleshy and  
his cheeks like red roses and now he is  
entirely well."

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to explain how he came to call for it as it  
was his main food."

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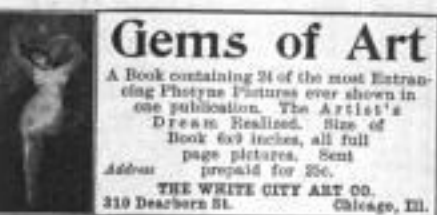
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give their strength to the faction that was the least objectionable, if only to overthrow the other?

Thus Craig argued, and Craig was known to be as fierce an anti-"machine" man as any of them. Thus, also, Wade argued with the leaders of the reform element. It was their chance, he said, to accomplish something—not so much as they might wish, perhaps, but still enough to materially improve conditions. They were not strong enough to force the selection of a man of their choice on either party, and when the vote came their men would divide on party lines. The speakership was a party question, with which the pledges they held had nothing to do, but they could exert considerable influence. Their aim was honest legislation, aside from purely political matters, and here was the opportunity to lay an honest foundation that would be of incalculable value later, for the mere knowledge that they favored the defeat of Mackin would turn some Republican votes to Wellington.

"Give me an interview for publication at the proper time," Wade said to the secretary of the organization. "You may carefully explain that you are speaking personally and not in your official capacity, that the pledges exacted have nothing to do with purely party questions, but that it seems to you, as an individual, a grievous mistake to give control of the House to the spoils-men. That's all I ask, and you know how important it is to you that Carroll shall not rule."

The secretary knew that Wade was a politician, but not a boddler. There could be no doubt that he had his own ends to serve, but he was infinitely preferable to Carroll; so, after some hesitation, he agreed to the plan.

Still, the battle was far from won. Neither side could be sure of a clear majority in a party caucus, but Wade knew that Carroll's game was blocked, and he decided that the time had come to make the really important move. He sought Carroll, to put the case to him bluntly.

"Your man can't win in a thousand years," he said. "There is no possible combination of circumstances that can give him the full Republican vote. The hayseed contingent, that my friend Craig has rounded up, wouldn't vote for Mackin if he was the last man on earth, but you can deliver your votes to Wellington. I can hold mine, but I can't deliver them."

"A deuce of a nice job you've made of it, haven't you?" growled Carroll.

"Just cut that out," retorted Wade sharply. "You tried to 'do' me and I had to protect myself. I've done it, I guess. At any rate, I've got the opposition all under one banner, and they'll fight Mackin to the last ditch. Some of them won't even be bound by caucus rule. I've shown them a chance to win, and they're bitter. If it comes to a fight, they'll force a compromise that won't do you a bit of good. And you're weaker than you think you are. Look here!" Wade pulled a carbon copy of the interview he had secured from his pocket and handed it to Carroll. "Will the publication of that help you to organize the House?" he asked.

"You're having trouble holding some men in line now. They don't like you, they don't like what you stand for, but in a speakership fight they want to be with the party. All they want is an excuse to break away—just an intimation that you're not so much of the party as you claim to be. I tell you, Carroll, you're up against a stone wall, and I built the wall."

"But I can beat you!" exclaimed Carroll. "If I have to turn down Mackin, I can swing to a man who will suit your highly moral bunch a whole lot better than Wellington does."

"But you won't," said Wade, with an unpleasant smile. "You won't, because you couldn't make the terms that you can with me. You won't, because such a man wouldn't let you control a single important committee, and Wellington will. You won't, because I need you, and the reformers and hayseeds don't. If I need you, I've got to look out for you a little."

"What are you after?" asked Carroll, suspiciously.

"Nothing much this session, but," meaningly, "at the next we elect a United States Senator. The wise man looks ahead, and control now can be used to make greater strength then, especially if a fellow has a check on the wise boys who are avaricious. I am looking for power, Carroll; that's all. If it has to be bought, I know how to buy it. You can name the two best committees—any two that you may select, barring only those that I need for political purposes. I'll concede that much, Carroll, but no more. You see, I can't trust you—I need you, but I've got to have a check on you to hold you in line. I may decide to go to the Senate myself."

Carroll scowled, but he knew that Wade had him in a corner. His man was already beaten, apparently. By making a fight he might drag Wade down to defeat with him and force the selection of a man that neither could control, but he would gain nothing, while there would be excellent "commercial" opportunities in the control of two strong committees, especially when he could rely on certain Democrats in all but strictly party questions. Still, he was not prepared to surrender without making one last desperate effort, so he merely agreed to consider the matter.

"If I could only win that hayseed," he muttered, "I could break him yet. Confound it! he's as much the 'machine' as I am. Why can't the yahoo be made to see it? If he broke away, it would split that little bunch of country members and the whole thing would go to pieces."

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But the yahoo was blind and deaf. Three different men, Carroll himself being the last, tried to show him that he was being used for "machine" purposes, that he was aiding the worst "machine" ever known in the State—a "machine" that was for a man and not for a party. Craig would not argue the question; he simply made a statement in his blunt way.

"Wade's my friend," he said, simply. "You all been clever to my vote, but he was clever to me. Them reformers took me by the nose an' tried to lead me, but he took me by the arm an' it was jest man an' man goin' together. Why, he left off his spike-tail coat at a swell dinner so's to be with me, while you was tryin' to sell me out an' put in a Democrat. He's my friend, I tell you—my friend, not my vote's friend, an' I know he's all right."

Then Carroll surrendered. "It's all up," he told Highie. "Pass the word to Mackin that he's got to draw out at the last minute, but that he's fixed for a committee chairmanship. Wellington is to be Speaker. That hayseed—just one vote—has done the business."

Something of this was rumored in other circles, and many people, knowing nothing of the finer points of practical politics, wondered and speculated. "Isn't it marvelous," they said, "the way Wade gets hold of people?"



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*II. There is no limit to the number of stories any writer may submit.* That is, it is quite possible for one author to submit a dozen stories, win all three prizes, and have the remaining nine stories accepted for publication in the Weekly at five cents a word.

*III. Stories may be of any length whatever, from the very shortest up to 10,000 words.* The preferable length for use in the Weekly is from 5,000 to 7,000 words, but this will have no bearing on the award of prizes.

*IV. All manuscript must be typewritten, laid flat, or folded in its envelope—in other words it must not be rolled. It must not be signed, but accompanied by a plain sealed envelope inscribed with the title of the story and containing a card or slip of paper with the writer's full name and address written on it. Under no circumstances must there be any word or indication on this envelope or on the manuscript itself or any matter sent with the manuscript that would divulge its authorship. No one will know who are the authors of the prize-winning stories until the judges have selected the three best manuscripts. The envelopes with the corresponding titles will then be opened, but not until then.*

*V. As one of the objects of this competition is to secure as many good short stories as possible, the Editor reserves the right to purchase any of the manuscripts which have failed to win a prize, but which he considers suitable for publication in the Weekly. All such stories will be paid for at the rate of five cents a word, except in the cases of authors whose recognized rate is higher than this amount, in which instance the author's regular rate will be paid.*

*VI. The copyright of the three stories winning prizes is to vest absolutely in COLIER'S WEEKLY. All other stories which fail to win a prize, but are acceptable for publication in the Weekly, will be paid for at the rate of five cents a word for the serial rights only.*

*VII. All MSS. must be mailed on or before June 1, 1904. That is, although a story may reach us a week later than this day, should the envelope bear the post-office stamp with the name of the starting-point and the date of June 1, 1904, or any date previous to that, the MS. will be considered eligible for the contest.*

Every story will be carefully read and considered, but the awards having once been made, the greatest despatch possible will be used in returning manuscripts to their authors.

The following gentlemen have consented to act as judges: HENRY CAROT LODGE, United States Senator from Massachusetts; WILLIAM ALLAN WHITE, Author and Journalist; WALTER PAGE, Editor "World's Work."

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# Collier's

MAY 21

1904

## Across the Yalu With the Japanese Army

Cable Despatches, Photographs,  
and Correspondence

From the Seat of War

by

Frederick Palmer

Richard Harding Davis

J. F. J. Archibald

R. L. Dunn

A. M. Knapp

and

"Torpedo Craft vs. Battleships"

by

Captain Mahan, U.S.N.



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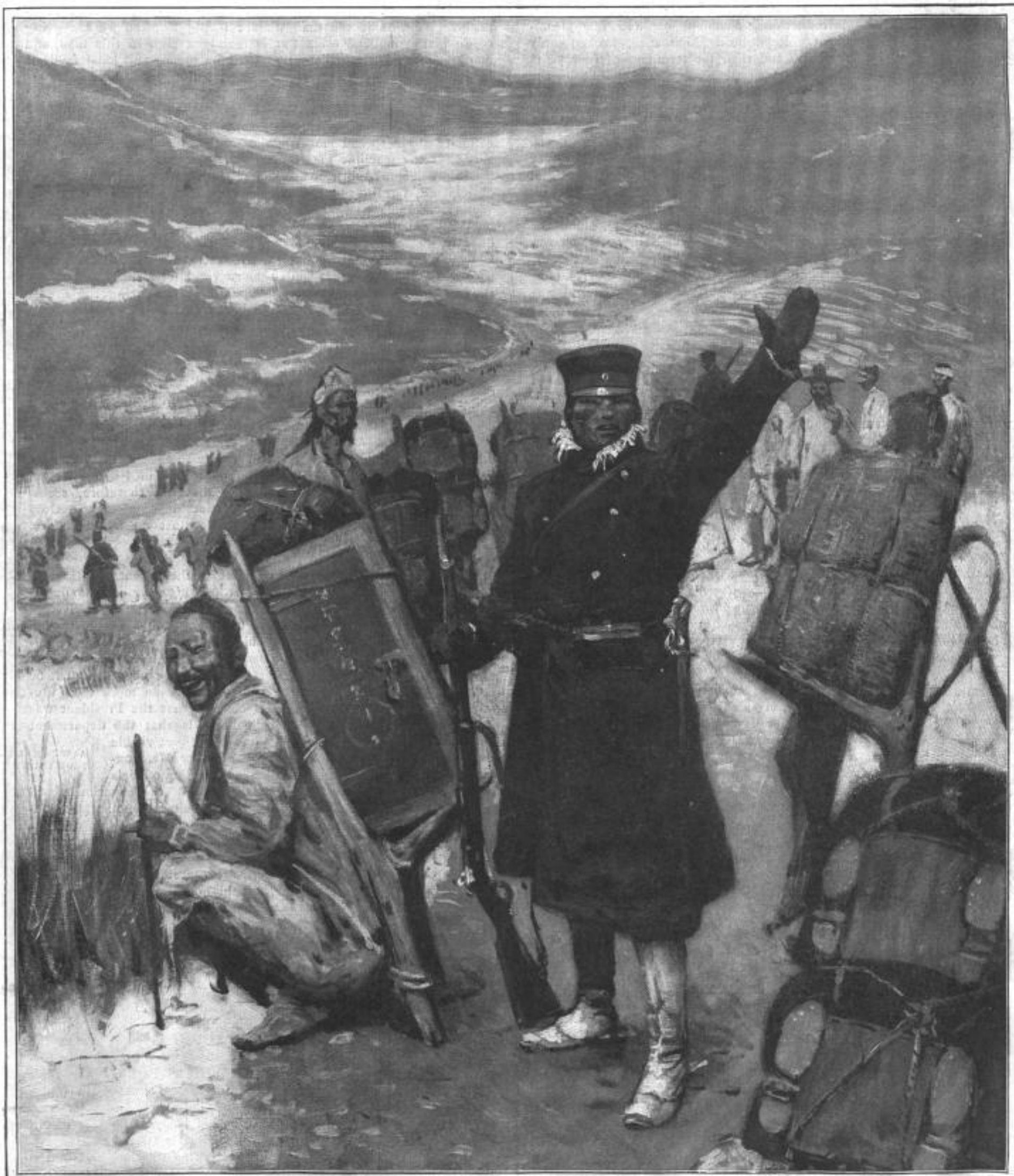
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# COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1904

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## ON THE MARCH TO THE YALU

DRAWN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

In order that the Japanese army might advance with the greatest possible speed toward Manchuria after landing at Chemupo, hundreds of Korean coolies were employed to carry military supplies and provisions as well as the knapsacks and baggage of the soldiers. The roads in Korea are so bad that almost all transportation is done on the backs of men, so that these coolie carriers, experienced in this kind of labor, proved of greatest service to the invading army.





**R**EPUBLICANISM IS FASHIONABLE at Washington, overwhelmingly, in the social sense. Foreigners going there, with social introductions, comment on how few Democrats they meet. Republican dominance, broken only twice in forty years, and then for stretches of four years only, might account for this, even were not the Republicans the party of the money interests. At the publishers' dinner, representing the entire country, those who sat at the speakers' table were practically all supporters of the Administration, and JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS sat at an ordinary table on the floor. The South, the home of the majority of Democrats in Washington, is socially very different from the North, but if the social machinery at the capital were in Democratic hands for a sufficient length of time, the sectional division would count for nothing, if, indeed, it did not actually favor the Democratic end, since the cultivated South surpasses the North in social charm.

PARTY FASHION  
AT THE CAPITAL

Democrats who come from the large cities in the North are not, as a rule, men of social habits and tradition. Owing to this fact, which is of no slight importance, foreigners, whether visitors, correspondents, or members of the Diplomatic Corps, are likely to see all policies through an atmosphere entirely Republican. As the capital of the United States is not the same city as the metropolis, this bearing of the social life on politics is less weighty than it is in London, for instance, where society is one of the weapons constantly used by politicians, and a weapon in using which the Conservatives have decidedly the advantage. In England, in spite of occasional social pillars like Lord ROSEBURY, it is not quite "respectable" to be a Liberal, to say nothing of a Radical; and the same principles, somewhat modified, have a serious bearing on policies at our capital.

**T**HE MORE CONSERVATIVE PARTIES control England and the United States because in both countries the opposition has succeeded in becoming identified with certain policies that are hopelessly unpopular. Civilizations dominated by the Anglo-Saxon character will not accept change merely for the sake of change. Of the ablest statesmen in England, few recently have been Liberals, and of the ablest statesmen in America few recently have been Democrats, a condition which has been caused partly at least by the fact that the parties of change stood squarely for nothing which could seem to any large body of wise men unmistakably desirable. In England the Conservatives took the Irish issue away from the Liberals, just as in this country the Republicans have

CONSERVATIVE  
PARTIES

strengthened themselves by a progressive policy on trusts, by some liberality toward Cuba, and by Secretary TARTT's demeanor in the Philippines, which has done much to kill anti-imperialism as an issue. What is left of it appeals only to the same small class which composes the Little Englanders across the water. By making hostility to the Boer War their leading issue the Liberals of England disintegrated about as completely as the Democrats here went to pieces over silver, threats against the Courts, and Populism in general. When one party stands in the main for the status quo and the other stands for a general discontent with things as they are, prosperity makes strongly for conservatism. The Democrats, in this country, not having any big issue on which they are united, and appealing only to a love of change, are put in a difficult strategic position by persistent fulness in the crops.

**A**BOLT BY BRYAN, HEARST, and the Populists might prove anything but an evil. With the Populists set off in a party by themselves, drawing from Republicans and Democrats alike those who represent impatience with law, reason, fair argument, and common-sense, both the larger parties might improve. The Populists might carry a far Western State or two, but no one would worry over the possibility of their doing more. Whether they do bolt or not will depend upon which cause they calculate

BOLTING

will give them the strongest position in 1908, either to control the Democrats, dictate to them, or increase the strength of a party of their own, founded upon BRYAN's popularity, HEARST's money, invested in publicity, and the general need of such a home for agitators and extremists. The chance for a bolt at St. Louis is rather good, as even if the Populists have a third of the delegates at first, they may not get a satisfactory compromise. Delegates do not stay bought. The local leaders who are taking HEARST's money are in many instances cheating him. "You are a pleasant sight," said a friend of ours to a Cook County leader, "destroying the usefulness of a great party for a little money." The leader showed he did not under-

stand. "I mean HEARST," replied our friend. "Oh, HEARST. You don't understand. You know that — — —, CARTER HARRISON? Well, he is the man we are laying for, and we are going to do him, you bet." HEARST is merely a club to this man, and many such, and a representation built on money and local feuds is likely to dwindle rapidly after the first ballot at St. Louis.

**O**RDINARY POLITICIANS ARE SHREWD within their own field of tricks and exact calculations, but they often fail entirely to estimate a widespread moral public sentiment. JOSEPH FOLK's victory over the machine in Missouri shows an extreme miscalculation by the machine politicians. The cities voted more as they had anticipated, but in the country districts they met an unexpected Waterloo. When some man of marked personality or accomplishment happens to appear, all the ordinary modes of forecast frequently go astray. Party loyalty, the basis of such calculations, is lost in a fresher and more special interest. Mr. FOLK's victory shows that his work has had a more vivid hold on men's minds than their routine party spirit has. The more stirring the events of public life, the more possible is it for men to think freely, out of party lines, and that the people of Mis-

MACHINE  
CLEVERNESS

souri are stirred deeply by the changes centring around Mr. Folk is now fully proved. In State and city, as in national politics, party lines are hardest to break in stagnant times, easiest in the stress of feeling. The scheme developed by Missouri's machine, to seem divided on candidates, whose strength could be later concentrated, was well devised and at one time made success look so probable that Mr. Folk himself was far from confident. It failed, from inability to cope with one element of the situation which it had underrated—a public opinion not in its usual state of lethargy, but thoroughly aroused. Missouri, therefore, seems certain to enjoy the proud and rare distinction of electing a Governor for the virtues which he has proved, against the frantic efforts of organized politicians.

**T**HE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE, the recent creation intrusted with important powers, is not creating in the public mind an impression favorable to its strength. President ROOSEVELT, who inherited the strongest members of his Administration from MCKINLEY, was here left to his own resources, and his opportunity to discover men has not been followed by overwhelming success. In the case of a new department, where everything must be practically created, a powerful personnel was even more than usually essential, and it can hardly be claimed that the President was inspired in selecting it. The probability is that the department will drag along through four years more, without visible influence, and at the end of that time either Mr. COR-

A WEAK DE-  
PARTMENT

TELYOU and his associates will be succeeded by officials more equal to the possibilities of the post or the experiment will become so unpopular that it will meet an unwept end. Mr. CORTELYOU has the reputation of being very honest, but no one has yet accused him of strength. An auspicious start is an immeasurable help in undertaking such an important new field, and the chances of usefulness in the future are therefore none too good. Any lack of efficiency, however, should not be charged to futility in the scheme itself, since the scheme could be fairly tested only if the positions were most aptly filled.

**J**APANESE SUCCESSES are received in many parts of Europe with a disappointment in sharp contrast to the general satisfaction shown in England and America. Dislike of England is under most of the alarm expressed about Japan, for England, in spite of her new understandings with hereditary foes, is still unpopular on the Continent. It is necessary to bear in mind always the people as well as the Government. Fashoda may be officially forgiven, but the French people forget neither Fashoda nor their childhood teaching about the hereditary foe. Germany, in diplomacy, is now more isolated than England, but she is apparently not so much dreaded as England is by many powers. Naturally, the Russian Anglophobia is strongest, in spite of recent efforts at a pleasanter relation, and in the Russian prophecies about Britain's dire purposes we are frequently included. Commenting on the "Anglo-Saxon peril," a Moscow journal says that Great Britain and the United States expect to extinguish minor states, and to annex the colonies of Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, and Italy. We are to annex or divide China, Mongolia, and farther India, and are eager to fight with all Europe on this topic immediately. For such reasons are we laboring so assiduously on the side of Japan. "In recognition of this

MARES' NESTS





fearful general European upheaval now being prepared by the 'enlightened' pirates and their transatlantic brethren, the European powers must—at least for the time being—lay aside all their peculiar differences and all their inner conflicts. The real source of peril is not so much an invasion of the barbarian savages from the East as the economic and political subjection of the European powers by the advancing 'civilized countries' of the Anglo-Saxons." Further complications are discovered by other penetrating observers. A Calcutta organ of the natives says that Great Britain and the United States, fearing "the competition of the patient and industrious yellow toiler with the degenerate whites," outraged China in 1900. Japan fought on the side of "the European white faces" in that war, against her sympathies, in pursuance of wise and far-sighted policy, directed against the West and especially against the Anglo-Saxon menace. Thus, by looking at opinion in various quarters of the globe, we find remarkable doings planned by the Anglo-American secret barbarian alliance.

**FOREIGN ALARM OVER US**, the terrible Anglo-Saxon peril, does not hold the field alone, for although we have rather exhausted the other side, the yellow peril to wit, as a topic of conversation, things continually crop up to force us back upon it. The troops under General Ma bring it to life one day, and the next the Empress of China consents to have her photograph taken, and worshiped, thus taking one more step in the wake of Japan and suggesting again possibilities of an Asiatic combination. Japan's success in destroying warships with torpedo boats also sets us figuring from an entirely fresh point of view. The newspaper strategists were at first going to supersede the battleship altogether, until they were reminded that, allowing every induction from the present war, the torpedo boats could do nothing except as part of a fleet

THINGS TO  
THINK ABOUT

of which the battleships are the backbone. They might also be reminded that it makes a difference whether shots aimed at a torpedo boat hit it or not, and whether searchlight practice is kept up to the highest efficiency; and yet, when all exaggeration is thus cut down, we do face the fact that so much is being done to shake up the ideas even of our greatest experts that we shall have to sit down and think a long time before we decide in what proportions the various kinds of war craft should be accumulated. The war, both on land and sea, keeps us guessing, and thinking about various large subjects with more persistency and openness than we have used on them before. Being so full of surprises, it inculcates humility even in those solemn editors, who, loving to prophesy and direct, have become almost persuaded that General KUROKI's military ideas are superior to their own. As mental exercise and general education this war is a distinguished triumph.

**WE ARE USUALLY SERENE.** Our mind is calm and dwells with moderation on the follies and virtues of mankind. We are a philosopher, but there is one thing that robs us of philosophy and makes us as prejudiced and extreme as "a Christian or an ordinary man," to quote the good Sir Andrew. That object of repugnance is the corset. Just as we are trying to keep that even balance of sympathy which is our habit, seeing Russians and Japanese with equal justice, in spite of Japanese glamour and Russian verbal thunder, we fall upon the fact that in Japan the corset is unknown, save by an imitative few. The Japanese look

CORSETS

upon full, deep breathing as the best part of exercise and a necessity of healthy life, and therefore it did not seem advisable to them to confine the body in a vise. Moreover, they have been in the past, and have not yet ceased to be, a race of most artistic taste, and therefore fonder of the human figure than of an image done in whalebone. Just what Japan will take from the West, of good or evil, none can say. She may lose her taste and art, her physical health, and everything that was best in her former life. She may even take to corsets. If so, Commodore PERRY and President FILLMORE will have much to answer for.

**MEN SEEKING MOTIVES** are often inaccurately precise. Especially in the case of an old man who has held his country's highest honors is it easy to attribute springs of action much more insistent than those which actually exist. Mr. CLEVELAND has spoken frequently of late, and his words have been stimulating not to the listening Democratic ass alone, but to the attentive elephant as well—to the American world, in short. In this unusual fluency some observers find ambition, but we do not. If Mr. CLEVELAND should, under stress of circumstances, accept another nomination, it would, we are sure, be with a rather heavy heart. Wise and

experienced old age usually loves rest and contemplation. When Mr. CLEVELAND denies, too acidly, alleged social relations with a negro, it is not the politician speaking, but the elderly potentate who feels wronged and exaggerates the wrong. If he takes to writing about his record, it is not the candidate holding up his banner, but the thinker in retirement and the father of a family none too well provided for in a worldly sense. **CLEVELAND IN HIS AGE** A man who is old, sated with the world, and good, centres his thought upon those nearest him, and the lives which they are to lead, when he has left the table and his friends have turned down the empty glass. To judge a man like this as if he were a youngster, with no place won, his muscles taut, and eager for the race, is a sin against the rudiments of psychology. Mr. CLEVELAND to-day is a sage and not a struggler for advancement.

**OUR VERY LANGUAGE** seems to work against the negro. Evil deeds are black. The devil himself is black. A black soul is the strongest expression for what is bad. Angels are white. All that is pure and good is represented by that color, and light means intelligence, and darkness means ignorance and depravity. The more educated a negro the more keenly sensitive he is to such shades as these, that have become part of the language which he must speak. Fortunately the gayety of his nature is not always, or perhaps usually, killed by the bitter struggle of doubtful outcome, that lies before his race if it would move forward under the discouragement of constant contrast with the whites. The outlook is not a cheerful one, except when it is lightened by the inspiration and courage of a BOOKER WASHINGTON, or by a similar spirit in some other man, like the negro who recently spoke these words: "Refusal of a glass of soda in a white drug store is simply pointing the negroes to a negro drug store and telling them to take the nickel there and help up the struggling negro; the same is true in white eating-houses and the like. Let the negro patronize his own struggling people and help to be something." We think the President has acted injudiciously in keeping before the public the case of Dr. CRTM. Whatever his motives, an injury results to the unfortunate race with which he justly sympathizes. Likewise it would be cruel to the negro for either party to name him in its platform or make him an issue before the voters. Talk, indulged in by some negroes, about a negro party, with colored candidates, is the very depth of folly. The conditions faced by enlightened and ambitious blacks at the very best are hard enough. Every issue, except the issue of self-dependence and hard work, can only make these conditions harder.

SUFFERINGS  
OF HAM

**WE LIKE TO CELEBRATE** able and honest men, particularly when they have the minor attributes of taste and modesty. Sir WALTER SCOTT gave the name of delirium tonans to the disease of loud talking. The Russians give symptoms of this disease at present, the Spaniards were not without it in 1897, and the Americans enjoy sonorous phrases. Ambassador CHOATE is not alone among our countrymen in ranking SAMPSON and DEWEY with DRAKE and NELSON, and generally crediting us with somewhat more wood than we actually saw. Our exaggerated pension system has a similar influence, and Mr. CARNEGIE's latest brilliant entrance into the stage centre with his cash department for assorted heroes tends decidedly to increase our oversupply of valorous epithets. We do not wish Americans to talk like Bardolf, Pistol, and Nym. HEINE suggested that a man might support his sick mother without demanding a *four-boire* from the eternal. Now, being rather full of this objection to self-laudation, we read delightedly one more fresh and sensible observation by the Honorable JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS of Mississippi. For the public service, which he adorns, he thinks a fair prescription is one part patriotism and principle to one of ambition and one of love of conflict. In the Middle Ages fighting was the only honorable calling for a gentleman. It gave just what politics gives to-day in similar proportions. These elements may be discovered in business or in science, but, as Mr. WILLIAMS puts it, "the political arena offers the best modern substitute for the profession of fighting, as it was 'way back in the ages when fighting was the only profession in the world. You have a noble background—your amphitheatre is the wide nation; the rewards are noble—soldiering never offered any as fine; the conflict, though not often physical, is extremely stimulating—it is mind against mind, instead of arm against arm, and the game never flags." To the life which he is leading Mr. WILLIAMS calmly gives the name of fun, and we are inclined to praise him for doing his duty well without decorating it in phrases of undue magnificence.

FUN



Capt. F. C. March  
(U.S.A.)

Lieut.-Gen. Baron Kolenta

Baron Koyama (Minister  
of Foreign Affairs)Gen. Nishino  
(British)

Prince Kanin

Major Von Foerster  
(German)Lieut. Crowder  
(U.S.A.)Major Wood  
(U.S.A.)Capt. Morris  
(U.S.A.)Lieut. Frano (Austrian)  
Capt. J. E. Rahn (U.S.A.)  
Gen. Tanaka (Minister of War)

## THE BOTTLED-UP MILITARY ATTACHES IN TOKIO

By order of the Emperor of Japan, Viscount Tanaka, Minister of the Imperial Household, gave a reception, April 13, at the Shiba Palace, in Tokio, to the foreign military attaches who have been "marking time" for many weary weeks, impatiently awaiting permission to go to the front and witness the fighting

## ACROSS THE YALU WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY

Special Cable Despatches from FREDERICK PALMER, Collier's Correspondent with the Japanese Army in Manchuria

## ON THE EVE OF BATTLE

*In the Field, April 28, by Overland Messenger to Seoul, May 3*

THE military censor will not yet allow correspondents to give the name of the place from which they are sending messages or the date of filing. Thus far the Japanese army has restricted itself to those minor operations by which an offensive force secures a strategic position. The country in which the army is operating provides a striking ground for a great and decisive action. Natural battlements rise on either bank of the Yalu River. The town of Wiju itself lies in a natural pocket grimly watching the preparing army which is wholly concealed from its adversary. From the opposite side of the Yalu one can see only windowless houses and seemingly uninhabited country, except for an occasional Cossack horseman or a scouting outpost.

No temptations that the Russians can offer can make the Japanese disclose the position of their batteries until the time comes for striking. The two armies feel each other with occasional firing, but the rattle of transportation carts is heard more frequently than the rattle of musketry.

Although the hills on the Japanese side are a beehive of industry, there is not even the passage of a single soldier which is not screened from the Russian gaze. Here is an army ceaselessly working in a section of

country absolutely given over to an army's work. The troops are provisioned by long lines of coolies coming up over the Peking road.

The quietness and order governing the actions of so many men, all doing so much in preparation every day, is carried out admirably. The long marches, sleepless nights, fatigue duty, and even doing the work of coolies, have not dimmed the spirit of the Japanese private. Hand-made war burdens and baggage are borne by men instead of horses, the latter being conspicuously absent.

No other army of equal size could give so little evidence of its presence here as the subtle, soft-moving, active Japanese.

## CROSSING THE YALU

*In the Field, April 30, by Overland Messenger to Seoul, May 6*

All of yesterday was spent in timber cutting, road making, bridge building, gun placing, and in constructing screenings for the positions of the batteries. The taking up of new positions and the movements of troops are all carried on at night.

This infinitely careful preparation had its climax today in a movement so magnificently done that it seemed only a part of a simple routine manœuvre, and it was carried out in the face of opposition so slight and so ill directed as to amount to little more than delaying tactics as seen from the Japanese side.

Japan gained a position on Manchurian soil with not a bolt missing, not a screw loose. This achievement was a triumph of military organization.

Spectators, who are accustomed to hear of Japanese deeds as accomplished before they are announced, learned for the first time last night of the passage of the Yalu River at a point which no correspondent was permitted to see.

The low islands below Wiju were not chosen as had been intimated as the point of passage, but instead, a point above Wiju where the bank rises precipitately from the river. The valleys behind the hills occupied by the Japanese on the Korean side of the river were crowded with reserves, which were never needed.

The first sight we had of the arrival of the Japanese on the Manchurian side of the river was a little dotted line of dark figures. This was the infantry advance, and the onrushing climbers looked like a tracing on a map.

The steep ascent was made safely, and the attacking column reached the top as unmolested as if they had been on an ordinary route march.

There was the whole story at a glance. The little Japs climbed up the rocky ascent by faint paths, then formed into lines, again spread out over the summit, wheeled, and the apparent Gibraltar became theirs for the mounting.

With their arrival at the top of the river bank there was an outburst of Japanese artillery fire for their protection. The Japanese gun fire, which had been heretofore frugally withheld, became the spectacular expression of this day's work.

The town of Wiju, the masses of reserves, the guns in their positions all stretched out as a panorama before the correspondents who had taken up their posi-

tion on a hill that was like a gallery overlooking this wonderful scene.

The accuracy of the Japanese artillery fire was marvelous. They got the range at the first shot. Wherever a Russian gun spoke on the Manchurian side, there the Japanese sent an overpowering bull's-eye as an answer. Later we saw the tireless hill climbers swarming along the banks of the Ai River on the Russian flank. There were few scenes of blood and carnage, few of the grim realities of war. To the onlooker all was so well done that only the sight of the manœuvring troops and the sound of guns told us that a great military achievement had been successfully accomplished.

The crossing of the Yalu was as easy to the Japanese as the overcoming of the *Variag* and *Koriets*.

## THE FRUITS OF VICTORY

*Wiju, May 3, via Seoul, May 6*

The victory of the Japanese over the Russians at the crossing of the Yalu is overwhelming and complete. It is the result of a wonderful organization that is every hour developing new wonders. The infantry's mobility and their mountain work are without rival. Never before was a force more ready, and never did an army strike harder. The shops of Antung on the Manchurian side of the Yalu are open for business. The Japanese are welcome. The integrity of Manchuria has come to stay.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL KUROKI

Commanding the Japanese First Army Corps, he fought one of the most brilliant actions strategically in modern warfare, by crossing the Yalu in the face of an entrenched Russian army on the far side, charging their works over a plain two miles wide, and shattering the enemy in a series of flanking assaults. The conditions of his attack were much like those confronting General Buller at the Modder River. The Japanese general won because he was by so much the abler soldier



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OKAZAWA

Aide to his Majesty the Emperor of Japan, he joined active service in command of the Imperial Guard, which, attached to the First Army Corps, was in the battle of the Yalu River. The official report says that "the Imperial Guard surrounded the enemy on three sides, and after a severe fight, captured more than twenty guns, many officers and men." This part of the action was so desperate that few Russian artillerymen survived





AN INFANTRY REGIMENT NEAR THE END OF THE FORTY-MILE MARCH ACROSS FROZEN LAKE BAIKAL.



SLEDGES USED TO TRANSPORT MILITARY SUPPLIES



HAULING CARS BY HORSE-POWER OVER THE FROZEN LAKE



A RUSSIAN REGIMENT HALTED FOR DINNER. THE SOUP RATION IS PREPARED IN KITCHENS ON SLEDGES WHICH FOLLOW THE COLUMN

## RUSSIA'S MILITARY HIGHWAY ACROSS LAKE BAIKAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VICTOR K. SULLA, COLLIER'S SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE RUSSIAN FORCES. PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

When the war crisis awoke Russia to the need of hurrying three hundred thousand men into Manchuria, five thousand miles from the home base, the single traffic line of the Trans-Siberian Railroad was broken by Lake Baikal, which had frozen to a depth of nine feet in December. The ice-breaking ferries expected to maintain communication had proved unequal to their task, and the railroad around the lake was not completed. Therefore a line of track was laid across forty miles of ice, but for several weeks before it was ready for use troops and stores were hurried to the front across the ice and snow in weather steadily far below zero. Rest houses were built at frequent intervals, but, despite all precautions,

the sufferings of the troops were very severe. Crevices and windrows of broken ice made marching and sledging dangerous and exhausting. It was reported that one regiment, losing the trail in a blinding storm, wandered into such treacherous ice, with a resulting loss of six hundred men drowned and frozen. A large number of soldiers were disabled by frostbite. Their sufferings were not over when they were again loaded on troop trains, for they often begged to be allowed to help shovel snow from the railway track, in order to fight the cold with bodily exercise. During this period it was impossible to move more than two thousand troops a day across Lake Baikal. The solid ice breaks up in May





A JAPANESE PONTOON TRAIN MOVING TOWARD THE YALU FROM PING-YANG

The boats, built in sections, were carried by one pack-train of the engineers' column, the beams and flooring by another. Before the war, the Japanese Intelligence Office sent skilled engineers, disguised as coolies, through Korea and Manchuria to make detailed measurements of the width, depth, current, and tidal force of every stream which an invading army might have to cross. The Yalu was the most important river to be surveyed in this way, and the data were used to construct, at Hiroshima, complete pontoon bridges for the crossing, so that the material was ready to be carried with the army when the advance began. In brief, the Japanese prepared the Yalu crossing to measure, months beforehand, and when the bridges were needed they were flung into position without the slightest waste of time, labor, or transport.

## MARKING TIME IN TOKIO: THE FORTY-EIGHTH RONIN

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Collier's Special War Correspondent in Japan

The Japanese War Office has issued a war correspondent's pass to Mr. Davis, and has assigned him to the Second Column. Until this takes the field, Mr. Davis will write of events in the Japanese Capital.

TOKIO, April 15  
TODAY a small piece of flesh, which was once a portion of the body of a young naval officer, was buried here with such honors from the Mikado and Government and, on the part of the people, with such demonstrations of reverence, that, as half saint, half hero, the memory of Commander Hirose now ranks in Japan near to that of the Forty-seven Ronins.\*

Hirose attempted what Hobson attempted, and in the venture lost his life. That he died in an effort to save the life of one of his crew, as well as in an effort to serve his country, has not lessened the value of his sacrifice. The sentiment of the Japanese toward him is that same sentiment which Kipling declares considers less the Commissary-General than the Tommy who steps outside the square to drag a comrade to safety.

On the night of the second attempt to block the entrance to Port Arthur, Hirose commanded one of the four steamers marked out for self-destruction. They were picked up two miles distant from the harbor mouth by the Russian searchlights, and the remainder of the run was made under a terrific fire from both the guardships and the forts. Hirose's steamer, the *Fukui Maru*, had reached the harbor mouth and was about to anchor in the entrance when she was struck by a torpedo. At the moment, Sugino, a gunner, was below lighting the magazine which was to blow up the vessel and let in the water. But the torpedo had let in the water, and Hirose and his crew were escaping from the sinking steamer in the shore boat before they discovered that Sugino was not with them. Hirose instantly climbed again on board and ran below, searching for the missing man. He failed to find him, and on returning to the deck and learning he had not yet reached the shore boat, twice again went below, the last time remaining there until the rush of the rising water drove him on deck. He had but just dropped in safety into the shore boat when a shell struck him and tore him into small pieces. One of these pieces fell in the boat. It was buried to-day. But before it was buried it was treated with the honors paid to a reigning monarch. As it passed in the transport that conveyed it to Japan it received the salutes of the entire Japanese fleet, the guns were fired, the yards were manned, the flags lowered to half staff. Later a detail of officers escorted it to Tokio where it was met by a great concourse of people, and to-day as it was borne on a gun-carriage to the grave the people turned out to do it reverence, and in thousands and thousands lined the streets. Before the procession moved the Mikado sent to Hirose's family a roll of silk, a compliment the importance of which can be understood only here, and



FUNERAL OF COMMANDER HIROSE: THE CAISSON BEARING HIS FULL-DRESS UNIFORM

raised Hirose and his family to the senior grade at court. And at once his statue is to be erected in one of the public parks. This in a city where the only statues I have seen are those of imperial princes.

Already the true story of Hirose is being hung with legends. As the transport carrying the piece of flesh passed the battleship on which Hirose had served, the engines refused to work, and for a few minutes the transport lay motionless.

"This, which happened before the eyes of the whole squadron," says a Japanese paper published last week in Yokohama, "made a great impression upon all who witnessed it. It was as though the brave Hirose even in death refused to be separated from the ship in which he had held command."

### THE RUSSIANS AT NEWCHWANG

By JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD

Collier's Correspondent with the Russian Army in Manchuria

It will be observed from the optimistic tone of this letter that the Russians had every confidence in the strength of their position at Newchwang at the time of writing. It is a peculiar coincidence that the Czar's troops evacuated that city, without firing a shot, on May 7, the day Mr. Archibald's correspondence was received in this office.

NEWCHWANG is the right flank of the entire Russian position, and the wavering of the line at this point would jeopardize the security of the whole army now afield, and lay the lines of communication open to constant attack. A very large force has been mobilized at this place, and the majority of them are the best of the regular troops, fully equipped for a hard siege, should it be necessary to withstand a protracted assault by the enemy. No one

here can understand why the Japanese have not invested or attacked Newchwang long before this. The inactivity of the enemy has been most surprising to all on this side of the peninsula, for it has given Russia time to fully prepare for a campaign. There are regular troops here that have come all the way from St. Petersburg since the declaration of war. General Kondratovitch is in command of the district and has a full division for its defence besides a considerable force of detached artillery.

As Newchwang is the terminal station of the Manchurian Railway, it is in good communication with the main force and with the headquarters at Mukden, so that in the event of an attack additional forces can be rushed into position. There is no doubt but that the enemy will eventually appear here, for it is the most important key to the investment of Port Arthur, but the attack is not likely to

take place for some time, as it is now on the full of the moon, and the nights are as clear as day. The Russians have spent this entire week in mining the mouth of the river, and yesterday the connecting cables were laid from Chinese junks commandeered for the purpose.

Martial law has gone into effect, but has made no apparent change in the affairs of the town, for Newchwang has practically been under military control for several weeks. The port of Yin-Kow, directly across the river from Newchwang, has also been included in the order, and, as this is the terminus of the Chinese Railroad and telegraph connecting with Peking, it puts Russia absolutely in command of the situation so far as the transmission of any news to the outer world goes. The nearest neutral telegraph will be at Shan-hai-kwan, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles.

All of the women and children have left this place, and many of the men are also leaving. All those remaining have their effects packed to leave at a moment's notice, as it is expected that the military authorities will order every one out who has no direct business with the government of the place or the military.

The entire country around Newchwang is absolutely flat, being but a very few feet above the sea, and in consequence will be very easy to defend and very difficult to attack. The snow has commenced to melt and the roads are in a frightful state for transportation of troops or wagon trains. The ice in the river has broken, but has not cleared, and consequently makes the passage of the river dangerous at all times, and for the same reason easy to defend, should the enemy effect a landing on the opposite side.

The boundaries of neutral China are rather vague, and I do not think that either one of the combatant forces would bother very much over a matter of a hundred miles or so, but it is the generally accepted opinion that the boundary is marked by the town of Shan-hai-kwan, where the Great Wall of China comes

\* The adventures of the legendary Forty-seven Ronins, heroic warriors of infinite resource, are retold by each new generation in Japan. They hold a place in story somewhat like that of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table.





LIEUTENANT-GENERAL KONDRATOVITCH

He was in command of all the Russian forces west of Port Arthur and the Laotung Peninsula, until the Japanese advance made it impossible for the defenders to hold the frontier. His army, therefore, has fallen back to mobilize with the main strength under General Kuropatkin. General Kondratovitch directed the evacuation of Newchwang, which he had fortified and expected to be able to hold indefinitely.

posed to be working on the Russian railways, with the intention of blowing it up, is greatly exaggerated, for the coolies have been carefully watched to prevent this very thing. It is not an unusual sight to see a Cossack walk up to a Chinaman and grasp his long braid of hair and give it a sharp pull to see that it is really his own. If a Chinaman coils his queue up under his hat he is suspected immediately, especially if he looks at all like a Japanese. For the present there is nothing but snow and mud, and the war is anything but picturesque; and, with all of the rumors and fancies pertaining to a secret campaign, it is hard to say what really is happening.

## JAPAN IN THE HOUR OF VICTORY

By ARTHUR MAY KNAPP

Collier's Special Correspondent at Yokohama

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YOKOHAMA, April 15

IF chivalric courtesy be the finest flower of civilization, there should be an end in the West to the disparaging talk about Japan's being an uncivilized country. It will be remembered that when Admiral Ting, after the destruction of the Chinese fleet under his command at Wei-hai-wei, died by his own hand, the respect paid to his memory by the Japanese revealed to the Occident the existence in a "heathen" land of a finer sentiment of honor than that of which Europe's Age of Chivalry ever dreamed. Yesterday, when the tidings of Russia's great disaster reached the capital, there was an even more significant demonstration of the instinctive sense of courtesy which is ingrained in the character of this people. Respect for a brave man and genuine regret for his untimely end overbore every feeling of exultation at the crippling of the enemy's forces. Not even the tremendous impulse given to the nation's hope of ultimate victory could temper the feeling of the honor due to courage, the



JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD

COL. THE CORRESPONDENT AT THE RUSSIAN ARMY

Chosen as one of seven foreign representatives permitted to join the Russian General Staff in the field, Mr. Archibald was at Newchwang when the official order came to proceed to headquarters. A cable message received a week before the battle on the Yalu said that he was about to start for Mukden. It is therefore almost certain that he was present at the first clash of the hostile armies at the Yalu.

down over the mountains to the sea. The Chinese Government has massed between thirty and forty thousand of the best picked imperial troops at the Great Wall, ostensibly to protect the district from bands of robbers, but, as the robber bands never number more than a hundred, it is not hard to imagine the real reason for this mobilization of the forces. The Government at Peking has certainly been very much alarmed over the situation, and had it not been for the pressure brought to bear by the foreign ministers, the court would undoubtedly have fled as it did during the Boxer troubles. The advice to remain was accepted, but at the same time the Government began to throw an immense force toward Peking and the frontier until there are now nearly one hundred thousand troops within easy striking distance of the present scene of action. I do not know what provocation would call for action from them, nor what influence has been brought to bear on their leaders by either of the belligerent forces, but should these Chinese troops ever be thrown into the game they would come near to constituting the balance of power necessary to make the end certain for the side with which they allied themselves. These Chinese troops are by no means the same that fought the Japanese ten years ago, for they are well trained on European ideas, and are as splendid a body of men as I have seen in the field for some time.

The arrangement with China, whereby all of the foreign countries maintain a "legation guard" in China, creates a peculiar state of affairs. The various countries keep a sufficient force to guard their interests in Peking and along the railway as well. At every station through the district of the north the platform is filled with soldiers of every nation. French, German, Italian, British, Japanese, Austrian, Russian, and others meet every train that arrives. As the station is more distant from Peking the numbers of the soldiers grow less, except in cases where the country has interests in that locality. As the train leaves Taku for the Manchurian frontier there are very few soldiers except the Japanese, German, and Russian, and when it arrives at Shan-hai-kwan there are none about but the Japanese and the Russians. Here the two are calmly walking up and down the station platform without so much as a glance at each other. It is a curious situation where the soldiers of the two countries at war practically live together and within a hundred miles of the scene of the hostilities. It really gives Japan an enormous advantage to have this neutral outpost within such short distance of the Russian lines, and under such conditions that Russia can neither drive them out nor prevent their presence. The arrangement allows Japan to watch the Chinese railway, to see that no contraband of war or supplies go across the frontier to Russia, and also allows her to question the passengers returning from Newchwang as to the state of affairs there and as to the disposition of troops. The steward of the dining-car that runs almost the entire distance to the Russian lines is a Japanese, and undoubtedly is working for the Government. The system of secret service work on both sides is most remarkable, although the Japanese have much the simpler problem, as it is not difficult for their secret service men to disguise themselves as Chinese and go where they like in the Russian lines. I think, however, that the number sup-



COMMANDER HIROSE, THE HOBSON OF JAPAN

He was in charge of one of the four steamers engaged in Admiral Togo's second attempt to block the entrance to Port Arthur, and lost his life while seeking to rescue a gunner, after the ship was torpedoed.

highest ideal in the range of Japanese thought. It may safely be said that had the fight occurred off the coasts of the Empire, and an opportunity given for funeral honors to Admiral Makaroff, there would have been such a demonstration of popular feeling as would have placed this nation among the most chivalrous of the peoples of the globe.

Generally speaking, it may be said that Japan's attitude in the hour of victory is as far as possible from

that which her detractors have prophesied would be the case. Not only has there been no faintest indication of the "cockyism" which, it was confidently predicted, would follow success in war, but never since the Empire was opened to the world has there been more kindness and courtesy shown to foreigners than is now being manifested. In this regard all prophecies have been put to shame. When Japan's initial diplomatic victory was gained, and, by the abolition of extra-territoriality, she took her place as an equal among the Western powers, not a few of the old alien residents here held that the result would be a general backing of the tumbrils to foreign doors to cart the inmates off to prison. Far from such being the case, the bringing of foreigners under Japanese jurisdiction has resulted not only in an access of courtesy on the part of the natives, especially of the officials, but in a reciprocal feeling of closer comradeship on the part of the aliens themselves. Identified with Japanese interests more closely than ever before, woven into the warp and woof of Japanese life, the last traces of the old antagonism are vanishing. Whereas in the Chino-Japanese war foreign feeling was against the nation, and the foreign press was almost a unit in predicting Japanese defeat and in disparaging Japanese victories, it is now difficult to find, outside the ranks of Russia's French allies, aught but confident hope and belief in this nation's continued and ultimate success.

The outpouring of foreign generosity in aid of the families of the men at the front has been almost without parallel even in this community, famed for its generous giving. Subscription lists without number are circulating, and no week passes without elaborate entertainments to swell the fund. The American Asiatic Association, on the occasion of the memorial service held on the fiftieth anniversary of Commodore Perry's treaty, pledged itself to contribute ten thousand yen toward the Perry Relief Fund. At a subsequent meeting of the Association held to redeem the pledge, not only was the amount exceeded, but there is a probability that it will be more than doubled, so ready is the response given by all Americans in aid of the cause. Nor are the Japanese themselves by any means failing to do their part. Their contributions have already far passed the million mark, and there is as yet no sign of the flagging of the spirit of self-sacrifice. And with it all is the continuance of the same quiet self-confidence which from the beginning has marked the attitude of the nation. There is no hint of boastfulness in this self-confidence. It is based upon a consciousness of thorough preparedness which stands in marked contrast to the unpreparedness of the foe, whose boastfulness is that of the mere giant. Indeed, the phenomenal calmness of this people in the face of their tremendous task has no precedent in the history of warfare; and when to it are added the forces of a patriotic sentiment exceeding in intensity even religious fervor, of a national pride beyond that of which any denizens of the West are capable, and of a worship of courage deeper and more vital than that which has animated any votary of religious faith, there can be little doubt of the ultimate outcome of the struggle. Russia has indeed a vast army, but she will need it all upon the spot, here in the Far East, to overcome the viewless forces here in array against her.



AN INCIDENT ON THE ROAD TO PING-YANG

Observers have agreed that the one weakness of the Japanese Army is the cavalry force, the horses being small and the troopers poor riders. R. L. Dunn, Collier's special photographer, who went into Northern Korea with the Japanese vanguard, throws some light on this condition by this photograph and the following comment: "This will give some idea of what the Japs don't know about a horse. When I came upon the scene an officer was riding this horse, which had broken its leg. He had a Korean yanking the bridle and a Jap soldier beating the poor brute over the back with a club. The officer dismounted when I explained that a horse with a broken leg could not recover, and ought to be killed. He protested that the leg would mend in a few days, and that as long as the horse walked on three legs he didn't think it would suffer. My argument persuaded him to walk, at any rate, and he ordered the soldier to lead the crippled horse to Ping-Yang, a distance of 75 miles."



# HEARST—A PERSONAL SKETCH

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

*Mr. Brisbane is editor of the New York "Evening Journal" and acknowledged to be one of the ablest newspaper writers of the day; he has been closely associated with Mr. Hearst for years, and we have*

*invited him to contribute this personal sketch of his friend as a matter of fairness and news interest. We have printed his article exactly as he wrote it, without prejudice to our own editorial attitude*



William Randolph Hearst

**C**OLLIER'S WEEKLY asks for an article concerning William Randolph Hearst, and for "as many personal details as possible."

The article is written gladly. It is useful to inject truth into a mass of mean and commonplace falsehood.

It is a pleasure to contradict the contemptible attacks that have been made upon Mr. Hearst by men as far below him in moral character and integrity as they are in ability.

Hearst has a great work to do in the United States, and he means to do it.

He lives in a country where many have succeeded in spite of poverty, where many, having succeeded, forget or despise the poor, among whom they were formerly counted.

Hearst has succeeded in spite of wealth, a most unusual thing in this country.

In spite of wealth, he has worked on the side of those less fortunate than himself.

He has done more than any other man in the United States to spread among the people genuinely democratic ideas.

He is the only man of large fortune that has persistently attacked special privilege regardless of everything, save his desire to transform democratic generalizations into realities.

Hearst is forty-one years old. He looks younger, because of vigorous health, and because his life, even in this country of hard-working, right-living men, has been singularly free from dissipation.

## Personal Characteristics

He is a type of northern manhood, a good deal over six feet tall, as was his father. His head is of large size and well developed, his eyes light gray, and his nose unusually long. Few men have made a great success in the world—outside of the sentimental realms of music and poetry—unless they had blue eyes. Blue eyes and a long nose combined give the best result in a human being.

Hearst is a teetotaler, and he does not smoke. But he is a teetotaler for himself—not for others. He combines a sensible life with an understanding of other men's rights.

In all of his newspapers, read by no fewer than five millions of people daily, he urges young men to leave whiskey alone. And he opposes vigorously the poisoning of young boys by cigarettes.

He also opposes prohibition. He believes in argument, in reasoning—not in coercion.

A peculiarity which seems most admirable to Hearst's friends, and hurts him among a certain class of blatant, self-advertising politicians, is his modesty. Hearst is one of the very few men in American public life who underestimate their own ability and personal importance.

Different in other ways from many of our popular politicians, he is a man of speculative mind, one who thinks deeply on abstract questions. He is many miles removed from the typical American handshaking politician.

He is a man with whom others do not easily get acquainted, and his acquaintance always inspires respect. He has physical courage and moral courage.

What is more important than anything else, Hearst is a man of fixed purpose.

His strength, and his usefulness to the country, lie in concentration.

He believes in definite ideas and principles.

He believes that the government should work for the benefit of a majority of the people, that a race, like a building, must be lifted from the foundation.

## Mr. Hearst's Early Education

Fortunately for himself and for the public, Hearst was a public school boy. He went to the public school before going to Harvard. He was educated in a democratic American manner by a father who worked hard, and made his son realize that hard work is the important thing in life.

His aim, which he preaches constantly, is to make the public schools so good that even the richest man will have to send his children to the public school in order to give them the best possible education.

The leaders of the Democracy in New York City will testify that when they asked Hearst for his support, just after he had bought the "Journal," and asked him what he wanted, he told them that the only thing he wanted was the biggest possible appropriation for the public schools—and this, by the way, he got.

Hearst realizes that in development of the minds of children lies the hope of the future. He realizes and preaches that knowledge is the only remedy for social and political evils.

His ownership of great newspapers would be of incalculable benefit to this nation, if only because of his persistent advocacy of a better public education.

He is a man of unusually upright character, yet he is attacked in gossip and in editorials by men who are unworthy morally to associate with him.

He does not drink, smoke, or speculate, lives most simply and plainly, yet he is presented to the public as a man of the worst possible habits by those who know him not at all, or deliberately misrepresent him.

Many foolish persons, not a few editors among them, actually say that Hearst lacks ability as a newspaper man, does not have his own opinions, does not edit his own newspapers; "that he hires brains to do the work for him."

One of the minor editors on the "World," just after Hearst had taken hold of the "Journal" in New York, suggested an idea to Mr. Pulitzer.

He said to that venerable and wise journalist: "Mr. Pulitzer, Hearst is a rich young man who means to work hard and do his share in the world. Give him a page in the Sunday paper, write him up well, praise him for working and trying to do something, instead of spending his money foolishly, as most rich young men do."

Pulitzer replied with a quizzical look from his very piercing eye: "Young man, you are crazy. Keep your mind on the Sunday paper, that young man Hearst will give us plenty of work to attend to."

Mr. Pulitzer was a good prophet.

When a war breaks out, Hearst engages his correspondents, arranges for ships, and maps out the work from beginning to end.

## His Interest in the War

When the Spanish War broke out he offered to supply a regiment of cavalry at his own expense, to equip it, maintain it, and go to the front with it. This offer was made to and urged upon President McKinley through Senator Elkins. But it was refused.

At the outbreak of that war Mr. Hearst gave his steam yacht to the Government. He did not seize the opportunity to sell it, as did some eminently respectable gentlemen who affect to despise Hearst. He not only gave it outright, but he also paid the expense of putting it in shape to be used as a gunboat, the building of a steel deck forward, etc.

In offering to supply a regiment of cavalry and go to the front with it, Hearst was moved by no boyish desire to see a fight or craving for personal glory. He had advocated the war. He was even bitterly accused of bringing it on by men who were very cheerful when the war was over. He felt that he was at least partly responsible and that he ought to share the physical danger involved.

He finally succeeded in getting, at the last moment, an obscure appointment in the navy, but was not ordered on active service. Meanwhile he had chartered an extra ship for himself and gone to Santiago, determined at least to report the war, if he could not take a fighting hand in it. He reported the destruction of the fleet at Santiago for his own newspapers.

Among other statements that misrepresent Hearst was one—widely spread—to the effect that he made money from the war by selling papers, and was, therefore, anxious for the war.

In view of that statement, it may be worth mentioning that because of the war and the enormous expense of handling it in accordance with Hearst's ideas, the New York "Journal" while the war lasted was run at a loss that averaged three hundred thousand dollars a month—about ten thousand dollars per day. It is not likely that many individuals lost as much through the war as did Hearst.

It is ridiculous to be compelled to affirm that the most successful newspaper man in America understands his profession. Yet it is necessary to make that affirmation and to make it often, so ingeniously imaginative are the gentlemen of the conservative press.

Those who think that Hearst is not an editor may refer to Pulitzer or to Bennett. Those who think that he does not understand the mechanical details of his

business may refer to Hoe & Co., the great press manufacturers, or to the head of the printers' or pressmen's union in New York City. Hearst could take a press to pieces. He has suggested, and by insisting has secured, improvements in the Hoe product. Every newspaper man in America knows that his personal work has developed the art of newspaper illustration. He directs minutely every detail of his newspapers—editorial, reportorial, telegraphic, and mechanical.

As to Mr. Hearst's inception and direction of editorial policy and editorial writing, Samuel E. Moffatt, now an editorial writer on Mr. Pulitzer's staff, would serve as a good witness. Mr. Moffatt was formerly Hearst's principal editorial writer. He is unquestionably one of the ablest men in the profession. Under Mr. Hearst's personal direction, Mr. Moffatt had been conducting an energetic campaign in favor of the Nicaragua Canal.

The gentlemen at Washington finally decided to have the canal, subject to British control.

Moffatt knew that Hearst was intensely interested in the canal commercially for the sake of the West, as well as of the East, but especially because of its strategic importance to our navy. It might be that Hearst would want the canal built, even under disadvantageous circumstances. But, before approving the suggested scheme, he cabled for instructions to Hearst, who was then in Egypt on his way up the Nile.

Hearst cabled back at once the editorials which were published in his papers against the suggested surrender to the English, demanding that there be no canal at all unless it be an American canal. Those editorials killed the English project effectually, although the Englishmen found admirable support in most of the other New York newspapers.

## He Edits His Papers Himself

All the other Hearst editorial writers can testify to the fact that Hearst initiates and directs the policy of his newspapers, that those editorials on national questions which attract the greatest attention are either written verbatim by him, or are paraphrases of his telegraphic or verbal instructions.

Mr. Bennett and Joseph Pulitzer, as is well known, outline by telegraph or letter to their editorial writers the important utterances of their newspapers. The orders of Hearst to his editorial writers, in detail and in number, are at least double Pulitzer's orders—a fact due partly, of course, to Mr. Pulitzer's unfortunate state of health. Mr. Hearst actually writes more than any other important editor and proprietor in America. Henry Watterson as a conspicuous editor should be excepted, but he is not an owner.

One word about Hearst's activity on behalf of the people and against the trusts. Mr. Einstein, of the firm of Einstein & Townsend, was formerly counsel for Mr. Hearst's newspapers in New York City. He has been succeeded by Mr. Shearn. Mr. Einstein will testify that a lawyer who undertakes to carry out Mr. Hearst's instructions in regard to public fights will be kept busy. The mere statement that a thing is impossible has no effect upon Hearst whatever. The fact that it is pronounced impossible simply makes Hearst all the more determined to do it. The attacks upon the Ramapo water steal, the Gas Trust, the Coal Trust were all initiated by Mr. Hearst and carried out under his personal direction. The mass meetings, organized at no little expense, were ordered by Hearst, and on his orders the many fights were made in court. In short, Hearst manages literally every detail of his newspapers, and devotes all of his time to them.

He has really no other interest, and no other pleasure, outside of his home life.

His first child, a son, was born on the 23d of last month. It is to be hoped, for the people's sake, that this boy will grow up, and that, like his father, he will use his money and his energies in fighting for the people's rights, even at the risk of being called anarchist, revolutionist, and incompetent, as a reward for useful public effort.

## Hearst Will Own Fifty Newspapers

As an editor and an editor only, apart from political office, Hearst would do an enormous amount of good for years to come, more perhaps than any other man in the United States. If he lives, he will, within a few years, publish at least fifty newspapers, and reach every day practically the whole population of the United States. He owns and edits now nine morning and evening newspapers. When his papers shall be published everywhere the public official who betrays his trust will be called a traitor in every corner of this Republic, and the people will know that he is a traitor.

Those very men who hate Hearst, because he interferes with their schemes of plunder, would be the first to admit that it is absolutely impossible to influence him by any argument foreign to the public welfare. With some other newspapers they use successfully various arguments, not too creditable sometimes. Against Hearst their only weapon is slander. They



use it with a vigor that is almost admirable. If the people should actually appreciate and reward a man who works for them, they would not be disappointed in Hearst.

They would not put in office a man full of revolutionary ideas, eager to turn the country upside down, to overthrow in a month or in a year an established social system.

They would elect to office a real man, one independent of every other, anxious only to work for the majority to whom he would owe the honor conferred upon him.

They would put in office a genuinely conservative man, whose conservatism would consist in preserving the rights of the individual, and especially the rights of the collective mass as against the predatory few. They would put in office a man in whose eyes the richest scoundrel in the United States would be no more impressive, and far less worthy of gentle treatment, than the ordinary man who steals a pair of shoes.

If Hearst were made President, it would not be a happy day for the gentlemen in whose brains lie, yet un-

born, the future Ship Trusts, Steel Trusts, Coal Trusts, etc. But it would be a very good day for those who believe that the President of the United States should be known to the people and selected by them—not some dummy pronounced safe by the financiers that control the public purse.

The random statements written here about Hearst are true. They are based on personal knowledge.

Whether Hearst be nominated for the Presidency or not, some things will be proudly remembered by his friends.

The position that he has made for himself.

Every dishonest man on a big scale in the United States would dread his election. Every open violator of the law fears him and dislikes him. He is cordially hated by the lawbreakers in Sing Sing as well as by the lawbreakers in Wall Street. He has thousands of friends among the poor people, whose battles he has honestly fought.

He stands thus far as the only really self-made candidate for nomination by the Democrats, and he stands very far above the quiet dummies whom the trusts are

trying to push into prominence, that they may control both nominees.

The fight of the trust-owners and of the corruptionist Democrats everywhere is made against Hearst. He is the man they fear; their only thought is to find some Democrats that can be used to beat him. They do not care what the Democrat's name is. Hearst has built up a strong position for himself as a result of his twenty years of hard newspaper work. He and his friends may be proud of it.

And if not nominated for the Presidency he will continue to be what he is now—a much more influential and a much more useful man to the Republic than nine out of ten Presidents in our history.

Incidentally, the colorless editors throughout the country might observe that it is a good thing to have principle and fight for it. They might ask themselves if it would not be better to try on their own account to do something for the public, instead of using their energies in attacking Hearst, who has worked to make the American newspaper what it ought to be, a constant voice, representing the majority of the American people.

# THE NEWSPAPER SHELL GAME

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

NEWSPAPERS have on American morals and thought an influence hardly second to the schools, and greater than the Church. Many of them teach, more persistently than anything else, a contemptuous disregard for truth.

They lie about their circulation. They use the cry of "Extra" to get readers on false pretences. They exaggerate every happening to the degree of falsity. They have invented type which enables them the better to lie about the news.

## CZAR'S DEATH

FORETOLD BY GYPSY

is a typical headline, intended to bunco each buyer out of one cent. In any war this forgery method of the press runs riot. The perverting press loves war, in spite of the temporary loss in advertising, because it means news and circulation, from which advertising, power, and money follow soon. After McKinley was shot, agitation, falsity, and malice subsided somewhat, but the temptation to play on class and party hatred, and to tell a lie when the truth will not suffice can hardly be resisted by any owner who has cast himself for the rôle of demagogue. Let us take the leader.

Hearst sells newspapers. Rockefeller sells oil. I should not wish to say which is the greater hypocrite or the more evil influence. One can hire Legislatures and give money to religion. The other can pay a journalist the salary of a United States President to write editorials for him and to tell people, if need be, with great skill, what a modest, virtuous, self-sacrificing lover of the people his employer really is, and what a great editor; and the people must believe part of these stories about the employer's character and powers, just as they must believe part of the news printed in his newspapers. When the yellowest papers print a lie they do not take the space next day to deny it. Even if what they say about the Christlike nature of their proprietor, or some other topic, is doubted in other papers, those other papers are never seen by thousands who are reached by the class of journals headed by the Hearst newspaper trust.

It is of more importance, said the opening editorial of Mr. Hearst's new Boston paper, what a newspaper believes than what it does. Let us see what this little sentence means; for it is a clever sentence, as most of Mr. Brisbane's sentences are.

It means that a newspaper owner may on one page tell all the lies that will help his business, provided on another he solemnly prints in display letters that "it is IMPORTANT to tell the TRUTH."

It means that if he attacks gambling on one page, he may devote several other pages to making gambling attractive.

It means that he may take money for advertisements of alcoholic "medicines," provided he writes against drunkenness; as Mr. Rockefeller may get money by corruption, provided he mumbles over the eighth commandment.

Mr. Hearst, believing wealth unpopular, makes a display of attacking wealthy men. He always holds them personally responsible for everything that is done by the corporations of which they are a part. He wishes every rich director put in jail. He attacks Mr. August Belmont for being president of the Jockey Club, which he describes as an institution for the promotion of gambling.

Well, what is the "New York American"?

In the morning week-day issue of the day on which I write, half of the front page is given to racing, all of the second page, except half a column of advertising, all of one other page, except a little advertising about old doctors who cure diseases of men, and a few inches of prize-fighting and other "sports." This page includes "tips," telling how to bet, furnished free to its readers by the "American." It also includes advertisements trying to induce people to send money on the chance of winning large amounts by guessing the winning racers. And Mr. Hearst is so very noble in his attacks on racing and on

NOTE.—Some editorials Mr. Hapgood has written in Collier's about the Hearst boom and what it stands for, have provoked sufficient discussion to warrant a longer article than the editorial page permits. Having invited Mr. Brisbane to contribute his view of Mr. Hearst, we have asked Mr. Hapgood to say something from the other side. His article is addressed particularly to those readers of Collier's editorial page who, while conceding our fairness in general and not accusing us of being a paid mouthpiece of the trusts, consider that we have dealt harshly with Mr. Hearst, whom they describe as "a true friend of the people."

Mr. August Belmont! In this very issue I find a pure-minded editorial accusing President Clowry of being a criminal because the Western Union furnishes to pool rooms news about the races.

I open the "Evening Journal," edited by Mr. Brisbane for Mr. Hearst, to see what view of life it encourages in the people. On the principal news page I find articles on the following topics: Murder, 8; bigamy, 2; other crimes, 6; accidents, 7; insanity, jilting, and spirit revelations, Japanese monkeys, and how they are now breeding from patriotic motives; eighteen articles, mostly the smaller ones, covering foreign and domestic news, from the port at which Cornelius Vanderbilt's yacht is stopping to the largest fish ever received at Fulton Market. In space this page of "news of the world condensed," giving the general scope of the paper's interest and influence, devotes about six columns to crime and horror, and about one to those other interests of life on which it deems its readers worthy to be informed.

The yellow newspapers do good, incidentally, when it is not inconsistent with their advantage. Take the two leaders: Why is it that the highest type of men concerned in journalism have some respect for Mr. Pulitzer and none for Mr. Hearst? It is, in part, because of personal acquaintance with the two men, but more because in one of Mr. Pulitzer's newspapers there is some degree of sincerity, and even of independence. There is some disregard of truth also, but newspaper men forgive much. Mr. Hearst they do not forgive, for he has only exaggerated what was bad in Mr. Pulitzer and abandoned what was good. Modesty,

too, is popular, and Mr. Pulitzer is a fairly modest man. Mr. Hearst's name was printed in one day, in one of his many papers, in one of the many issues, 28 times on the editorial page, 20 times on the second page, 27 on the third, 40 on the fourth, and 64 on the sixth, or 179 in all. Mr. Pulitzer, whatever his faults, is known as a man without petty qualities—and that is something. Nor has Mr. Pulitzer ever been known as a man who used his newspapers to terrorize with scandal his political opponents. The "New York American" is now exploiting the private troubles of the Villard family, because the "Evening Post" attacked Hearst as a candidate. Mr. Ochs is now suing Mr. Hearst and Mr. Brisbane for making up the story that August Belmont owned the "Times," a story concocted in order to punish that paper for opposing the Hearst candidacy. When I began to write against Mr. Hearst's modest political pretensions, I was warned that if there was anything in my life which I wished kept private I had better hold my peace. Mr. Pulitzer has, I believe, been impersonal. He, the pioneer, knew enough, as Hearst has known after him, to hire able subordinates, but it was only as editors, not as press agents. Mr. Hearst is the first man to be run for President by his employees.

When the United States became a nation, the founders hoped that the old story of aristocracy and demagogue might never be enacted here. Shall we be able to preserve our pure, fair democracy, with the Rockefeller attacking it from one direction and the Hearsts from the other? I think we shall. We shall be victimized neither by plutocracy nor by the friend-of-the-people shell game. If Mr. Brisbane would allow me to write one of his editorials for him, I should contribute this:

### LISTEN.

To the billion readers in our Hearst family, ONE WORD.

Let them EXAMINE this paper.

They will find over a page of advertisements by quack doctors, of a kind which reputable papers will not print.

They will find masses of advertisements on patent medicines. One contains 44 per cent of alcohol. One, advertised as "safe," contains over 35. We KNOW they are poison.

We aid and abet clairvoyants, palmists, astrologers, and card-readers. Why do we carry all these schemes to CHEAT THE POOR?

Did you ever study proportion?

Neither has the poor savage of Australia; but we have, and our morality is determined by the ratio of cost to what we get out of it.

As it is in these petty swindles, so is it in the larger bunco games of politics.

We defend the poor when it PAYS.

We cheat the poor when it PAYS.

THINK IT OVER.

There are confidence games that I like better.

Shall the soul of yellow journalism spread over our politics and into our private life? George Washington saw in a demagogic press one of the gravest dangers, even a century and more ago, before any man had money enough to become a newspaper trust alone.

"High finance" is able to secure the ablest legal talent, to play every known trick upon the courts—for money.

The wealthy owner of a newspaper, or syndicate of newspapers, is able to secure the ablest journalists, to play every trick upon the people—for money.

The trust lawyers know their business.

So do the yellow editors.

As a matter of mere ability I take off my hat, if not to Mr. Hearst, yet to his writers and defenders. If any force can change this free and happy land into an Old-World fighting-ground for hatred, they can; and then will the gloomy prophecies of Washington come true.

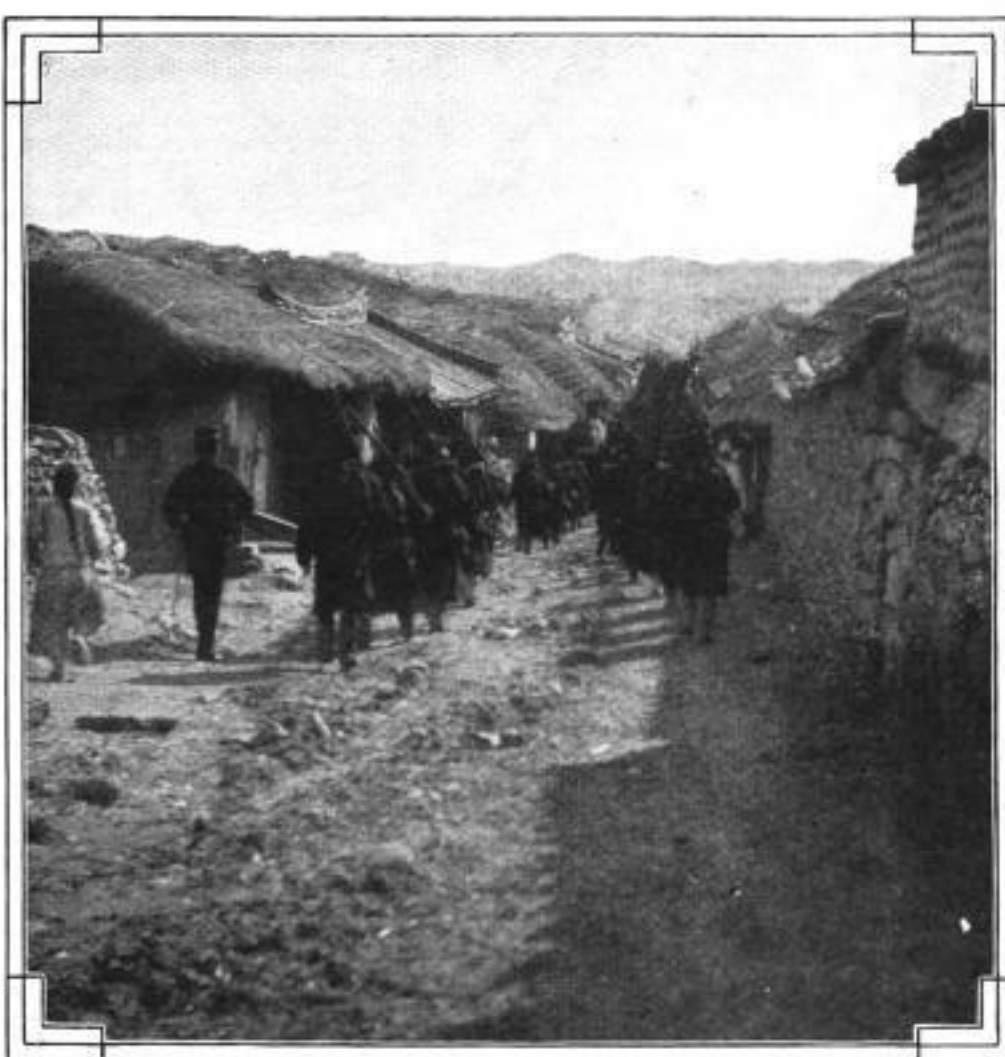


"A SKIRMISH BETWEEN JAPANESE AND RUSSIAN OUTPOSTS NEAR THE YALU."

### A REMARKABLE BATTLE PHOTOGRAPH IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

We must compliment our esteemed contemporary, "Harper's Weekly," on the excellent double-page reproduction of the above photograph, which appears in its issue of May 14. Unfortunately, the spirited scene it portrays is not "A Skirmish Between Japanese and Russian Outposts near the Yalu," but a photograph taken at Fongcheatun, a few miles north of Port Arthur, on November 22, 1894, almost ten years ago, during the Sino-Japanese war. This photograph and another, printed as a full-page in the same number of "Harper's Weekly," were originally published in a book entitled "Japan-China War," by Kelly & Walsh, Yokohama, Japan, 1895. If our contemporary will refer to recent pictures by R. L. Dunn, Collier's special photographer, from the seat of war, it will note that the Japanese army of March, 1904, wears a uniform considerably different from that of November, 1894. In the present war the only artillery engagement on or near the Yalu was fought on May 5, and we had figured to receive photographs of this battle about July 5 from our two correspondents now with the First Japanese Division in Manchuria. We fear the dazzling timeliness of this particular picture betrayed our contemporary into a trifling error.





PASSING THROUGH SAI-MUN ON THE ROAD TO PING-YANG



Dr. Haraguchi      Capt. Iwata      Lieut. Imamura      Sec. I  
GENERAL SASAKI AND STAFF, IN COM



THE FORTY-SIXTH INFANTRY REGIMENT MARCHING THROUGH TAI-TONG, OPPOSITE PING-YANG

## THE OCCUPATION OF PIN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. L. DUNN, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTO

Under date of March 21 Mr. Dunn writes from Seoul: "I returned here overland late last night from Ping-Yang. I spent twenty-two days in and near that city, getting as far north as Sunan. At every place I was able to get some good pictures. I went further north than any other newspaper man and secured pictures no one else got. There was only one way to send you pictures from the North, and that was by special messenger overland to Seoul, sometimes a distance of more than two hundred miles. I have learned that the mail and pictures I posted the day I left Ping-Yang have never gone, and upon arriving at Seoul I learned that not half my messengers had arrived here. All mail was opened at Ping-Yang, and, judging from the way I was watched day and night, I am certain that the Japs did not send my mail. After finding I was under guard I organized the overland messenger service. On the way back to Seoul I saw Korean

coolies stopped every day and searched by I had a hard time going and coming from it six days' trip to Ping-Yang, over mountains by the Japs, as many as twenty-five slow carrying my provisions and films on pack, ting fine scenes at once, and getting them no end of worry among the correspondents

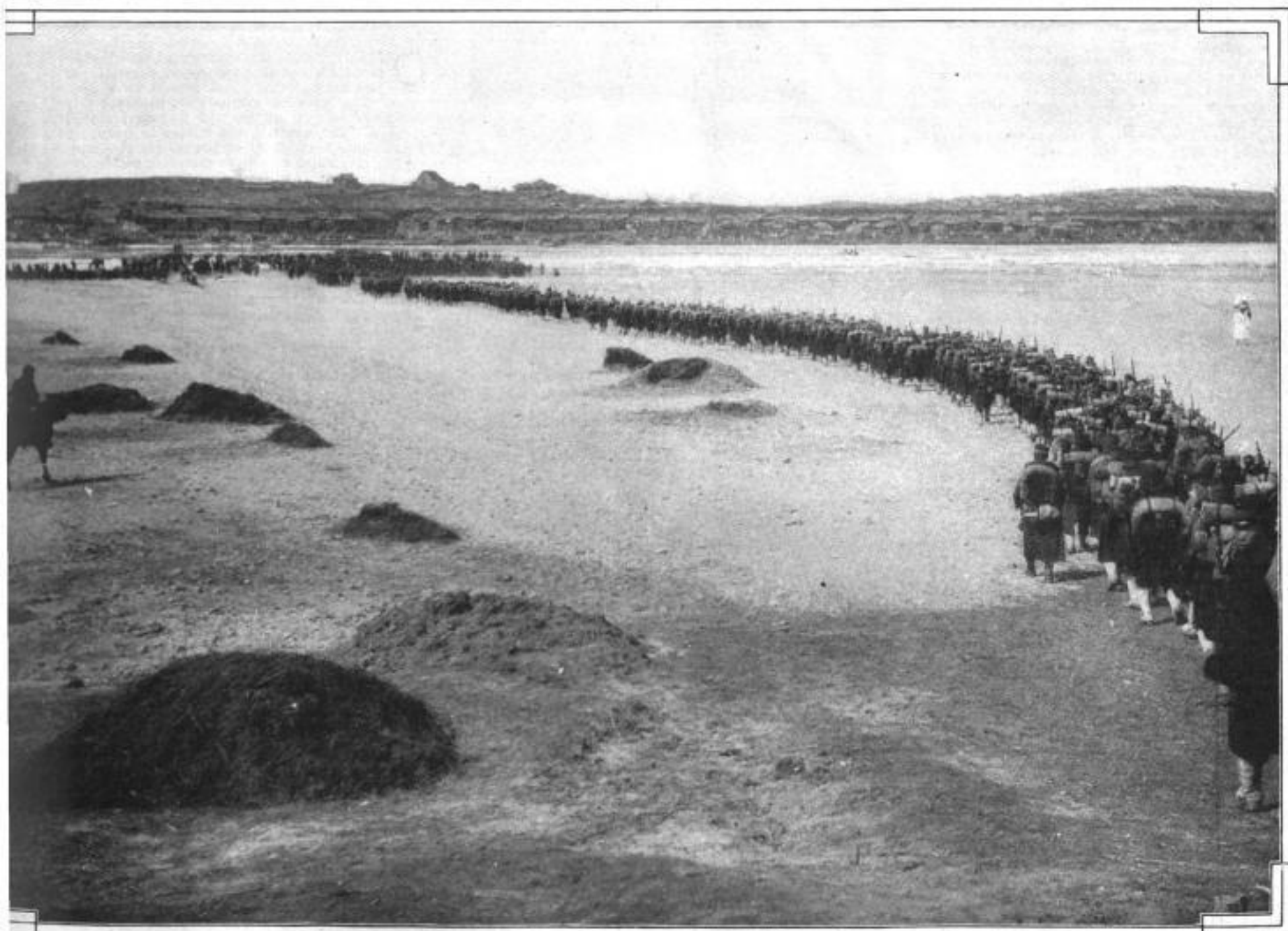




Shibata Capt. Makayama Lieut. Kajiura  
WHICH TOOK POSSESSION OF PING-YANG



DRILLING IN THE FIELDS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PING-YANG



THE FOURTEENTH INFANTRY REGIMENT MARCHING OVER THE SAND FLATS OF THE TAI-TONG RIVER TO ENTER PING-YANG

## BY THE JAPANESE ARMY

IN KOREA. PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

all of my messengers could not have escaped. el at this season is most difficult. It is a good ce to sleep at night, every village being taken in advancing army occupies the roadway from turn trip but to travel over frozen rice fields, first correspondent to arrive at Ping-Yang, get- m arrived. My presence at Ping-Yang caused re complaining about my being permitted North

while they were held in Tokio. The Japanese Consul at Ping-Yang told me that complaints were coming to him daily, and that I must leave. After getting him to round up the other correspondents at Ping-Yang I returned from the North and we all started on the return trip. The other men chose to go to Chenampo to await the boat, but I preferred traveling overland, and upon my arrival at Seoul I learned that my friends had been driven from Chenampo by the military authorities and were compelled to follow me over the rice fields."

Since writing this letter Mr. Dunn has been compelled to return to Tokio in order to obtain credentials that will enable him to accompany the Japanese army with official sanction. He was assigned late in April to the third expedition, of which fact he advised us by cable, but he was not allowed to inform us of the destination of this army corps



# THE GIRL OF THE VIOLIN

By Katharine M.C. Meredith

Illustrated by

A.I. KELLER



As the men lingered over their coffee, the notes of a violin were heard.

IT WAS an afternoon in December, and each window of the library at Marsh Hall framed a stretch of white Long Island landscape touched to flame color, where the setting sun was reflected in the sheets of thin ice which, here and there, covered the marsh land. Away off beyond it all a gray sea pounded upon a gray shore. Within, blazing logs illuminated the red leather of the library.

Hewitt Webb walked to the fire. Dawson had said that Mrs. Mills would see him there. Mrs. Mills was the Matilda of his past. Sometimes she had even been Tillie. With the latter he had been in love at one time, although he had never quite approved of her except later as the wife of another man. And now she had a fashion of asking him down to the Hall just often enough to make him feel that he would like to go, always sending him back to town again before he became restless. Matilda Mills never overdid anything. "Well—here you are!" The voice was bell-like.

"Here I am!"

"Were you glad to be asked?" tinkled the voice again.

"I am here," Webb replied, with an economical transposition of words.

"My dear—you have saved my life! Such a stupid crowd as are down just now! All of them George B.'s friends except Lucy—she's mine," George B. was Matilda's husband.

"Lucy who?"

"Lucy Reeves—the girl with the violin."

"A girl with a violin!" Webb began to draw on his gloves and looked at the door.

"Don't worry, my friend—this one is different."

"Impossible!"

"Well—nine chances out of ten she will not play. She has to be in just the right mood!"

"Oh! moods—and a violin—Tillie, how could you? Let me go now and come again some other time." He took out his watch. "I could catch the five-fifteen."

"Perhaps; but you will not. Besides, I asked you on purpose for her!"

Webb regarded his hostess with horror.

"For her! I am to be sacrificed?"

"Not at all. But you are to study her. I think she is a case."

"Oh, shop!" Webb was becoming a noted alienist.

"Well—shop—then. She is the dearest little thing in the world. But any one can see that her music is killing her. Why, the last time I heard her play she fainted."

"Fudge! pretence."

"No, she *did*!"

"And I am to save her—"

"—from Art; it is killing her!" Matilda nodded solemnly.

"And my rôle is to be?"

"That of Love," retaliated Matilda.

"Not science, then?"

"Oh, bother science!" Matilda cried with disrespect.

"You can't be serious! Ah, not you—that is what you never were and never will be!" Webb settled himself comfortably, crossing his legs, and began to remove his gloves with an air of relief.

"But I always was—about other people! And she's such a duck!"

"Pretty?"

"Oh, of course, that's as one might fancy."

"Like you, then?"

"Not in the least. She's very gentle, appealing, dove-like."

"And plays the violin! Impossible! Where is she to-day?"

"Riding with the rest—such a set!"

"She rides well?"

"Oh, but like a greenhorn—"

Just then a log in the fireplace fell with a crash, the embers blazed up into a ruddy crimson, and the sparks danced merrily. When Webb and Matilda turned to look at each other again a girl stood just before them.

Matilda gave the most perfect little gasp of pretended alarm.

"How long have we been a party of three? Why, Lucy! We were talking about you!"

Webb, being a man, felt and acted a little more ill at ease. He was very sure of his own awkwardness as he rose and remained standing by Miss Reeves.

"I was reading—in the window over there." She was in her habit and hat, while a crop was in the hand which held her book. "I came home a half-hour ago—just before you, I fancy!"—looking at Webb musingly: "I was so interested I never noticed you were here—or you, Matilda—until a moment ago."

Matilda bit her lips and wondered hard and long. Webb tried to retrace their fragmentary conversation and studied the new face. As Lucy Reeves was tranquilly regarding the fire he had an unrivaled opportunity for doing so. These are his impressions:

In the first place her calm seemed to him assumed. A high color stained her cheeks and the delicate brows were drawn together with a stern intensity. The face was a very pure one. The childish nose was tilted, as

if in maidenly disdain of a world too coarse for its taste. The mouth was sweet and looked as if it might fall into lines of grief easily. Her form was extremely slight, hipless, and she stood as daintily poised as a bird, a little shy, and as if eager to fly away.

As Webb looked at her the impression was forced upon him that she had heard nothing of their silly conversation because of a preoccupation of mind. It seemed to him that the girl was mentally absorbed with some subject in which he and Matilda bore no part.

Matilda, leaning forward, grasped one of the girl's hands.

"You witch—didn't I see you ride away with the rest?"

"Yes, but I ran away from the others. I came home alone"—diffidently.

"How was that?" Matilda opened her eyes very wide.

"Dopy ran."

"He ran! Weren't you afraid?"

"Not of the horse," said the girl slowly, as if to herself, while her eyes traveled gradually from the fire to the window where the darkness outside was veiling the icy marshes.

"Of what, then?" asked Webb, as Matilda went from them to the tea-table.

She did not appear to hear him, and the room seemed suddenly to fill as the four men and women who entered it were noisy and excited. The two men sought the fire. The women took seats, one on either side of Matilda, at the tea-table.

"What possessed her? To ride like that!" cried one of the women.

All were looking good-naturedly at Miss Reeves. She walked with a timid, uncertain step to a table where she laid aside her book and crop in order to take the tea which Webb brought her.

"Is it a novel?" he added, as he saw her turn a leaf in the book before closing it.

"No—yes."

"What is it called?"

"Oh, it's just a foolish sort of thing."

Webb fetched muffins and tea, talked stocks and turf, and then he came to the book where the girl had left it. It was Binet's "Alterations of Personality." The page turned was one in a chapter devoted to an analysis of the case of one "Selida." He ran his eye rapidly over the chapter, catching a sentence here and there. "Variations which take the form of two or more personalities in the same individual," he read.

"Perfectly healthy people may be found among these."

"In these phenomena, we may see an example of double personality." And so on. He remembered having read the book some years ago. How had it happened to find a lodging on the shelves of George B.'s library?

What possible interest could it possess for such a girl? And why had the girl lied in saying that it was a novel? As he looked up from the pages he met her eyes steadily regarding him.

"Why the fib?" he asked, going over to her, book in hand.

"I don't know," slowly.

"You know, but you won't tell?"

"Oh," she stammered, and he noticed that her voice had a sweet flute-like quality.

Still holding the book, he tried to draw her out. But she would have none of his ideas. She seemed quite suddenly collapsed into a schoolgirl, who would not be interested in Binet's "Alterations of Personality," and very soon ran away from their circle and up the stairs to her room. Webb laid the book on a table at his side. When he came down just before dinner it was not there.

That night, as the men lingered over their coffee and cigars, the notes of a violin were heard.

It was a mad air, thrilling, mocking, and dying finally in notes of an infinite despair. Such music! Full of fire, turmoil, and riotous life! What secret of the underworld—what disaster—was disclosed by its impetuous notes? And the horrible charm of it all! Whose was the master hand capable of evoking such emotion, of displaying such consummate technic? Webb knew at once. He heard the stir which broke the silence after the last note, and went with the others into the music room. As he entered he saw Lucy leave by an opposite door. Slipping through the hall and into the library, he met her as she sought to make her escape.

"You play like that?" he cried.

"Was it I?" she called in a harsh voice, as she flew past him, eluding his outstretched arm.

## II

ON TUESDAY, at a quarter of two, Webb entered his consultation room, a small parlor just back of that which served for a general office. The house was a narrow, rather old-fashioned one in the thirties, and just off from Fifth Avenue. The weather was milder in town, and a sticky slime covered all of the pavements, while a cold drizzle which was more than rain and less than snow filled the air with its discomfort. As he stood, a card was brought to him. While looking at it in bewilderment, Miss Reeves was shown into the room.

She greeted him in a quiet, self-possessed way, and seated herself with dainty grace in the chair indicated by him. He looked closely at her face. Its features were set in an earnest fixity of purpose. Suddenly he discovered that she was less embarrassed than himself, and fell into silence awaiting her first word.

"I have been worried for some time about a matter," said she quietly. "The matter of my brain. Dr. Webb, I am anxious to be examined as to my sanity."

Webb stared, and then walked a few steps up and down the room.

"Your sanity!" he repeated. "Oh, is that all?" and he smiled at her.

But the girl did not return the smile.

"Well, let us get at it," he said genially, and, sitting just opposite her, leaning a little toward her, he asked her rapidly a great many questions, to all of which she replied with great care and seemingly conscientious effort. No, her head or spine had never sustained injury. The facts of her heredity were given. Then came the physical tests, submitted to with the same apparent earnest eagerness. She showed a keen intelligence as to the subject. Webb breathed more and more easily, and gradually assumed a friendly, laughing air, as of one who has humored a child. Finally he sat and looked at her with admiration.

"How did you, may I ask, come to know so well just what questions might be put to you?"

"I have read a lot."

Webb shook his head. "Oh, if women would leave such books alone."

"But I have suffered terribly."

"Well, you have answered my questions. I find nothing to suggest any reason why you should have come to me."

"You would call me—normal?"

"Most certainly."

"You have not asked me as to any fancy in regard to any unpardonable sin!" She looked at him eagerly.

"Have you committed one?" he returned, smiling.

"No." She hesitated. "You have not asked if I am ever any one else—not Lucy Reeves."

"Are you?" He lifted his eyebrows and regarded her shrewdly.

"I am." She breathed it out defiantly. "Now you will say that I am insane!" She looked at him.

His face was imperturbable.

"Tell me all about it."

And then in a torrent of words, and finally with sighs and tears, she told him.

"Wait," he said. "Have you ever told any one else?"

"Never!"

"And this person, whom you are at times—who is it?"

"It is a man." She looked at him, rebelling at his expression. "I tell you it is so—he takes possession of me whenever he wills. I am at his mercy. Lucy Reeves is just a girl—like any girl—except for him."

"When did it all begin?"

"Two years ago—when the violin I now have was sent me by Aunt Julie from the other side."



"Had you read books on nerve disorders before this feeling—came upon you?"

"Never! I tell you, I was just like other girls."

"And in just what do you differ now?"

"It was like this: I was always fond of a violin. I began to study when I was nine—ten years ago. I was patient and plodding, but I never got beyond a certain point. I never have got beyond a certain point. He does that."

"Who?"

"I don't know *who*, but it is a man, and not I." She sat looking sullenly at the fire.

"But why are you so sure it is a man?"

"I know it—that is all," she repeated obstinately.

"Have you ever seen him?"

"No, never!" She shuddered.

"And the other night at Marsh Hall?"

"It was he who played—"

"It was he?"

"Yes—and, oh, another thing! It was he who rode Dopy that afternoon. Dr. Webb, I think the horse knew. I am a timid horsewoman. I hated to mount that day. I never shall again—that is, if I can help it!" And the girl burst into tears.

"Has *that* phase ever occurred before?"

"No, only that of the violin."

"Why do you play at all? Why not drop music for a while?"

"Ah! Would I not be glad to do so? But I can not. The thought takes possession of my mind—I must go to the violin—must handle it. And then—he does as he likes."

"Do you dream of him?"

"No, thank God!"

"Does he come in any other way?"

"No. But I forgot to say that my voice grows harsh and horrid at such times. I seem to hear it so."

"Where did your aunt get the violin?"

"She never told me."

"And you do not know to whom it belonged?"

"No—that is—" She hesitated.

"What were you going to say? Keep nothing from me."

"Once I had an uneasy night. When I awakened I seemed to feel that I had walked in my sleep. I saw on the table at my bedside the writing pad I had left on my desk."

"The writing pad, you *thought* you had left on your desk," Webb interrupted quietly. "Go on."

"Well"—she clasped her hands nervously—"it was there—and on it these words in a strange hand: 'I must live again through you at times. The violin is the one I pawned at Paris. I was crowded out of life.—André Proust.'"

"Was it in pencil?"

"Yes. And I found the pencil under my pillow."

"And your doors?"

"Were locked on the inside as I left them the night before."

Webb arose. "And what are your own thoughts about this incident, Miss Reeves?"

"That *he* wrote it with my hand during the night—just as he plays his own violin with my hand," she replied obstinately. "I feel—"

"Feel!" snorted Webb. "Oh, you women and your feelings! What do *they* amount to!"

He walked up and down the room a moment, then came again and stood before her.

"Do you want me to tell you what it all means?" he asked very kindly. She looked her assent.

"Just this, then. When you wrote, you *acted your dream*. Do you understand? And when you play on the violin—you *dream while awake*. Do you understand that also?"

She faltered out a few low words.

"I know—I understand—I have read it—"

"Listen! I believe that you are an intelligent girl and will understand. In that way you will be able to help yourself. Now, my dear Miss Reeves, your case is quite simple—it is one of traumatic hysteria. You fancy you are at times another person, because the disease with you has a quite distinct phase. Of your two personalities one is normal, yourself—and from that we hope much; the other is distinctly pathological. In some way we shall cure you—possibly by some method of hypnosis. I will think it all over carefully and will write you when to come again. Meanwhile, cultivate your will power!"

As he talked the girl seemed to collapse before his eyes. Paler and paler she grew.

"It *is* true, and you can never help me in that way. And, Dr. Webb, sometimes I wonder if what you scientists call 'subjective selves' are not just spirits after all."

"Come, be sensible!"

She said no more, drank the glass of wine he offered her, and left the office. Webb watched her uneasily. It was an interesting case.

A week later he was surprised by a letter from her.

"After I left you the other day, my dear Doctor Webb," she wrote, "I did what you would certainly call a foolish thing. I went to a minister whom I knew as a kind good man. He told me practically just what you did. He said a lot to me about cultivating my will power and saving myself. I don't know exactly what I had hoped, but I think I wanted him to offer to pray for me."

"I have heard that in the Catholic Church they still

hold that prayer will cast out evil. But I know that science regards all these things as superstitions. Sometimes I have thought that perhaps that which they call 'superstition' was all that kept real religion alive, and that what appeared foolishness to our wise men was God's wisdom after all."

"We must not expect miracles. I shall just go on and do the best I can with my life. But I can never be like other girls."

"I am going away to-night. I am sure you will remember me as an interesting case. My address will be as below for a couple of months. Sincerely yours, "LUCY REEVES."

Webb read the letter several times. "A very lovable little girl," he thought. "All the more lovable because of her foolishness."

### III

ALL this had happened in the December of 1902. In the February of the following year Webb dined with Mrs. Mills in town—a little dinner of six. Later all went to the Metropolitan to hear one of the operas of "Der Ring des Nibelungen." It was "Götterdämmerung." Their seats were in the stalls, and Webb sat next to Matilda, who had on her other side a man whose pose was that of a musician but whose genius was purely social. He talked in a dilettante fashion of the singers and the orchestra work, criticising Hertz, who was conducting the opera. Nordica, also, he whimpered, was not doing as well as in "Siegfried." Finally, toward the end of the evening his talk, which Webb styled drivel, and to which Matilda listened as if fascinated, drifted to the work of various violinists. He spoke in detail of an artist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and of a violin divertimento, "Nights in the Ukraine," and the "Death of Tintagiles," both of which, he argued, could only be interpreted by a man.

"But," he added in the falsetto voice Webb detested, "I make one exception. There is a curious girl in Boston—an American, strange to say—who can render them with terrible intellectual force. But she is an anomaly. She is a curious psychological study. She is wearing herself out with a hysterical frenzy which she throws into her rendering—really painful."

"You must mean Lucy Reeves!" exclaimed Matilda, and Webb started into a new interest as if stung.

"That is her name!" continued the dilettante.

"She played for us one night—last winter—down at

"But there is one thing about Lucy Reeves which would spoil any woman in my eyes. She has such a terrible voice, harsh, masterful—actually the voice of a man."

Matilda turned in astonishment. "Are you sure? There must be some mistake! Lucy has—as I recall it—a voice which is melody itself."

Matilda's dilettante shook his head. "It is far from being melodious now."

Webb felt strangely excited. He fidgeted, looked up and down, and then slowly across to where Lucy Reeves herself was sitting. She was leaning back in her seat and looking dreamily at the stage. Her fragility was startling. All the look of fresh bloom, the prerogative of girlhood, was gone. She was like a wisp of spirit tangled in a rag of tulle and flung in a graceful attitude into the chair she occupied. Webb looked steadily at her, and as he looked he marveled.

Was there an André Proust after all—an ill-starred soul from some mysterious underworld—a phantom rival? And what is this veil of personality which, lifting, reveals other egos peering from the obscurity of mind?

Was there less insanity in the world now that there were more alienists like himself? He knew that there was not.

What should he call it? Possession, or obsession, or hysteria, or what not? The girl belonged to him—had always belonged to him from the moment he met her. He felt that his own professional egotism had blocked the way. As he looked at her his whole awakened soul in his eyes, she turned and met his glance. He shuddered at the indescribable mournfulness of her look. She did not bow. She nodded slightly several times almost as if at her own thought. It was as if she said to him:

"I know—I know—and now you know, too—at last."

When he went to her, as he did at the first opportunity, it was as if they had but parted yesterday. And when they separated it was with the understanding that they were to meet on the morrow.

The next day he went to see her. Lucy received him alone. The change in her which had startled him the night before was even more apparent by day. As if she wished him to realize once for all the true condition of her health, she drew him by one hand to the window, and stood before him just where the heavy parted draperies allowed the full light of day to envelop her face and form. The curtains were of pale blue, and they found correspondent tints about the eyes and lips of the girl. Her skin seemed translucent, delicate as porcelain, and the head with its mass of bronze hair seemed too heavy for the support afforded it by the pale throat which arose from the simple waist of her pearl-colored cloth gown. Without a word she held her hands to the light, that he, the physician, might note their fragility. Each dainty finger was tipped with rose, each vein was outlined in azure—the wrists and hands seemingly of wax.

He stood with a sinking heart and noted each trace left by the advance of the Enemy.

She watched him keenly, the pupils of her wonderful eyes expanding slowly. Her lips quivered in a sob and then into words: "You are sorry?"

"Sorry! my God! Lucy—what does it all mean?"

She smiled up at him an inscrutable smile, in which was blended mockery, tenderness, and a strange triumph. It was as if the child in her nature was crying out to him, "I told you so!" But in a whisper she said, "I am lost."

"No! It is not so!" he cried.

"Who will save me?"

"I! I will!"

She sat in silence, and he saw tears steal silently over her wan cheeks.

"No," she shook her head. "You have not faith enough!"

"Lucy, science has a great many resources—"

She touched his lips with one fingertip. "Hush!"

"Why do you whisper, dear?" he asked anxiously. "Have you lost your voice?"

A gray pallor spread over her face and she seemed about to faint. "Yes—that is it, I have lost my voice," she murmured, and in her eyes he saw a bitter agony.

"Do you still believe—what you told me in my office that day?"

For an answer she bowed her head. The pathos, the resignation, of the motion was indescribable.

Webb pondered in vain for a suitable thing to say. He could not, did not, believe with her as to the awful power which overshadowed her.

Yet he had come to think that he could best influence her mind by pretending to do so. What could he say? What could he do? He was lover now as well as alienist. If he told her she was dying from auto-suggestion, what would that mean to her? She might reply by asking him to tell her just what the sub-consciousness was. She might ask him how he could be sure that it was a part of her ego. She might ask him to prove that it was not an entity separate from herself. He felt very helpless and ignorant quite suddenly. And he saw that whatever was to be done must be done at once.

"Dr. Webb, note every phase of my case—it may help you when others come to you as I did." The girl seemed very hoarse. "What was true then is true now—the music they think so wonderful is still his. (Continued on page 16.)



There was a rush, a struggle, a discordant twang of strings . . .

Marsh Hall. We were all thrilled—astounded—a mere child with the execution of a man."

"There is a mood—one must call it so—'Le Diable à l'œuvre et circule.' She goes quite mad over it, and her audience lives with her in a sort of Walpurgis Night. She has a wonderful grip on such work. One can not understand her. But she is wearing out."

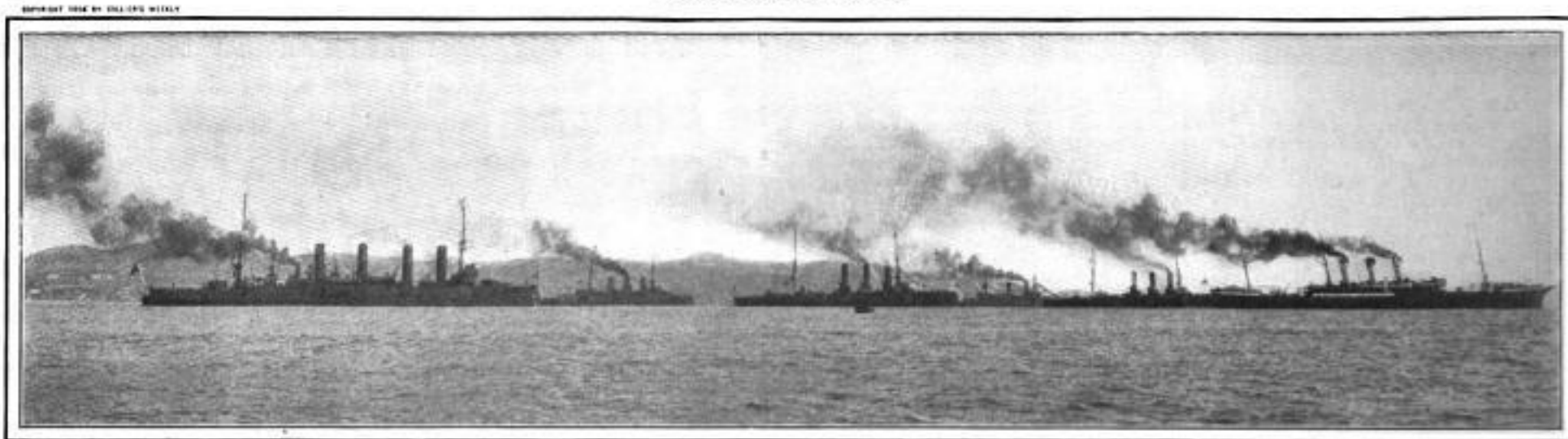
"Her genius?"

"No—her physique. No woman could stand such a strain."

"Poor Lucy—such a nice little girl, too!"

"Is she really?" If you heard her play you might call her anything but "nice."





RUSSIA'S WAR FLEET NOW BOTTLED UP IN PORT ARTHUR

# TORPEDO CRAFT vs. BATTLESHIPS

By Captain Alfred T. Mahan, U.S.N.

This is the third of a series of articles under the title of "Appreciation of Conditions in the Russo-Japanese Conflict," contributed exclusively to Collier's by Captain A. T. Mahan, U.S.N., author of "The Influence of Sea Power on History," who is a recognized authority, the world over, in matters pertaining to naval strategy. The first article was published in Collier's for February 20; the second, April 30.

THE destruction of the Russian battleship *Petrovsk* by a submarine mine, and the completeness of the catastrophe, involving both vessel and crew, constitute an incident so dramatic as to arrest at once the attention of the superficial, and to compel the close study of responsible authorities. In all such cases the obvious is that which carries the day in the so-called "opinions" of the hasty; and in this instance the obvious is the relative insignificance of the means of destruction, compared with the result produced. The true lessons of the occurrence, however, are not to be so lightly learned; they are not to be found in impressionist articles in the press, or in impressionist utterances elsewhere. There are always qualifying considerations. Possibly, these may not in the end be found strong enough to overbear the contention of those who judge only by an event, and that event isolated; but not until the other side of the question has been duly pondered can conclusion be justly thought final and safe.

Naval History bears witness to two continuous streams of belief; one in the superior efficacy of big ships, the other in the possibility of reaching some cheap means of offence, which will supersede the necessity of large vessels. The gunboat policy of President Jefferson affords the extreme example of this prepossession, which is only one aspect of a conflict everywhere seen between means and ends; the desire to obtain results without paying the reasonable and necessary price. Another instance of the same disposition is the hope of bringing an enemy to terms by commerce destruction alone, to be effected by a number of small cruisers, instead of obtaining control of the sea by preponderance of great fleets, supposed to be more expensive. No disappointment kills this expectation; experience is powerless against it, and is equally powerless to repress the theory, continually recurring, that some class of small vessel, with peculiarly redoubtable qualities, will be found to combine resistlessness with cheapness, and so put an end to the supremacy, never heretofore shaken, of the great ship of the order of battle. Its supremacy destroyed, the control of the sea will pass to the destroyer.

Control of the Sea. That, I believe, is conceded by all naval students and statesmen to be the one clear and necessary aim of naval warfare. The control may be local, as that of Japan now is; or it may be substantially universal, as that of Great Britain has been during long periods. Whether general or restricted, however, it means that the commerce and the military expeditions of the nation possessing control can pass continuously to and fro, without danger of disabling blows from the enemy. Absolute immunity from injury, occasionally even grave, is a vain dream of those who would fain wage war without running risks. In sober conception, "control" means such use of the water as a man has of a well-established business; not liable to failure, but also not exempt from reverses.

## The Control of the Sea

The necessity then actually before us being that of control of the sea, the question raised by those who in speech and cartoon are now deriding the battleship is: Can control of the sea be maintained by a large number of small ships, carrying torpedoes, against a lesser number of big ones? It must be clearly noted from the first that the question is not primarily that of the potential effects of the torpedo on the big ship. As I said in my first article for Collier's, "Nobody has doubted the destructive effects of a torpedo, once placed"; but the big ship can carry them too, and in as large numbers as the successive relative progresses of the torpedo and the gun may render desirable. It may be that in the near future the development of the torpedo may obtain for it a much greater proportion of the total tonnage of a vessel than at present, to be taken at the expense of the guns and their ammunition; but that is not the immediate matter under discussion, which is, the relative efficacy of big and small vessels. To put this most clearly before us, let it be thus stated: If all the Japanese armored ships were suddenly destroyed, their torpedo flotilla remaining decisively superior to the Russian, would the Japanese undertake to convey an army to Korea in the face of the three Russian battleships now remaining?

Being already so far involved—several army corps now in Korea—they might attempt much; but that they

never would have begun the war, in the case supposed, may be inferred from their incessant—and most wise—efforts to destroy the enemy's battleships, as well as from their continued measures to provide themselves with more large vessels,—the "Marine Review" of April 28 contains the particulars of two new Japanese battleships, of 16,400 tons displacement, ordered in England. The three Russians would not be enough to establish Russian control of the sea; they would be too few to cover the necessary ground; but they would make it impossible for transportation to proceed in quantity adequate to Japanese needs.

## What Torpedoes Can Do

Could the Japanese torpedo flotilla, however, grapple with such a situation? To answer that it can do so, adequately, would mean that it can with certainty, and in reasonable time, destroy the remaining hostile battleships, or prevent their going to sea. Of this there is as yet no evidence. I don't mean merely no proof; but there is not even anything to indicate the probability that they could effect this result under the supposed conditions. For, what has been done? First, there was a successful surprise of a fleet off its guard and at anchor; in which, by the detailed account of the London "Times," ten torpedo vessels took part, discharging twenty torpedoes at a distance of 500 yards. The result we know was two battleships and a cruiser disabled, under circumstances much more favorable than can be expected to recur. The position of the enemy was known, he was at anchor, off guard, and without proper lookouts. Close range was thus attained, unseen; yet of twenty torpedoes fired, only three hits are scored. This is substantially the only success of the torpedo vessel—as distinguished from the torpedo weapon—in its peculiar sphere of operation. These hits are moreover the only achievement against battleships of the moving—automobile—torpedo, whether discharged by big ships or small; the other Russian casualties have been occasioned by stationary—anchored—submarine mines.

The laying of the mines, upon one of which the *Petrovsk* met her fate, was a most ingenious ruse, admirably carried out. In it, as in the first surprise, the military credit of outmaneuvering the enemy must be conceded; but that is something totally distinct from the efficiency of a particular class of vessel, or particular weapon, granting equal vigilance and skill on the part of both offence and defence. Togo's battle fleet has not even been ruffled by the very respectable, though numerically inferior, Russian flotilla; and he has preserved his battleships, and with them the control of the sea, by the very simple device of keeping them out of sight after nightfall. If, like him, the Russian admiral, on February 8, instead of staying just where the Japanese expected to find him, had put to sea for some unknown position, within a sixty-mile radius of the Port, the attack would probably—almost certainly—have failed; for there would not have remained night enough for search, nor indications by which to direct it. It is vain to speculate on the consequences, moral and material, upon the course of the war; but the other side of the question of torpedo-vessel attack would have received illustration. As it is, illustration being one-sided, "opinion" is the same. As I said also in my first article: "The question has been as to the ability to get in a hit at a fleet of vessels well picketed, and standing on their guard,"—one element of which is position and dispositions unknown to the enemy. It would have been interesting to see what would have happened had daylight found the Russian battle fleet and the hostile torpedo vessels in sight of one another. Probably, however, the latter would have retired toward its approaching main body.

Taken in connection with the manifold recognized advantages of large ships over small, in such matters of important military concern as speed, steadiness, coal capacity, and ability to deal with heavy weather, I think we may rest assured for the present that whatever modifications of armament may take place, the fleets that will control the seas will not be mosquito fleets. They will doubtless be so far above water as to afford target for guns, and this fact in turn will probably induce the continuance both of guns and of some armor protection.

Where Togo has kept his ships does not appear; but we may feel sure that somewhere there have been

cruising lookouts, which would have given him speedy notice had Makaroff attempted to restore conditions by the use of his torpedo flotilla against the Japanese battle fleet, or to molest transportation by taking the open with his own, evading the enemy. From either of these operations ignorance of his opponent's whereabouts deterred the Russian admiral, whose good will to assume the offensive, if opportunity offered, was abundantly shown. Makaroff also had definitely committed himself to the position that the power of the sea is never wholly lost, so long as the services of torpedo craft remain available; there was therefore special reason to expect a demonstration of their usefulness from him. And so history curiously repeats itself, with steam as with sails. "Here we are," wrote Collingwood in 1804, "eighty miles off shore in a heavy gale; nothing to prevent the enemy coming out except the uncertainty whether he may not stumble upon us." To come out under such conditions is doubly hazardous when, as in the case of Port Arthur, there is no other port available for return.

The moment of writing—April 28-30—affords us an instance of such issue on the part of the other Russian division, that at Vladivostok. Interest has centred so decisively round Port Arthur that I fancy the attention of most persons has been diverted from the conditions at the northern arsenal. Despite Togo's recurrent appearances and bombardments, we really know no more about his outside movements, his purposes, or where he is keeping his fleet, than we do about the other Japanese division believed to be watching Vladivostok. Still, we hear a good deal about him; but about the other practically nothing. The sortie of the Russian armored cruiser squadron to Gensan, however, affords material for inferences concerning the opposing division, composed of ships of the same class, as well as indications of Japanese land movements. It is definitely shown that, while the main Japanese advance is by the west coast of Korea and the mouth of the Yalu, there is a subsidiary movement by Gensan on the east coast. This is not absolute news; but it is a confirmation of previous probable reports, enforced by the sinking of a transport and collier. Granting reasonable facility of moving from several ports toward the point of general concentration for the Japanese army, it is advantageous to distribute the landings among them. More men can be landed at the same instant, and simultaneous advance by several roads also promotes celerity. Between the east and west shores of the peninsula there intervenes some very high and rugged ground of over 5,000 feet elevation, which will impede co-operation between the forces landed on its either side; but the difficulty is the same for Russians as for Japanese, and greater for cavalry, in which the Russians are believed superior. Japanese divisions moving along this line tend also to check detachments of the enemy, occasionally reported advancing from Vladivostok. While, therefore, it is almost beyond doubt that the main Japanese attack will be by the lower Yalu and west coast, it is now clear that there is some activity on the east as well.

## The Menace of a "Fleet in Being"

The mere existence of a Russian armored squadron in Vladivostok would compel the neighborhood of a superior Japanese force; but when there is exposed transportation of troops and supplies, as just shown, the necessity is doubly imperative. Also, as at Port Arthur, the most desirable of all alternatives is to destroy the hostile vessels, singly or together, as opportunity offers or can be contrived. Like dead men, only dead ships cease to be dangerous; while they are "in being," however held in check, there is always the chance of their doing harm. The recent exit of the Russian squadron possesses this particular interest. It shows that such a "fleet in being," even in the neighborhood of a superior force, can menace the "control" of the sea; that it can create some insecurity, effect some injury, greater or less as chance may serve; but it also shows that such injury may be inconsequential, and, even if severe, can not be vital. To sink or capture two or three hostile transports, even to interrupt momentarily the progress of transportation by apprehension for its safety, is not to accomplish the severance of communications, which is a mortal blow.



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The Russian division, though very much in being, has merely made two raids of some 300 miles—say 20 hours—from its port; and in doing this has run a very great risk, as appears from the speed with which it hustled back. It is probable that at some time of its absence the superior Japanese squadron was nearer than itself to Vladivostok. There is no need to insist that the danger of such a situation greatly exceeds the results achieved; while the limitation upon its action is evident from the fact that, though it evaded observation, and had a good start, it did not venture down to the Korean Strait, or to the west coast, where the great movement of Japanese transportation was in progress. In brief, Japanese control of the sea was not threatened by this strong division, although it had succeeded in gaining a position between Togo and the Vladivostok Japanese fleet, whence it was free to act upon the main line of the enemy's communication for an appreciable time before being stopped.

It will be interesting to learn how this successful exit from Vladivostok, undiscovered, was effected. Probably under cover of fog; and if the ground surrounding the harbor be high, as at Santiago, their absence might well remain undetected. It would seem, however, that it should be otherwise as regards their presence outside; that this ought to have become known by some other agency than that of their captures. As a general proposition, it is at least safe to say that the Japanese division in watch of the port should have been itself so posted as to be able quickly to get between the enemy and his return, and that its scouting system should have ensured speedy knowledge of movements at no greater a distance than 300 miles. Like all general propositions, however, experience furnishes us with so many inevitable practical exceptions that it is impossible to dogmatize, in advance of precise knowledge in each particular instance. The obtaining of intelligence, the *faites-moi savoir* of Napoleon, by scouting or otherwise, is among the most difficult as most necessary of military demands. Historically, I suppose no fleet ever had scouts enough; these being vessels capable of swift movement and distant detachment without weakening the main body.

The dash of the Russian armored cruisers from Vladivostok emphasizes the wisdom of Admiral Togo's course, in compassing the destruction of vessel after vessel of the Port Arthur squadron. "Kill the ships" is the first demand of naval warfare; starve them—that is, stop their coal—is the second. There can be no doubt of the good will of the Japanese before Vladivostok to do as their comrades to the south have done; and that they have not attempted it by means of the torpedo flotilla, in which the Japanese navy is strong, shows their appreciation that there is a decisive difference between sending their boats against a fleet anchored in the open, as at Port Arthur, and one within a fortified harbor, like Vladivostok—or Santiago. This indicates limitations to the action of the torpedo vessel. So also it would seem that the motive which probably prompts Togo's frequent disappearances weighs also with the northern Japanese division, not to keep at night too close to a hostile harbor in which torpedo vessels are lying. The admirable secrecy preserved by the Japanese authorities debar us as yet much information we would gladly have, but since writing these words I find in the recent non-telegraphic correspondence of the London "Times" the following detail concerning the bombardment of Vladivostok, March 6: "The Japanese ships then drew off, and watched the harbor from a distance; . . . and at sunset withdrew beyond the range of torpedo attacks during the night. Next morning it stood in again."

The blockading fleet in such cases is always in the open; its chief protection against the insidious approach of the torpedo is a position unknown to the assailant, further fortified by a cordon of active lookout boats. This of course means a certain remoteness from the harbor during the dark hours, in which the torpedo finds its opportunity. As the late Admiral Sampson once said to me: "The torpedo boat is the child of darkness." It is evident, however, that a position thus taken facilitates an escape, such as that lately reported of the Vladivostok fleet; and as there is no other apparent reason for the Japanese not lying close up with the harbor, I apprehend they know there are torpedo vessels within. When the war began the Russians were credibly reported to have on the station eighteen to twenty destroyers, of which not more than a dozen seem to have been in Port Arthur.

We may therefore, I think, reasonably conclude that there is a certain amount of military movement and sea transportation to the east of Korea; that it is threatened by the Russian fleet at Vladivostok, not with serious interruption, but occasional harassment; that the Japanese squadron off the port is hampered in the thoroughness of its watch by torpedo vessels within, and yet unable, from local conditions, to get at the enemy's vessels except when, as on the recent occasion, they venture out of port. It is possible, also, that it may be part of the Japanese game to give opportunities for evasion, in the hope of intercepting return. This was Nelson's policy off Toulon; but now, as then, it offers too many chances to the enemy. It seems, however, very unlikely that the Vladivostok fleet will go far from home. Having no other base open, its coal capacity measures the limit of its depredations, which can scarcely effect results proportionate to the risks, so long as the main Japanese operations are on the west of Korea.

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## THE GIRL OF THE VIOLIN

(Continued from page 15)

He comes more and more often—for a year he has left me but little. There is very little Lucy Reeves left. It is nearly all André Proust now."

"André Proust?" cried Webb, thunder-struck.

The girl turned her head wearily. "I forgot—you do not know. When I met my aunt in Boston, I asked her the story of the violin. In as far as she knows it, it was as he wrote that night. The name was André Proust. It had been pawned and he did die of starvation in Paris."

"Did you tell her first of the written message?"

"Neither before nor since. She does not know that I had been told the name before she gave it to me with her own lips."

"But," he cried eagerly, "think! Your aunt told it to you long ago, and you forgot it? It lay in your sub-conscious memory like some tiny seed, and sprang to life when some chance dream stirred it once more into existence?"

Lucy slowly shook her head.

"It is all true," she asserted solemnly, "true as I told it. André Proust still lives—in some way you men of science have not yet learned. He takes me, uses me, for his own purpose. If I had understood at first as I do now, I could have asserted my will against his. But I used to play mechanically—like one in a dream—half hypnotized by myself perhaps—and my will power went to sleep."

He laughed at last—shook his head.

"I know you think I am a little fool—but am I? Either the story of Christ is true or it isn't. And who is to say just what part to believe?"

"There is a lot I am going to say to you, Lucy, when you are stronger. You have lived too much alone, and your dear little head is filled with silly notions." He laughed more easily. "Such ideas bring madness, Lucy!"

"So does religion! So does love!" She looked at him plaintively.

"Fiddlesticks! Lucy, I should like to shake you!"

For two weeks Hewitt Webb had but one thought in life, and that was to save her from her own fancy. Everything that could be done was done. A circle of alienists, whose names stand for all that is eminent in success, in the field of mental pathology, were consulted by Webb, with Lucy's consent. She went with him and submitted to any and all tests and examinations suggested. These men were unanimous in their conclusions. The case was a simple one. It was traumatic hysteria from which Lucy Reeves suffered.

They persuaded Webb to take her out of herself as much as possible, to fill her life and mind with more graphic images—in other words, to crowd the error out of its possession of her ego by obtruding more vital issues. And Webb secretly hoped to accomplish this through the force of his love for her.

And Lucy Reeves listened and smiled and grew each day more ethereal in form and color, more wistful as to glance of violet eyes, more pitiful as to the droop of her childlike lower lip. For days she had not touched the violin, and each time she greeted Webb she said with a little air of hope: "I am Lucy to-day."

But one morning in March, a morning which held within it the first hint of spring, he called rather early upon her.

A famous man from Philadelphia was in town, and he had just seen and talked with him. Hope had been whipped into a new animation by the words of encouragement which had been spoken by the older man. Webb ran lightly up the stone steps and stood looking down the Avenue at the stream of vehicles. He held some violets in his hand, and, impatient at the fancied delay, rang the bell for the second time.

As he stood he heard from within the house the strain of Lucy's violin. The door opened and he entered, standing for a few minutes in the hall to listen before ascending to the drawing-room.

On the wings of a music of unearthly sweetness the story of a lamentable farewell to earth was borne.

It was the wail of a defeated dream—of starless nights—of a soul bereft of the Vision. And as Webb listened he felt that it was a death warrant. He rushed up the stairway and into the room. Lucy was standing near the window with the blue damask curtains. She had dressed to go out with him. Her furs, hat, veil, gloves, were lying huddled upon a chair by the door. She stood a fragile figure, clothed in black, face and hands as colorless as wax, her hair smoothed back from her brow into a simple knot at her neck. Bending, swaying like a blade of grass in the wind, her bow flew over the strings. It seemed to be an improvisation, and the distended pupils of her eyes were blind to earth. Sonorous notes breathed into being by a technique impossible to describe. Exquisite shadow songs of tone, plaintive with despair, yet of phantasmal beauty, came as if from an underworld of sense to voice the cry of a strong man's heart through the fingers of a dying girl.

There was a rush, a struggle, a discordant twang of strings, the snapping of vibrant bow; the crash of rending brittle wood, and then the crackling of leaping flames. Before the fireplace Webb stood, and the rage he felt as he looked at the wrecked violin was of a personal kind with which he would have regarded a rival.

During two weeks of utter prostration Lucy Reeves lay vacillating between the currents of life and death. She had not the least suffering of any kind, and lingered as if in a placid dream. It seemed as if her gentle soul reveled in a freedom which the rest failed to understand—a sort of ecstasy of peace.

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Lower and lower into those depths of that dream of hers she appeared to drift. The mystery of her life seemed resolving itself again into first principles. It was as if unrest, tears, and pain were evading the ultimate analysis of science and becoming a mere echo to which her soul listened at last undismayed.

"It was all true," she said to Webb one day. "There's more to it, but I can't tell you—there are no words—and I'm Lucy—and so glad. Don't worry!"

And, curiously enough, she spoke in the old voice of melody. The harshness of tone—the husky whisper—were no longer there.

And always there was upon her face that divine smile, her wide eyes shining like stars out of that placid face of hers, which was as white as the drift of linen amid which she lay. Webb will always remember that scene. The bed, the snow of its coverings, the waxen face and hands, the dark bronze of the tossed hair on the pillow, and the smile of those eyes and lips.

And the soul of her! It seemed about to exhale from her frail body as the perfume rises from a dying rose. Science could catch and hold neither. But in the realm of ideas both are immortal, and during those long days things which had seemed but fancies to Hewitt Webb came to be accepted by him as facts. It was as if he were brought so close to her, by the purity of his love, that a little of the light which shone for her was seen by him also, a new sense of things unseen overawed him, a hint came as to the existence, evasive, mysterious, of a something back of mere matter, as well as a quite new humility, and along with these things there was a dominant insistence upon the part of his own will that Lucy Reeves should live, and live for him. Constantly, hour by hour, he demanded for her a new vitality, asking it with a new understanding of the hitherto unknown. And little by little he won.

One day he leaned above her pillow and whispered her name: "Lucy!"

Slowly the waxen lids lifted, and the shining eyes met his. Slowly a question grew within them, and then a joy.

"It was true?"  
Webb waited. Then he bowed his head and kissed her pale lips tenderly. "There was a something true about it," he said.

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II. There is no limit to the number of stories any writer may submit. That is, it is quite possible for one author to submit a dozen stories, win all three prizes, and have the remaining nine stories accepted for publication in the Weekly at five cents a word.

III. Stories may be of any length whatever, from the very shortest up to 10,000 words. The preferable length for use in the Weekly is from 5,000 to 7,000 words, but this will have no bearing on the award of prizes.

IV. All manuscript must be typewritten, laid flat, or folded in its envelope—in other words it must not be rolled. It must not be signed, but accompanied by a plain sealed envelope inscribed with the title of the story and containing a card or slip of paper with the writer's full name and address written on it. Under no circumstances must there be any word or indication on this envelope or on the manuscript itself or any matter sent with the manuscript that would divulge its authorship. No one will know who are the authors of the prize-winning stories until the judges have selected the three best manuscripts. The envelopes with the corresponding titles will then be opened, but not until then.

V. As one of the objects of this competition is to secure as many good short stories as possible, the Editor reserves the right to purchase any of the manuscripts which have failed to win a prize, but which he considers suitable for publication in the Weekly. All such stories will be paid for at the rate of five cents a word, except in the cases of authors whose recognized rate is higher than this amount, in which instance the author's regular rate will be paid.

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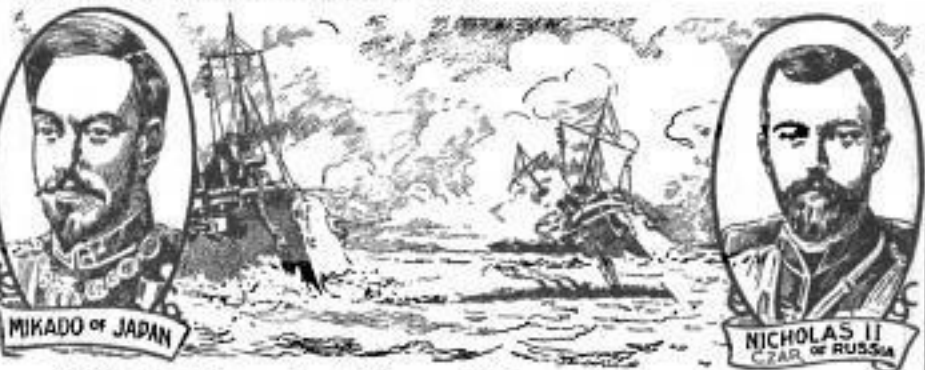
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## SUNDAY-SCHOOL STORIES

Tales of How John D. Rockefeller  
Accumulated Some of His Money

## I.—Mr. Rockefeller Buys a Horse

IN the city of Cleveland, Ohio, where John D. Rockefeller began his business career, the sign and symbol of the Standard Oil Company is the blue painted barrel, in which the company packs all its products, irreverently dubbed by the natives "The Holy Blue Barrel." Reminiscent inhabitants are apt to refer to events as happening before or after "the days of the Holy Blue Barrel." If you chance to come across an inhabitant whose memory extends to the days "before" you may get some interesting sidelights on the character of the man who started the greatest business enterprise of modern times. This is a yarn spun by an old-time Cleveland, who years ago plied some sort of trade in the vicinity of the old railway station before either Cleveland or Mr. Rockefeller had attained their present importance.

"Well, I reckon you know, don't you, that Rockefeller wasn't always in the oil business. In the days when I used to know him he was in the produce business, and used to drive his wagon down to the railway station himself. Puny-looking sort of a chap he was, and so I'd often lend him a hand a-loading up when I happened to be round. One day, while he was loading up his stuff, I drove up to the tracks with the niftiest little mare you ever laid eyes on. I'd just been out on the prairies on some business, and when I ran across that little mare she hit my fancy so hard that I parted with my gold watch to get her. You know those times a gold watch was a gold watch. When J. D. saw the mare spin into the station she caught his fancy too.

"Jim," says he, "that's a nice little mare you got there. What'll you take for her?"

"You just bet she's a nice mare," says I, "and I don't want to take anything for her."

"Oh, come, now, I'll give you fifty dollars; that's a good offer."

"Now, I didn't really want to sell the horse, but you know how a horse trade sort of gets into your blood, so I says, 'I don't want to sell the little mare, Mr. Rockefeller, but if you want her bad enough to pay seventy-five dollars for her, you can have her.' J. D. haggled some and then drove off. A few days afterward he pulled up at my house. He said he had come to buy the mare, and he pulled out a little cloth bag which was full of gold pieces, all small denominations. He sat down at the table and counted them out one by one, and as he laid each one down he'd stroke it like you've seen a woman stroke a pet cat. 'All good gold, Jim,' says he in an earnest, pious sort of way. 'All good gold, fifty-five dollars, and it's all yours for the little brown mare.' I put in a little more time trying to convince him that it was seventy-five or nothing, and he went off. Well, sir, he kept that game up for weeks. Next time he came he gave the performance all over again, except that this time he made it sixty dollars, counted it all out the same way, and says again, 'Sixty dollars, Jim, all good gold.'

"Now, see here, Mr. Rockefeller," says I, "I ain't got any kick coming about the quality of that gold, it's the quantity. There isn't enough of it to get that mare." You see J. D. was a long way off of owning the earth in those days, but he had a snug few hundred thousand laid by as a reward of industry, and could well afford to pay for his fancy. Well, sir, when he got up to sixty-five dollars, he began to feel he was getting reckless and must take precautions. So he came over and asked me to lend him the mare for a week.

"I let him have her, and at the end of the week he came back with the horse and the most remarkable document I ever read. I wish I'd kept that paper; I tell you it was a ripper. It whereased and wherebeyed every possible mischance that could befall a horse, hide or hoof. Why, according to that guarantee, that horse couldn't undergo a change in his chemical composition within a certain term of years without leaving me liable for it, and bound to restore the purchase money in full. I said I'd sign the paper all right, but seventy-five was my price. Finally one afternoon J. D. turned up with the little bag and gave the same old performance to the tune of seventy dollars. He was getting pretty close to the mark now, and I was plum worn out. J. D. talked and argued like he was pleading for a human life, but I stood firm. One more turn, thinks I, and I'll have him landed. Finally he reached down into his jeans and pulled up two dollars and fifty cents. The arguments had been getting longer and more earnest each time the bid was raised, and I felt I could afford to throw up the two fifty and make it a last call. So that's the way John D. Rockefeller came by two dollars and fifty cents of the greatest fortune on earth. And you can just bet your life, if he has toiled as long and as strenuously for the rest of it, he's worked harder for a living than I ever have."

## II.—Mr. Rockefeller Loses a Golf Ball

IT IS no exaggeration to say that there is not a hod-carrier in this country, starting out in the early morning with his dinner-pail on his arm, who toils more assiduously or has longer hours than John D. Rockefeller, the man of millions. There is no eight-hour law for him; he has little pleasure outside of his business, and those who know him best say he devotes less time to recreation, though he has the world before him where to choose, than many a man who simply toils to fill his dinner-pail—and that he spends his small change with quite as much or more caution. Aside from the game of adding to and multiplying his enormous wealth, Mr. Rockefeller's one genuine pleasure is in his land. He owns a big place in the outskirts of Cleve-

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The Splendid High Grade Outfit consists of a bamboo three piece, split bamboo reel mounted rod, made of selected stock, six strips carefully glued and smoothly finished, very slowly with wrapped, solid metal reel seat. All mountings are built heavy nickel plated. Cork handle. Rod is 8 1/2 feet long, comes in a standard and varnished hollow wooden form and cloth bag. One fine quality Anchor Brand Multiplying Reel, full metal plated, nickel plated, back sliding click and drag, balance handle, built 60 yards of line, perfect balling. One soft Backing Ring, built 10 yards of extra quality line. Rod is 8 1/2 feet long, comes in a standard and varnished hollow wooden form and cloth bag. One fine quality Anchor Brand Multiplying Reel, full metal plated, nickel plated, back sliding click and drag, balance handle, built 60 yards of line, perfect balling. One soft Backing Ring, built 10 yards of extra quality line. Rod is 8 1/2 feet long, comes in a standard and varnished hollow wooden form and cloth bag. One fine quality Anchor Brand Multiplying Reel, full metal plated, nickel plated, back sliding click and drag, balance handle, built 60 yards of line, perfect balling. One soft Backing Ring, built 10 yards of extra quality line.

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"Indeed, I began to feel I had all the troubles that human flesh could suffer but when a friend advised me to leave off coffee I felt as if he had insulted me. I could not bear the idea, it had such a hold on me and I refused to believe it the cause.

"But it turned out that no advice was ever given at a more needed time for I finally consented to try Postum and with the going of coffee and the coming of Postum all my troubles have gone and health has returned. I eat and sleep well now, nerves steadied down and I write a fair hand (as you can see), can attend to business again and rejoice that I am free from the monster Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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## NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

The redwood of California, having high resisting power, will be used in construction work

It is found that for certain construction work, wood, such as that of the California redwoods, has a much higher resisting power than steel. It is proposed now to line one of the huge hydraulic tunnels of a Niagara power plant with timbers from the big trees. When steel is used as a lining, the particles of sand and other erosive substances carried by the rushing water soon eat into it, and it is finally worn through. On the contrary, if the redwood is used, a slimy, soapy covering forms on the inside and protects the tube itself from wear, thus ensuring a long life.

If the report be true, that all the hydraulic electric stations of California intend to use the redwood timber for their tunnels, it is indeed time that every active step be taken for the preservation of those most wonderful forests which are the admiration of the world, for with such a demand for their timber they can not last long.

An invention is being perfected to stop steamships quickly, thus preventing collisions

THE Canadian Government has been investigating a method of stopping vessels, which is the invention of M. Louis Lacoste. In the ordinary ship, stopping is rather a slow process; the engine must be stopped and reversed, and meanwhile the ship is forging ahead, perhaps into another vessel. The invention of M. Lacoste consists in placing along the sides of the ship a large number of vanes, which, while the ship is in motion, lie flat along the sides. When it is desired to stop, these large vanes can be released, and they will stand out from the sides of the vessel, causing an enormous drag.

In some experiments, conducted in the St. Lawrence River, the boat on which the experiments were made was stopped in its own length, from a speed of eleven knots. It seems evident that, if this system is practicable, it should be an immense safeguard in case of imminent collision, for in nearly every such case the danger is sighted several ship-lengths ahead, but too late to stop with the present appliances.

Buildings, in order to be thoroughly fireproof, should be protected against outside fires

ALTHOUGH it is rather difficult to see any good to be derived from the Baltimore fire, one thing is certain: we know a great deal more about fireproof buildings than we did before. Careful examinations have been made of the amount of resistance furnished by the so-called fireproof buildings, which were in the path of the fire, and, without doubt, many valuable lessons have been learned. The most striking fact is the apparent lack of protection which the buildings possessed against fires originating outside themselves. They were apparently constructed with an eye to fires starting inside, and would have been found sufficiently protected in this respect. In order to secure buildings which are free from danger from outside fires, either the windows should be provided with iron shutters or else the windows themselves should be of wire glass. The latter method of protection, being slightly and always ready, will be preferred by most builders. If the internal steel construction be sufficiently heavy, well protected with terra cotta, and the outside be of plain brick, one of these large fireproof buildings may be relied upon to withstand any ordinary fire, and would most probably resist even such a fire as the disastrous one in Baltimore.

The Germans are experimenting with acetylene gas as an agent to raise submarine boats

A METHOD of raising submarine torpedo boats by acetylene is being experimented upon by the German naval authorities. Large tanks are built in the boat, with a sea connection; when these are filled with water the boat will sink, and to raise her again, these must be emptied, which process, done in the ordinary way, requires powerful pumps and complicated mechanism. It is evident that multiplication of machinery is particularly objectionable in a submarine craft, and the German method avoids all necessity for pumps. When it is desired to raise the boat, a charge of calcium carbide of the right size is placed in an acetylene generator, which is connected to the water tanks, an immense volume of gas is formed, and on opening a cock this rushes into the water tank, forcing out the water through the sea connection, and the boat rises.

By a slight change, this method could be used for the raising of sunken vessels. Tanks filled with water could be sunk in the ship's hold, and when the number was sufficient to float her when empty the water could be driven out by acetylene, and the ship would rise. A charge of carbide might be introduced into each tank and form the gas there, or a separate generator connected to the tanks might be used.



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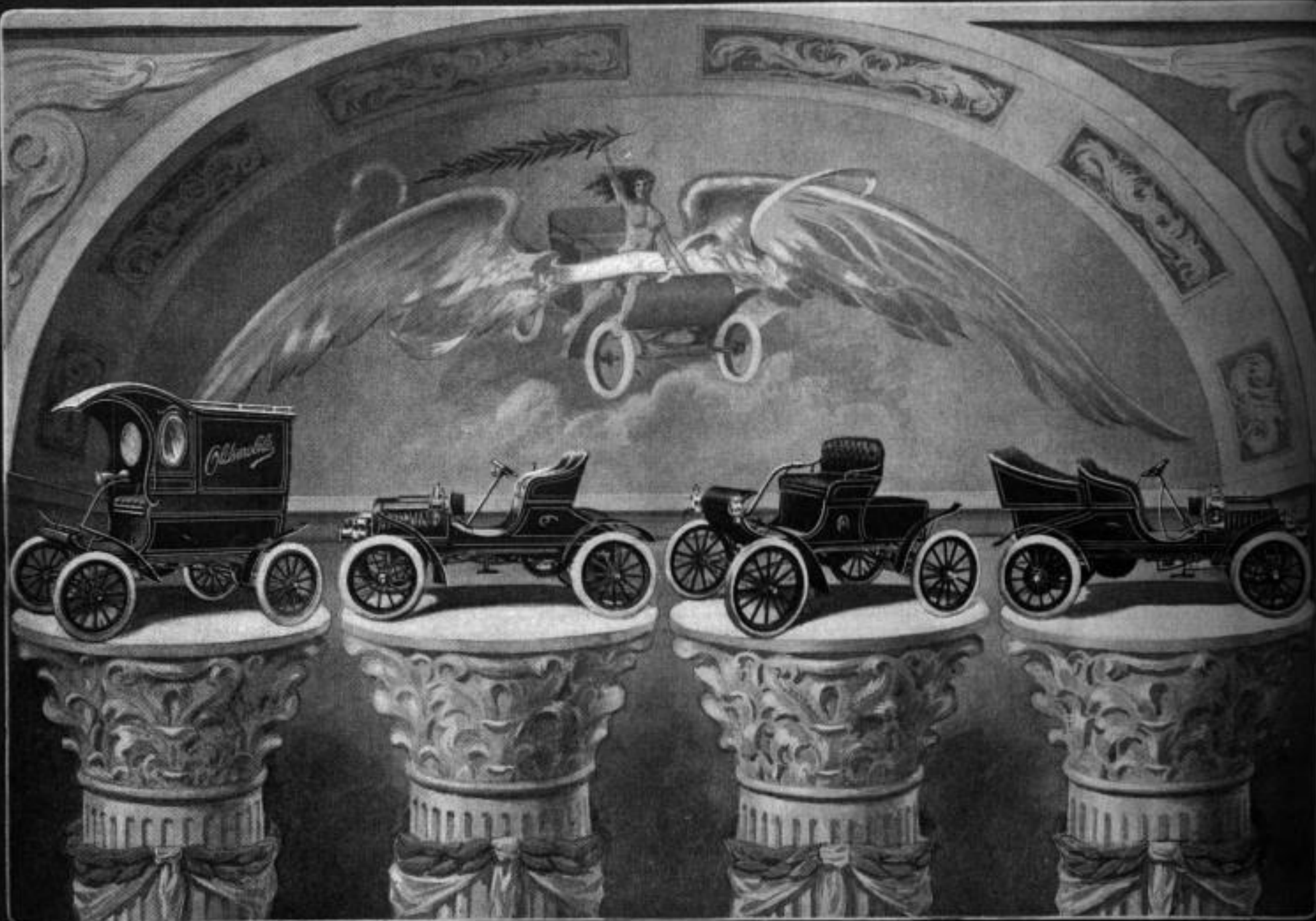
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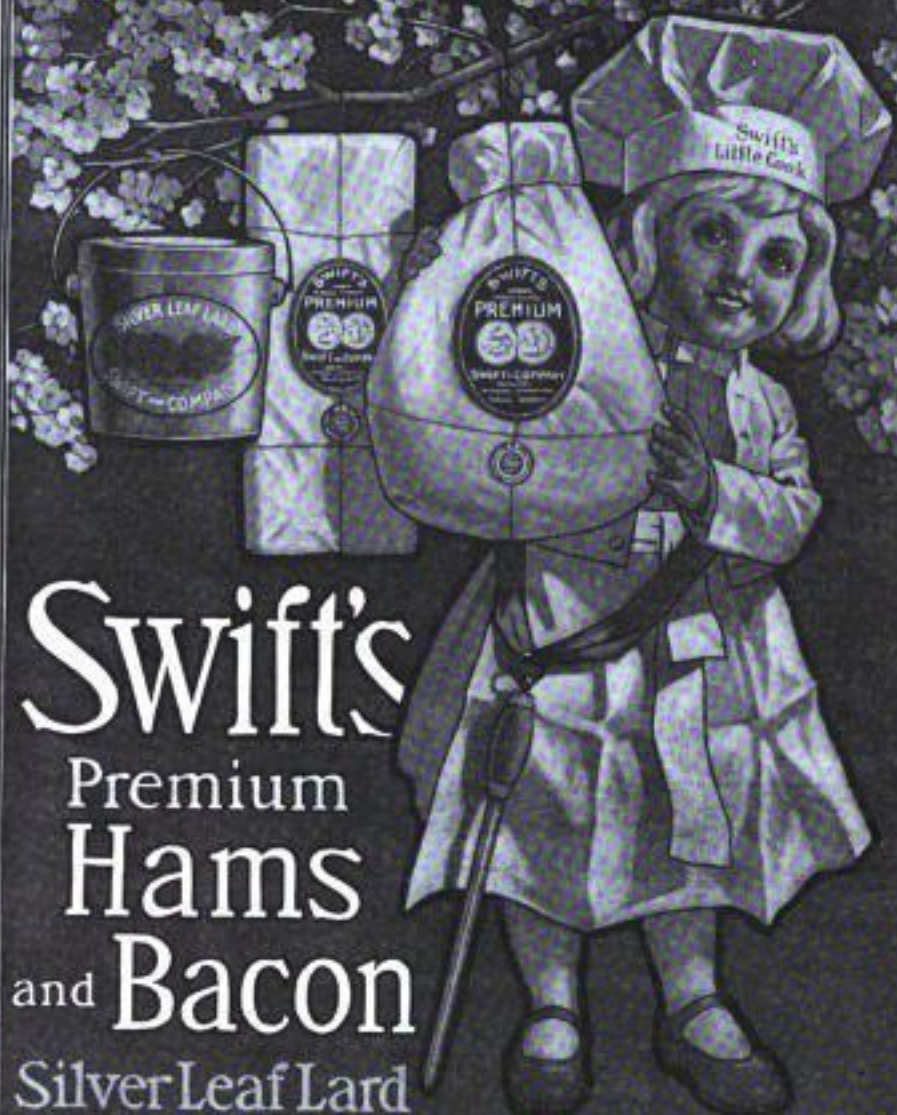
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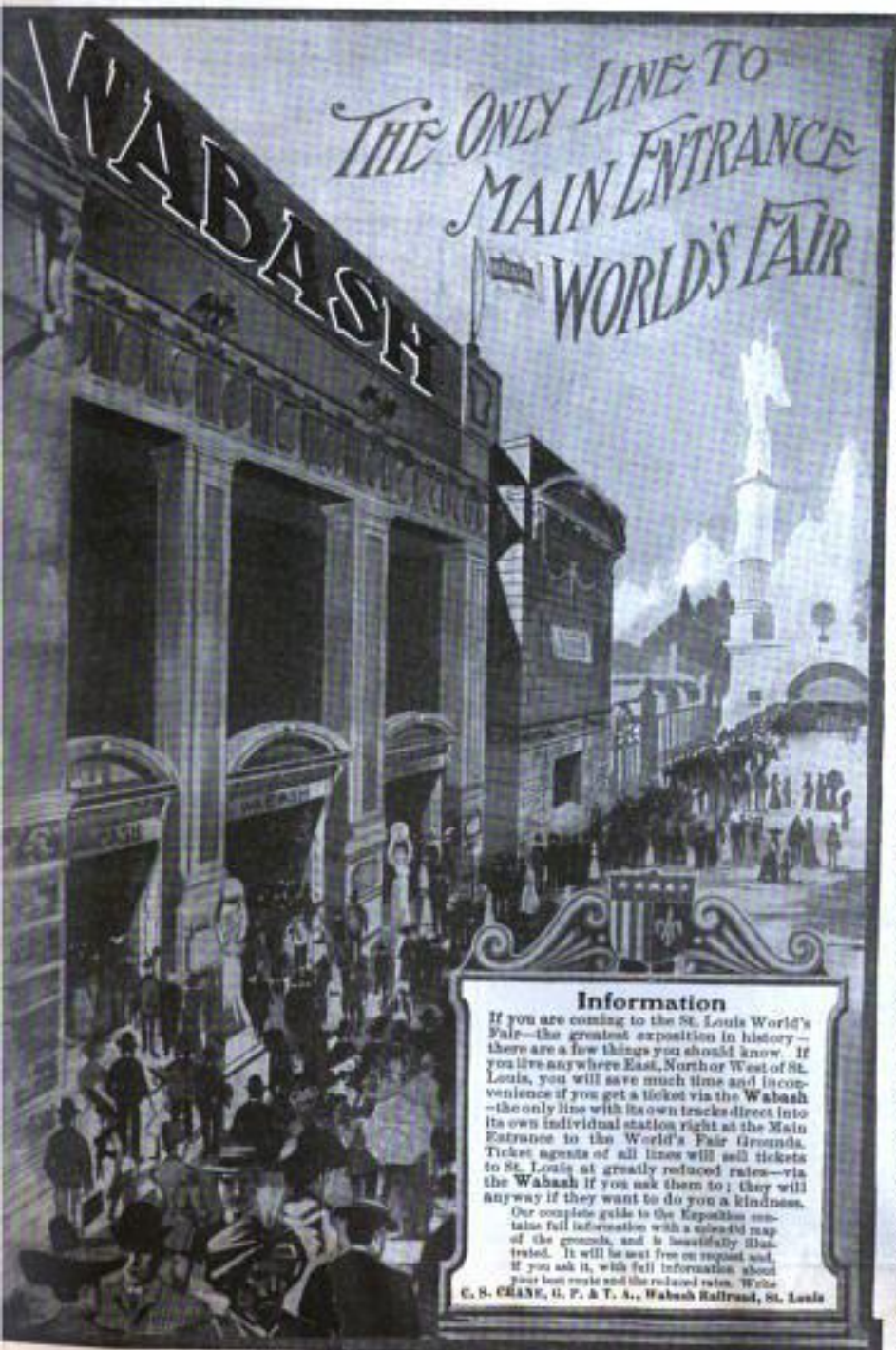
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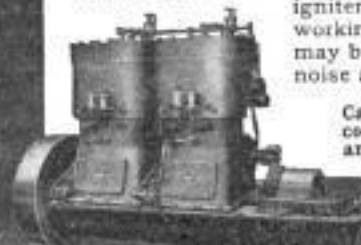
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HOUSEHOLD NUMBER FOR JUNE



*This is the fifth of a series of drawings in color by Mr. Smedley appearing in the Household Numbers depicting incidents of American home life.*

## THE EARLY MORNING TRAIN

DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY





**T**HE BUSINESS OF POLITICIANS in a Democracy is, on the whole, to calculate where the majority, at any given moment, stands, and take their position on that safe spot. They distinctly do not lead, but follow. Naturally, therefore, the platforms which they draw up are positive only when they imagine the forces behind them demand plain speaking. The New York Democratic platform is an able exemplar of the art of concealing thought. According to one of our correspondents, it is as easy to understand this platform as it would be to photograph a room full of smoke. On two subjects the parties, during this coming month, will have to decide whether to use their vocabularies to express or conceal their thoughts. BOURKE COCKRAN'S radical expressions about free trade, in his oratorical displays before Congress adjourned, have made it more likely that the Republicans will come out strongly for protection, in the document now being prepared by Senator LODGE. If the Democrats asked only reciprocity and the modification of the tariff against the trusts, the Republicans might be cautious, but since they can quote COCKRAN'S very emphatic free-trade utterances, they will probably put some ginger into their tariff plank. The issue of free

ON SAYING  
SOMETHING

trade against protection they do not fear, as they might fear the issue of tariff-sheltered monopolies against moderate revision. Another reason, also, for a fairly strong flourish about the glories of protection is the need of conciliating the great money interests. Since, driven by the President, the party is to take some stand against the trusts, an eloquent tariff plank is needed as a sop to the octopi, cephalopods, or devil-fish. "You are against us," the octopi might gloomily remark. "You have an anti-trust provision, a harpoon aimed specially at us." "Ay," say the Republicans, "but so have the Democrats. Now look at our nice tariff plank, and compare it with what prominent Democrats are threatening. Take the lesser evil." Writing a platform for either party at present is a hazardous amusement. Language is to be so manoeuvred as to please the gentry now blinded with special privilege; the large, sensible multitude who want only fair play; and, if possible, some of the cranks whose idea of cure is to smash things generally. Both platforms are likely, therefore, to be elaborate exercises in the art of "jolly" voters. Personally we shall peruse these documents carefully, consider well the candidates, and vote with the most profound deliberation; unless, indeed, the Democrats shall be foolish enough to leave reasonable men no possibility of choice.

**J**UDGE PARKER IS SEVERELY TREATED by the BRYAN-HEARST people, because he does not explain his views. We may be sure, therefore, that Mr. HEARST, who, as Mr. BRISBANE puts it, is the only self-made candidate, will gladly tell where he stands on the question of aiding and abetting gambling. He believes in publicity, also, and will no doubt be glad to give the widest circulation to his views, now that a request for them is made. We notice in one of his papers that "the Western Union's criminality proves that a corporation and its directors set money above honesty," also that "it knew that it was dealing with a criminal element with no moral standing," and it asks, "Is not this a shameful revelation concerning a great corporation that makes millions out of the public?" It calls upon one Western Union director for his opinion of such doings, since he is "known throughout the country as a man of high moral principle, and he is said to have a detestation of gambling." Have we not been told that Mr. HEARST

A REQUEST  
FOR LIGHT

is a man of almost holy moral standing, whose very soul is torn by any crime, and, above all, by gambling? If each director in a corporation is responsible, how about the man who owns the whole paper? "Does any amount of money," he asks, "any question of dividends, outweigh, in his estimation, the common principles of honesty and decency?" This Western Union director is summoned to the bar of public conscience because his company "is in league with men that do more harm to this city in one day than is done by all the bank robbers, burglars, and sneak-thieves in a year." Reminding Mr. HEARST of these principles, we ask him publicly why he encourages this vice by printing racing "tips" in his papers every day; why he prints also advertisements which are gotten up for the express purpose of leading Mr. HEARST'S readers into gambling; why he devotes pages of his paper to making the races as attractive to his readers as he can. Surely, he would not allow "any amount of money to outweigh the common principles of honesty and decency." Mr. HEARST has the floor.

**W**HEN THE WAR BEGAN, the best informed judges, including statesmen responsible for policies in the various powers, thought it would take the Japanese from two to three times as long to reach the Yalu as it actually did take. Of this strange miscalculation there are various explanations. One is general: the fallibility of the human mind and its tendency to overestimate the adequacy of what it knows. SOCRATES, we can hardly be often remember, was the wisest man because he alone understood the limitations of his knowledge. Count CASSINI, who represents Russia in our capital, was one of the leaders of the forward policy in Russia, perhaps the leader in the beginning of the present difficulty. He is undoubtedly a man equal in ability to our best readers and ourselves, and it was his especial province to have some knowledge of facts in Manchuria and Japan. Yet look at him, at what an unhappy figure he is cutting, explaining and explaining, and never covering the essential fact of the condition of the Russian army in Manchuria nor of the Japanese army in Japan. He, like the rest of us philosophers, public men, and private sages, expected hard fighting all along the line. The Japanese were to land lower and to meet resistance at every point. They landed higher than they were expected, walked rapidly to the river, and stepped across it. It is surprising how human confidence survives mistake. Some man who saw his prophecies shattered by revolving fact in Seventy, and again in Ninety-eight, and later still in Africa, will be sitting down to-day and telling his grandchildren what *must* come to pass in Asia. By readiness and efficiency, which result in speed, great wars are often settled, and these are conditions which a government well provided with experts and spies might be supposed to understand; yet no one has been more thoroughly surprised by the rate at which Japan has moved in Asia than those whose province it was to know.

SPEL  
IN V.

**C**RUELTY IS THE WORST CHARGE made against the Oriental nature—worst because most likely to be true. Japanese and Chinese alike are described as

"Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy."

Humanitarianism has apparently made little progress in the Orient. Kindliness and mercy are fruits, to a large extent, of a religion born in Asia, twenty centuries ago, but welcomed and made part of life in the Occident alone. Among broad-minded modern spirits, who care little whether the world is inherited by white skins or yellow, this aspect of the situation troubles most. They believe in compassion. With them benevolence and mercy are the essence of civilization and religion. They know it is excellent to have a giant's strength, provided you do not use it like a giant. In no Western poetry is there a more deeply accepted saying than this, that mercy is twice blessed; that "it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes." Many charges made against China and Japan are simply ignored by the impartial mind. They have another colored skin, another name for God, other views on worth and life and death, and we do not see, in any of these things, that they need be essentially inferior to us. But cruelty, which does seem to be an Oriental trait, is to us profoundly bad. Nothing that is cruel can be good. Of all crimes cruelty is the worst. Recent events have done a large amount to remove our prejudice in favor of the West against the East. What we most need, to complete this change, is some assurance that cruelty is not inseparable from the Oriental soul. Where cruelty is, whatever ability and intelligence go with it, morally there is barbarism.

**W**HEN WASHINGTON WAS PRESIDENT he took much interest in the appearance of the capital. Being a surveyor himself, his own ideas were sound, and, with his unfailing instinct for the wisest course, he drew, in building matters, upon the aesthetic views of what he used to call "professors of the art." He insisted upon appointing the architect for the Capitol, instead of leaving that selection to the commission which had to do with laying out Washington before the Congress moved from Philadelphia. JEFFERSON in his turn upheld this prerogative against the House of Representatives, as other Presidents did after him. Mr. ROOSEVELT is the first to yield the right, as, if he doubts, he may see by consulting Mr. GLEN BROWN'S exhaustive history of the Capitol. Uncle





JOE CANNON, that great and good potentate of the House, was the head and front of the effort to turn the architectural control of the Capitol into patronage. He was chairman of a committee which called upon Mr. ROOSEVELT and contended that as the Representatives inhabited the Capitol they should appoint the architect in charge—a feeble argument which could not prevail against any preceding President. Uncle JOE, however, had his way, and picked out a clerk who happened to be a friend of his. This clerk was no architect at all, so there was a difficulty, which was solved by changing the name of the officer in charge to Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, and so Uncle JOE's friend was put in a position where he was authorized to make certain alterations and to pay for them as much as was needed up to the amount in the Treasury. The amount in the Treasury at the time that resolution was passed was two million dollars.

CONGRESS HAS SHOWN RANCOR toward art from the beginning. It is opposed now to the movement toward establishing a permanent commission of artists to pass upon all national monuments, and this opposition is not founded upon the love of patronage alone. It is infused with a general, disinterested malignity—or perhaps we might more charitably say an honest suspicion of the world of art in general. One man who was appointed Minister to France was attacked in Congress on the ground that he could speak French, and that any person who spoke that tongue of sin could hardly be of spotless virtue. Mr. McKIM could not induce Congress to incorporate his American Academy at Rome. “No,” said Uncle JOE, “no money for you. If any young feller wants to go and live in Europe, he can pay his own way.”

“But we don't want any money,” it was explained, “we wish only the incorporation.” “I don't care,” said Mr. CANNON. “You won't get it.” These tales represent the general tenor of Congressional opinion, although there are exceptions, like the late Senator McMILLAN and the present Senator NEWLANDS, who work against this arrogant ignorance. With the Presidents, on the other hand, the spirit has been the other way. They have selected able artists and trusted them on questions concerning art. JEFFERSON saved the architect THORNTON's plans from serious change at the hands of a committee, “eager,” as Mr. CHARLES MOORE phrases it, “to magnify their office and put the impress of their incompetence on the designs.” Congress also tried to interfere with WALTER's later plans, but FILLMORE took and held a firm stand against it. Thanks to these earlier Presidents, the Capitol building is one of the artistic triumphs of the modern world. Mr. ROOSEVELT's yielding to Uncle JOSEPH is an entering wedge which is much to be regretted.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S APPOINTMENTS lately have raised in many minds the fear that politics were getting a little the better of his larger judgment. The trouble with the arguments from expediency is that if one forms the habit of using them they are somewhat likely to run amuck, as there is no definite line at which their application ceases. In a very imaginative, spiritual nature, like LINCOLN's, the practical politician was kept in his place by the idealist. Mr. ROOSEVELT, we are perfectly sure, wishes to do the very best he can. When he compromises, he does so, intrenched behind the purity of his motives. But he may be in danger, nevertheless, of deterioration. The politicians did not make him, and they could not unmake him. Compromise is not

necessary to his success, and much of it will in the long run prove injurious to his fame. The politicians at first hoped very little from him. They looked upon his accidental accession to the Presidency as a contrivance of the devil. The more he gives them the more they will expect, the harder they will fight each inch of ground, the more plausible will the argument become that compromise is needed for harmony and accomplishment. When “Doc” JAMISON received an office created for his benefit recently, the President doubtless excused the deed on the ground that the office itself was harmless, but there is a good deal to be said about the example. Outsiders speak of the “LORIMER gang” of Chicago. People in the city itself are as likely to say “the LORIMER-JAMISON gang.” JAMISON, in fact, is sub-boss. Chicago was so indignant at the appointment that it rewarded JAMISON with a defeat in his own district. We have no desire to be captious with a first-rate President, whose desire is to do his best, but it may do no harm occasionally

to remind him that the ability to argue in favor of certain compromises is no excuse for letting the habit grow upon him.

THE SENATE IS ATTACKED with unremitting ferocity throughout the country, and only occasionally defended. A learned historian of our land alleges that some day he intends to run for President on a platform containing a single plank—that plank demanding the abolition of the Senate. He would have to take radical ground about what the Constitution is between friends, since the clause guaranteeing to the States equal representation is not subject to amendment, and the provision for equal State representation would hardly be satisfied by no representation at all. A correspondent from Massachusetts writes us indignantly that on our seeming proposition that “area should be represented politically,” she can only rub her eyes in sheer bewilderment. “The composition of the Senate,” she observes, “was no more and no less a device to protect the small States, than that of the House was a device to protect the large ones. The men who made the Constitution represented two conflicting ideas, that of a nation and that of a federation; the Connecticut Compromise provided a means by which both could be satisfied. The Senate is much more than an upper house or second chamber, such as the countries

TOUCHING ON THE SENATE

of Western Europe have invented for themselves; it answers more to the Bundesrath of the German Empire; it is at once the outward and visible sign and the safeguard of the Federal nature of this Government.” Our editorial approval of shelving the bill bunching Arizona and New Mexico as one State, and Indian Territory and Oklahoma as another, was supported by the argument that territory, and hence opportunity, was of some importance in representation; that the House represents population solely, and that the Senate, therefore, ought not, in admitting new States, to omit all consideration of their size. Our correspondent, who has much State patriotism, remarks ironically “that perhaps no wonder should be caused by the fact that a creature who was born in Illinois, educated in Massachusetts, and residing in New York should have no *instinctive* repugnance to such ideas as you here set forth, but I do think it important that those who have the responsibility of educating the public should keep in mind the foundations of our constitutional history. There! This is to give notice that when your plan is put in practice, Massachusetts and I shall secede.” We think the Federal nature of the Government is now mainly historical, having practical utility principally as a device for local government. Of course, any essential change is not in question, for it is impossible. But in admitting new States we may nevertheless consider present-day utility as well as the conditions of a hundred years ago.

THEY TOIL NOT, neither do they spin, and yet they are approved. They do not practice strenuousness, and are excused. This is June, when we are able to consider the lilies, and moralize thereon. With MILTON we may retire from popular noise and seek an “unfrequented place to find some ease.” President ELIOT, who speaks frequently and with wisdom, has been celebrating the joys of toil, but he meant quiet and steady work, not the nervous passion for being or seeming busy. His thought would have been satisfied by “ease and alternate labor,” by such contented work as ADAM did, for he himself goes into the country every summer and is active with his hands, while he thinks less of “the rage of nations, and the crush of States,” or even of the young idea and how it shoots, and more of how to prune a tree or sail a boat.

CONSIDER THE LILIES

“How various his employments, whom the world Calls idle.”

How weary do we sometimes get of the unremitting strenuous life. It is like walking under an elevated railway, with trolleys clanging by our side, thinking in a nervous crisis, and communicating in a scream. “Why so hot, little man?” To-morrow you shall be yourself with yesterday's seven thousand years. Let us not mistake our restlessness for work or mere commotion for accomplishment, or even volume of trade for the end of life. There is said to be a time for everything, but modern industry, dominating all things, gives much time to hustle and very little to the quieter thought. Inventiveness and science, calling nature slave, harnessing her to implements of work, have vastly accelerated the pace of existence, and nobody can see where this speed will stop. That side of life will provide amply for itself. The danger is to the other side.





A. Burt  
London Express  
B. H. Davis, Collier's

George Lynch (old row)  
London Chronicle

Melton Prior  
Illustrated News

M. Babel  
Paris Journal

F. Whiting (old row)  
Graphic

Sheldon Williams, Sphere  
Richard Smith, London Standard

Frederic Villon, Nord et Son

### THE BOTTLED-UP WAR CORRESPONDENTS WHO ARE MARKING TIME IN TOKIO

The Correspondents at the Shiba Palace, where a reception was recently given them by Viscount Tanaka, Minister of the Imperial Household, who represented the Mikado

## MARKING TIME IN TOKIO: The Tea House of the Hundred and One Steps

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Collier's Special War Correspondent in Japan

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The Japanese War Office has issued a war correspondent's pass to Mr. Davis, and has assigned him to the Second Column. Until this takes the field, Mr. Davis will write of events in the Japanese Capital

TOKIO, April 25

WE PAID our first visit to the tea house of the Hundred and One Steps even before we had registered at the hotel. We had been in Japan no longer than it takes the rikisha boy to run up the Bund from the Custom House to the Grand Hotel. On the steps the Sailor Man, Manila-bound to take over a battleship, ordered us back into the rikisha and set our course for the tea house. It was just before luncheon, and seemed a difficult moment for tea. But to be vouched for at that particular tea house by an officer of our navy was a piece of luck too obvious to be neglected. It was like being introduced to "Kid" McCoy by Lionel Barrymore.

Of all the tea houses in Japan, the one best known to foreigners is the tea house of the Hundred and One Steps, at Yokohama.

It is owned by O Kin San, the sister of Tenabe, who once used to manage it, and who now keeps the silk shop on the Honchi Dori. The uncle of these equally charming sisters was one of the minor officials who received Commodore Perry. Some say he was not an official, but the head man of the village, and that he owned the house in which Perry lived during his visits ashore. In any event, the uncle once "was with

Perry," once talked to Perry, after the strange American etiquette Perry had shaken hands with him, and in Japan that is enough to give distinction to any man, even to his ancestors. It also was enough to make the tea house presided over by his nieces the favorite meeting-place of the officers of our navy. When they were midshipmen they climbed the hundred steps, now that they are admirals they still climb them. Their loyalty has never slackened, and their reward is that when they visit the tea house they again grow young. There is something about the place which makes people young. It has kept Tenabe and O Kin San young for forty years. It stands on what remains of the ancestral acres, a patch of garden clinging to the edge of a cliff. The cliff overlooks Yokohama, the generous harbor, the great bay, and, when the fogs allow, the Pacific Ocean. Flat against the face of the cliff, like a sea-ladder on the side of a ship, rise the hundred and one steps. After twenty days at sea their ascent made the climbing of Pike's Peak seem less of an effort than stepping into a cab.

It is a tradition of the house that O Kin San never forgets the face of a guest, his rank, or the name of his ship, but as six years had passed since the Sailor Man had touched at Yokohama, he was afraid O Kin San might not live up to her reputation. But she did not forget him. When we stooped to enter the low veranda, we found her kneeling prostrate before the Commander, clapping her hands softly and touching the floor with her forehead. Around her little nezans in dove-colored kimonos fluttered excitedly, rubbing their knees with their open palms, giggling and gurgling and uttering soft, cooing cries of welcome. When they saw the American ladies, they in turn dropped upon their knees, and beat the mats with their hands. Had the Commander been a long-lost son and we those who had returned him from a watery grave, we could not have been received with more apparent confusion and delight. They made it seem that that house had been kept open only in the hope that he might revisit it. We tied soft slippers over our heathen boots, slid across the slippery matting, and squatted upon cushions in a little cigar-box of a room. Our coming was as though some one had flung a handful of corn into a dovecote. From each corner of the tiny house the patter of feet echoed like the scamper of mice behind a wainscot, giggles sounded from kitchen to garden, and on every side the paper screens that formed the room slid apart in unexpected places, admitted a tottering, tripping nezan with a tray, and shut again into what looked like a solid wall. They brought us tea and sake, and tiny pipes in boxes of hot ashes, strange sweet cakes, and stranger salt fish, and they served us as though never before had such a service been rendered. It was a delicious, stupendous joke, in which we all were equally guilty. That we should light a pipe and puff at it was an act the humor and novelty of which threw them into an ecstasy of laughter, that we approved of the sake shook them with shivers of delight, that we drank the tea and asked for more set them violently rocking at our condescension. When they were not beseeching us to eat and drink and clapping their hands, they were passing on their knees from one to the other of the American women, exclaiming in apparent awe and wonder over the unusual beauty of their boots. It was a pretty comedy extremely well played, and while it deceived no one, it hurt no one. It reminded you of the acting

at Paquin's, when the head woman, surrounded by a sympathetic chorus of vendeuses, tells Madame that the new gown is "charmant, ravissant." At such a time the mere man feels sorry for them. He hopes that when closing hour comes they will fold away their smiles with the frocks, cease flattering and exclaiming, and become as slovenly-looking and as cross and disagreeable as they please. And so it is with the nezas, you hope when your back is turned that O Kin San and the little waitresses get up off their knees and yawn and stretch their tiny bodies, and say, "Well, thank goodness, they've gone!" and sit down to a real meal. For you can not believe that they eat seaweed and live fish, and use chopsticks, and drink tea from thimbles, and sit on the floor, for any other reason than that the tourist expects them to do so. You feel they are trying to live up to the idea of the Japanese tea house, which he has acquired from "The Geisha Girl" and "Madame Chrysanthème." I had the same feeling that it wasn't quite genuine when, in Edinburgh, I first saw a man in kilts. I was sure he wore them not because they were comfortable but because it was expected of him.

But no matter how much you may doubt its sincerity, whenever you visit the tea house on the cliff you will



Against the face of the cliff rise the hundred and one steps



O Kin San and O Yucha San in front of the tea house



ceive the same fluttered, excited welcome. There will be the same chorus of "Please, please," the same elight when you approve, the same anxiety over your lack of appetite, and the same rare appreciation of our rare wit. Also, in time you will find that O Kin San will take the cue you give her. And if you refer to sit overlooking the city where the paper lanterns glow, and watch the lights along the Bund and the lamps of the ships at anchor on the berth, and talk of things Japanese, and not to joke and laugh, you will find O Kin San a simple, direct, and rarely intelligent hostess. She is a truly remarkable woman, a woman who speaks several languages, who can call off all the names in our navy register, relate the history of the Ronins, explain the complexities of the Shinto and Buddhist religions, or relate with true humor the story of the middy who climbed the steps on horseback.

Among the things they laid before us during our first hour in Japan were the words of all the officers, of their sweethearts and wives, and of the tourists who had visited the tea house. They asked for our cards, and each of the ezans gave us one of hers. The one I received read "Miss O Yucha San." I tried to recollect where I had heard the name before, and then I remembered that at college there was a song that title which we used to sing, was set to the air of "Rosalie":

"I care not what others may say,  
I'm in love with O Yucha San,  
In Japan,  
Ichiban,  
I'm in love with O Yucha San."

The chorus brought back to me the one evenings when the glee club could sally forth to serenade the townspeople, and we freshmen abandoned our books and followed in its wake. And, instead of the tea house of the Hundred and One Steps and O Yucha San kneeling beside me, proffering a pair of chopsticks, I was conscious of the sleeping American town, its students grouped under the elms, the odor of their briar pipes, the beetles buzzing around the electric globes in the street, and the black shadows cross the professor's front lawn.

"When I was at college," I said, "I used to sing a song about a girl called O Yucha San." The Commander looked up in hurt surprise, and O Yucha San bent low in embarrassment. "But you know that this is the girl!" he said.

I protested that it could not be. I gallantly refrained from explaining why.

"Not at all," said the Commander. "F. M. Bostwick, who was a lieutenant then, wrote that song about

there until we went back to the ship. But now she's a young lady, and there is a book about her with her picture in colors on the cover."

So I told O Yucha San that over all the States young men were announcing to the world that they were in love only with her, and that in every college town the name and fame of O Yucha San was intimate and familiar.

O Yucha San covered her blushes with two small hands, and bowed her thanks to her admirers across the sea.

On other days we returned to the tea house, and one soon grew to understand why to the wandering naval officer and the globe trotter it becomes a house of call, a club, and a home. There are many tea houses in Japan more rich, larger, set in elaborate, beautiful gardens, with golden geishas to dance and jugglers to confuse, but in none will you find a more friendly welcome or a kindlier hostess. To sit at the feet of O Kin San is to learn wisdom and courtesy, and to look out from her tea house is to bring yourself in touch with all the world. For, when the paper screens are pushed aside you see on one hand the gardens and trees of the Foreign Settlement; on the other, below you, the tile-roofed city, with its temples, parks of cherry trees, distant hills of pine, and Fujiyama, the illusive, the mysterious, the beautiful, raising snow-white shoulders out of a robe of green; while at your feet lies the roadstead of Yokohama Harbor choked with ships of war, with great liners, monster tramps, gondola-like sampans, and high-peaked, square-sailed junks. The murmurs of a city float up to you mixed with all the noises of the sea; the impatient signals of the darting launches, the puffing donkey engines answering the boatswain's whistle with creak of winch, chains, and cordage; the songs of the coolies knee-deep in the lighters, the ships' bells ringing brokenly across the water, and the melancholy piping of the harbor gulls.

Against the curtain of blue you watch the steamers come and go, carrying your heart with them to Hongkong and Shanghai, Rangoon and Singapore, to Colombo and Bombay, to Sydney and Melbourne, around Cape Horn, through the islands of the South Pacific, or straight away to that Golden Gate that waits to welcome the wanderer Home.



AMERICAN ADVERTISING METHODS IN JAPAN

The above photograph sent us by our special correspondent, Richard Harding Davis, bears striking witness to the march of Western civilization in Japan. Not content with the introduction of American-built locomotives and Pullman cars, the Japanese have adapted with considerable art the idea of display signs, advertising toilet preparations, medicines, etc., alongside their railroads.

O Yucha San when she was five years old. I remember her very well. She was just a little doll of a thing. She was only big enough to carry around the pipe boxes, and after she had filled the pipes she'd crawl into the lap of one of the officers and sleep curled up

## WITH THE FIRST JAPANESE ARMY IN MANCHURIA

Special Cable Despatches from FREDERICK PALMER, Collier's Correspondent with the Japanese Army in Manchuria

The following cable despatches describe the situation at Antung after the passage of the Yalu by the Japanese army. It takes six weeks for mail matter to reach New York from Antung; the events treated in these cablegrams, together with the fighting along the Yalu, will all be set forth in detail in letters yet to arrive. The cable regulations imposed on the correspondents require that only a limited number of words be sent at one time, which accounts for the three parts into which the following correspondence is divided.

Antung, May 10, by Overland Messenger to Seoul, May 14

**THE TWO DAYS' ACTION** which resulted in the crossing of the Yalu by the Japanese and the occupation, on May 1, of Chiu-lien-Cheng, on the north bank of the river opposite Wiju, scarcely made any interruption in the machine-like movement of the Japanese force. Discipline was in no way relaxed, nor the onward march stayed. Deducting the killed and wounded, the army now proceeds with its customary automatic precision. The twenty Russian field-guns which the Japanese captured, together with twenty officers and four hundred men at Hoh-Mu-Tang during the pursuit of the fleeing Russians, have been brought back to Antung. Eight Maxims, fifty ammunition wagons, and many other munitions of war which were captured during the pursuit of the Russians have also been brought to Antung. They include heavy band instruments; heavy, lumbering equipment—fit, perhaps, for the Russian steppes, but totally unfit for the rough Manchurian roads for which the mobile, light Japanese equipment was especially prepared. The contrast between the Russian and the Japanese equipment is the contrast between a heavy truck and a light buggy.

The Russians apparently moved down to their position on the Yalu River as they might from one Siberian garrison to another, without taking thought of how they were to get away and without making any proper roads to their own position. The trenches which their infantry had to defend were without the support of artillery, and wholly unadapted for cover from the galling Japanese shell fire. In the crossing of the Yalu, garrison vegetation and easy-going overconfidence were forced to meet the preparedness of the specialist attacking his special task. The Cossack sabres taken in the engagement had all edges. Later we may meet a real Russian army equipped with St. Petersburg modernity and acumen. Thus far the clash has been between old-fashioned courage and sword-brandishing against scientific readiness. What is now real and most is the unprecedented mobility of the Japanese infantry.

The Japanese soldiers at the present moment are surprised at their own success. They have inflicted a crushing blow to Russian prestige, and demonstrated their ability to meet the soldiers of Europe on equal terms and defeat them. They can scarcely yet explain to themselves why the enemy were apparently so unprepared. Notwithstanding the elation of victory, there is little celebration by the Japanese. They proceed quietly about their work, keeping their own counsel. The kindness with which the Japanese treated the captured Russians, who were brought back to Antung, is noticeable and peculiarly interesting. I saw the guards yesterday talking and laughing with their prisoners, and little brown men teaching gymnastic exercises to big Russians head and shoulders taller than themselves.

Antung, May 10, by Overland Messenger to Seoul, May 14

From the stories told by Russian officers who were captured during the two days' engagement, it appears that the Russian force was of two minds, and that in the distribution of the force to meet the Japanese attack there was

considerable indecision. The Russian general in command believed that the Japanese would cross the Yalu at Antung, and a number of the younger officers believed that the Japanese would cross the river (as they did cross it) somewhat above Wiju. The Russians planned to make their heaviest stand at Antung, building strong trenches along the water front and lining the base of the hills with emplacements. All of this preparation was wasted, and not a shot was fired from the trenches. On one little thing hung the Russian disaster. A tug going up the river with bridge materials landed at one of the lower islands opposite Antung. These materials were intended for a permanent bridge and not for the crossing above Wiju, where the Japanese actually forced their passage. The Russian general misinterpreted the mission of the tug, and made his preparations, therefore, in the wrong place. Russian prisoners captured by the Japanese complain that their staff officers fled from the field, and that two regiments of reserves, upon which they had relied, did not come up to their assistance.

The Yalu action needed only cavalry to have been an object lesson in the utility of every arm of the Japanese service. Japanese strategy was vividly shown in the manner in which the enemy was deceived in regard to the point of crossing, in the tactics by which reserves were used for pursuit, and by the skill with which the engineers built screens to hide the gun approaches. The efficient skill of the Japanese was demonstrated in the accuracy, power, and concentration of their artillery fire, the use of common shells and of shrapnel for specific purposes, and the ease with which the infantry changed and mobilized under fire, and in a mountainous country, where cavalry could not be used. Any branch of the service, in fact, except the cavalry, might claim the Yalu victory as their own.

Many of these Japanese soldiers have been in the field now for three months, and yet there is very little sickness. Their hardened spirit has been increased by the victory, but the victory has not interfered with their industry, nor the zeal with which they go about the drudgery of preparation for the new advance. Japanese stubbornness was shown by one company which lost half of its men and three out of four of its officers at Hamotan, and yet still stood up to the fight. Since the occupation of Antung by the Japanese there has been no lawlessness on the part of the Japanese soldiery. Officially and privately, the Japanese officers and soldiers are paying for everything in the way of food and supplies that they appropriate. The Chinese natives have not changed in any way with the change of conquerors.

Antung, May 7, by Overland Messenger to Seoul, May 14

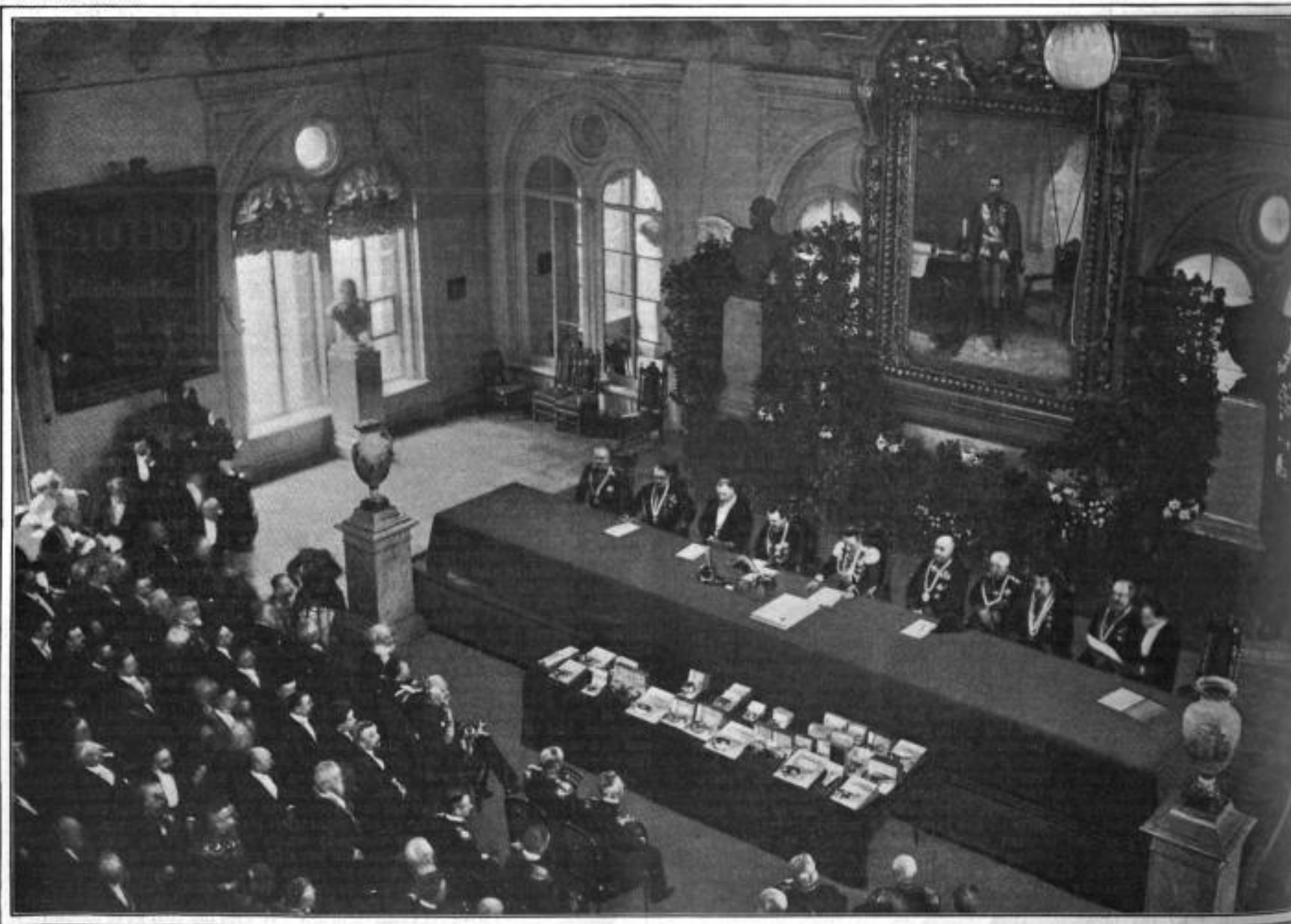
With the Japanese in complete control of Antung, and perfect surface-quiet prevailing, it is hard to realize that the Russian force is, comparatively speaking, only a short distance away. There are no Americans or Europeans here, with the exception of the foreign correspondents. For the present we are not allowed to leave Antung; and as to what is going on at the front, now that the river has been crossed and the Russians are being pursued, we know nothing. When another battle is at hand we are to be informed at short notice and permitted to witness the action from the best viewpoint.





CHEMULPO JACKIES AT THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG

This picture gives an excellent idea of the typical Russian sailor. These men have just received their gifts from the Emperor, who granted an audience to the officers and men who had survived Chemulpo, and their war medals are pinned to their blouses. Before receiving these mementoes they had marched through the St. Petersburg streets and had been received with the most enthusiastic greetings by the Russian populace.



PRESENTATION OF MEMENTOES TO SURVIVORS OF CHEMULPO

This scene depicts the impressive ceremony held in the great Alexander Hall at St. Petersburg. At this ceremony the naval officers who served at Chemulpo were eulogized, and gifts and honors conferred upon them. General Durnowo is presiding at the middle of the long table on the platform and reading his address. Some of the gifts are shown on the smaller table in front of the platform. This was only one of the many ceremonies held in honor of the Chemulpo officers and crews. The Emperor, the nobility, and the Russian people at large united in showering them with honors and rewards.

RUSSIA DOES HONOR TO HER NAVAL HEROES



# THE DOWNFALL OF RUSSIA'S FAVORITES

By JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN  
Collier's Special Correspondent at St. Petersburg



VICE-ADMIRAL SKRYDLOFF  
*Commanding the Navy in the Far East*



COUNT MURAVIEFF  
*Lamsdorff's predecessor as Foreign Minister*

ST. PETERSBURG, May 1, 1904

IN the entourage of the Czar a struggle is in progress as intense as that which is under way in the Far East, and probably more bitter. The combatants are the men who, before the war, made a determined effort to preserve peace, and the men whose policy, being imposed upon the Emperor, precipitated Japanese action.

It is a game of see-saw in Russia—first you are out and then you are in. The arbiter is not a whole people, but a single man, who enjoys the title and dignity of Emperor. It is his act which makes you, his act which undoes you. He, therefore, is the target at which every one aims his arguments and his flattery. If he adopt your policy to-day and find it good, you will be the Man of the Moment; your enemies can be relegated to unofficialdom, and that usually means obscurity. But when your enemies triumph, then you may expect the punishment that you meted out to them.

I am giving this little homily on Russian politics because it enables better understanding of the various moves that have been made and are being made to-day by powerful men seeking to control—under the Czar, of course—the Government. The men who brought on the war are to-day in disfavor. Bezobrazoff, the friend of the Grandduke Constantine, and one of the chief instigators of the forward policy, is in practical exile at Cannes. Vice-Admiral Alexieff, the Viceroy of the Czar's Far Eastern possessions, is a figurehead that any day may be cut down. The Grand Committee, formed to advise the Emperor on the conduct of affairs in eastern Siberia and Manchuria, discharges merely perfunctory duties.

Where are the men of peace? De Witte, who was shelved as President of the Council of the Empire, is to-day the strongest man, outside of those holding official executive positions, in the Empire. Lamsdorff, the able Minister for Foreign Affairs, has retained his office, and immeasurably increased his influence with the Czar. Kuropatkin is in independent command of the armies of the Czar in Manchuria. Skrydloff is charged with the direction of the operations of the battered fleet at Port Arthur.

Both parties are united on one point: That the war must be fought out to the bitter end, and that that end shall be Russia's triumph. They are divided because the one seeks vindication and its reascendency in the councils of the Emperor, the other to hold the position it has attained and to strengthen itself so firmly that it can not be dislodged. A curious feature of the struggle is that neither can afford to have the Japanese gain a great initial success on land. That would reflect upon Kuropatkin and lead to the final downfall of Alexieff. But victory would benefit Kuropatkin far more than it would advantage Alexieff. Russia needs a military hero at this moment to take the place of Makaroff; for Skrydloff, whatever valor he may show, however seaworthy he may make his fleet, can not hope to bring it to a state of efficiency where he can gain command of the sea.

To understand to-day's situation in internal politics in Russia it is necessary to revert to the genesis of the Manchurian question. My investigation has firmly convinced me, I may say in passing, that when Count Cassini, the Rus-

sian Minister to China (now Ambassador to the United States), negotiated the lease of Port Arthur, he had no idea that his country would seek to acquire all of Manchuria. It was the natural consequence of the taking of Port Arthur that Russia should seek control of Masampo, Korea, thereby making a connection with Vladivostok. All this could have been avoided had Great Britain not opposed Russia's acquisition of Port Lazareff, on the Korean shore of the Sea of Japan, and the present war might have been avoided or at least postponed for some years. But the acquisition of Port Arthur and Dalny was the beginning of the struggle. Alexieff, desiring to be a second Muravieff, who forced Russia into Far Eastern Siberia, determined that the opportunity was impending when his country should be sovereign over the magnificent Manchurian region and enjoy the ice-free waters of the Yellow Sea. But Alexieff, thousands of miles from St. Petersburg, could not impose his will upon the Emperor. Here it was that he found an ally in Bezobrazoff, a man of intense purpose, an excellent talker, and already of considerable influence. "He is an individual," to quote a gentleman with whom I have discussed Russian politics, "who has to a high degree the marvelous faculty of impressing his personality upon you. He can make you look in his way through his spectacles when your own have already told you that the object to be examined is not good to touch. That is what he did with the Czar." Bezobrazoff was vigorously supported by Prince Uchtomsky, editor of the St. Petersburg "Viedomosti," who has expanded the Pan-Slavic Empire to include as much of the Far East as may be necessary for the greatness of that

Empire. These men were supported by several ministers, among them Plehve, who would gain personally by the humiliation of the ministers in the peace party. The Boxer outbreak came, and then began the motion of the pendulum, first swinging to the policy of annexation and then to the policy of holding simply to what had been gained under the Cassini convention. It is interesting to read the Russian correspondence, and to find one day a telegram from a general, who has crossed into Manchuria and defeated the Chinese troops, announcing to the Emperor that more territory has been added to his dominions, and almost at the same time to discover a solemn notification to the powers, issued by Count Lamsdorff, in which it is positively stated that Russia has no ulterior designs upon Chinese territory. Count Lamsdorff should not be accused of bad faith in connection with the declarations he made. He based them upon what he believed to be the policy of the Government, and that policy was his policy and that of M. de Witte. It may be noted at this point that the Russian notes were issued always when the party which sought faithful observance of Russian declarations was in the ascendancy. When the Marquis Ito came to St. Petersburg, after passing through the United States, de Witte urged him to meet Russia half way in a settlement of the Manchurian and Korean questions, but Ito had been advised by the Japanese Minister in London that negotiations had been commenced for the now famous Anglo-Japanese Treaty of alliance. Consequently he was indisposed to accept de Witte's suggestion, especially as the then Minister for Finance was unable to say that any concessions, beyond such as had already been communicated to Japan, would be made.

The Anglo-Japanese Treaty was a terrible blow to the Alexieff-Bezobrazoff party. The response which Russia and France made was less effective than is generally known, for the simple reason that Manchuria was excluded from its scope—a fact that was not at the time apparent to the rest of the world. The Czar was advised of the danger of the forward policy of Alexieff and Bezobrazoff, and he instructed Count Lamsdorff to negotiate a treaty for the evacuation of Manchuria. He honestly carried out the first provision in relation to the evacuation of the southern portion of the region.

Alexieff and Bezobrazoff accepted the treaty without protest; any other course would have been folly. They were the first to recover from the effect of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. They were satisfied, they told the Czar, that Great Britain would not engage in another costly war, especially over the comparatively minor question of Manchuria, and their information convinced them that Japan was not financially in condition to undertake hostile operations such as would be necessary against Russia. It took them a year to impose their views again, and by that time the Czar's forces had retired from Mukden. Then again rumors began to circulate of more Russian demands upon China, which contemplated further concessions to the Muscovite power. Count Lamsdorff denied them. His denial was hardly uttered when the cause of the delay in the execution of the provisions of the evacuation treaty was explained by the Russian chargé d'affaires in Peking. He notified Prince Ching that the delay was due to the military party in Russia.

Having been long stationed in the East, Alexieff believed he knew Eastern people, and did not let Japan's indignation disturb him. His position was strengthened by the polite suggestion of Japan that Russia engage in new negotiations for the settlement of the questions pending between them. It looked as if Japan, in spite of her alliance with Great Britain, had determined to settle with Russia by negotiation. There was jubilation among the Alexieff-Bezobrazoff party when the news reached St. Petersburg. On August 12 the Czar created the Viceroyalty of the Far East, and appointed Alexieff to the post. He organized the committee to formulate policies in regard to this vast region. A terrific blow was administered to the anti-Alexieff-Bezobrazoff combination by the transfer on August 29 of de Witte from the position of Finance Minister to that of President of the Council of State. De Witte had held the purse-strings. In the Council of State he could do little damage to the ambitious projects of the favorites of the Emperor.

Count Lamsdorff participated in the negotiations, but their real conduct was intrusted to Alexieff, and Bezobrazoff co-operated with him. The result was that Japan gained substantial diplomatic victories, which might not have been achieved had a trained diplomatist like Count Lamsdorff managed the Russian side of the negotiations. When war became inevitable, Bezobrazoff began to lose influence, and suddenly high official society in St. Petersburg was startled by the announcement that he had retired to Cannes, and that that retirement, it was whispered, was by invitation of the Emperor.

Alexieff was still in the Far East, and as Viceroy in direct control of the operations of the army and navy. In command of the fleet at Port Arthur was Vice-Admiral Stark, his personal friend. As he had not prepared for war

COUNT CASSINI  
*Ambassador to the United States, formerly Minister to China*



M. DE WITTE  
*President of the Council of the Empire*



COUNT LAMSDORFF  
*Minister of Foreign Affairs*



GENERAL KUROPATKIN  
*Commanding the Army in Manchuria*







Illustrations by B. Cory Kilvert

# FIVE LITTLE MEN

By W. A. FRASER

*Aleck, Teddy, Cyril, Jimmie, and Stewart are five young Americans who live in the small town of Tona, and devote their entire attention to looking for trouble—in the quest of which they are peculiarly successful. The present tale concerns the smoking of their first cigarettes, an adventure attended with dire results. There are six stories in the series; they will appear consecutively in the Household Numbers during the summer, under the following titles: "A Shattered Apostle," "Tige, a Story with Atmosphere," "Patent Fog Signals," "The Awakening of Rastus," and "A Gaudy Combat"*

## I.—A LITTLE SMOKE AND MUCH FIRE

**T**ONA was a quiet Canadian village. It never had been struck by lightning, because when thunderstorms came its way they fell asleep. The city of York, thirty miles away, knew nothing of Tona—not even of the five little citizens who rippled the quiet waters of its silent pool-like calm at times.

The five citizens spoken of were Aleck Graham, Teddy Rivers, Cyril Baker, Jimmie Maclean, and Stewart Drummond.

They were so evenly balanced in their divers abilities that no one of the lot could have been actually called the leader.

Aleck Graham was the eldest, aged ten; he was also the strongest.

Cyril Baker was nine, and had an inventive facility that offset Aleck's strength. He had been rechristened Brownie. His round chubby face, big, short-sighted eyes twinkling with mischief behind a pair of glasses, had early invited the name. Teddy Rivers was always a man of possessions. More portable things of desire attached themselves to him than came the way of the others. Teddy could be depended upon to furnish the sinews of war. Why he was called Stubs no one knew, not even himself; but Stubs he was to the boys.

Jimmie Maclean was diminutive, even for his age. He was perhaps the handiest man on the force; he was spring-steel, catgut little-giant-powder. His name condensed to "Tootsey" embodied the determination of the outfit. Many an undertaking, which really turned out fairly successful, would have been abandoned but for Stewart.

There never had been quite so suitable a place as Tona for five citizens such as these. There were barns, and stables, and hen-houses, and apple trees, and horse-chestnut trees; two fish ponds, with the glorious adjunct of prohibited fishing, and the West Branch, a small stream, loitering through clover-perfumed fields, and maple groves, and pine bush; and in its purple pools lurked gold-and-scarlet-spotted trout that darted from one eddy to another over shallows, sheets of rippling silver in the summer sunlight; there was a sawmill, express wagons, and just over the hill the railway station, parentally thought to be territory unexplored of the five.

Primarily and of intent, a town constable is not a functionary for the delight of small boys; but how can a small red-faced gentleman, known as "Goosefoot," put down sin? So "Goosefoot," the Tona guardian of the peace, must be included in the above inventory.

Aleck Graham's parents kept hens. This, on the face of it, seemed an innocuous if troublesome form of agriculture. Left to themselves, probably the hens would have gone no further on the way of their destructive destiny than the looting of neighbor Cameron's garden, with its tempting ripe tomatoes, or a pertinacious

pilgrimage to the baker's back yard, which was on the other side of the Graham estate; but with Aleck and his four comrades pulling the strings of fate, one can see that anything was possible even with hens. And it was all caused by a cigarette, too.

It was Saturday, and Aleck had sat in the vacant lot opposite Cyril's house until, one by one, the other four had swarmed.

"What'll we do, fellers?" Aleck asked.

"Where's Blitz?" queried Cyril.

Blitz was a fox-terrier of the Graham household.

"He's home. Say, boys, he had a jim-dandy fight. You know Beaton's black dog. Well, he come in our yard, an' I sneaked Blitz out the door. Moses! didn't they go for it?"

"Who licked?" piped in little Jimmie.

"Blitz did; I helped, 'cause Beaton's dog's bigger an' part bull. What d' you want Blitz for, Brownie?"

"'Cause I got two cats shut up in the woods. Gee! they're dandies to fight, too. I seen 'em snarl about, an' throwed in some meat—say, maw'll be 'cause p'raps it was good meat—p'raps she'll make us go to the butcher's fer some more fer dinner."

"Did the toms go in?" asked Aleck.

"You bet; an' I biffed the door shut—an' we could sit on the wood-pile and see through the window, an' Blitz in—say, Jimmie, ain't you got a dog to your place?"

"He ain't no good fer to fight cats," declared Jimmie, "but he'll bite a man. I sicked him on that feller that looks like a tramp—"

"That cuts the wood?" queried Teddy.

"Yes—that's the old skeezicks."

"Say, ain't he an old crank—I hit him with an apple just this mornin', an' he chased me over into Pe Small's. Did he bite him?"

"He only tore his pants," Jimmie said regretfully.

"Dogs ain't no fun," grumbled Aleck.

"I got ten cents," declared Teddy.

He had been keeping this under pressure. His statement threw the meeting into parlous quietude. The others looked at him with reverence. Cyril's active mind discovered a hundred plans in a minute for investing the capital in schemes prolific of enjoyment.

No one spoke, and Teddy, to enhance the grandeur of his position, drew forth the money and held it gleaming silver in the palm of his brown hand.

"What you goin' to do with Tootsy?" hazarded Aleck tentatively.

"Dunno; p'raps I'll save it up."

"I'd buy all-day-suckers if I had it," declared Jimmie.

All-day-suckers were candy enticements that clung to sticks with pertinacious adhesiveness. At an apiece they were an investment that yielded a great deal of succulent enjoyment.

"I wouldn't," objected Tootsie; "I buy a ball, an' we could play Am Sally."

"That ain't no good 'thout prize," said Cyril.

"Say, fellers," began Teddy hesitatingly, "wouldn't you like to try smoke cigarettes same's Jack Woolley does?"

The others looked just a little frightened; it was a big jump. Instinctively they had individually thought of this essayment would come into their lives, but at some future time, some day a long, long way off. Now they were face to face with the great problem that every boy fronts soon or late—to smoke. To become a man was a great achievement; to be able to smoke was very much like having attained to that state of life. The glamorous seductiveness of smoke, same's Jack Woolley, given by Teddy's words, hung with solemnity on their young minds. It was Tootsie's cue; the occasion required determination one way or the other.



They were squeezed and kissed as though they had done a great thing



in fact, he had essayed in his young life almost everything but the cigarette.

"Bet you I could smoke," he exclaimed decisively. "So could I," affirmed Cyril.

"You'd get sick," objected Aleck.

"Not if you didn't swallow the smoke," exclaimed Tootie. "Just blow it through your nose, that's the way Jack Woolley does."

"G'on!" said Aleck contemptuously, "there ain't no hole 'tween your mouth and your nose."

"I've seen Jack Woolley blow it through his nose," corroborated Jimmie.

"I've seen Sandy Miller do it, too," added Cyril.

"You don't get sick if you spit," Teddy contributed to the general law.

"Bet you I could smoke," reaffirmed Tootie; "Aleck's afraid, 'cause his daddy'd lick him."

Tootie could work any of them when it came down to seeing the thing through.

"'Fraid nothin'! Bet you I can smoke mor'n you an, Tootie."

"We mustn't tell. Hope I may die!" commanded Teddy. They all repeated the dismal oath, and Teddy,

taving concocted a plan that he was buying the cigarettes for his big brother, marched off to the store, while the others waited for him in the Grahams' stable, or this place had been decided upon as likely to screen them from prying eyes while they made themselves men.

Now the hens were domiciled in the stable, and when Aleck opened the door they swirled forth like a wedge of wild geese.

"Gee whiz!" cried Cyril delightedly; "let's boost the hens over the fence where them tomatoes is, an' make old Cameron mad."

"Blamed old things," exclaimed Aleck disgustedly. "If mother sees the hens, she'll come down and spoil the fun. Come on, boys, and shut 'em in again."

But the hens didn't want to get shut up, and, with fierce cackle and erratic runs, they dodged the boys, until Aleck cried: "Say, fellers, let the derned old things stay out. Mother'll hear 'em sure. We'll go in the ice house—it's cool's anything there, too—and if mother comes down, she'll shut 'em up and not see us."

The ice house, that had originally been a shed, was a lean-to at the end of the stable.

Teddy turned up with the cigarettes, and soon the little men were puffing away behind closed doors in the luxuriously cool atmosphere, which was the natural environment of a ton of ice.

At the third whiff little Jimmie said, "I'd rather have all-day-suckers."

"Bet yer sick," offered Aleck.

"No I ain't, neither. I never said bet you I could smoke—it was Tootie. An' maw said I must be home *sure* at four o'clock."

"Well, you can't go out now," commanded Aleck, "'cause men don't go to have a smoke together an' jump up in' run away soon's they've lighted a cigar."

"Pretend it ain't a good one, Jimmie, an' you don't like this kind, an' chuck it through the door. I seen Jack Woolley do that when he'd got a lot of them."

"I like to smoke bully—bet you I could smoke two," boasted Tootie.

"Chuck it away, Jimmie," pleaded Cyril.

Jimmie got to his feet somewhat unsteadily, and in his face was the drawn hastiness of internal disquiet. With defiant swagger he took a big draw at the cigarette till it almost blazed, then he opened the door a little, and lung the white thing of depression brought the crack.

The hens had been hovering querulously about the ice house, wondering, so doubt, why Aleck didn't bring forth the food he ad gone there for. They were pampered hens; nobody ever visited the stable without feeding them.

As the cigarette soared into the yard there was a rush of gray and black and brown fowl, very much like the coming together of men on the football field. A cockerel won the prize. With a thrust his beak through the cigarette, and he was on the dead end. The others gave chase; old cock and pullet and patron all swarmed after the lucky youngster who ad come by this thing that looked like a fat white food-grub.

The cockerel headed for the stable and into it, outpacing the motley gang at his heels.

Jimmie, relieved of the tobacco fiend, sat down and maliciously watched the others, one by one, come into his arden of misery.

Little was being said; the exhilaration of the adven-

ture was being vanquished by the depression of attainment. Cyril was the next to succumb. The cigarette dropped from his fingers while he sat in vacuous silence—he was afraid to move.

"Let's go home, Brownie," pleaded Jimmie, seeing that the former had finished his smoke.

Brownie shook his head mutely. Even that movement caused him to lurch and hiccough.

"Bet you I ain't sick," boasted Tootie; then he coughed huskily.

"Brownie didn't spit, that's why he's seasick," volunteered Teddy.

"Bet you I could smoke another," cried Aleck.

"Wisht I had a drink of water," said Teddy; "smoke makes my throat awful dry."

"Me, too," cried Aleck. "What's the matter with gettin' some ice?"

"I'll get it, Aleck," volunteered Cyril.

It was at this moment that Mrs. Graham, coming to the back window, saw smoke clouding from the stable. It was pouring forth in a thick volume—the stable was on fire.

She rushed through the hall, through the front door,

From the shoe-shop, the barber's, the tailor's, from the two hotels standing opposite each other, hurried the brawn and muscle of the village.

The cry and the meteor-white shirt of the grocer said all there was to be said on the subject for the time being; the business in hand had connection with the fire reel, and to get there promptly was a patent necessity. Like the roll of many billows the humans surged to the fire-hall.

"Where's the fire?" panted Captain Jack Drummond.

"Graham's!" gasped the grocer, as he ran out the rope of the reel.

"Clear the way—out with her, boys!" yelled the captain.

The wheels of the reel crunched at the gravel, the rope was spun out like a sinuous snake, the bell clanged. "Hi, hi, hi!" passed from man to man, and like an angry juggernaut car the reel tore through the village street, and with a swirling curve down the lane that led to the Grahams' stable.

Ahead of the firemen ran citizens, and at the first commotion in the lane, one of the boys in the ice house—they were in blissful ignorance of the fire and the coming of the reel—peeped through the door. Then with a gasp he closed it and sank in a trembling heap.

"It's your dad, Brownie," he whispered. "He's comin' down the lane. Some one's told about the smokin' an' we'll get an awful lickin'."

Then the boys heard other voices, next the grind of the hose reel.

"Gee!" whispered Aleck, "what's the gold-darn row?"

"P'raps it's a horse runned away," whispered Teddy.

"Keep mum," pleaded Cyril, for the dread of his father was strong upon him.

Without daring to look, wild-eyed and sick, the boys sat huddled up listening to a turmoil that filled the yard. Presently a bright idea flashed through Aleck's mind. He leaned over and said: "It's fire practice, fellers; they're 'tendin' our stable's afire."

"I knowed they was goin' to have it to-day, I saw paw takin' his trumpet with him to the shop."

By the time the hose had been unreeled, flames were bursting through the roof.

In the first wild excitement of the fire cry, no one had thought of the boys; not till a man came pushing his way up to Mrs. Graham and asked: "Where's Aleck? Where's my boy Teddy?"

The woman's eyes opened wide in horror—she had forgotten.

"Why—oh, my God!" she gasped, and sprang forward as though she would rush into the burning building.

The man clutched her with a strong hand, and asked short and sharp, "Have they been in the house?"

Her eyes answered him.

"Here, Dick!" he yelled, "hold her. Here, man! the boys are in that stable. They've set it afire. I saw them coming down the lane an hour ago."

With a rush a dozen men dashed at the open door; the flames and smoke belching forth drove them back with scorched faces and choked lungs.

"Oh, God, my boy! Help me, men. For God's sake, help me!" pleaded Rivers, as he reeled for a second in the open air, then again plunging into the crackling furnace. Just inside, the suffocating smoke of burning straw drove into his lungs and he fell.

On hands and knees he started forward, weakly, half unconscious. A strong pair of hands seized him by the feet and mercifully drew him forth from the mouth of death.

"No man can live a second in there," said Drummond, in a choked voice. "If the boys are there, they're dead."

"Here's a door," called a fireman, indicating the ice house; "play the hose in there on me, an' I'll break through the wall and get in that way."

With a shout, as the door was thrown open, the river of water was sent into the ice house, and on its back ebb floated out the five who were supposed to be cremating in the other compartment.

For a minute it looked as though the stable would be allowed to burn. The hose was actually dropped, while strong hands gathered up the dragged rats, and they were squeezed and kissed as though they had done a great thing, instead of having set fire to a stable.

The fire, however, was mastered after it had gutted the building, and during this time a woman sat on the ground, huddled against the brick wall of the house, rocking her body to and fro, and kissing a very much drenched boy that was clasped in her arms, while she repeated: "Thank God! Thank God! Oh, my boy!"

## AT THE GREAT RELEASE

By BLISS CARMAN

PHIAON TO SAPPHO

WHEN the black horses from the house of Dis  
Stop at my door and the dead charioteer  
Knocks at my portal, summoning me to go  
On the far solitary unknown way  
Where all the race of men fare and are lost,  
Fleeting and numerous as the autumnal leaves  
Before the wind in Lesbos of the Isles;

Though a chill draft of fear may quell my soul  
And dim my spirit like a flickering lamp  
In the great gusty hall of some old king,  
Only one mordant unassuaged regret,  
One passionate eternal human grief,  
Would wring my heart with bitterness and tears  
And set the mask of sorrow on my face.

Not youth, nor early fame, nor pleasant days,  
Nor flutes, nor roses, nor the taste of wine,  
Nor sweet companions of the idle hour  
Who brought me tender joys, nor the glad sound  
Of children's voices playing in the dusk;  
All these I could forget and bid good-by  
And pass to my oblivion, nor repine.

Not the green woods that I so dearly love,  
Nor Summer hills in their serenity,  
Nor the great sea mystic and musical,  
Nor drone of insects, nor the call of birds,  
Nor soft Spring flowers, nor the wintry stars;  
To all the lovely earth that was my home  
Smiling and valiant I could say farewell.

But not, O not to one strong little hand,  
To one droll mouth brimming with witty words,  
Nor ever to the unevasive eyes  
Where dwell the light and sweetness of the world  
With all the sapphire sparkle of the sea!  
Ah, Destiny, against whose knees we kneel  
With prayer at evening, spare me this one woe!

and in the village street stood screaming, "Fire! fire! fire!"

Then again, "Fire! God help me—Fire! The stable is on fire!"

On the opposite corner the storekeeper was carrying a basket of eggs in from a farm wagon that stood at his door. When the shrill, half-maniacal scream of a frightened woman's voice smote on his ear, he started and let the basket drop. The eggs clutched at each other on the walk and lapsed into a little ochre-colored lake.

"Bless me!" he exclaimed, and in the next breath sent a roaring bass, "Fire!" up the main street of Tona.

Leaving the eggs just where they had settled down so comfortably, without coat and hatless, he followed his own cry of warning over the sounding board-walk on a run for the fire hall, for he was one of the fire brigade.





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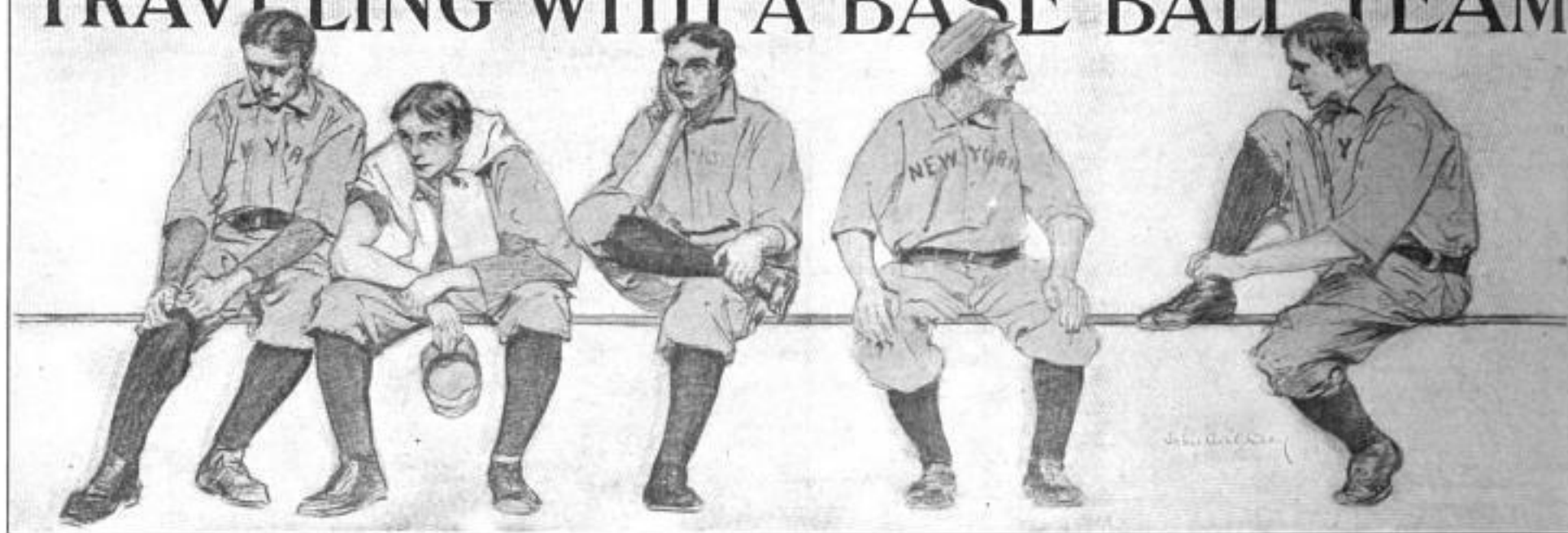


ATINÉE

IA GIBSON



# TRAVELING WITH A BASE BALL TEAM



ANECDOTES OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTERISTICS OF PROFESSIONAL BASEBALL PLAYERS, AS OBSERVED DURING A SEASON'S TRAVEL WITH A LEAGUE TEAM

By ALLEN SANGREE : With Illustrations by JOHN C. CLAY

THE baseball spectator has often noticed a desire for seclusion on the part of the professional player, and wondered thereat, for it is characteristic of no other athlete. Even newspaper men are little favored with his confidence, and my own reception in the dressing-room of the New York National League Team, when I started out to "cover" baseball for a New York evening paper, will long be remembered. Putting it mildly, I felt embarrassed.

My assignment was to follow the Giants during the season, report every game, travel in their special car, eat at their table, stop at their hotel, never leave their company, and write everything that I thought would interest half a million readers. But neither the sporting editor nor the city editor, who was the past grand master of all the baseball cranks I ever met, gave me precise instructions as to the line of thought I was to disburse.

## A Herculean Task

"Fill up a couple of columns every day," said the one; "anything you can think of, for the public just eats this stuff alive. That's all I know."

"Give us something original, funny," demanded the city editor, growing excited over the mere prospect of seeing a game: "tell incidents of the men; play no favorites, and—and—well, I tell you," he concluded, with a flash of inspiration, "get a laugh out of me once a week and you'll make a hit." Knowing the city editor, it occurred to me that Hercules had a cinch.

The last bit of advice came from the youngest sporting writer, who said, "Don't be too friendly with the players." And that I had no trouble in heeding, for when I announced my assignment in the dressing-room, as the men were preparing to play Chicago, and ten thousand people had already bundled through the gates, I evoked nothing but scowls, leers, and audible displeasure. Instead of being under obligations to me for doing the Boswell act, the team evidently regarded me as an intruder. Even Manager McGraw, to whom I had been introduced, met me with an icy stare. If you think the Grand Lama's Council Chamber an exclusive place, try breaking into a professional ball team's dressing-room.

After the season had advanced and I was on more intimate terms with the players, the inestimable value and the definite reason for this exclusiveness plainly revealed itself. I saw then that the whole success of a team depended upon a certain isolation, because that engenders enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is the keynote of a team's progress. It is written in letters of gold a mile high.

Whatever difference there may be in the game now and ten years ago is ascribed to this element, joined with an almost military sternness. The League player of to-day should combine the alert precision of a German army officer and the ardor of a Comanche Indian on the warpath. It is a fact that the nine men on a champion team represent more impetuous, mad, relentless spirit than the yells of thirty thousand rooters. Concealed beneath those hard faces, within those rigid muscular bodies seethes and burns an unquenchable fire. The moment it languishes, the team has a "slump." The best player on the diamond, when his spirit drags, deteriorates in value. If it will not revive, he should quickly make a long contract with a minor league; or, better still, retire to some business. A "has been," they call him.

## The Fostering of Enthusiasm

Now the place to coddle, nourish, promulgate, and foster this essential commodity is in the dressing-room, just as a theatrical company is rounded into shape behind the scenes, where outsiders are excluded as much as possible. But a difference is, that while the audience is a great stimulant to an actor, spectators very little influence a baseball player. He is working for love of the game, commendation of manager, increased salary, and success of team. Before the first inning is over he is speculating, not on what the people or papers may say, but what the boys will say in the dressing-room,

and it is there the team—if it be enthusiastic—will rush lickety split when the last man is out and the mob fighting its way to the street.

Picture to yourself a long, narrow room, flanked on all sides with opened lockers, the floor covered with benches, bats, masks, protectors, and uniforms, a shower bath turned full on, rubbers and attendants waiting for a call, and every player trying to get undressed first. Backward and forward the naked heroes dodge—and it would surprise a rooter to see the apparent lack of physical development in many a great player, bunches of muscle not being coveted in this kind of athletics—some gay, others gloomy, but all thinking.

For the space of about five minutes there is a conscious silence that the veteran is slow to disturb. Usually, therefore, it is a younger man who, no longer able to contain himself, finally blurts out with the narrative of his one-handed catch against the right-field fence, a catch that blocked three runs and saved the game, only that instead of being, as it impressed the rooter, an



In the Dressing-room after the Game

evidence of superlative skill, to him it was the "darndest lucky grab I ever made; didn't know the ball was in my hand."

Moved by this outbreak, Jones, the third baseman, shoves aside the massage pugilist, who has been beating him with a covert grin, and triumphantly describes the ruse he worked along with pitcher and shortstop, to nail a dangerous runner on his way from second.

"I knowed Baily would bunt, so I told Charley [shortstop] to play way up and cover this," while I came in. Well, Joe [pitcher] gave him a fast ball and she rolled right at me. Hey, Charley, you covered some ground there! That's a stunt you can always work with Chicago." The three conspirators laugh uproariously at this and conversation becomes general.

So long as the discussion treats on clever plays everything is pleasant, but when that feature has been thoroughly canvassed there happens another lull, this time shattered by an ominous snarl, when, like a flash, the room flickers luridly with reprimand, abuse, and malediction. Slamming his elastic ankle bandages into the locker, centre field turns to demand angrily of left fielder: "Say, mister, why didn't you shift with me when you saw McFadden [a left-hand batter] was trying to pull it over, hey?" Whereupon the other springs from under the shower, scattering water and

profanity, returning in kind, "Because, you lobster, they were feedin' him a fast ball, that's why. Tell me, I played the game when you were cutting teeth."

Meanwhile, the second baseman has rounded on the shortstop to know why he banged that pick-up at him so hard that he dropped it and got an error on the official score. "You had enough time," says he, "to carry it over. What ye trying to do, knock me?"

"Back up," returns the shortstop; "it was right in your hands. You couldn't get away from it. Now, don't do the baby act."

## Cheerful Recriminations

Then the catcher assails third baseman for not being on the bag when he feinted at a throw to second, and the room jangles with menacing clamor, a discord that to the outsider would suggest complete demoralization.

On the contrary, that team is then in the very meridian of its progress, and the lynx-eyed captain in the corner, you will notice, is barely able to suppress a smile. Instead of squelching the blaze, he adds fuel with well-timed sarcasm or rebuke. He is enjoying the scene "down to the ground," for he knows that his team has not "lost heart in the game."

To sustain this enthusiasm during a season is the aim of every manager, and the professional that responds promptly at all times will hold his position even with a modicum of skill. This explains why grizzled men with "Charley Horse" and grown-up children draw bigger salaries each year and accomplish exceptional plays. It is these men who become so interested in a town-lot game that they forget to report at the club house. They are youngsters again, and have more ardor than the lads that play "hookey" or steal away from work at home to take part in a game that has been the talk of the nine for weeks. Any one who has had that delicious but tragic experience can appreciate what it means.

Personally I recall life in a Pennsylvania hamlet where my father was a clergyman, and tried to complement a meagre salary by cultivating a garden that in the Stone Age had perhaps been fertile. You may have noticed that the country parson generally draws the poorest lot in town, and then the parishioners wonder why he can not "make things grow."

At any rate, my brother and I pulled enough weeds out of that garden to choke the Bottomless Pit, and especially did we labor on Saturdays, that day of days when the Back Street Boys played the Main Street Nine, when half the town gathered on the green between our house and the Presbyterian Church, when the welkin—whatever that is—rang with yells of "Home, Skinner, home," "Slide, slide, s-l-i-d-e," "He's goin' t' third, put it on him, sporty," "Hey, Skinner, Home, Home, HOME, wow, yea, ch-e-e-e, WOW-O-W-O-W"; and, mind you, we were pulling weeds in the garden.

Very plain is the recollection of a certain morning, after the congregation had brought us a donation: an annual calamity that made father hustle to replenish food stores, the merry parishioners having devoured all their gifts and a great deal more. Unfortunately, on that occasion they chose for their attack a Friday night preceding the village championship game, and ten o'clock found my brother and me breaking clods, pulling weeds, hauling fertilizer, and otherwise fighting the stubborn earth like two drunken moles.

## The Game on the Town Green

"Spooky" Dean, who could not play ball, but made water wheels and afterward became a contractor, pulled himself up the fence from time to time and reported the game's pace, taking pity on our bondage. Inning after inning went by, with even break until the seventh, when "Spooky" showed up pale, and from the roars of Main Street's gang we suspected the truth. "Oh, gosh," cried the future contractor, "Piggy Estep knocked a homer and brought in three runs. Come on, come on," he begged with tears, "the boys are yellin' for you. Your dad isn't lookin'. Come on, oh,



we'll lose sure; they'll beat us to death; come on, come on."

By that time we had suffered the limit of mental torture, and our bark of mutiny was slipping on the ways. Father appeared to have entirely shovelled himself into that part of the garden where a railroad company years afterward exploded fifty pounds of giant powder to make a notch for ties, and, taking advantage, we "skinned" the fence.

The wild acclaim that greeted us, who could ever forget! When Back Street joined in a mighty chorus of "Here come the boys," pride gushed as though to throttle, for my brother was a heavy hitter, and I "took 'em off the bat."

"Kangaroo," said our captain with dignity, that being my brother's intimate title, "go on first. Lizard, you ketch"; and then, gentle reader, what counted the positive knowledge that even at the very moment a lusty old apple tree over the fence was shedding one of its veteran branches, my father grimly whittling it to a virile symmetry! Our eyes were bright, our veins throbbled with the red blood of youth, our hands twitched with the kiss of the white ball—a real League ball—and we were heroes in our native town.

Enthusiasm is something that must be conserved. It is precious, not to be wasted. A League catcher, who came to our town and ignored the honors we tried to thrust upon him, doubtless ate, drank, and talked baseball just the same as we lads, but only with his comrades. The same restrictions obtain now, especially on the road, where it is a great temptation to beguile the idle moments in

"fanning" with those who lie in wait for that privilege. The hotel lobby in particular is a Scylla or Charybdis. There, of an evening, the traveling team is beset with every sort of rooster from bank president to bootblack, whose blandishments take in the entire gamut of beverage. But 'ware ship, Mr. League Player, and do not uncork that bottle of enthusiasm. The manager is keeping tabs, and he would rather see you drink five glasses of beer with your pal on the team than one bottle of mineral water with an outsider.

Thus it is that professional ball players appear uncommunicative and surly, and it also explains why nearly all of them are married. Once that explosion in the dressing-room has died away, glowing from their cold shower, and proud of their natty clothes, these high-priced athletes emerge from the gate, elbow through five hundred boys who have been waiting to have a near look, and meet with indifference any attempt to engage them in discussion. In so much, however, as they are but human, there must be some one to sympathize and rejoice. And that one is the ball player's wife.

Only that she is a transcendently important feature of the game, I would not have the temerity to even speak of her, for a ball player holds his wife in a peculiar regard, does not want her name associated with the game, and observes toward her a devotion and faithfulness amounting to sanctity. The locket on his watch chain shelters "her" picture, and when you have gained his confidence, one of those "awful ball players" sitting in the Pullman, to all intents immersed in thinking of his batting average, will open the clasp

and diffidently confess: "Old boy, I've got the sweetest little woman on earth; she's an ace if there ever was one"; or "Say, young fellow, when I'm down and out, everybody knockin' me, there's a pal that will stand by to the finish." It is usual for him to return from a trip with jewelry, souvenirs, and valuable gifts—something that "she" will appreciate.

The wife, on the other hand, has tremendous interest in her husband's work, and that interest naturally breeds jealousy. If Mrs. Jones, wife of the first baseman, places herself in a higher social sphere than Mrs. Smith, second baseman's wife; if she nods patronizingly after viewing the game from a box, Mrs. Smith having been on the grand-stand, bitterness transpires in the dressing-room.

Just as those enterprising society women at Washington foment or quell disturbance in diplomatic life, so do ball players' wives injure or help a club. There are other things that demoralize, among them gossip, and any or all may be combated only with enthusiasm. Next to skill it ranks second in the four essentials in a championship nine, the other two being team work and "scrappiness."

Skill, of course, is acquired from a lifetime practice on the diamond. But the other three are developed largely in the dressing-room, and one supplements the other. By that I mean a crack player must have intense eagerness to hit well, run bases, and excel in his position; he must be on good terms with his fellows, and be just as eager for the team's unit success, and, thirdly, he should never lose that chip from his shoulder until it is knocked off.

## How old Craney-Crow

An Uncle Remus Story

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS



## Lost His Head

Illustrated by

FRANK VER BECK



"Mr. Coon rack by an' laugh at 'im"

upward at the bird. "Laws-a-mussy!" he exclaimed; "is dey anybody yever see de beat er dat!" He knew well that the bird was a blue heron going to join its kindred in Florida, but he affected great surprise at sight of the bird, and continued to gaze at it as long as it remained in sight. He drew a long breath when it could no longer be seen, and shook his head sadly. "Ef she ain't got no mo' sense dan what her great-granddaddy had, I'm mighty sorry fer her," he declared.

"What kind of a bird is it, Uncle Remus?" the child inquired.

"Folks useter call um Craney-Crows, honey, but now dey ain't got no name but des plain blue crane—an' I dunner whedder dey er wuff sech a big name. Yit I ain't got nothin' ag'in um dat I knows un. Mo' dan dat, when I ermembers 'bout de ol' granddaddy crane what drifted inter dese parts, many's de long time ago, 'twouldn't take much fer ter make me feel right sorry fer de whole kit an' bilin' un um—dey er sech start natchul fools."

"But what is there to be sorry about, Uncle Remus?" the little boy asked. He was rapidly learning to ask questions at the proper time.

"'Bout dey havin' sech a little grain er sense, honey. Ef you know'd what I does, I dunner ef you'd be tickled, er ef you'd feel sorry, an' it's de same way wid me. When I think er dat ol' Great-Granddaddy Crane, I dunner whedder ter laugh er cry."

This was small satisfaction to the little boy, and he was compelled to inquire about it. As this was precisely what the old negro wanted him to do, he lost nothing by being inquisitive. "Dey wuz one time—dunner de day, an' I dunno de year, but 'twuz one time—dey come a big storm. De win' blow'd a har-rycane, an' de rain rained like all de sky an' de clouds in it done been turn ter water. De win' blow'd so hard dat it lifted ol' Craney-Crow fum his roost in de lagoons way down yan' whar dey live at, an' fotch 'im up in dese parts, an' when he come, he come a-whirlin'. De win' tuck 'im up, it did, an' turn 'im roun' an' roun', an' when he lit whar he did, he stagger des like he wuz drunk—you know how you feel when you been turnin' roun' an' roun'? Well, dat wuz de way wid him; he wuz so drunk dat he hatter lean up ag'in a tree.

"But 'twan't long 'fo' he 'gun ter feel all right, an' he look roun' fer ter see whar he at. He look an' he look, but he ain't fin' out, kaze he wuz a mighty fur ways fum home. Yit he feel de water half-way up his legs, an' ef ol' Craney-Crow is in a place whar he kin do a little wadin', he kinder has de home-feelin'—you know how dat is yo'se'f. Well, dar he wuz, a mighty

fur ways fum home, an' yit up ter his knees in water, an' he des stood dar, he did, an' tuck his case, hopin' fer better times bimeby. Now, de place whar he wuz blow'd ter wuz Long Cane Swamp, an' I wish I had time fer ter take you over dar an' show you right whar he wuz at when he lit, an' I wish I had time fer ter take you all thoo de Swamp an' let you see fer yo'se'f what kinder Thing it is. 'Tain't only des a Swamp; it's sump'n wuss 'n dat. You kin stan' in de middle un it, an' mos' hear it ketch its breff, an' dat what make I say dat 'tain't no Swamp, fer all it look like one.

"Well, dar wuz ol' Craney-Crow, an' dar wuz de Thing you call de Swamp, an' bimeby de sun riz an' let his lamp shine in dar in places; an' den ol' Craney-Crow had time fer ter look roun' an' see whar he wuz at. But when he fin' out, he ain't know no mo' dan what he know at fus'. Now, you kin say what you please, an' you kin laugh ef you want, but I'm a-gwine ter tell you dat de Swamp know'd dat dey wuz somebody dar what ain't b'long dar. Ef you ax me how de Swamp know'd, I'll shake my head an' shet my eyes; an' ef you ax me how I know it know'd, I'll des laugh at you. You'll hatter take my word er leave it, I don't keer which. But dar 'twuz. De Swamp know'd dat somebody wuz dar what ain't b'long dar, an' it went ter sleep an' had bad dreams, an' it keep on havin' dem dreams all day long."

The little boy had accepted Uncle Remus's statements up to this point, but when he said that the Swamp went to sleep and had bad dreams, the child fairly gasped with doubtful astonishment. "Why, Uncle Remus, how could a swamp go to sleep?"

"It's des like I tell you, honey; you kin take my word er you kin leave it. One way er de yuther, you won't be no better off dan what you is right now. All I know is dis, dat you can't tell no tale ter dem what don't b'lieve it."

"Do you believe it, Uncle Remus? Mother says the stories are fables." Thus the little boy was imbued, without knowing it, with the modern spirit of scientific doubt.

"Does you speck I'd tell you a tale dat I don't b'lieve? Why, I dunner how I'd put de words one atter de yuther. Whensomever you ain't b'lievin' what I'm a-tellin', honey, des le' me know, an' I won't take de time an' trouble fer ter tell it."

"Well, tell me about the Swamp and old Craney Crow," said the little boy, placing his small hand on Uncle Remus's knee coaxingly.

"Well, suh, ef so be, I must, den I shill. Whar wuz I? Yasser! de Swamp, bein' wide awake all night long, is bleeze ter sleep endurin' er de day, an' so, wid ol' Craney-Crow stannin' in de water, when de sun rise up, de Swamp know dat sump'n wuz wrong, an' it went ter sleep an' had mighty bad dreams. De sun

riz an' riz; it come up on one side er de Swamp, an' atter so long a time stood over it an' look down fer ter see what de matter. But bright ez de lamp er de sun wuz, it can't light up de Swamp, an' so it went on over an' went down on t'er side.

"De day wuz in about like dese days is, an' whiles de sun wuz s'archin' roun' tryin' fer ter fin' out what de trouble is in de Swamp, ol' Craney-Crow wuz wadin' 'bout in de water tryin' ter fin' some frog steak fer his dinner, er maybe a fish fer ter whet his appetite on. But dey wa'n't nary frog ner nary fish, kaze de Swamp done gone ter sleep. De mo' ol' Craney-Crow waded de mo' shaller de water got, twel bimeby dey wan't nuff fer ter mo' dan wet his foots. He say, 'Hey! how come dis?' But he ain't got no answer, kaze de Swamp, wid all its bad dreams, wuz soun' asleep. Dey wuz pools er water roun' an' about, an' ol' Craney-Crow went fum one ter de yuther, an' fum yuther ter t'other, but 'tain't do him no good. He went an' stood by um, he did, but whiles he stannin' dar, dey wa'n't a ruffle on top un um. Bimeby he got tired er walkin' about, an' he stood on one leg fer ter res' hisse'f—dough ef anybody'll tell me how you gwintet res' yo'se'f wid stannin' on one leg, I'll set up an' tell um tales fum now tell Chris'mus, kaze ef I git tired I kin stan' on one leg an' do my restin' dat-a-way."

"Well, den, dar wuz ol' Craney-Crow, an' dar wuz de Swamp. Ol' Craney-Crow wuz wide awake, but de Swamp wuz fast asleep an' dreamin' bad dreams like a wil' hoss an' waggin' gwine down hill. But de Swamp wa'n't no stiller dan ol' Craney-Crow, stannin' on one leg wid one eye lookin' in de tops er de trees, an' de yuther one lookin' down in de grass. But in de Swamp er out'n de Swamp, time goes on an' night draps down, an' dat's de way it done dis time. An' when night drapped down, de Swamp kinder stretch itse'f an' 'gun ter wake up. Ol' Brer Mud Turkle opened his eyes an' sneeze so hard dat he roll off de bank inter de water—kersplash—an' he so close ter ol' Craney-Crow dat he fetched a hop sideways, an' come mighty nigh steppin' on Mr. Billy Black Snake. Dis skeer'd 'im so dat he fetched an'er hop, an' mighty nigh lit on de frog what he been huntin' fer. De frog he say 'hey!' an' dove down in de mud-puddle."

"Atter dat, when ol' Craney-Crow move 'bout, he lif' his foots high, an' he done like de ladies does when dey walk in a wet place. De whole caboodle wuz bran' new ter ol' Craney-Crow, an' he look wid all his eyes, an' lissen wid all his years. Dey wuz sump'n n'er gwine on, but he can't make out what 'twuz. He ain't never is been in no swamp befo', mo' speshually a Swamp what got life in it. He been useter ma'shy places, whar dey ain't nothin' but water an' high grass, but dar whar he fin' hisse'f atter de harrycane, dey wa'n't no big sight er water, an' what grass dey wuz, wa'n't longer'n yo' finger. Stidder grass an' water, dey wuz vines, an' reeds, an' trees wid moss on um dat made um look like Gran'suh Graybeard, an' de vines an' creepers look like dey wuz reachin' out fer 'im."

"He walked about, he did, like de groun' wuz hot, an' when he walk he look like he wuz on stilts, his legs wuz so long. He hunt roun' fer a place fer ter sleep, an' whiles he wuz doin' dat he tuck notice dat dey wuz sump'n n'er gwine on dat he ain't never is see de like un. De jacky-ma-lantuns, dey lit up an' went sallin' roun' des like dey wuz huntin' fer 'im an' de frogs, dey hol-ler at 'im wid, 'What you doin' here? What you doin' here?' Mr. Coon rack by an' laugh at 'im; Mr. Billy Gray Fox peep out'n de bushes an' bark at 'im; Mr. Mink show 'im de green eyes, an' Mr. Whipperrill scoll 'im."

"He move 'bout, he did, an' atter so long a time dey let 'im lone, an' den when dey wa'n't nobody ner nothin' pesterin' 'im, he 'gun ter look roun'



"Mr. Craney-Crow, dis is Mr. Dock Wolf"



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fer hisse't. Peepin' fust in one bush an'  
den in an'er, he tuck notice dat all de birds  
what fly by day had done gone ter bed  
widout der heads. Look whar he mought,  
ol' Craney-Crow ain't see na'er bird but what  
had done tuck his head off 'fo' he went ter  
bed. Look close es he kin, he ain't see no  
bird wid a head on. Dis make 'im wonder,  
an' he ax hisse't how come dis, an' de onliest  
answer what he kin think un is dat gwine ter  
bed wid der heads on wuz done gone out er  
fashion in dat part er de country.

"Now, you kin say what you please 'bout  
de crecturs an' der kin—'bout de fowls dat  
fly, an' de feathery crecturs what run on de  
ground—you kin say what you please 'bout  
um, but dey got pride; dey don't want er  
out'n de fashion. When it come ter dat, deyer  
purty much like folks, an' dat 'uz de way wid  
ol' Craney-Crow; he don't want er out er  
fashion. He 'shame' fer ter go ter bed like  
he allers been doin', kaze he ain't want de  
yuthers fer ter laugh an' say he 'uz fum de  
country deestrick, whar dey dunno much.  
Yit, study ez he mought, he dunner which-  
away ter do fer ter git his  
head off. De yuthers had  
der heads on 'der wing.  
But he ain't know dat.

"He look roun', he did,  
fer ter see ef dey ain't some  
un he kin ax 'bout it, an' he  
ain't hatter look long nudder,  
fer dar, settin' right at  
'im, wuz ol' Brer Pop-Eye."

"But, Uncle Remus, who  
wuz ol' Brer Pop-Eye?"  
inquired de little boy.

"Nobody in all de roun'  
worl', honey, but Brer Rab-  
bit. He had one name fer  
de uplan' an' an'er name fer  
de bottom lan'—de swamps  
an' de dreens. Wharso-  
ever dar wuz any mischiev-  
ousness gwine on, righ' dar  
wuz Brer Rabbit ez big ez  
life an' 'twice ez natchul.  
He wuz so close ter ol'  
Craney-Crow dat he hatter  
jump when he seed 'im.  
Brer Pop-Eye say: 'No needs  
fer ter be skeer'd, frien'  
Craney-Crow. You may be mo' dan sho dat  
I'm a well-wisher.' Ol' Craney-Crow 'low:  
'It do me good fer ter hear you sesso, Mr.  
Pop-Eye, an' seein' dat it's you an' not some  
un else, I don't min' axin' you how all de  
flyin' birds takes der heads off when dey go  
ter bed. It sho stumps me.' Brer Pop-Eye  
say, 'An' no wonder, frien' Craney-Crow,  
kaze youer stranger in dese parts. Dey  
ain't nothin' ter hide 'bout it. De skeeters  
is been so bad in dis swamp sence de year  
one, an' endurin' er de time what's gone by,  
dat dem what live here done got in de habits  
er takin' off der heads an' puttin' um in a  
safe place.'

"De Craney-Crow 'low: 'But how in de  
name er goodness does dey do it, Brer Pop-  
Eye?' Mr. Pop-Eye laugh ter hisse't 'way  
down in his gizzard. He say: 'Dey don't do  
it by deysse't, kaze dat 'ud be axin' too much.  
Oh, no! dey got some un bired fer ter do dat  
kin' er work.' 'An' what kin I fin' 'im, Brer  
Pop-Eye?' sez ol' Craney-Crow, sezee. Brer  
Pop-Eye 'low: 'He'll be roun' terreckly; he  
allers hatter go roun' fer ter see ain't dat he

miss none un um.' Ol' Craney-Crow sorter  
study, he did, an' den he 'low: 'How does  
dey git der heads back on, Brer Pop-Eye?'  
Brer Pop-Eye shuck his head. He say: 'I'd  
tell you ef I know'd, but I hatter stay up so  
much at night, dat 'long 'bout de time when  
dey gits der heads put on, I'm soun' asleep  
an' sno'in' right along. Ef you sesso, I'll hunt  
up de doctor what does de business, an' I  
speck he'll 'commerdate you—I kin promus  
you dat much, sence you been so perlitte.'  
Ol' Craney-Crow laugh an' say: 'I done fin'  
out in my time dat dey don't nothin' pay like  
perlitte, speshually ef she's gannywine.'

"Wid dat, Brer Pop-Eye put out, he did,  
fer ter fin' Brer Wolf. Knowin' purty well  
whar he wuz, 'twan't long 'fo' here dey come  
gallopin' back. Brer Pop-Eye say: 'Mr.  
Craney-Crow, dis is Mr. Dock Wolf; Mr.  
Dock Wolf, dis is Mr. Craney-Crow; glad fer  
ter make you 'quainted, gents.' At this  
point, Uncle Remus paused and glanced at  
de little boy, who was listening to de story  
with almost breathless interest. "You ain't  
got yo' hanker wid you, is you?" de old  
man inquired gently.

"Mother always makes  
me carry a handkerchief,"  
de child replied, "and it  
makes de pocket of my  
jacket stick out. Why did  
you ask, Uncle Remus?"

"Kaze we er comin' ter  
de place whar you'll need  
it," said de old man. "You  
better take it out an' hol' it  
in yo' han'. If you got any  
tears inside er you, dey'll  
come ter de top now."

The child took out his  
handkerchief, and held it in  
his hand obediently. "Well,  
suh," Uncle Remus went  
on, "atter dey been made  
'quainted, ol' Craney-Crow  
tell Dock Wolf 'bout his  
troubles, an' how he want er  
do like de rest er de flyin'  
crecturs, an' Dock Wolf rub  
his chin an' put his thumb  
in his wescut pocket fer all  
de wool' like a sho nuff doc-  
tor. He say ter ol' Craney-  
Crow dat he ain't so mighty certain an' sho  
dat he kin he'p 'im much. He say dat in  
all his born days he ain't never see no  
flyin' crectur wid sech a long neck, an' dat  
he'll hatter be mighty intickler how he fool  
wid it. He went close, he did, an' feel un  
it an' fumble wid it, an' all de time his mouf  
wuz waterin' des like yone do when you  
see a piece er lemon pie."

"He say: 'You'll hatter hol' yo' head  
lower, Mr. Craney-Crow,' an' wid dat he  
snap down on it, an' dat wuz de last er dat  
Craney-Crow. He ain't never see 'his home  
no mo', an' mo' dan dat, ol' Dock Wolf slung  
'im 'cross his back an' cantered off home.  
An' dat's de reason dat de Craney-Crows  
all fly so fas' when dey come thoo dis part  
er de country."

"But why did you ask me to take out my  
handkerchief, Uncle Remus?"  
"Kaze I want er be on de safe side," re-  
marked de old man with much solemnity.  
"Ef you got a hanker when you cry, you  
kin wipe off de weeps, an' you kin hide de  
puckers in yo' face."



"He hatter jump when he seed 'im"

## THE SONG O' THE BULLET

By ALFRED DAMON RUNYAN

LAYIN' out in th' rice fields, th' mud half to th'  
knees;

Hearin' th' lizards croakin' up in th' bamboo  
trees,

An' all around th' bushes are cloaked in th' white  
o' th' mist—

Wot is that noise that breaks th' spell? Sh-h there!  
Hiss!

"Pang! Zing! oo-oo-oo-zip!"

That's th' cry o' th' rifle ball,

That's th' song it sings ter all—

"Pang! Zing! oo-oo-oo-zip!"

Hark to th' song o' th' bullet!

A flash o' light in th' darkness an' all is quiet  
again,

'Ceptin' th' lap o' th' water—"Stop whisperin' there,  
you men!"

Only a stray shot out o' th' night—"Lay quiet there,  
you all!"

Hark! again th' voice wells out in th' song o' th'  
rifle ball—

"Ps-ut! Bing! z-z-z-z-z-zip!"

That's th' tune th' rifle sings,

Speedin' a note on Death's black wings—

"Ps-ut! Bing! z-z-z-z-z-zip!"

Bow low to th' song o' th' bullet!

Th' gray dawn slowly shoves its way out o' th' east-  
ern sky—

"Load magazines! Gd ready, men! Now keep them  
pieces dry!

Hold that line there! Steady, all!" Nerves drawn  
tensely tight—

An' out ahead th' chorus starts as th' dawn breaks  
inter light—

"P-ow! P-ow! c-a-ck-c-a-ck-P-ow!"

That's th' song th' rifle ball

Sings in chorus—singin' all—

"P-ow! P-ow! c-a-ck-c-a-ck-P-ow!"

Oh, hark to th' bullet chorus!

Chargin' acrost th' rice fields, th' water splashin' high,  
"Stop dodgin' there! Don't mind th' song o' them  
wot has gone by!

Keep clost ter cover, but go ahead! 'Tis ain't no  
fancy drill!

Aim low! Fire fast, you shavetails! An' fire at  
yer own sweet will!"

"Z-z-z-z-z-z! Pang! Bap! Ps-ut!"

That's th' key o' th' bullet song,

That's th' tune, "Here! Move along!"

"Z-z-z-z-z-z! Pang! Bap! Ps-ut!"

Don't mind th' song o' th' bullet!

Some one down there, stretcher men; take him to  
th' rear!

"Go on! Go on! Keep firin', men, there ain't no  
stoppin' here—

Swing around with th' left o' that line, an' make  
fer that trench ahead—

There's time enough in th' after while ter count up  
them wot's dead!"

"Ps-ut! Bing! z-z-z-z-z-zip!"

That's th' dirge o' th' rifle ball,

That's th' way it moans fer all—

"Ps-ut! Bing! z-z-z-z-z-zip!"

Oh, 'ware th' song o' th' bullet!

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By NORMAN HAPGOOD

### The Hazards of Reading

**B**USY Americans read by chance. We read the newspapers with regularity, but the number is small of those whose intimacy with great books lasts into active middle life. Familiar intercourse with masterpieces often ends in college. Many professional critics, even, turn over the volumes which fate, embodied in the publishers, dumps upon their desk, and sometimes find a charming one, usually a reprint. Once in a long, long time a day entirely vacant beckons a poet or philosopher from the shelf. Friendship includes an intercourse of thought, and so our friends occasionally introduce us to some new master from the present or the past, and this is perhaps the warmest of all our reading pleasures, as celebrated in Omar's always quoted stanza, those lines which are shadowed forth in Mr. Parrish's headpiece to this stroll across the world of books and plays.

By one of these chances a novel has recently given me several hours of pleasure. I dare say Dmitri Merejkowski is famous, but I had never heard of him. There are so many able and famous writers in the world to-day. Merejkowski makes one more Russian who thinks and feels on a plane of high intelligence. There is not genius, as in Tolstoi, Turgeneff, Dostoevski, and others of the mighty Slavic race now on the threshold of its history. There is, however, enough to give rare satisfaction to one who likes to think.

Of the three periods most inspired in art, linked conveniently with Pericles, the Medici, and Elizabeth, the one which most readily takes the enchantment of romance is the Italian. "The Resurrection of the Gods," which was translated some months ago as "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci," is filled with the spirit of enjoyment, filled with the love of living, even as the Renaissance itself. The novel seems true to fifteenth century Italian life, partly because it is so true to life here and now and any time. The keynote of it is that song favored by Lorenzo the Magnificent:

"Quant e bella giovinezza  
Ma si fugge tutta via,  
Chi vuol esser lieto, sia,  
Di doman non c'è certezza."

"How fair is youth, but how swift to leave.  
Who wishes happiness must take it. To-morrow may never be."

Youth, I sometimes think, increases, as we age, if only we love the world;—youth, that is to say, as enjoyment, as sensitiveness

and in his own collected writings, this novel brings him nearer. Machiavelli, Savonarola, Michelangelo, Raphael, and the rest are also living portrayed, and the lady of the mystic smile breathes as a woman honest, grave, and sweet, in whom that expression of eternal sceptic comprehension was less her own than a reflection from the master through whom we know her. Her commonplace marriage was undisturbed, and death drew the curtain when a reserve between the sinner and the painter had become too difficult to last. The novel seems to me so inferior a form, so lawless and verbose, usually so long and dull, that I am filled with childlike gratitude when one leaves me something worth remembering. We are a more educated people than the Russians, yet what a chasm between the Russian novels and our own. Sometimes, like Selma White in "Unleavened Bread," the novel of the day gives us a real creation, but more often we have a million circulation, signifying nothing. However, I never sympathize over-strongly, with others or myself, for finding current volumes more often commonplace than inspired, since a selection from the best of every time and country is ours for the request.

### Our Few Good Plays

**I**N the drama, our plight is different, for one who loves the theatre actually can not find enough good plays to satisfy his taste. Looking back over this season, I pick the following plays in English as having an intelligent interest.

First, "Everyman," one of the noblest dramas in the world, little known, and acted beautifully.

We have had numerous revivals of the masters, mainly Shakespeare, with a touch of Sheridan and Goldsmith: Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner in their repertory; the Greet players; Nat Goodwin's charming presentation of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," Forbes Robertson's "Hamlet," and Viola Allen's "Twelfth Night."

Ibsen has been favorably shown by Mrs. Fiske, and incompetently by Wilton Lackaye and Sidney Rosenfeld.

In contemporary comedy we have had "Candida," "The Man of Destiny," "The Admirable Crichton," "Little Mary," "The Man from Blankley's," and some fairly good American plays not the equal of these.

The contemporary poetic drama was represented by "Ulysses."

Many of the good plays were badly acted, and in poorer plays we frequently are con-



Joseph M. Weber



Lou M. Fields

to life. This author's Leonardo, living as fully as man could live, sees the world more rich in meaning and in interest than in charm. He loves the mystic lady known to us as Mona Lisa, and never tells her of his love. His life is one of restraint and abnegation. His mind is open to every truth. He listens to the impassioned Savonarola and sketches the expression of his face. He would lift a worm to save its life, but he would study the death wrinkles on his mother's brow. He would measure, with perfect understanding, the body of an Aphrodite. Love with him is the daughter of knowledge; the closer the knowledge the greater the love. "For whole days he stood on the desolate shore of Piombino, watching the falling of the waves; and, while all around him the laws of human justice were being broken, mused on the invariability of nature."

A horrid crime was committed, and universally attributed to the Prince for whom Leonardo worked, but on that day Leonardo noted: "In Romagna four-wheeled carts are used, the front wheels small, the back large; the construction is faulty, for all the weight rests on the front."

Although I had known Leonardo in history

soled by some good acting, as in "Dante" and "Ivan the Terrible." Including only what was significant as drama and adequately treated by the actors, it makes no great showing for the greatest city in America, although the showing is better than in an ordinary year. There are a great many people who want to see good plays, and see them frequently; so we may presume their demand will some time be met with a supply. A less cheerful view, however, is put forth by a correspondent who writes, apropos of my praise of the Irving Place Theatre, thus:

"I thought it would interest you to learn that there is at least one other theatre in this country which is conducted on an equally high plane as the Irving Place stage. That is the German Theatre at Milwaukee, under the management of Mr. Leon Wachsmann. Almost every word you say in praise of the work in New York may be applied to the Milwaukee performances. Among other things I might say that I saw Maeterlinck's 'Mona Vanna' played there, and played well, in October last, that being its first performance in the United States. Mr. Wachsmann's aim has been for a long series of years to have about one-third of the plays presented con-

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list of new ones. Years ago Ibsen's plays were seen in his theatre, before they were dreamed of on the English-speaking stage. Almost all successful German plays have been seen in Milwaukee within a short time after their production in Europe, including such elaborate works as Wildenbruch's 'Kaiser Heinrich IV.'

"I wish I could feel as hopeful as you do about the future of the American stage. But I am afraid that literature and art are still exotics on American soil, cared for by a small minority only, patronized by the many as a matter of fashion, but not forming a real, vital element in the activities of the people."

#### Gleanings of a Month

**I** MAKE no apology for writing about things of no popularity. That is partly the excuse for this department. Journalism, as far as it represents the nation, must keep up with the world's great doings, and can spare less space for celebrating that branch of truth which is one with beauty. The news is everything, and plays and books are of news value only as they interest many. I like to meet the great world and its controlling interests in other places, and to devote this monthly monologue to tracing the story of more private preferences. Of the two pleasant theatre visits of the month just past, one was in far-off Brooklyn, to see a play by Sudermann, called in English "The Battle of the Butterflies," excellently translated, but still Sudermann, and hence pleasure and relief. It was the last gasp of the ill-starred Rosenfeld adventure. Florence Kahn showed in this her ability to play comedy as remarkably as tragedy, and of the rest of the company half or thereabouts were good. But until some English company can play Sudermann as he is played in Irving Place, Americans can form no idea of his dramatic qualities. They know "Hemmat" as "Magda," and a few of them know "Es Lebe das Leben" as "The Joy of Living," but the mass of his work remains unknown. I have just reread "Die Ehre," that splendidly simple and dramatic tale of "honor" in its contrasting forms, and have been reminded again that this one German has written more really brilliant dramas than all America has produced since October 12, 1492.

The second pleasant episode, for me, of the season's closing month, was "The Merchant of Venice." Of Mr. Ben Greet's Shylock I have no desire to speak, as it is the effort of a worthy man, but were I offered the Carnegie millions on condition that I should share the good Andrew's views about the superiority of Greet to Irving, I should violently decline. A Frenchman has just written merrily about criticism as practiced by American men of action, hunching Carnegie and the President, which is severe on Mr. Roosevelt. Passing charitably over the quaint and amiable Shylock, and admitting that, as a whole, the company was unfathomably incompetent, we have left the words, which are enough to console one for even sinful acting, and the noble voice and gracious presence of Edith Wynne Matthison, which complete the consolation. By remaining with this incompetent though virtuous troupe, Miss Matthison spends her years as Everyman, as Viola, Juliet, Rosalind, and Portia, instead of enjoying runs of two years or more in "Janice Meredith," "The Christian," "Captain Jinks," or "When Knighthood Was in Flower." If there were better companies with poetic repertoires, Miss Matthison would take a high place in the best of them. Her Portia lacks splendor in the trial scene, but outside of that is as adequate and valid as it is fresh and full of charm.

#### In Memoriam

**WE**BER AND FIELDS is no more. The most popular playhouse in America has gone the way of all flesh. The building remains, but not as Weber and Fields'. Joe Weber remains, and Lou Fields, but gone forever is the combination. Mr. Weber as a private citizen has long abhorred his partner, who has returned the distaste in equal volume, but business, or the cohesive power of the public's money, has kept them one. Had they been less successful, they might still have found separation too expensive—something as the luxury of divorce is a specialty of the rich. Each may make enough to ride in cabs, or even private traps, and to eat and drink too much, but something will have passed away.

"Out of the day and night  
A joy has taken flight."

Theirs was a cheery place to go. It was small and full of talent, "vis comica," and pretty girls. Never again is so much broad comic exuberance likely to be found in any one vaudeville rendezvous. Here's to Joe Weber, and the future that is his, and to Lou Fields, and his success also; but above all here's to what was, and is now forever silent, a certain spirit that is dead.



#### SHAKESPEARE'S RARE AUTOGRAPHS

**THE** rarest autographs in the world are probably Shakespeare's. Only seven are claimed to exist: Three signatures to his will (two of which are doubtful), two to conveyances of property, one in the folio edition of his plays (doubtful), and one in a translation of Montaigne; this last is in the British Museum, and cost over three hundred guineas. This total absence of record is as marvellous as his genius itself. He must have written many thousands of words, yet all have vanished. What would one give, not for a play, but even for a letter of his, no matter what the subject, written incontestably by himself?

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## THE DOWNFALL OF RUSSIA'S FAVORITES

(Continued from page 13)

on land, so Alexieff had not prepared for war on sea. At least this is what his enemies say. Four armored cruisers were at Vladivostok; the *Varyag* and *Korietz* were lying in Chemulpo Harbor, and the remainder of the Pacific fleet were lying in the exterior roadway at Port Arthur, without adequate lookout, when the Japanese descended upon them like a thunderbolt. The *Varyag* and *Korietz* were destroyed, the battleships *Rurik* and *Czarevitch* and cruiser *Pallada* were badly damaged. Alexieff and Stark had no excuse for this fatal negligence. Vice-Admiral Makaroff, drawing from his own experience, had telegraphed urging that the ships be withdrawn to the interior roadway, where they would be safe from torpedo attack.

Though Alexieff could not be held directly responsible for the disaster at Port Arthur, his prestige suffered, nevertheless, and soon all Petersburg was whispering at the strategic blunder consequent upon the division of the fleet. Stark was immediately relieved, and Alexieff recommended to the Emperor that either Vice-Admiral Makaroff or Vice-Admiral Dubassoff be named as his successor. The Emperor sent for Makaroff, told him, in spite of his objection, he must go to Port Arthur, and then added: "You will have independent command of the fleet." This was his Majesty's first expression of dissatisfaction with the policy of Alexieff.

Alexieff was a sailor, not a soldier, and it was necessary to assign an able officer to command the powerful army to be massed in Manchuria. General Kuropatkin, ex-Minister of War, was selected for the important duty. That this could not be acceptable to Alexieff was generally known in St. Petersburg. Kuropatkin had spoken for peace in preference to military adventure; he had declared to friends and to acquaintances that Alexieff was responsible for the mess into which Russia had gotten, and that if he went to the Far East it should be as the commander-in-chief of the army. The Emperor, having confidence in Kuropatkin's ability, appointed him. A ukase was issued giving him "independent" control of forces in the field. "It would have been manifestly improper to place an ex-minister under a naval officer," was the official explanation of the independence of Kuropatkin.

### Alexieff Gradually Superseded

At first Makaroff and Kuropatkin sent despatches to Alexieff, who transmitted them to the Czar, but this was inconvenient and a loss of time, and the Emperor determined to receive despatches direct from his officers. So another rope which bound Alexieff in his viceregal throne was torn away. Manchuria was placed under martial law, and consequently under the government of Kuropatkin. Alexieff's duties were of a civil character, but there was little civil administration to be conducted. Alexieff is not a man to give up, however, and he held on. Though he was not responsible for, he indirectly suffered by, the blowing up of the *Petropavlovsk* and the death of Vice-Admiral Makaroff. As the only available high naval commander on the ground, the Emperor telegraphed him to proceed to Port Arthur and assume command of the fleet. Then the Emperor announced that he had selected Vice-Admiral Skrydloff to succeed Makaroff, and that Alexieff's appointment was temporary only.

No appointment could have dissatisfied Alexieff more. "Skrydloff wouldn't shake hands with Alexieff if he were to meet him," said a friend of the former officer. Inquiry established that Skrydloff has sharply criticized Alexieff; that he not only holds him responsible for the war but for the disasters following it. His feelings are not improved by the knowledge that he will assume command of a crippled fleet, which is greatly inferior to its confident enemy, but which must be conserved and put in condition to fight at sea as soon as the Baltic squadron shall arrive. It is a task that a good many men would decline to accept. Skrydloff is the kind who is prepared to take desperate chances. But he does not forget his prejudices, and the Emperor knows thoroughly his feelings toward Alexieff. The Viceroy may be at Port Arthur when the new commander-in-chief shall reach that point, but Skrydloff's relations with him will be chillingly official, and Alexieff will understand that it is time for him to move on.

Alexieff will eventually come to St. Petersburg. He will be decorated, and he will be made a member of the Council of the Empire. This means that he will be shelved for a time, as de Witte has been, but he is too active a man to be idle when effort may haul his feet out of the quagmire in which he stands. De Witte's star is in the ascendant. Powerful as he was in the position of Finance Minister, he was relieved of his post, and Alexieff may feel that what has happened once may happen again.

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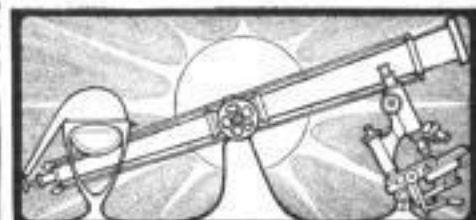


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# A Wonderful Cloud World

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

ASTRONOMICAL literature has recently been enriched, after its brief and pointed manner, by accounts of the observations of several diligent students of the planet Jupiter. These gentlemen of the telescope, unseduced by the fascinations of war, politics, and society, continue steadfastly to find their most exciting moments in the darkness and chill of the observatory, where visions are seen so strange and unearthly that the outside world, immersed in the glare and noise of terrestrial affairs, can not comprehend them. Yet these things are irresistibly interesting to contemplative minds, and they have a broader bearing on human destiny than does either recorded or contemporary history, because they relate to the origin, the development, and the end of worlds. As comparative anatomy throws important light on the structure and functions of man's body, so comparative geology, or the study of related planets, may increase our knowledge of the nature and fate of the earth.

One of the best and latest contributions to knowledge concerning the chief member of our planetary family is a brief summary by Mr. W. F. Denning of England of his observations of Jupiter during the year just past. These observations were concluded in February of this year, when Jupiter approached too near the sun to be longer studied.

## Wonderful Appearance of Jupiter

Jupiter is not only by far the largest planet in the solar system, but his telescopic aspect is both unique and unrepresentative. Astronomical photography, wonderful though many of its achievements have been, is not yet sufficiently delicate in its operation to picture Jupiter as a powerful telescope shows him. The innumerable and continually shifting details of his great oval disk are blurred and lost in the best photographs. Yet his is without exception the most animated and expressive planetary "face" within our ken. It seems to tell its story in a most graphic fashion, but with looks, hints, and glances which change and vanish and reappear with bewildering rapidity and variety, withholding their meaning, while repeating over and over again the same apparent pantomime.

The explanation of this animated Sphinx face of Jupiter is evidently to be found in the constitution of the huge planet. Instead of seeing something solid and definite when we look at him, like the mountains of the moon or the streaked and spotted surface of Mars, we behold only a vast cloud sphere whose belts and zones, according to Mr. Denning, "represent vapors spun into parallels of latitude by the rapid rotatory motion of the globe beneath."

It is this hint of a hidden world beneath the clouds of Jupiter that becomes a magnet for the imagination. What kind of a planet can it be which, exceeding this earth more than a thousand times in magnitude, yet whirls upon its axis so swiftly that its giant body makes a complete turn in less than ten hours by our clocks? Behind that concealing curtain, whose contortions plainly indicate the tremendous activity of the energies at work, what new creation is in progress? As the astronomer gazes, he longs to reach out and strip off the mask. His eagerness and his disappointment are like those of a spectator who, from a commanding height, looks over a battlefield buried in smoke, where gleams of fire, driving vapors, and glimpses of dim moving shadows fascinate his eyes and torment his imagination, but yield no logical deduction to his reason. It is the spectacle of a new world coming into being that the astronomer faces, but he will need a telescopic X-ray to penetrate the drop curtain behind which the demiurges labor at their gigantic scene-shifting.

## Jupiter's Great Red Spot

Yet there is at least one apparent peephole. In the southern hemisphere of Jupiter, in the midst of vast belts of dark, of light, and of tinted clouds, appears an oblong shape, red as a blown ember at times, then fading to an ashy hue, or disappearing. No name has been found for it but the Great Red Spot. It is even more enigmatical than the canals of Mars, because a rational explanation of them, based on human conceptions and human experience of natural phenomena, can be, and has been, offered. But only the wildest guesses have ever been made concerning the nature of Jupiter's Great Red Spot. Is it really an opening in his cloudy curtains, or is it something afloat, balloon-like, in his atmosphere—something exceeding our globe many times in volume? The birth of a new satellite, perhaps, as the moon is said to have been wrenched from the body of the earth while it was yet molten with heat.

Whatever it may be, or may mean, the significant thing about the Great Red Spot at present is its brightening. Mr. Denning during his latest series of observations found that it was a little plainer than it had been for several previous oppositions. It may reach again a state resembling that in which it appeared in 1879, when astronomers were not prepared to study it as they are to-day, and when, it is hardly an exaggeration to say,

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## The Easy Mark

Stories of the "shrewd Yankee" who is perhaps more often duped and fooled than any of his fellow-men

By **RALPH D. PAINE**

### V.—The Accommodating Goldfish

**T**HIS is the tale of a swindling game that sounds gorgeously impossible, but the details are a part of prosaic police records, and at Headquarters experience has taught that no scheme to take wealth from the "easy mark" is so ridiculously obvious that it may not snare a victim somewhere in the rich and fertile American field. It is necessary only to find new methods when the old become threadbare. Several years ago an uncommonly successful operator deluded thousands of investors by his alleged discovery of a method for extracting gold from sea water. This able manipulator of other people's money made a fine flurry for a considerable time, exhibited his machinery, and the convincing gold, with all the genius of the Keely motor fake "demonstrations," and when he vanished left in his wake a horde of victims whose gold had been extracted without the use of anesthetics.

The public outcry was soon forgotten, but one astute student of affairs saved many newspaper clippings of that day, selecting those which told of the startling results achieved by the discovery, but omitting to file away for future use any references to the exposure and the fiasco. The years passed, and business became dull in the "gold brick" and other standardized confidence games. The "green-goods" industry was languishing from an overdose of publicity, and the comic paragrapher had made "bunco steering" almost a lost art in the large cities.

### A Business Opportunity

While studying over the problem of reviving his splendidly paying business, built up by the industry and talent of twenty years of active service, one of the ablest swindlers of the country happened to look over the data he had collected with respect to the process of extracting gold from sea water. He had an inspiration, and at once set to work to capitalize it. Two weeks later the following advertisement appeared in several New York newspapers:

"Inventor who has patented vastly profitable process wishes capital for erecting larger plant and developing operations. Working demonstration and fullest investigation offered to interested persons willing to consider purchase of partnership rights. This is a business opportunity, and only solid and intelligent men can appreciate the value of it. \$5,000 is required to enlarge the plant, and no offers below this amount will be considered. Inventor will be pleased to make an appointment at his laboratory with responsible parties."

The "inventor" was a busy man during the two weeks in which he worked out the campaign. He read books on metallurgy, and he acquired a most deceptive smattering of mining and chemical technique. He picked up as an assistant a college graduate with a police record, who fitted up the laboratory until the rooms were such a complicated snarl of apparatus that they were guaranteed to befog the intellect of a layman on sight. There were rehearsals and "demonstrations" each day; for the "inventor" was a painstaking artist in his line, and he never scamped the setting of his plots. He had no intention of using old schemes, and the programme he had outlined was so glaringly "faked," and so audacious in conception, that even his case-hardened nerve was a bit excited before the curtain-raiser.

### The Difficulty and Cost

The advertisement brought several nibbles and fruitless interviews before the scheme was set fairly in motion, and it was not until a victim was in the toils that the real history of the operation began, as unfolded and officially chronicled by the complainant and the police. The "easy mark" was ripe for plucking. He knew nothing about chemistry and not much more about the snares laid by clever men for the undoing of his kind, although he was rated a shrewd man of business in his own town. He met the "inventor" at a Broadway hotel, and became sufficiently interested to make an appointment for a demonstration of the merits of the invention and discovery in the afternoon of the same day. They were seated in a little office opening from the laboratory and workshop when the "inventor" outlined the proposition in detail, and this was the way he talked:

"As we were saying this morning, there are millions in this possibility of extracting the gold there is in sea water, and these newspaper clippings we were looking over satisfy me that the process has been discovered; but the cost is so great that to operate it successfully is still more or less uncertain. It was this discovery, however, that set me working along another line, and after several years I was able to prove that there is as much gold held in fresh lake or spring water as there is in the same quantity of ocean water. But the difficulty and cost

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of extraction were obstacles that could not be successfully overcome. I set the problem aside and busied myself with my profession until I stumbled upon this extraordinary discovery, which seemed unbelievable at first. No wonder you laughed at me when I tried to give you an idea of what I was prepared to demonstrate. My assistant will have the apparatus ready in a few moments, and if you will pardon me I will join him. Meantime you may be interested in looking over some more reports of the discovery regarding sea water which led up to my experiments.

The "inventor" bowed himself out, and in a little while asked the visitor to step into the workshop, saying:

"You must bear in mind that the almost universal distribution of gold is not so surprising when its presence in water is considered. Sonstadt has shown that there is nearly one grain to each ton of sea water, and that it can be separated so as to be recognized from a quantity of water so small as one hundred and fifty to two hundred cubic centimetres of water; and as regards distribution in the soil, it is known, for example, that the ordinary brick-clay which underlies the city of Philadelphia contains gold. Please come to the side of this tank."

### The Fish of Gold

In a large glass-walled tank were swimming scores of Chinese goldfish, of the varieties common in aquaria. From the metal frame of the tank ran many insulated wires, connecting with a maze of induction coils. Electrical machines adorned the tables, and there was an impressive buzzing and humming from all corners of the room. The assistant was busy in one corner with a furnace, crucible, and a battery of blowpipes. The "inventor" explained with easy confidence as he noticed the astonishment of his guest at sight of the tankful of goldfish:

"You think I have an assortment of wheels in my head, don't you? No, I am not keeping goldfish for pets, and they do play an important part in my discoveries. I said nothing about the details beyond trying to impress you with the fact that I had found a way of getting gold from water by a novel process, capable of convincing demonstration. Let us take it a step at a time. Mr. Simpson," turning to his assistant, "please turn off the current so that this gentleman can examine the tank without risk of shock."

The visitor looked as if he thought he had been made the victim of a practical joke, as he leaned over the edge of the tank and blinked at the flashing goldfish. He was about to make some sort of protest when the "inventor" headed him off by bursting into another flight of argument:

"It is as true as it is amazing that these fish have the property of absorbing the gold held in water, and that their color is caused by this absorption. I, too, laughed at the notion when it first came to me. But nature did not give the goldfish this brilliant coloring for purposes of protection against its foes, and, as I have worked out the theory, some peculiar organization has been given it for reasons I do not pretend to fathom. Yet here are the proofs before your eyes. This *Carassius auratus*, or golden carp, as it receives and expels water continuously through its gills, holds and absorbs minute particles of gold, and these are in sufficient quantities to color its scales. This was my first discovery; but whether or not the quantity was sufficient to be measurable, and whether it could be extracted, was the great problem. It is well known that one grain of gold can be spread over a surface of fifty-two square inches, in a layer no more than one two-hundred-and-fifty-four-thousandth of an inch thick, so that the amount of the precious metal needed to give a small fish its golden mail might be almost infinitesimally small."

The visitor was a trifle bewildered, but he was "beginning to sit up and take notice," as the "inventor" continued:

"It was electro-metallurgy in which the electric current is utilized for the reduction of ores, or the separation of metals, that finally brought my labors to success. In brief, by charging the water with a certain electric force, controlled by one of my inventions, so as to be delicately adjusted to the exact needs of the experiment, it became possible to increase the absorbing power of the goldfish, and the goal was in sight. A continuous stream of water flows in and out of the tank, and in twenty-four hours each fish has been steadily absorbing the gold particles from tons of water, working without cost, and with absolute fidelity to his employer's interests."

### The Treatment

At a signal, Mr. Simpson, the assistant, made a commotion among his instruments and then came to the tank. He rolled up his sleeves as the "inventor" said to the visitor:

"You will notice that several of the goldfish are resting almost motionless on the bottom of the tank. These are ready for treatment, and will be taken out by my assistant. They were put in here only three days ago, and have in this time absorbed enough gold to increase their weight sufficiently to sink them to the bottom of the tank. The electric apparatus has been storing them full of the precious particles and rushing the absorption a hundredfold faster than nature's process. You are aware that the specific gravity of gold is from fifteen to nineteen, so that a small quantity is enough to ballast the fish. As the value of the pure metal is \$206.67 per troy ounce, it does not require much of a nugget to make the goldfish a profitable source of revenue. All right, Mr. Simpson."

The assistant dipped into the tank with a



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little hand-net and carried eight flapping goldfish to his table, where the crucible and blowpipe were ready for action. The visitor followed, and he was undeniably excited, although he had gasped over the astounding news that goldfish were gold mines. The "inventor" picked up one of the squirming little victims, while the big victim looked on, and said with an air of tender solicitude:

"It seems a pity to torture the poor creatures. Mr. Simpson, see that they are killed at once. It will put them out of their misery, and you can not handle them in the crucible while they are alive, you know." Mr. Simpson did as he was told, hitting each fish a smart blow on the head. Then he took the one nearest to hand and slipped it in the crucible.

Before this, however, the visitor was urged to examine all the apparatus, while the "inventor" explained its workings. This move was designed to allay all possible suspicion that any gold was concealed in the receptacles, and to give opportunity for more plausible talk.

"Of course, the gold is in particles distributed throughout the body of the fish," said the "inventor," "and the crucible and blowpipe reduce all the animal matter to a powdery ash, which practically disappears, leaving whatever gold there is in the form of a small button as it is melted and cools in the bottom of the crucible."

The visitor nodded and looked wise. Mr. Simpson became furiously busy. There was a strong odor of frying fish, and in a few moments, after the crucible had been allowed to cool, the assistant allowed the two on-lookers to peer into it. There at the bottom was a little shining nugget. It was removed and tested with acids.

#### Profit per Goldfish

There was no mistake in the calculation. It was, indeed, a button of pure gold, and the visitor made his own test, and he knew there was no error. True, it would require twenty of them to make a cubic inch of gold, but even the scant half ounce was worth ten dollars of any man's money. The next goldfish in order of sacrifice the visitor was allowed to reduce to powder, and this time he flourished the blowpipe with an air of victory when the gold nugget was found, weighed, and tested. It was not so heavy as the first, but its value was slightly over seven dollars, and this yielded pleasing dividends on the goldfish as an investment. The six fish remaining were put through the process, and they netted a total valuation of sixty-seven dollars in gold averaging ninety-six per cent of purity.

Then the "inventor" wiped his heated brow, pulled out a pencil, and figured as follows:

"I have found that the profit per goldfish will average between six and ten dollars—say six, to be conservative. To undertake the process on a big scale we must have tanks to hold ten thousand fish, and we will breed them ourselves, making the cost of the fish not more than five cents each as soon as they begin to multiply. Until they get their growth, we must buy them, but on a whole-sale basis I can get all the fish we need for twenty-five cents each, and if we corner the visible supply in this country, we can import them from China by the thousand. The mechanical plant big enough to employ the process to the best advantage will cost not more than ten thousand dollars, and the total outlay, including interest on the investment, pay-roll, and running expenses, will not amount to more than twenty-five cents per fish, until we are able to raise our own stock to maturity, and then the cost of production will be cut in two.

"That makes us sure of a clear profit of more than one thousand per cent from the start, and millions in sight. I can peg along here, making a handsome living on this limited scale, but I am eager to make a fortune, and it is in sight, and that is why I am willing to sell an interest in the invention for enough to give me a working capital. I can put five thousand in the proposition to build a plant, but I need five thousand more to complete it and another five thousand to buy stock, and that is why I am willing to let you have a third interest as a partner for the amount named. I will be content with my share of the profits, for neither I nor my children will live long enough to spend half of them."

#### Profit per Sucker

The visitor was thinking so hard that he had a headache. It seemed too good to be true, yet there was no getting away from the marvelous profits his dazzled vision had beheld. The serious objection to these "easy mark" stories is that they all end after the same fashion, and the endings are not happy ones. The victim of this sad history followed the monotonous example of all the rest of the "easy marks" and invested five thousand dollars in the invention for extracting gold from goldfishes. Not long after he remarked at police headquarters:

"The invention worked beautifully, but there was a mistake in the name he called it by, a mistake of one word. It was not a system for extracting gold from goldfish, but of extracting gold from suckers, a difference in the variety of fish."

One detail in the artistic work of the laboratory may need explanation. When the goldfish were taken alive from the tank they did not go into the crucible. When Mr. Simpson picked them up, one at a time, to subject them to cremation, he made a lightning shift by neat sleight-of-hand work and substituted a prepared dead fish, in whose body had been inserted the little gold nugget. And it was the stuffed goldfish that vanished in ashes and left in the crucible the dazzling argument which caused a fool and his money to part company.

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# COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1904

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## RUSSIAN COSSACKS ON THE MARCH ACROSS LAKE BAIKAL

PHOTOGRAPH BY VICTOR K. BULLA, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE RUSSIAN FORCES IN MANCHURIA. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

During the first two months of the war all reinforcements and supplies had to be taken across the frozen surface of Lake Baikal, forty miles wide, as the Trans-Siberian Railroad was not completed at this point and the ice-breaking ferries were unable to keep a channel open. Rest houses were built at frequent intervals, but, despite all precautions, the sufferings of the troops were very severe. Crevices and windrows of broken ice made marching and sledging dangerous and exhausting. One regiment, losing the trail in a storm, wan-

dered into such treacherous ice that six hundred men were drowned and frozen. A large number of soldiers were disabled by frostbite. During this period it was impossible to move more than two thousand troops a day across Lake Baikal. The ice broke up in May, and the ferries are now being used for the transportation of men and supplies. The Cossacks shown in this picture are from the Ural region, and are a part of the cavalry force who harassed the Japanese advance on Liaoyang and Haicheng.





**L**ET US DISTINGUISH. Some souls affect to be lacerated because Mr. ROOSEVELT evidently intends to run his own campaign. If Mr. CORTELYOU is Chairman of the Republican National Committee, he will be a mere spokesman for the President. Such an arrangement seems to us proper and even admirable. It is one thing to make appointments under the influence of a wish for nomination and election. That, obviously, is to be regretted. It is another thing to dictate the strategy and principles of the campaign, and that the President has a perfect right to do, for it in no way interferes with his independence, but rather increases it, because the issues are more likely to be what he wishes them to be, and the money is more likely to be raised in ways which are not distasteful to his conscience. Mr. HANNA made an admirable manager for Mr. McKINLEY; he would not make a good manager for Mr. ROOSEVELT. The campaign, conducted by the President by proxy, will be purer than if it were conducted by the usual brand of chairman. The opponents of Mr. ROOSEVELT are overdoing the personality issue. The President's temperament and character must be discussed, in connection with what he has done and what he is likely to do, but you might select the most egotistic extracts from "The Rough

THE PRESIDENT'S  
CAMPAIGN

Riders," or, as Mr. DOOLEY put it, "Alone in Cuba," and get the attention of every voter in the United States without costing Mr. ROOSEVELT a thousand votes.

Indeed, that personal obstreperousness which offends some individuals endowed with taste is a part of his popularity throughout the country. If Judge PARKER is nominated, the contrast between silence and commotion will naturally be eloquently depicted by the Democrats, but the ordinary hard-headed voter is not to be convinced on such æsthetic grounds. He does not object to the President's running his campaign, or talking on as many topics as the Emperor WILLIAM, or as volubly as Mr. BRYAN. His answer will be, "Well, what then?" The task will be to explain what the President has done that is wrong, and explain away all that he has done that is good, and no easy task it is likely to prove. We imagine that if Mr. ROOSEVELT takes Mr. CORTELYOU out of the Department of Commerce, replacing him with some strong man like Governor CRANE, and uses the Chairman of the National Committee as a mere lieutenant of his own, he will be taking a course that is not only good politics, but entirely justifiable from the standpoint of the public welfare. There is no reason why the President should not make use of his skill as a politician by assuming the legitimate campaign leadership.

**S**T. LOUIS ON JULY 6 promises to be a lively spot. As Judge PARKER's friends apparently can not go there with the nomination assured, every Democratic candidate, known or obscure, will have some shadow of a hope. PARKER may be nominated on the second ballot, or he may fall off immediately after the conservative votes have been cast for him in the opening show of strength. The extremists still hope some compromise—a few of them hope even victory—when the confused situation paves the way for Mr. BRYAN's eloquent appeal in favor of somebody, perhaps HEARST, more likely, perhaps, some Western man, with HEARST possibly in second place. We do not look upon such a result as possible, but the number is considerable who hold the view. Among the Western men, HARRISON is apparently out of the possibilities, and as FOLK is the kind of man who has never yet said what he did not mean, we believe that if he were nominated he would step upon the platform and refuse to run. Among dark horses,

POSSIBILITIES

few, if any, stand a better chance than McCLELLAN, even with the REMSEN gas bill as material against him.

OLNEY is by no means dead, since, although the idea of him lacks interest, he is looked upon with approval by the conservative wing and with endurance bordering upon gratitude by the Bryanites. GORMAN is a mere politician whose only chance would lie in the hazards of political intrigue. Mr. CLEVELAND, old and unambitious as he is, probably could, unlike FOLK, be forced to take the nomination if a rush of feeling came his way. Should the objections to a Southerner melt in a long-continued strain, we might have in WILLIAMS the most attractive candidate of all. COLLIER's is neither Democratic nor Republican, nor does it urge any single candidate for the St. Louis nomination, but we are willing to confess that if Mr. WILLIAMS were the candidate the campaign would suddenly increase in interest, and various leaders on the other side would sit up nights.

**W**HAT MR. HAY SAYS is likely to be important, not only for its intrinsic thought, but for its significance in present history. His documents and addresses are seldom the mere expression of his temperament, as the words of some of our statesmen are, even

though Mr. HAY is a poet and they are not. On a historic theme, like the event now being celebrated at St. Louis, the Secretary of State would be especially careful in what he said. His words about American expansion, therefore, are a pondered and definite expression of what the guardian of our foreign destiny believes. And his acceptance of destiny, as a factor in human history, is not vague excitement, but the recognition of the frequent powerlessness of individual principle in the face of general tendency. One of the most tenacious dreams of NAPOLEON, as Mr. HAY points out, was to establish on the right bank of the Mississippi a Latin empire, reaching from the Gulf to the Pacific Ocean. The principle closest to the heart of THOMAS JEFFERSON was strict construction of our Constitution, forbidding to the National Government all power not expressly granted by the States. Yet these two statesmen carried out a transaction which most radically contradicted the one's conviction and the other's dream.

MR. HAY  
ON DESTINY

"More important," concludes Mr. Hay, "than the immense material increase in the extent and resources of the new Republic was this establishment of the principle thus early in its career, that it was to assume no inferior position to other nations in its power to acquire territory, to extend its influence—in short, to do all that any independent, self-respecting power might do which was in accord with public morals, conducive to the general welfare, and not prohibited by the Constitution. Though the Federalists failed to embrace this great opportunity, and thereby brought upon their party an Iliad of woes, the precedent had been set for all time for their successors." He is for peace, and he makes it a glory that Louisiana was acquired without a shot; but on the question of expansion he speaks in no uncertain tones. Mr. BRYAN, Mr. WILLIAMS, Mr. CLEVELAND, and all other anti-imperialists, will recognize in Mr. HAY their most redoubtable opponent.

**T**HE PRICE OF RUSSIAN BONDS, compared to those of Japan, has somewhat surprised the general world. People in general have been inclined to see in the favorable terms obtained by Russia an argument that she was expected to win ultimately, and that her resources were much superior to those of her opponent. Some have explained the Japanese loan on the ground that her statesmen, who have shown themselves so keenly alive to the value of public opinion, wish terms which would make foreigners eager to buy. We need not undervalue these factors in believing that they are not the main cause for the favorable terms given to Russia. Public opinion, as Secretary HAY is the latest prominent man to say, rules the world. "We are all aware that the days of personal government are gone forever; that behind us [the diplomats], and behind the rulers we represent, there stands the vast, irresistible power of public opinion, which in the last resort must decide all the questions we discuss, and whose judgment is final." A wish to conciliate this

RUSSIAN  
CREDIT

force was probably one, and much the least, of three influences which determined the relative rates of the Japanese and Russian loans. Second in importance was the belief of conservative men that a fundamental calamity is less likely for Russia than for Japan. Even if defeated, Russia in this view may not suffer profoundly. Had the loans been made after the *Hatsue* and the *Yoshino* met a fate which cast some doubt upon the future sea control, the rates would probably have been about what they were. The principal reason is independent of both these considerations, and is simply the amount of money which Russia already owes. Her creditors were compelled to treat her well, not because they wished to lend her more, but because it was necessary for them to give all possible stability to the huge sums which they had already loaned her. As an American banker puts it: "In France there is little enthusiasm for either country at war, but there is a general feeling of danger for the French money invested in Russian securities."

**A**DVICE TO RUSSIA AND JAPAN continues in unabated volume, no check being caused by the ignorance of the scribes bestowing it. Some people write only what they know and think, but others are compelled by tradition or by temperament to display always a comic omniscience. "Do you think Russia will win eventually, or Japan?" is a question which is fired daily at us with confidence that the answer will reek with conviction and with amused contempt for those who think otherwise. If Generals KUROKI and KUROPATKIN could receive the admonitions breathed out to them from all over the world, they would not omit to remember the rainy season, the position of the enemy, NAPOLEON's trip to Moscow, the importance of prestige, or the desirability of keeping a line of communication and supply. Count CASSINI, although he had been Minister to Peking, apparently

ADVICE TO THE  
CONTESTANTS





knew nothing of real conditions in Manchuria and Japan. It is a little strange that what an intelligent diplomat upon the spot entirely failed to comprehend seems clear to a bank clerk and an editorial writer some thousand miles away. This lack of intellectual modesty almost reminds us of the American critic and historian, who, being asked for the birthplace of our Lord and Saviour, made reply, "I do not remember. I was born in Quincy."

OF ALL ASIATICS none seem more characterless and without color than the Koreans. The world sees them ignored and thinks that perhaps a better fate would not become them. Koreans are as distinct in type from Japanese as Moors from Germans. The Korean spends all of his time in the street, always dresses in white, whether he is handling coal or digging a ditch, never washes his body, and his clothes only rarely, and he looks at anything out of his monotonous routine with dull, preoccupied curiosity, sauntering along the street's length and back again, with the dignity of emptiness. Giving way to a masterful race, the Korean, not making even the feint of resistance, still retains that stupidly impassive dignity. "Let the Japanese come! We will still wear our

#### KOREAN CHARACTER

white and do our hair up in knots on top of our heads, and thus, you see, we shall lose nothing." They are as noncommittal about the coming of the Japanese as the average American or Englishman about the tribal differences of the Fijians. Men and women dressing much alike, in their muddy-colored white clothes, with women's faces that are not feminine, and men's faces that are not masculine, they seem to lack sex as well as all other attributes. They are a race asleep, that gives no promise of ever waking up. There is every difference in the world between modernity and civilization. The ancient Greeks are supposed by many competent judges to have been the most civilized people that have yet walked upon the globe. The Chinese are civilized without being modern. The Japanese are both. The Koreans are neither. They can be reckoned only as a cipher.

SENATOR CLARK OF MONTANA is a rich man, now engaged in making wealth ridiculous. Plutocrats have built absurd edifices before, but they are doing it less. They are becoming more educated themselves, and they are learning to trust architects. Senator CLARK has not been bitten with this modern tendency. No sudden millionaire of thirty years ago could have produced a thing more awful than the New York residence into which he is putting millions. A diplomat, asked by Senator CLARK his opinion of this palace, is reported to have answered that it was one of the three

#### TO SENATOR CLARK

most remarkable residences in the world. We have heard artists, who, compelled to pass it every day, declare it the most meretricious piece of architecture in America. The pretence crowded into this enormity marks the record in the metropolis. Probably, even after reading this editorial, Senator CLARK will refuse to tear his horror down. We therefore add the only happy aspect. A vacant lot now enables the new structure to be seen for blocks down Fifth Avenue. Some day that lot will be occupied, and then only a fraction as many persons will be stricken with the CLARK façade. It is hard to write so cruelly. If rich men were not surrounded by a wall of flattery, perhaps Mr. CLARK would have been set right long ago.

NEGROES SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED when they get upon the right track. Their problem is a difficult one, and we heartily praised a negro journalist the other day for facing it with pride and not with demands upon the whites. Pride of the right sort is good for any race. The negro preacher who, since we wrote before, has advised his hearers not to sing "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow," was on the right track. The negro needs songs, literature, shops, society of his own; and this same preacher admitted that wherever the negro tries genuinely to rise the white man is willing to help. This gentleman's theory of creation may not be convincing, but it is wholesome none the less. "God never made a white

#### NEGRO PRIDE

man. In the beginning all men were black, but in their wanderings on the earth many of them have become bleached. And in their unnatural pallor many of these bleached men, all of whom were made black at the beginning, now look with contempt and indifference—often with prejudice and hate—upon their brothers, the negroes, who have retained the color that God gave them." That hostility diminishes, as our friend admits, when the unbleached brother proves that worthiness toward which so high an origin should be an impulse. The attitude taken by Mr. BLANCHARD, the

new Governor of Louisiana, is the one taken by the most intelligent whites in the South and by the few wisest blacks themselves. Governor BLANCHARD, accepting phraseology made notorious by the President, is against closing the door of hope against any one of any color, and is therefore a champion of education and an opponent of illegal punishment, but at the same time a believer in separate social life. The South understands more fully every day the need of practical opportunity and help for the negro, and the North is coming to understand the need of social lines. Negro pride is a necessary foundation on which to work.

MEN WHO ARE MERELY LITERARY are not much honored in America. A friend of ours, returning from Great Britain, remarked that some of the literary men in London were a cross between Amherst College and the Authors' Club. The mere author, being more respected on the other side, is more often found there. Here the line is slight between authorship and journalism, and journalism means contact with the world. Our friend's comment was applied to those petty authors who swell with their profession, advertising it in every way from vocabulary to hair. They are part of the unending Dunciad. Dr. JOHNSON gave some good advice:

#### MERELY AUTHORS

"Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,  
And pause awhile from letters to be wise."

It was BYRON, himself so infinitely removed from the anæmic pose of letters, who put into familiar form the eternal spur when he observed that

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;  
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

Author's vanity is decreasing, even in what is left of Grub Street. If this change tends to make authors human and manly, to give them the virtues which come from living in the world, may it not also dim the interest in form which is a necessity of art? Journalism, which is most of American authorship, is direct and spirited, but poor in that finish without which there is no permanence. We nowadays put great stress upon the man behind the book, and sometimes forget that, as the lines of GOETHE say, although activity in the world develops character, retirement is good for talent. Once the author was too much a man apart. Now, perhaps, he is too subject to the pressure of the market and the distracting ambitions of the world.

IS MARCONI A BENEFACTOR? Doomed is that cheery and honorable jest which we bestow upon one another in midocean: "Have you seen the morning paper?" The contrast between the noisy, newsy turmoil of the land and the noble isolation of the sea gave significance to the daily pleasantries. Only the imaginative among travelers know the full enjoyment of the ocean—the imaginative and the firm of stomach. The delicate are wretched and the prosaic are bored, and sometimes those who are neither prosaic nor ill are restive because habit has enslaved them with the thirst for a thousand small diversions. The imagination which is free to know the ocean is lifted by it to a larger life. The very movement of the waves is in two lines, which a great English poet translated from a still greater German:

"Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,  
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean."

These emotions of the deep we are to have no longer unmixed with the madding life of every day. MARCONI having solved the problem of constant intercourse between ocean steamers and the sea, all the big liners will hereafter be compelled to meet the nervous demand for news, even although the passengers believe in their hearts it would be better for them to spend in the old, impressive way the few and ever lessening days which modern ingenuity allows us in passing from one continent to another. We have long been accustomed to speak of communication as universal, but it is likely that to 1950 the communication of 1900 will seem antiquated and slight. After the telegraph and the telephone it looked as if the end was almost reached. The general public thought only of airships as the next big step, until MARCONI came along with his epoch-marking step forward in the great work of reducing our globe to a ball so small that a few moments are sufficient to make its circuit. In these great matters we have no choice. "Progress" will have its way. But if we were personally to be consulted about the evolution of the world, we should meditate profoundly before allowing MARCONI newspapers to invade the vast privacy of the sea.

#### A DAILY PAPER ON THE OCEAN





Hitachiyama, the champion wrestler of Tokio, is shown here posed for the tournament ceremony with his sword bearer, salt thrower, and umpire. Hitachiyama weighs 430 pounds.



Three famous Japanese wrestlers with their umpire and announcer. The aprons worn are of heavy gold braid, and velvet; the white squares are emblems of Shinto worship.

## MARKING TIME IN TOKIO: THE WRESTLERS OF JAPAN

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Collier's Special War Correspondent in Japan

The Japanese War Office has issued a war correspondent's pass to Mr. Davis, and has assigned him to the Second Column. Until this takes the field, Mr. Davis will write of events in the Japanese Capital.

TOKIO, JAPAN, April 30, 1904

**T**WICE a year the Japanese wrestlers meet in tournaments which last for ten days. This week a team from Osaka came here to wrestle with the men of the Tokio team. They met in a huge square tent made of matting hung from masts. In the centre was a tiny circus ring about ten feet in diameter. The spectators, who were very like the people you meet on the bleaching boards at home, sat close around the ring on the bare ground, or further away on raised scaffoldings tied together with ropes. The wind stirred the mats, and the sun shone between them in long slanting rays. The picture was that of a country circus. But though the appointments were primitive, the contests were weighed down with the trappings of ceremony and tradition. The preliminaries for each bout continued three minutes, the actual wrestling seldom lasted longer than five seconds.

In Japan, the wrestlers form a class by themselves. Theirs is one of the closest unions in the world. It has its champions, its past masters, its rules, penalties, and religious rites. Bull-fighting is the only other sport I have seen that is conducted with such gravity and regard for etiquette. A wrestler does not become a wrestler by accident. He does not stumble into it as, with us, a boy who is quick with his fists fights his way into the prize ring. You do not hear them speak of a wrestler as "the Sailor," "the Puddler," "the Blacksmith." He never begins as an "Unknown" from the stockyards or the rolling mill. Either his father before him was a wrestler, or at an early age he was adopted into the profession. Poor people who find among their children a boy of unusual stature, fat, and muscle are only too pleased to sell him to a wrestler, who adopts him as his own son. From the day of his adoption his only serious purpose in life is to eat, drink, and wrestle. In eating and drinking he is a glutton, for with him weight seems to count for more than muscle. Some Japanese wrestlers are of superb physique, giants in size, and with muscles as hard as those of the young men at home who in the magazines offer to tell you how to get strong; but there are just as many wrestlers who are gross masses of fat. They drip with fat. It rolls over them in lumpy hillocks. It shakes upon them in huge pillows, the creases are deep valleys. But when one of these prize oxen and one of the athletes of muscle meet, fat just as often wins as muscle. Of training for "condition" and "wind" the Japanese wrestler seems to know or care nothing. The longest of the bouts I saw did not continue over two minutes. But in every event at the end of the first fifteen seconds each contestant was forced to stop for lack of breath and lean heavily against the other until he had recovered.

In Japanese wrestling a man is "out" when even so little of him as his big toe reaches beyond the ring, when both his feet leave the ground, when he is thrown bodily from the ring. "There are forty-eight falls, twelve throws, twelve lifts, twelve twists, and twelve throws over the back." Just outside the ring sit four stately old gentlemen as motionless as idols. They are the referees, and, as a rule, are retired wrestlers. Inside the ring is an official who acts as umpire, judge, backer, bottle-holder, and claque all in one. His duty is to encourage, impartially, both contestants. His badge of office is a fan.

The sixth official of the ceremony is the young man who announces the events. With us at an athletic meeting or a prize fight this duty generally falls to the one possessing the loudest voice. Sometimes he uses a megaphone. His object is to permit no one within a half-

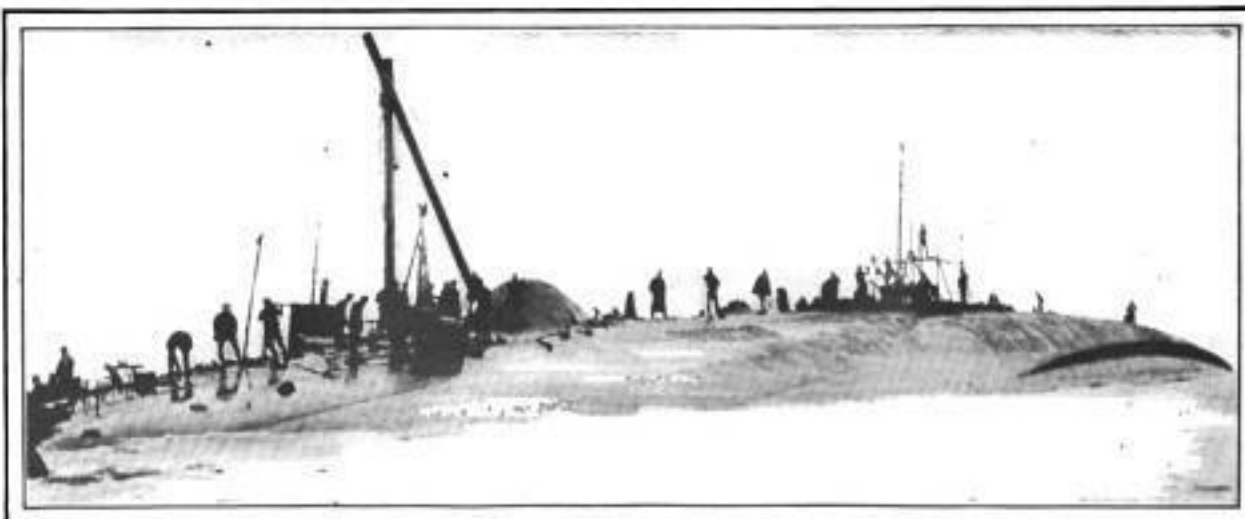
triloquist after he has locked him in a box. Also, lest any one should by any chance understand what he is saying, the young man holds the handle of his fan to his teeth, and hides his face behind its sticks. At first you think he is going to swallow the fan. Why he is so confidential no one knows. When you ask, they make the Englishman's reply, "It has always been done that way."

The wrestlers come into the ring wearing only a breech-clout of heavy silk. It is wound around the waist, or where the waist should be, carried between the legs, and up again to the belt, where it is tied. The wrestler salutes the audience by raising his leg and pressing it down with his hand on his knee. Sometimes, when his foot strikes the earth, the earth shakes. After he has made the salute with each leg he becomes dimly conscious of the presence of his adversary, but makes no sign of recognition other than to squat on his haunches. His adversary does the same. For a minute each sits on his heels within two feet of the other, gazing stolidly or haughtily at the roof, the audience, the empty air, at nothing, at everything except the opponent. Then one of them leans forward, closes his fist, and rests his knuckles on the ground. The other, still scornful to look at his adversary, does the same. When each has pressed both fists on the ground they are ready to begin. But neither can start without the consent of the other, and so when one throws himself upon his opponent like a falling oak or a leaping tiger, his adversary merely sniffs and rises ponderously. This means that he has declined the challenge. Once more they stand gazing stolidly at nothing, "serene, indifferent to fate"; and then, still without seeing each other, each walks to a separate corner and sips a cupful of water. People say this is done merely to refresh them, but as sometimes they drink four cups of water in two minutes it is more easy to believe it is, as others say it is, a ceremony of purification. Especially, as when after they have spat out the water they each pick up a few grains of salt and throw it in the air. This is an offering to the gods, and is meant to purify the wrestler and to protect him from death or injury. After this prayer the men face each other as before and remain on their haunches until both are ready to spring to the attack. The struggle lasts seldom more than ten seconds. It is far too scientific and too technical for one to comprehend its finer points, but while it lasts it is a struggle of giants. The great hands slap the bare flesh with the crack of a whip, the men snort and puff like elephants, the rolls of muscle and fat rise under the clean brown skin in knots as round as hawsers. And then, from no apparent cause, with a velocity that seems born of a force more than human, one of the great unwieldy giants flies through the air as though



A wrestler preparing to enter the ring

he were made of straw, and the other squats on his heels in answer to the applause. One of the photographs I am sending herewith I took of the wrestlers as they were making their toilet in the dressing tent. Only one of them objected to being photographed. He was the champion of Tokio and weighed four hundred and twenty pounds, and when he objected I did not insist. Another picture shows the men in their full dress, which consists of a gold apron, posed for the ceremony with which they open each tournament. In this the champion is the central figure. He is accompanied by the second and third best men



The Japanese making preparations to raise and repair the Russian cruiser "Varyag," sunk in Chemulpo Harbor February 9



of his team. The second best man carries the sword, and the office of the other is to scatter the salt. The ceremonies are short, but very impressive. They consist of thanks in dumb show

to the gods and to the audience, and petitions that no harm will come to themselves and that they may not harm their adversaries. It is difficult to imagine Mr. Sharkey or Mr.

Corbett in the prize ring throwing salt in the air in order that he may be purified, or offering prayer before a mocking mob of sports that he may not hurt his adversary.

## THE OCCUPATION OF CHENAMPO BY THE JAPANESE

By FREDERICK PALMER, Collier's Special War Correspondent attached to the Japanese General Staff in Manchuria

CHENAMPO, KOREA, April 10, 1904

THE small islands, for the most part barren and rocky, which pepper the sea near the Korean coast line, have been a blessing to the Japanese in this war. They provide cover from storms for the numerous fleet of small transports, which three months ago were doing merchant service. Our own transport and our experience were typical. The *Sumi-noye Maru*, of a thousand tons burden, is thirty-three years old. She was bought in England when she was already past the age-limit of Lloyds. Ever since she has been running out of Hokkaido. She is as shipshape as she is patched. Her Japanese skipper, who speaks English excellently, and with more than English politeness, served his apprenticeship before the mast on a sailing vessel out of Glasgow. He cares for his ancient charge with the niceness of a family physician; he woos ten knots out of her rheumatic engine.

When a nor'wester came up, soon after we left Chemulpo, he ran her behind one of the accommodating islands and dropped anchor. When the sea calmed he went out again, and this morning he brought us to Chenampo, that first port where the correspondent blessed with an official pass issued in Tokio is permitted to land. Chenampo has been, and is, so far as we know, the main point of landing both for troops and supplies north of Chemulpo. The settlement that looks out upon the harbor is Japanese and well isolated from the two nearby Korean villages by more than distance. It is the outpost which the Japanese flag is following. From a trading and fishing hamlet the few rows of Japanese houses have risen to the dignity of officers' quarters for an army of invasion. Until the correspondents came there was one foreigner who spoke some English—the German collector of customs. For weeks supplies and soldiers have been forwarded into the interior with no other spectator except the Japanese and the Koreans. The arriving foreigner is as much at a loss for details of fact as a Hungarian just arrived in New York as to the intrigues of Fourth Ward politics.

From the steamer we could see the new unpainted barracks and storehouses which rose with the magic that forethought and preparedness command soon after the first transports dropped anchor. Beyond the piled stores, beyond the artillerymen scattered in the streets or taking their horses for exercise, there is nothing of the commotion to be expected of a great point of military debarkation.

In an hour in Chenampo you get an impression of the coming and passing race, clearer perhaps than you will have weeks hence. Here the little men are of the future and the big men of the past. The two races are as distinct in type as Germans and Moors. Wherever you see a blue figure on the landscape it is Japanese, where-

one little Japanese infantryman, and the natives look at him with a kind of stupid preoccupied curiosity. The smart little Japanese in uniform came only yesterday, clearing the seas first of a European enemy. He could almost walk under the arm of one of the big Koreans who saunter the street's length and back again, pipe in hand, with the dignity of impassiveness. Yet the little Japanese in uniform could clear the town by lifting his finger. Giving way to the masterful race, the Korean, not making even the feint of resistance, still retains that stupidly impassive dignity.

"Let the Japanese come! We still wear white and do our hair up in knots on top of our heads, and thus you will see we lose nothing."

The Koreans are as noncommittal about the coming of the Japanese as the average American about the tribal differences of the Fijians. Men and women dressing much alike, in their muddy-colored white clothes, with feminine faces unfeminine and masculine faces unmasculine, the Koreans seem a sexless people, begetting wonder that the race has not long ago ceased reproduction.

Some few—the few who understand—may realize the benefits which will result from Japanese occupation. The foreigner who lacks conviction need only go from the orderly and cleanly Japanese to the filthy Korean village. The officer commanding, who received us at his headquarters in a house more modest than that which with true Japanese politeness he placed at our command, was Oriental in his depreciation of how little he could do for us and Teutonic in the exactness of his arrangements.

The arrival of the foreign correspondents is more interesting to the Koreans than the arrival of the Japanese. There were Japanese here before. As for the big noses, there was the Collector of Customs, and now there are many others equally strange. The song of the typewriter has awakened the interest of the lady of the house where we live. She has opened the sliding door, and, dropping on her knees with a courtesy to the correspondent (sitting on a blanket roll with a provision box for a table), has pointed at the machine and said "Shimbun" (newspaper). I told her

she was right, and courtesied with the type spool in turn. It is a pleasure to find such a hostess and such a clean house in Korea. It is blessed, after many weeks of waiting in a peaceful capital, to be even as far as Chenampo, where patches of official blue enliven the muddy white of native monotony.



PREPARING TO RECEIVE THE JAPANESE AT NEWCHWANG

Mines were laid by the Russians at the mouth of the Liao River, on which Newchwang is situated. A cable was then carried on the shoulders of a long line of soldiers to connect these mines with the town's defences in order that they might be exploded should Japanese warships approach.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES F. W. HENRISS, COLLEGE OF ARTS, CHINA, FOR COLLEGE OF ARTS, CHINA. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLEGE OF ARTS, CHINA.

ever you see a white figure it is Korean. The Korean never washes his body and only washes his clothes occasionally. This is a land of coolies and corrupt officials. All spend most of the time in the street. The race itself is characterless, listless, without color. Through the mass rides one little Japanese artilleryman or walks

## THE SECRET OF JAPAN'S SUCCESS

By BARON KENTARO KANEKO

Baron Kentaro Kaneko, a samurai and a distinguished member of the Japanese House of Peers, is now revisiting the United States for the purpose of studying economic conditions here. He also purposes to report to his government on the advance of American machinery as exhibited at St. Louis. Thirty-three years ago Baron Kaneko came to Boston and attended school, subsequently graduating from the Harvard Law School. On the occasion of a later journey to the United States he received from his alma mater the honorary degree of LL.D., being the first citizen of Japan to obtain such a degree from an American university. Among the public offices he has held are those of Chief Secretary of the House of Peers, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, and Minister of Justice. He interested himself actively in the erection of the monument near Uraga commemorating the landing of Commodore Perry. Baron Kaneko's article shows that Japan, far from being a young or new nation, has a civilization as old and complete and sound as any European country. The drastic reforms inaugurated thirty-seven years ago were merely a historical incident in the long life of an ancient people, whose experience allowed them to choose quickly such innovations only as seemed good.

to speak, its career only after the Restoration of 1868—how comes it that this merely precocious child has shown itself able to accomplish within the past few months what any of its elders would have been proud to achieve? The question seems difficult to answer, though to such of us Japanese as have thought the matter out the reply is simple enough.

In the first place, the notion that our country is "new" or "young" is radically false. We are neither newer nor younger than the German Empire, which appeared upon the scene in 1871, after Sedan. We are no more in the nursery than that nation whose first Parliament declared Victor Emanuel King of Italy in 1861. Looking at the case even in this superficial aspect of recent events, glancing back no further than fifty years, it is plain that our "youth" is imaginary. As a matter of fact our country is old, very old indeed. So are our institutions. So are our traditions. So are our ideals. The authentic history of Japan dates six hundred and sixty years further back than the beginning of the Christian era. Our present Emperor is the direct descendant of Jimmu Tenno, our first sovereign, who founded the present dynasty—the oldest imperial dynasty existing on the globe at the present time.

"Well, what of it?" might be asked. For one might object that Japan, far, far off, under the rising sun, isolated, during all those long ages, from any contact whatever with the moving growth of the West, simply stood still, dragging out a permanently primitive existence until Commodore Perry came and opened the land to Western culture and Western trade and Western progress. No idea, however, could be more mistaken than this. We grant, to be sure, that, in a sense, Perry woke us up. We admit that we were laggards, that we needed to be roused. But—and this is the

point which every one seems to have overlooked—*something was there to wake up.*

To speak abruptly, we possessed an ancient and complete civilization long before Europe ever took cognizance of our being. That state of civilization represented all the principal departments of human thought and activity. If Rome had her army of indomitable warriors, her profound lawgivers, her wise and just rulers, so had we. We had, too, like the Romans, a venerable national religion. Like the Greeks we had our teachers and systems of philosophy; like them, our painters, sculptors, architects. Phœnicia and Carthage were eminent in trade and commerce, in maritime venture; Japan also has ever been the home of commerce, industry, and shipping. Agriculture, literature, and education would furnish examples for analogies no less striking. There were, in short, variously developing or progressing in our island Empire the very branches of the civilization which Europe now boasts, *independently of and concurrently with* their unfolding and growth in Europe. We lived secluded from the rest of mankind, but within the limits of our own little island country we had a whole world of armies, law courts, books, workshops, churches, schools, theatres, artists' studios, and what not. We had our cycles, in these islands, of warfare, statesmanship, religious movement, social phenomena, philosophical teaching, commercial enterprise. In other words, our civilization has just as sound and substantial a foundation as any country on the map to-day. There is no good reason for the supposition, either, that we are intellectually an inferior race. Upon the premises just stated, how, indeed, should the Japanese be intellectually inferior?

To extend the comparison with Europe a little further, it must be observed that the present general con-



dition of Japan (and especially the efficient military régime of Japan) is the fruit of a feudal system similar to that once prevailing in the monarchies of Europe that are now constitutionally governed—just as Japan is. Our strength, like the strength of the European powers, lies in devotion to the military ideal. In no country has the training of soldiers ever been more thorough or more exacting than with us. Our *samurai*, or Knights of Feudal Japan, composing a large portion of the entire nation, to this day maintain the same lofty spirit of honor and valor and patriotism as the Spartans of old.

Among Europeans and Americans the Japanese are frequently called "a nation of imitators." This proposition is true to a certain extent only, for its veracity diminishes upon a close study of our national history. To those who really believe that we are, and shall remain, nothing but mere imitators, we would point out: Here was a nation flooded all of a sudden with an ocean of new and foreign ideas thirty-seven years ago, and this nation has been weighing and balancing these strange, these novel things, and has been sifting them out, and has been quite calmly dis-

criminating between them, deciding to keep the good ideas and throw out the bad ones. This, surely, is not a nation of imitators, but rather one of keen and sagacious adapters. At the beginning of our national era we undoubtedly did imitate, but such imitation was only preliminary to adaptation. After adapting foreign institutions and systems to our own customs and needs, we find ourselves starting on the road of originality. This can be shown by our progress—social and political—during the last thirty-seven years. Witness, likewise, the achievements of our fleet against the Russians, the strategy of our admirals, commanding squadrons where not a European or American face is to be seen. Have we not shown Europe and America how to conduct a modern naval campaign? Have we not taught them what can be done with torpedoes—if properly managed? Nor have we cause to blush for our land campaign, planned by a general staff of Japanese, and carried out by Japanese generals without the assistance of a single foreign officer. Have we not driven the Russians from their stronghold on the Yalu? Did we not capture the castle of Feng-Wang without firing a single shot? The strategy, the bravery, the

originality displayed all through, perfectly express the spirit of our *samurai*. Besides, we are using our own Arisaka cannon, made in Japanese arsenals, and our own rifle, invented by General Murata, to say nothing of Dr. Shimose's smokeless powder—an explosive five times more potent than any other, not excepting the redoubtable lyddite.

After all, there is nothing mysterious or wonderful about our recent successes against the mighty foe whom we are determined to fight to the death. For it is we, not the Russians, who have the advantage of an ancient historic civilization, gray and mature in knowledge and experience and resource. So there is no further need to dwell on the much-neglected fact that when our very good friend Commodore Perry came to Japan he found a country where *there was something to wake up*. Before the advent of Commodore Perry, Japan was a sealed casket containing the compressed atoms of Oriental civilization—the golden shrine of the *samurai* spirit, only waiting for some one to open it! And President Fillmore was the benefactor to give the renowned and ever-to-be-revered Commodore the "Key of the Open Door Policy" for Japan.



"THE PROUD OWNER OF WHAT LOOKED LIKE A WHOLE CITY BLOCK OF REAL MONEY—MONEY ENOUGH TO SINK A SHIP, MONEY PILED IN HEAPS AND HEAPS"

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## A "CASH" TRANSACTION IN KOREA

ROBERT L. DUNN, Collier's special war photographer in Korea, wrestled with many hardships and obstacles in his march from Seoul to Ping-Yang. Some of them he expected and tried to forestall. Others he met as they befell. He had not reckoned with having too much money as one of the troubles of campaigning in Korea or anywhere else. The photograph, which shows Mr. Dunn in the middle background, does not explain itself, because it conveys the impression that he is examining a huge heap of sausage, possibly procured as an addition to his field commissary.

As a matter of fact, however, the photographer helplessly surveys a mountain of money three feet high, sixty feet around the base. It is Korean currency, copper coins, in strings of a thousand each, the kind of disk, with a square hole punched out of the middle, which was first used in China, and a few hundred or thousand years later borrowed for the fiscal system of the Hermit Kingdom. From fifteen to thirty of these "cash" are required to equal the value of an American cent. A string of a thousand will weigh several pounds, a dollar's worth will make a load for a strong man.

Mr. Dunn had no intention of stripping Seoul of its small change when he gave the fatal order to Kurita, his interpreter. He was making ready his outfit for the advance, and it occurred to him that a supply of native money would be indispensable, inasmuch as a good deal of forage and other supplies must be obtained along the way. In addition, Kurita assured his master that many necessities on their list could be had only in districts further north, and that "plenty of money" must be

packed along. "Plenty of money" meant at least two or three hundred dollars to the American bound on a campaign of weeks. But he told Kurita to go out and find change for one hundred and fifty dollars, and be quick about it.

The forenoon passed and no Kurita returned. He was needed for a dozen urgent errands, and the afternoon was nearly spent, before Mr. Dunn became uneasy, impatient, then alarmed. The interpreter must have absconded, and all the foreign correspondents in sight were rounded up as a searching party. It was useless to notify the native police, and the photographer and his friends did not delay for official justice to be awakened from its slumbers. Just as the expedition was starting forth, one of the hotel boys came running up the street, beckoning to Mr. Dunn, and shouting breathlessly: "Come, look, see, master. Kurita no can do. Have got, but no can do."

The boy led the way to a courtyard in the rear of the hotel, where the hapless Kurita yelled for joy as he sighted the party:

"Plenty money, got him cheap," was the interpreter's greeting. "What you want me do now?"

In the words of Mr. Dunn, as he wrote about it in a letter to the office:

"It took me only an instant to realize that I was the proud owner of what looked like a whole city block of real money—money enough to sink a ship, money piled in heaps and heaps, money enough, you would think, to last a spendthrift a million years."

Kurita had filled the order, and coolies had been staggering under their burdens of "cash" from every cor-

ner of Seoul to the courtyard since morning, while the native money changers had put up their shutters until they could renew their stock.

"I had the money all right," says Mr. Dunn, "but what could I do with it? I could not carry it, and nothing short of an army could move it. We paced around the edge of the heap and measured sixty-odd feet of circumference, while the average height was at least three feet. Kurita insisted that twenty men were needed to guard my wealth, night and day, until I should be ready to move it."

Mr. Dunn was ready and eager to take the field, so that nothing else could be done than to take a few strings of "cash" for immediate wants, and leave the mountain where it lay until its owner should come again to Seoul. Kurita was authorized to employ a guard of worthy and brave men, of strictest integrity, and a score of them, standing watches in relays, hovered around the concentrated opulence when Collier's photographer and his interpreter hurried away to the front.

They returned two weeks later, to find that many strings of "cash" had evaporated, although the guards swore by a million-odd saints and devils of the Korean mythology that not one copper coin was lacking. However, when it came to paying the wages of the guards for two weeks, on top of the singular depreciation noted, the mountain of cash had melted almost to nothing. It was a fact that the heap of money had eaten itself up, and the only beneficiaries were the sentinels, who shuffled away, doubled over with the weight of instalments of their wages, and later came back with carts to collect the remainder.





# PUBLIC AND PRIVATE MORALS

By HON. GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR, United States Senator from Massachusetts

*Senator Hoar declares that the morals of American public men are better to-day than formerly; that our chief danger lies in election corruption; that too often a candidate's barrel counts more than his brain, and that a rotten republic is not worth saving and can not be saved. American womanhood, he believes, is the purest in the world, and to our women we must look for moral inspiration and guidance*

I HAVE been asked to write a paper on public and private morals, which I am desired to bring within a limit of twenty-five hundred words. I am somewhat in the condition of Coleridge, when, according to Dr. John Brown, a brisk young gentleman who sat next to him at a small tea party asked the mighty discourses: "What do you think of Dr. Channing?" "Before entering upon that question, sir," said Coleridge, opening upon his inquirer those 'noticeable gray eyes,' with a vague and placid stare, and settling himself in his seat for the night, 'I must put you in possession of my views, *in extenso*, on the origin, progress, present condition, future likelihoods, and absolute essence of the Unitarian controversy, and especially the conclusions I have, upon the whole, come to on the great question of what may be termed the philosophy of religious difference.'"

In like manner, if I am to do any justice to the topic of public and private morals in the United States, I must state my opinion of party government, of the conditions bearing upon public morals in the present and former generations, in republics and despotisms and limited monarchies, of the effect of great accumulations of wealth, of rank or quality in public and in social life, of the effect on the habits of thought and behavior of men of different forms of religious faith, of the meaning of the word morals, of the question whether there can be morality without religion or religion without morality, of polygamy and monogamy, of the influence of universities, of general education among the people, of the mixture of foreign elements in our body politic, of the different national and racial qualities represented in our immigration, and of the passion for empire. I have only stated a few of the great number of things which affect public and private morals in our time.

## A Definition of Morality

I suppose we mean by morals the rules of conduct which govern men in the ordinary social relations, which do not, in general, depend for their sanction on religion on the one hand, or the law of the State on the other. They must be general rules, depending for their sanction on the sense of duty, overcoming the desire of the moment if they are in conflict with it. There are many immoral acts which are denounced by every form of religious faith, and are believed to be visited by divine punishment in this world and the next. There are also many immoral acts punished by the law of every civilized State. But in speaking of actions as immoral, we speak in general of those which are condemned by public opinion. In general, the condition of morals in any society or State or generation is determined by determining what is tolerated by public opinion. The standard of private morals must be measured by the opinion of society. The standard of public morals must be determined by considering what the people will tolerate in their public men.

This is a time when men get rich rapidly. Large fortunes grow and multiply easily. It is easier to be a millionaire to-day than it was to get ten thousand dollars in my boyhood. I well remember when it was told as a good jest that John Jacob Astor had said, "A man who is worth a hundred thousand dollars is as well off as a rich man." Now there is one rural district in New England, which probably when I was born did not have a man worth ten thousand dollars within its limits, where it is said that a man who is worth only a million or two is looked down upon with great scorn by his aristocratic neighbors, and finds it hard to get into decent society. So the temptations and sins of to-day are the temptations and sins which come from wealth easily gotten and easily expended; while the sins and temptations of a century ago were those which belonged to a time when money was hard to be acquired, frugally husbanded, and grudgingly expended. On the whole, I believe that the standard of public and private morals has changed for the better since I was old enough to observe such things, and that we compare very favorably indeed in that particular with England, the country which we are most like and to which we are most apt to refer for a standard.

## Forty Years Ago Dishonesty Was Rampant

When I came into public life in Washington, in 1869, the corridors of the Capitol were haunted by lobbyists interested in all sorts of schemes for plundering the public Treasury. There were quite a number of Senators and Representatives who were suspected by their associates of being venal.

When I think of the conditions which prevailed then

and for the few years following—Tweed entrenched in power in New York; five Judges of the United States Courts fleeing from office under threats of impeachment for corruption; the Crédit Mobilier scandals; the scandals attending the Austrian Exposition; the lobbying; the whole Civil Service treated as patronage by powerful political leaders; the report of the Committee on Military Affairs in the House recommending the expulsion of four of its members for making sale of their privilege of selecting youths to be educated at our great military school; the impeachment for corruption of four judges in New York; the Whiskey Frauds, in which the private secretary of the President was compromised; the Belknap Impeachment; one eminent member of the Senate saying to another, when he had declared that he could find no steal in a pending measure, that if the Senator could find no steal in it, it was not likely to be there; eight active Republican leaders in Massachusetts detected in State prison offences,



SENATOR HOAR  
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three convicted, two escaping on technicalities, two others fleeing from the Commonwealth—it seems to me as if I were living not only in another age, but in another planet. We are wont to consider the first sixteen years under the Constitution—the time of Washington, John Adams, and Jefferson's first administration—as a simple and honest age. But some sad stories can be told of those days.

## The Purity of the Judiciary

Undoubtedly the great test of public morals in any country or period is the purity of the Legislature and the purity of the Judiciary. There may be one or two exceptions, but in general there was never a time in our history when the ermine of the Judge, State and National, was freer from the suspicion of a stain, or the legislative integrity of the members of either House of Congress was so absolutely without shadow, as now.

There are, I am sorry to say, still scandals relating to corruption in elections by State Legislatures and by the people. There have been two or three cases where members of one or the other House of Congress have been charged with making recommendations to office, which, according to the custom prevailing in such cases, are entitled to be adopted by the Executive, for a corrupt consideration. No one of these charges, so far, has been sustained upon investigation.

There is one particular in which we have grown worse. That is the corrupt use of money to affect elections or to secure nominations to the House and the Senate. Seats in these two bodies are objects of eager desire to men who have gained great wealth.

Upon the success or defeat of financial measures depends the prosperity of great branches of business, and the loss or the accumulation of great fortunes. These accumulations of wealth are the great danger, I think the greatest danger, now menacing the Republic. There is, undoubtedly, among men in public life, who are not only stainless themselves, but free from the slightest suspicion of a stain, a reluctance to deal rigorously with men who are charged with bribery. The men inculcated are often their political or personal friends. The offence of bribery is hard to prove, and to find it proved brings disgrace upon the party to which the offender belongs as well as upon the man himself. So in the cases where this offence has been charged, even where it has been well proved, the proceeding for its punishment has miscarried. Men who have made great fortunes in forbidden ways find it easy to expend them in forbidden ways. Men who have had large numbers of servants in their employ, compelled to submit absolutely to their commands, are apt to lose respect for the individual manhood of their workmen. There have been cases, more numerous than could be wished, where the size of a candidate's barrel has had more to do with selecting him than the size of his brain.

## Some Immoralities of Politics

It is true in this country, as it was true in England down to within living memory, that men who preserve their honor stainless in the ordinary transactions of life, who hold their word sacred, to whom the offer of a bribe or any corrupt equivalent to influence their action in public office would be resented as a mortal insult, do not hold it beneath them to bribe the ordinary elector. What we need in this country is to arouse a public sentiment which will put these two offences on a level. Let the man who would corrupt an electorate, who would debauch a State Legislature—whether it be of an old and renowned State with an honorable history, or a young State whose character is forming and whose record remains to be written—be marked by public contempt and infamy. If need be, let the old and degrading punishments be revived for him. Let him be put in the pillory; let him have his ears cropped; let him be scourged at the cart's tail, if milder punishment will not answer. Of course, we will not do this literally. But public opinion can pillory, and scourge, and mark the criminal after a fashion worse than any physical punishment. Corruption is bad enough in a Monarchy. But a corrupt and rotten Republic is rotten from the heart's core out. It can not long be saved, and it will not be worth saving.

As the standard of public morals, as we have said, depends on the purity of the Legislatures and of the Courts, so the standard of private morals depends on the purity of women. So long as that is maintained in a country like ours, where intelligence and education are universal, there is nothing to fear for society. "What is civilization?" says Emerson. I answer, "The power of good women."

The children of the great races who are blended in our Republic, so far as the intellect goes, are the best material for a State ever yet known on earth. They will be the best rulers of a self-governing State so long as they are educated, in a Republic where universal education prevails, at the knees of pure mothers. Certainly the standard of female purity is higher in this country than in any other spot on earth, and in this generation than in any that has gone before it. I can not speak for all parts of the country. But I can speak for the Commonwealth where I was born, and where I have lived, and for the capital of the country where I have spent a large part of my time for more than thirty-five years. I am sure that what I can say of New England is true throughout the whole country.

## We are More Moral than Foreigners

In those classes of society which set the example and give the tone to private morals everywhere, scandals involving the chastity of women are so rare as to be almost unknown. Let any person read the memoirs of the French Court until within a generation, under Monarchy or Empire or Republic; let any traveler in Europe remember the exhibitions in the shop windows in French cities even twenty or thirty years ago; let any reader of the memoirs of eminent Englishmen down to within a generation, or the recollections of men who were hangers-on in the Court or in fashionable society in London, from the time of Charles the Second down to the Creevey Papers just published, and contrast these pictures with his knowledge of American life. I do not care to dwell on this branch of the sub-



ject. It can be disposed of as easily and as triumphantly by five sentences as by five volumes.

One other thing ought to be mentioned. I can remember, before the temperance reformation had made great headway, the condition which made a French traveler call us a nation of drunkards. Respectable farmers in my native town of Concord, bearing names honored there since its settlement two hundred years before, used to lie drunk on the roadside in the warm summer afternoons. When I first entered Congress in 1869, the practice of whiskey drinking prevailed very largely here, and the drinking at dinner parties and on social occasions was very heavy. There has been a wonderful change in all that. The men from the South and the West, where the temperance reform spread somewhat later than in the North and East, are uniformly temperate. Many of them are entirely abstinent from every form of strong drink. I do not know today a man in either House of Congress whose countenance bears the indication that he is a habitual drinker of whiskey. I could have counted a good many in both Houses of Congress thirty-five years ago. While, then, public and private morals have grown better in these great matters, and our generation and country compare favorably with any other in the great matters by which these things are tested—integrity, sobriety in men, purity in women—they have improved greatly in other things. Liberality, charity, public spirit, pity for the poor and unfortunate, pervade our public and social life to a degree unknown in former days.

It is unquestionably true that there is a tendency in every Republic, where, in the end, public opinion must rule, both in government and in the conduct of daily life, to substitute public opinion as a standard of morals for the sense of personal duty. The tendency is to obliterate what Matthew Arnold calls "distinction" from individual character. Individuality is apt to be lost, whether in opinion, in ordinary behavior which depends upon taste, or in that part of behavior which we call morals. That tendency is increased by everything which brings men together in different parts of the country, in different places or ranks of life, in different social conditions, and mingles them in one mass. Every newspaper, every library, every public meeting, every large congregation, every popular preacher, every famous thinker and writer helps nowadays to obliterate the individual quality and to make men and women more and more like each other. Whether that tendency is to have a good or an evil effect on national morals, public or private, we can not yet be sure. I have, now, no space to discuss that question. But I think my readers will like better a few sentences written seventy years ago by a dear friend of my early boyhood, who died too early for his country and his fame, than anything I can say. They are from a lecture delivered by Charles Emerson, the brother of our famous poet and philosopher, when he was hardly past boyhood:

"The same disposition to dependence and imitation is produced by society in the moral as in the intel-

lectual character of the individual. His virtues are propped by other men's virtues. He is trained from his cradle to act under the sanction of numbers. He leans on example instead of principle; he lives not so much to virtue as to reputation. There are multitudes of persons in society with whom public opinion is more powerful than the sentiment of duty. We hear from day to day of suicides who became such from dread of the disclosure of crimes which they have secretly perpetrated. What a perversion of the sensibility of conscience! Had they killed themselves rather than do the wrong, had they died before the loss of their integrity, and because they were afraid to trust themselves with the temptation in their way, there had been some nobleness in the retreat from life. But to bear to live with a spotted soul, to be willing to survive the departure from right and their own self-respect, and then to shrink from encountering other men's contempt, the least bad consequence of crime—what is there brave or manly in such a death? The frequency of instances of this sort proves that a regard to society will not supply the genuine principle of rectitude. Manifestly the higher and enthusiastic virtues must be nursed in another school than that of human opinion. The influence of society will not make a man better than the majority of those in society. It may make him a decent observer of civil and domestic obligations, but it can not reach the springs of true magnanimity, inflexible justice, heroic benevolence, and saintly meekness."

# THE SOLDIER

By ROBERT GRANT

THE codfish hangs on our State-house walls

As the sign of a tranquil shore.  
But the shield which blazons its ancient halls

Is an Indian girt for war.  
Above the shield is an armored hand,  
Grasping a falchion broad;  
For our motto was peace in freedom's land  
By the strength of a naked sword.

The motto which tested our early might  
Is our public motto still;  
Though mute are the shrieks of King Philip's fight,  
And the echoes of Bunker Hill.  
For ever the limping veterans come  
To the Treasury steps to-day  
To draw their pensions,—the yearly crumb  
Which the grateful fathers pay.

And round the world from east to west  
Is heard the cannon's roar,  
While rival journals vie with zest  
For the latest news of war.  
Our millions build the steel-clad ship  
Which a flash may sweep away  
When the grim destroyers slily slip  
Through the mists of the breaking day.

And in spite of the words of a worshiped Lord,  
Or man's boasted love for man,  
The hand which sweats keeps its best reward  
For deeds in battle's van.  
Who succors a nation's life at stake,  
Or brilliantly risks his own,  
Exultant thousands their hero make;  
For him they build a throne.

For blood is blood and hate will be hate  
Till the dawn of perfect love;  
And men will fight till the falcon mate  
With the young of the turtle-dove.  
So we train our sons to carry guns  
As our fathers did of yore,  
While we pray for peace and a long release  
From the horrible curse of war.

For one never can tell. Be the martial spell  
Redress of a burning wrong;  
Commercial greed, world destiny's need,  
Or the robber-like march of the strong,—  
The soldier and sailor must answer the call,—  
Nor ask the reason why—  
Of the bugle which loosens the flood-gates of gall  
When the youth of a nation will die.



We pray for peace as we build our ships,  
We frown at the god of hate.  
The butter won't melt on our Saxon lips  
As we utter "arbitrate."  
But when crowding peoples cry "more room  
For civilization's skill,"  
The answer which comes is the cannon's boom  
And the crash of the bolts which kill.

The world is heir to the curse of Cain,  
But the nations, closer drawn  
By the cables which traverse and mock the main  
Where the battle ships are borne,  
Repine at the surfeit of blood and death  
Which come in the soldier's path;  
And the youth-crowned century fans the breath  
Of a friendship which tempers wrath.

O Men grown sick of the wars of kings,  
Whose pawns were warriors strong,  
Give ear to the lute with a thousand strings  
Which thrills to humanity's song.  
Clasp hand in hand till you understand  
Your brothers' point of view.  
So the concord you seek shall protect the weak  
And the soldier have nothing to do.

The codfish hangs on our State-house walls  
As the sign of a tranquil shore.  
But the shield which blazons its ancient halls  
Is an Indian girt for war.  
Above the shield is an armored hand,  
Grasping a falchion broad;  
For our motto is peace in freedom's land  
By the strength of a naked sword.



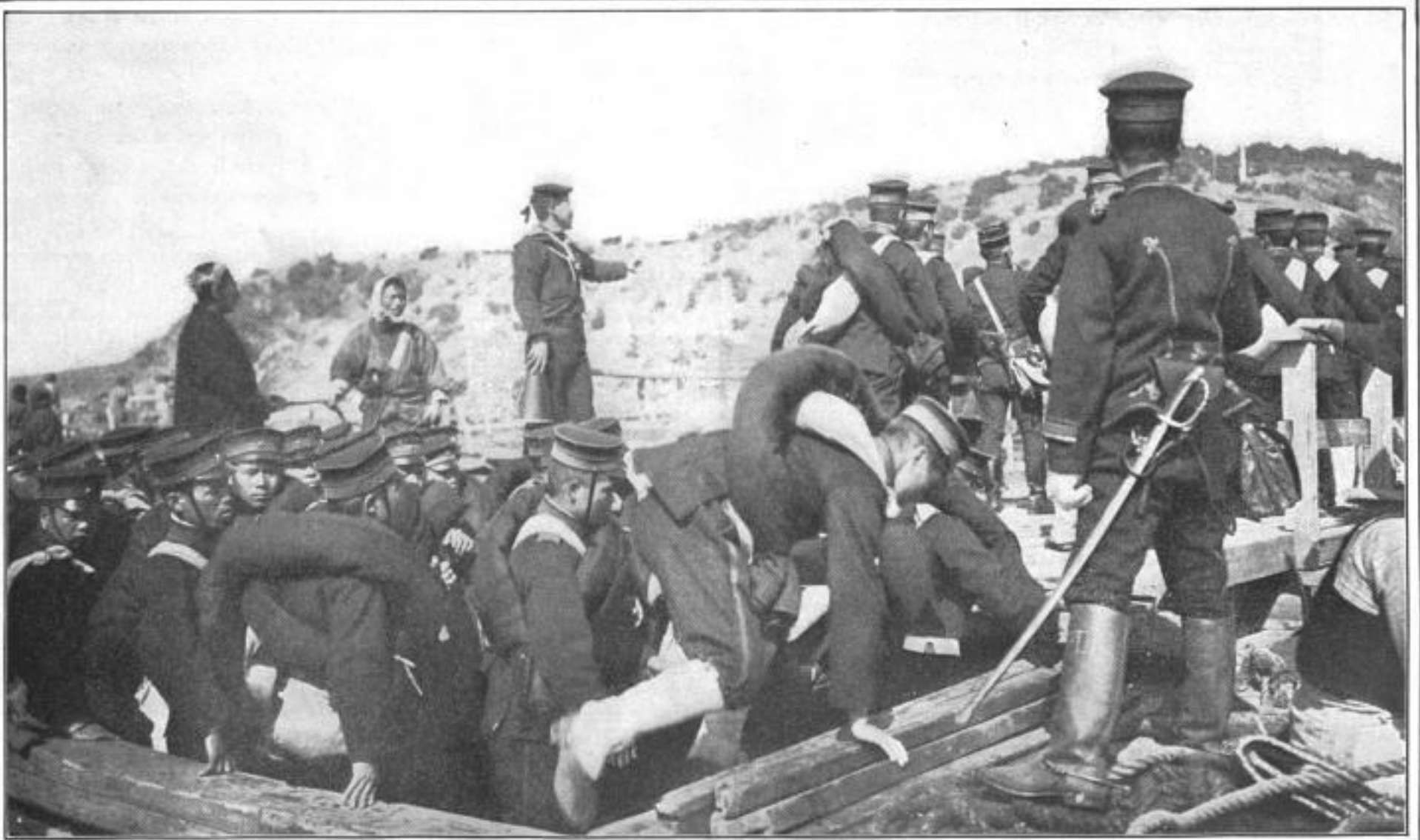
# THE LANDING OF AN ARMY CORPS

FOUR PAGES OF PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER ATTACHED TO GENERAL KUROKI'S ARMY OF INVASION IN MANCHURIA, DEPICTING THE LANDING AT CHENAMPO, KOREA, OF A PART OF THE ARMY WHICH ROUTED THE RUSSIANS AT THE YALU RIVER, MAY 2



JAPANESE BLUEJACKETS COMING ASHORE AT CHENAMPO

The cruiser squadron which escorted the troopships disembarked its bluejackets, to assist the army division in getting supplies ashore and making camp. Hundreds of these sailors had not been allowed to step ashore since the beginning of the war, an unbroken stretch of more than two months of harassing sea duty.



THE FIRST BOATLOAD TO LAND FROM THE JAPANESE TRANSPORTS

These artillerymen are scrambling ashore in heavy marching order. The bluejacket in the middle of the picture is equipped with a megaphone for communicating with boat parties coming in from the transport fleet, a detail which shows how thoroughly the Japanese have possessed themselves of all modern methods and conveniences in warfare, whether large or small.





## LANDING THE MEN WHO

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HANE, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER

The Japanese land their men from the transports in sampans—or native barges. These soldiers are artillerymen, and form a part of the division which was thrown ashore in the northwestern coast of Korea early in April, and which marched overland to form part of General Kuroki's army in the valley of the Yalu. The gunners in these two cargo-sampans belong to one of the batteries which shattered the Russian columns at Chiu-Lien-Cheng with extraordinary accu-

racy and concentration of fire. The Arisaka in the victory was due, in a large measure, to the sides of the sampans and on the smokestack of the master's Department. The Japanese charged





## BOUGHT ON THE YALU

ARMY OF INVASION. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

completely outclassed the Russian guns, but behind the guns. The zig-zag mark on the is that these boats belong to the Quarter- the carrying capacity and distinguishing

number of each landing boat. These large sampans are sculled from the stern, and their capacity for landing troops is much greater than that of the ship's boats of other army transport systems. Chenampo was chosen as the landing place of a division because it is more than a hundred miles nearer Manchuria than Chemulpo, and is on an inlet fifteen miles from the open sea, so that it was possible for the escorting squadron to completely protect the landing of troops





JAPANESE STOREHOUSES AND BARRACKS MADE IN JAPAN AND QUICKLY PUT UP IN KOREA



HORSES WAITING TO BE SHOD AT THE FARRIER'S TENT IN THE ARTILLERY CAMP



A COMPANY OF ARTILLERYMEN, WITH FORAGE, ON THE WAY TO CAMP

## THE OCCUPATION OF CHENAMPO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HASE, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER ATTACHED TO GENERAL KUROKI'S ARMY OF INVASION



# THE CONVERSION OF BLAKE

By PORTER EMERSON BROWN

Illustrated by GEORGE GIBBS

The Story of a Bad Man who came, who saw, and was conquered



A CONSTABLE in a mining camp may make some friends; he must make many enemies. And so it was with Rube Braddock of El Toro, the largest camp of the Colorado coal fields, which, with its motley collection of diminutive alkali-covered houses, reposes in squat and painful fortitude among the unadorned sand heaps at the foot of the big range.

It had been Braddock's unpleasant duty to several times arrest a man by the name of Jim Blake, who, in an earnest desire to rid his gaze of the shimmering green and red and yellow and salmon-pink houses that the company grants its necessarily faithful servants at a monthly rental of twelve dollars—or perchance to relieve the irksome sameness of a place that averages but one murder a week, has but one game of poker, no saloons, no dance halls, and no congenial associates—used to get too full of mine whiskey. And then would he create within his alcohol-elated bosom a belief that once again had returned the halcyon days when shooting up a town was regarded as legitimate amusement as is shaking for the drinks now.

Jim Blake was not a "bad man" in the commonly accepted significance of the term; merely was it his habit, now that the true enjoyments of life had fled he knew not where, to look too long upon the whiskey when it was adulterated. When sober (and he was sober much of the time, for drunkenness is very expensive if you have a strong stomach and live much out of doors) his heart was in the right place, even though many of its faculties were dormant and some debilitated by lack of use.

Blake didn't like being arrested. It hurt his pride, and the camp lock-up was most uncomfortable; and then, too, it got monotonous and absolutely prevented his keeping whatever engagements he might make when in liquor; for when sober he had no business whatever and made no appointments. Like many another man, he borrowed trouble only when drunk.

It was not long after little Emeline Loretta, Rube's sister's child, came to live with her uncle at El Toro that Blake, as was his nightly custom, betook himself to "The Snake," for so the company's saloon was called, and there partook of sundry potations of the company's whiskey.

As his legs grew unsteady and his tongue thick, the shame, the discomfort, and the monotony of being arrested appealed to him exceedingly strongly, and he made up his now much-muddled mind that he would arrange matters so that when next the authorities should deem necessary a repetition of that only too familiar performance in which he figured so prominently, it would obtain at the hands of different parties than heretofore; and, with this idea filling his buzzing brain to the exclusion of all others, he threw a last quarter on the bar, imbibed the last drink, and started for Rube's abode.

The peaceful serenity that had now for some years lulled the constable into a sense of security, delightful because hitherto unknown, led him to neglect precautions that had, in his early years, been considered a matter of vital necessity, and so it was that when Blake entered alone and unannounced, Braddock sat near the fire with his back to the door and his gun on the table.

With his Colt's covering the constable, Blake steadied himself against the door-post.

"I'm a-gittin' dog tired o' bein' corraled by you, Rube," was his greeting. "An' the nex' time I git roped like a steer at a round-up, it'll be by some other sport. Savez?"

"Goin' ter wipe me out, eh?" inquired Rube carelessly, though fear was in his heart, for Blake was drunk; and who can tell the thoughts or acts of a drunken man?

"That's the play," agreed Blake cordially. "I'm a-goin' ter blow out yer light."

"You'll shore git strung up higher nor a kite," stated Rube with a positiveness that he assumed, but did not feel.

"Don' care a cuss," rejoined Blake, "an' mebbe not. I've got a leetle buckskin cayuse hyar wot kin piroot aroun' like a frightened kiote, an' I'll giv' um a chase over the range, anyhow."

"Won't do ye no good," said Rube. "They'll git ye."

"Mebbe so," again agreed Blake. "But I might jes' as well be in heaven as in jail all the time. I'm a gin'rous cuss, though," he went on, "an' allus wuz; an' so I'll allow you ten minutes ter make a will an' say yer prayers. I cud do all that in three an' still

hev time fer a smoke. I'm a gin'rous cuss, though," he continued, in maudlin repetition, "an' so I'll give yer ten."

There was a pause.

"Hev a drink," advised Rube, hoping to divert Blake's attention.

"No, thank'ee," politely refused the latter, "I'm on business this time, not pleasure. W'en I'm through hyar I'll hev eight or ten, mebbe fifteen, but no nose paint fer me until this hyar unpleasant but necessary jooty has been performed."

There was another pause. Blake spun the cylinder of his Colt's.

"You'd better git a move on," he admonished; "you ain't got such a heap o' time left."

With every faculty bent on finding a way out of his predicament, Rube drew a sheet of paper from across the table.

"Got a pencil?" he asked of the unsteady figure beside the doorpost.

Not lowering his gun for an instant, Blake with his fumbling left hand took from his pocket the desired pencil and tossed it upon the table.

"Much obliged," acknowledged Rube.

"Don' menshun it," politely replied Blake. "Ef you wuzn't a-goin' ter die so durn quick I'd be graterified an' delighted ter hev yer keep it. But pencils ain't no use whar you're a-goin'."

The constable wrote his last will and testament. All save his six-shooter (now, alas! so far out of reach) and a gallon jug of twelve-year-old whiskey he left to little Emeline Loretta.

These, he judged, and rightly, would be of but little use to a lady.

In the old days of the West, men lived cheerfully and died cheerfully, killed cheerfully and were killed cheerfully, and though Blake's manner was friendly, Rube felt that his chances of seeing the sun of the morrow were as of beholding the moon of yesterday. So he wrote and wrote while Blake fingered his Colt's and watched with bleared eyes the little nickel-plated alarm clock that stood stolidly ticking away upon the mantel.

Two minutes had passed. Three came and went, and four, and five, and neither spoke; and now six minutes were gone, and seven, and eight, and the hand was on

the ninth. Blake slowly cocked his gun. Rube threw the pencil upon the table. It rolled across the paper covered with its scrawling, blurred lines, and dropped upon the floor. The constable looked up.

"Ain't yer a-goin' ter give me time ter pray?" he asked.

"You used up too dam' much time writin', an' my insides is feelin' as dry as the Red Desert. An', anyhow, some sky-pilot 'll give you a lif' over the range after yer light's out."

Rube was of those who die hard. Sudden death in many forms was as familiar to him as the lines on the palm of his hand or the feel of his gun, nor was he a man to be shot down like a dog. But Blake's revolver was now ready, and the hand lacked but a few seconds of marking the ten minutes.

Just as Rube was about to spring and risk the shot (though there was little risk, for Blake's hand was steady even though he was drunk, and with his heavy Colt's he could snuff a candle at twenty paces) there came from the next room a thin, wailing cry, almost like that of a coyote.

Blake lowered his muzzle. "Wot's that?" he asked.

"Kid," responded Rube laconically.

"Who's?" inquired Blake.

"Mine," stated Rube briefly.

"An' you a batchelder," exclaimed Blake in drunken reproach. "Ain't yer ashamed o' yerself?"

"Oh, I 'dopted it," explained Rube; "'twuz my sister's."

"How old?" persisted Blake.

"Eighteen mont's," replied Rube. And then, "W'y don' yer shoot?"

"Shoot hell!" exclaimed Blake. "Wot kind of a Injun would I be to go a-shootin' up the on'y support of a orphun—a he'pless infant?" and he carefully replaced his gun in its holster.

The constable heaved a long sigh of relief, for he had been nearer to death than most men may go and return unharmed; and though you may often look into Death's face, his smile never grows attractive nor his frown without fear.

At length Blake spoke, hesitatingly, almost diffidently. "Say, Rube," he said, "I hate ter ask a favor of a man wot I come hyar ter wipe out, but would yer mind lettin' me have a squint at the kid?"

"Shore not," replied the constable. He took a light from the table and preceded Blake into the little room where Emeline Loretta lay dreaming child dreams on her rough bed.

Blake stood at the foot of the bed and gazed at the tiny sleeping form. His eyes ate hungrily of the tangled yellow hair spread like a handful of glowing silk over the coarse pillow, the pink cheeks, the white teeth showing between parted lips, curved and red. And he stood there gazing and gazing, and still gazing while the constable waited patiently; for he himself knew how it was, did the constable.

"Fine, ain't it?" said Blake at length, and his voice held a quiver that whiskey never brings.

"Betcher life," assented Rube cordially.



With his Colt's covering the constable, Blake steadied himself against the door-post





Schick of Harvard winning the final heat in the 100-yard dash in 10 seconds "flat." He won both the dashes in the dual games of May 21. Torrey of Yale is second



Clapp of Yale winning the low hurdles at the Yale-Harvard dual games. The Yale captain also won the high hurdles in the remarkable time of 15 3-5 seconds



De Witt, who threw the hammer 165 feet 6 1-2 inches at the Princeton-Cornell dual games



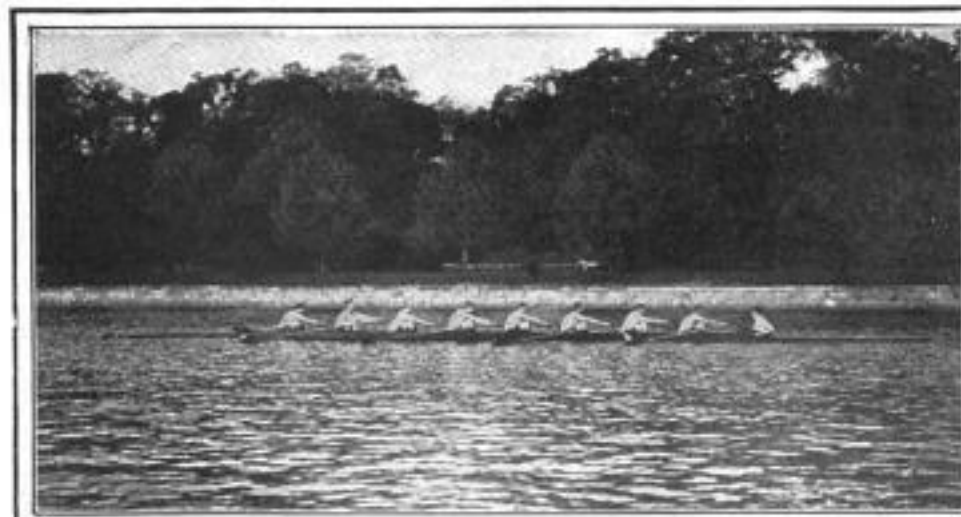
The Yale varsity crew squad. Only one man in the Yale boat weighs less than 175 pounds, not one weighs more than 190, and not one stands less than six feet



McLanahan of Yale, who made a world's record of 12 feet 1-2 inch in the pole vault on May 7



The Harvard varsity crew on the Charles. The crew was practically picked in March, and there have been comparatively few changes. As a result the eight is rowing in better and surer form than any Harvard crew for the past five years. This picture, taken just before the "catch," shows the eight rowing well together



Pennsylvania's varsity eight in full swing along the Schuylkill. No. 2 is clipping his stroke and No. 4 is awkward, but the oars are well together



The Columbia varsity crew at work on the Harlem in preparation for the "American Henley" at Poughkeepsie on June 28. No. 1 is slow on the recover



"Wisht I had one," muttered Blake. "I never had none. Dam' tough."

"It shore is," again agreed Rube, and there could be no doubt of his sincerity.

At length Blake turned from the bed and walked out into the living-room. Going to the table, he took his Colt's from its holster and laid it upon the unplanned boards; then, turning to the constable, he said: "Well, I'm ready."

"Ready fer wot?" queried the constable wonderingly.

"W'y, ter be corraled. It shore is a arrestin' offence ter piroot up hyar ter wipe out the constable, ain't it?"

Rube thought a moment. "But yer didn't do it, did ye?" he remarked at length.

"No," assented Blake, "but—"

"Then it's all right," was the rejoinder of the constable. "Le's likker."

They drank solemnly.

"I ain't a-goin' ter lay out ter git roped no more," said Blake, as he wiped the lingering drops from his mustache.

Rube expressed a suitable gratitude for the prospective forbearance of his erstwhile would-be murderer.

"An' say, Rube," persisted Blake. "If it would'n' be too much ter ask of a sport, might I come amblin' up hyar oncet in a w'ile ter look over the kid? Yer see," he continued, almost apologetically, "I ain't got none myself, an' it sort o' chirks a gent up."

"Lope along an' welcome," invited the constable. "But on'y w'en ye're sober; an' mind now, no cussin'." This hyar lady ain't like none o' them we used ter be-

hold in Three Fingered Derry's joint down in the Sweetwater, ye know."

Blake bridled a bit. "Do yer think I'm so low down an' or'nary as ter come pirootin' aroun' full o' firewater an' emittin' o' profane langwidge w'en I aims ter pay a social visit on a reel lady?" he asked. "I 'low I ain't no sech dam' greaser as thet."

"Then," returned the constable, "sence ye onderstan' the rools an' reggy-lashuns appertainin' ter wisitors, come an' be welcome."

"Thankee," said Blake cordially, and they shook hands. And he who had come with murder in his heart went out into the starlight filled with emotions that had been to him strangers for many years—before the range became a pasture—before, even, there was a road across the mountains.



## OUT-OF-DOORS

IN THIS DEPARTMENT, BEGUN IN THIS NUMBER, OUT-DOOR LIFE—THAT IS, SPORT IN THE BROADER AND MORE GENERAL SENSE—WILL BE DISCUSSED AT FREQUENT INTERVALS DURING THE COMING SUMMER AND AUTUMN

THE amateur championships contested at St. Louis on the last three days of this week are the first of the big "set pieces" which are to punctuate the practically continuous performance of sports of all sorts at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition this summer. The most ambitious and interesting of these special features will be the revived Olympic games, open to all the world, and to be contested the last week in August and the first in September. The so-called Olympic college championships, which will be held on June 25, are also of special importance and interest, and unique in that they will be the first championships open to college athletes from all over the world. The all-round individual athletic championship, the interscholastic championship, and contests in cricket, golf, relay racing, cross-country racing, tennis, archery, football, and about every sort of game from water-polo to jai alai, will be fought out either in the big stadium on the fair grounds or in the nearest appropriate place. Some kind of sport will be in progress at St. Louis almost every day from now until December.

### THE WEST TO MEET THE EAST

ALTHOUGH necessarily lacking in that sentimental charm which the Mott Haven intercollegiate meet, after its nearly thirty years of existence, has come to possess, the "Olympic college championships," which will be contested on Saturday, the 25th of this month, ought to be, from an athletic point of view, one of the most interesting track contests ever held. Coming as it does after all the regular dual meets and intercollegiate track games of the year have been held, and after the summer vacation has just begun, it ought to bring out the most representative collection of American college athletes that have ever met on any track or field. All of the large Eastern colleges, with the exception of Yale, have decided to send teams to St. Louis, and a number of Yale's best individuals are going out to compete on their own hook. The Pacific Slope athletes are more than keen for a chance to meet their Eastern rivals a thousand miles nearer home than Mott Haven; and as for the Middle Westerners, St. Louis is, of course, right on their own stamping ground. The astonishing showing made this spring by Michigan and California runners and weight throwers, and the casual manner in which the Ann Arbor men ran away from the fastest runners of the East at the University of Pennsylvania's annual relay games, add particular interest to the coming meeting of West and East at St. Louis. The time has gone by in track athletics when a victory at Mott Haven necessarily makes a man an American intercollegiate champion except in name.

### STRONG MEN IN THE MIDDLE WEST

Hahn of Michigan, who won the hundred yards at Philadelphia, has been credited repeatedly with beating 10 seconds. Schule of Michigan, who won the high hurdles at Philadelphia, has done 15 2-5 seconds on his home track this spring, and it was the Michigan relay team which, at Philadelphia, ran completely away from the teams of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, and Pennsylvania. At the same games, Swift of the University of Iowa won the discus throw, with his 114 feet 4 inches, over four feet less than the throw that the Michigan Freshman Garren made at the Ann Arbor spring games. Dole of California has an unauthenticated record of 12 feet 1 7-10 inches in the pole-vault, and Plaw of California, who holds the collegiate record for the hammer, threw the sixteen-pound missile on his home field this spring the extraordinary distance of 170 feet 5 inches. It was the mastodonic Mr. Rose of Michigan who, as everybody knows, smashed the world's record in the shot-put at Philadelphia, with his

throw of 48 feet 3 1/4 inches. At the Michigan-Chicago dual meet on May 21, Rose made this record 48 feet 7 1-5 inches. Mr. Rose is still a very young man—he is only nineteen in spite of his six feet and seven inches, and a large and florid career ought to be ahead of him as a weight thrower and as a football player. When he reached Ann Arbor he lost weight for some time through lack of sleep, because he couldn't get a bed long enough for him. On the advice of his trainer he finally sent to his California home and had his made-to-order couch forwarded. Mr. Rose is going in for the hammer as well as the shot.

### YALE'S NINE AND HARVARD'S CREW

HARVARD and Yale meet on the diamond for the first game of their series at Cambridge, June 23; the varsity at New London comes just a week later. As the time approaches for the traditional rivals to meet, the rather unusual impression has got abroad in both Cambridge and New Haven that Yale can pin her highest hopes upon her nine and that Harvard may expect the most from her crew. For the first time in many years the Harvard varsity has been picked almost at the beginning of the season, and before the crews went on the river the possibilities for seats in the first shell could almost be counted on the fingers. Three full eights have been rowing since the crews went on the river, and there have been few changes of importance in the first boat. The ice did not leave the Charles until the middle of March, and Captain Dillingham's illness was another misfortune suffered by the varsity. He neglected a blister on his hand and blood poisoning resulted, which came near to putting him out of rowing for the rest of his life. Dillingham, who stroked the four last spring at New London, will hold his place at bow, and there is little question that Filley will stroke.

Filley is considered a find for the stroke position. He has improved from the beginning of the out-of-door work, his most noticeable failing being a tendency to overreach, due to a desire to keep the stroke out long. His beat is remarkably regular. Particularly valuable is his ability to keep the men behind him up to their work without flustering them. Duffy, who, at No. 7, was considered the best oar in the boat, was forced, the third week in May, to take a rest, because of illness brought on by overwork on the river and in the law school. Bowditch, '05, who took his place, pulls a good oar, but the loss of Duffy is a serious one. Lawson, another veteran from last year's varsity, is at No. 5. At No. 6 is Shuebruk, who, although he did not row last year, has had the experience of three varsity contests against Yale. His experience has been of great value in this season's work. Swain, who rowed bow a year ago, is occupying No. 3. Ober, bow on the varsity four last spring, is at No. 2. Speed is one thing that Mr. Colson has been endeavoring to keep in the background, and he started the crews for the first few weeks on the river at eighteen or twenty strokes to the minute.

Yale can present only three of her last year's winning crew—Captain Cross, Miller, and Whittier. They will be found at stroke No. 7 and No. 6 respectively. Four of last year's freshman eight, according to the present outlook, will get varsity promotions—Chase, No. 5; Morse, No. 3; Scott, No. 2, and Weeks, bow. Stuyvesant Fish, Jr., who rowed in the varsity four last year, has been taken to the eight at No. 4. Not a man in the shell stands less than six feet in height. Not one weighs 100 pounds and only one weighs less than 175. With their sinewy forms, their long reach and sweep, they make an ideal physical combination. But it is a green crew and has yet to show its steadiness.

Yale has been weak in pitchers for several years. This year MacKay and Jackson are the equals of any pitchers Yale ever had, except possibly Stagg, while

Allen and Bowman are only a shade less effective and steady. Although Yale has lost by graduation her two greatest stars of last year, Chittenden and Barnwell, the newcomers, Huiskamp and Smith, are brilliant additions. At Harvard, the nine, like the crew, was hindered by the late spring. The result is that the team is more backward in its development than any for several years. The nine went on its Southern trip without the benefit of a single practice game, and lack of practice was evident on the trip. Since the return of the nine the daily practice has been exceedingly ragged, especially in the infield, the men showing little of the snap and dash that characterized the work a year ago. Even with eight men from the varsity squad, the team has not come up to expectations. For pitchers there is Captain Clarkson, one of the best on the college diamond to-day, who will alternate with Coburn. Quigley will probably catch. Carl Marshall, captain of the football eleven last fall, is anxious to be on some team that defeats Yale, and hopes to make the nine at left field. He has been played there recently and has shown improvement, his weak point being his batting. Captain Clarkson will play centre field when not pitching. There is a very fair string of substitutes, but Harvard will have to work harder this spring than she has for years to turn out a nine that can defeat Yale.

### THE YACHTING SEASON OPENS

BURGERS are being shaken out to the breeze and fleets dressing ship at the yacht clubs. With the 1st of June the yachting season really opened. Among the new yachts to be seen this year will be W. Gould Brokaw's *Sybarita*, purchased abroad, and reported to be the fastest yawl ever built in Great Britain. She is one of the prettiest of Designer Watson's many beautiful vessels, and under a new name she will enter the Astor Cup race, the long ocean race, and other New York Yacht Club events. Among the well-known yachts that have gone into commission during the past fortnight are the eighteen-knot *Norma*, which raced *Kanawha* off Newport last summer; Mr. Flint's *Arrow*, the big three-masted *Atlantis*, back from her long cruise in the Caribbean; the *Mindora*, *Celt*, *Kismet*, the famous old *Viking*, now an auxiliary; the *Latca*, *Endymion*, *Wanderer*, *Aloha*, *Narada*, *Wacouta*. Others are fast getting ready for the annual New York Yacht Club regatta on June 16. Among the American yachts which will race abroad this season are Commodore Morton F. Plant's schooner *Ingo-mar*. She made the passage from Bristol, Rhode Island, to the Needles in 15 days 9 hours 25 minutes, and behaved well the entire trip.

### MOTOR BOATING

THE motor-boat is the most recent and most alluring plaything devised for those who prefer sports in which the ordinary pleasures of the out-of-doors are combined with the application of mechanical skill. The motor-boat calls for the same knowledge of machinery that is needed for motor-driving. It presents to the hungry brain of the amateur chauffeur new problems in mechanics, and it gives him the opportunity of varying pleasantly the monotony of road touring with the novelty of touring on the water. He may drive his road-car from his town house to his country place or yacht club station, jump into his motor-boat, and glide at a twenty-knot clip over the water, and he needs now only a practical airship runabout to attain perpetual motion. Indeed, the story has been circulated that one rich American has already placed an order with Mr. Santos-Dumont for a flying machine. The challenge cup races to be held on the Hudson River, at New York, June 23, 24 and 25, are the most important events of the sort yet arranged for the summer. (Continued on page 20.)



# THE HILL OF TARIK IN AMERICA

By Herbert S. Houston

WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
ARTHUR HEWITT.



FROM Madeira the ship's course was straight for the Mediterranean. Among those on board, bound for the Orient, were a New York publisher and a bright boy from the West, eager for all the new sights of the Old World ahead. As the land breezes caught the pennant at the mast-head, the boy scanned the eastern horizon and he kept it up for hours.

"What are you looking for so hard?" inquired the publisher.

"Oh, I want to see that big sign of the Prudential on Gibraltar," and the boy still peered into the east. When at last the great rock, the hill of Tarik the Saracen, lifted its head above the ocean the boy searched in vain for the sign he was sure he would see. For him, as for all

other Americans who read the magazines, the Prudential was inseparably associated with Gibraltar. And this association has made the rock and the insurance company almost interchangeable terms, simply because each suggested strength. But the American Gibraltar achieved its strength in a few years by dauntless human endeavor, while the slow accretions of ages gave strength to its namesake, the mighty Hill of Tarik.

Ten years after the close of the Civil War—a period so recent that its history has scarcely been written—the Prudential was established in Newark. As if foreknowing the great rock to which it would grow, it began its foundation in a basement office. It was like the beginning of the New York *Herald* by Bennett, the elder, in a basement on Ann street. But it would be an idle play with words to make a basement office the real foundation of the Prudential. It was something much deeper down than that—nothing else than the bed-rock American principle of democracy. The Prudential applied the democratic principle to life insurance. As Senator Dryden of New Jersey, the founder of the company, has said, "Life insurance is of the most value when most widely distributed. The Prudential and the companies like it are cultivating broadly and soundly

American principle worked out in life insurance? In 1875 the first policy was written in the Prudential. At the end of 1903 there were 5,447,307 policies in force on the books of the company, representing nearly a billion dollars. The assets in 1876 were \$2,232.00, while twenty-seven years later, in 1903, they were more than 30,000 times greater, or \$72,712,435.44, the liabilities at the same time being \$62,578,410.81.

This is a record of growth that is without precedent in insurance and that is hard to match in the whole range of industry. The rise of the Prudential to greatness reads like a romance in big figures, but, in fact, it is a record of business expansion that has been as natural as the growth of an oak. The corn crop of the country seems too big for comprehension until one sees the vast fields of the Middle West, and then it appears as simple as the growth of a single stalk. So with the Prudential. To say that, in ten years, the company's income grew from something more than \$9,000,000 a year to more than \$39,000,000 last year is amazing as a general statement, but when made in relation to the broad principles on which that growth has been based, it becomes as much a matter of course as the corn crop. There is no mystery about it; but there is in it, from the day when the principles were planted in Newark until these great harvest days, the genuine American spirit of achievement, strong, hopeful, and expansive.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America is a national institution. It was founded to provide insurance for the American people on the broadest possible basis, consistent with strength and safety. It does not write insurance abroad. In the fullest sense it has worked out the democratic idea of safe insurance for the great masses of the American people. It has

sweeps the horizon for opportunity. Naturally, to such a vision the application of the democratic idea to insurance was an opportunity of the first magnitude. When seen, it was grasped and developed. The Prudential was founded. In the most careful way, its idea was tested, just as the Secretary of Agriculture tests seeds



CORRIDOR IN MAIN OFFICE

at the government's experiment farms. Here was where prudence kept the large vision in proper focus. Gradually the idea took root and grew. Year after year the Prudential added to its number of policy holders. And all the time the company was working out a more liberal basis for its democratic idea. But each time a more liberal policy was offered, it was fully tested. "Progress with strength" is the way President Dryden describes the company's principle of growth—the results, clearly, of vision and prudence. At the



BETWEEN THE GREAT BUILDINGS

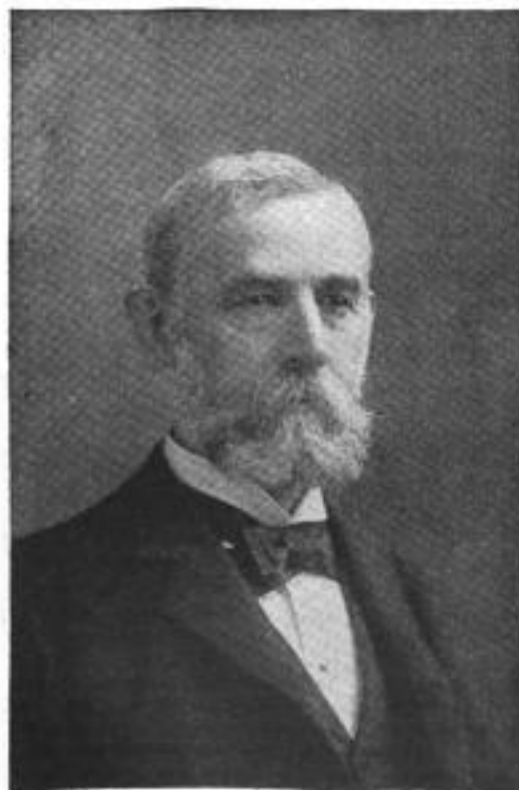
adjusted its policies to American conditions; it has based its dividends on the earning power of American investments; it has placed its premium rates on the American tables of vital statistics; in a word, it was intended to be and it has become an insurance company for the American people. And they have met the Prudential's broad American principles with a broad American support, and, as a result, the company's marvelous growth has come as naturally as the full ear on the stalk. But, as the full ear is always on a stalk that has been cultivated, so, too, the growth from the Prudential's principles has come through their spread by an organization that is a marvel of efficiency.

And right here is the most stirring chapter of the Prudential's rise to greatness. Just as Grant and Lee organized their armies, or as Kourapatkin and Yamagata plan their campaigns in Asia, so does the Prudential work out its national insurance propaganda. The company's organization is essentially military. It is a wonderful combination of big grasp and outlook with the most painstaking thoroughness and system in details. And, as is always the case in every organization that throbs throughout with intelligent energy, there is a man at the center of it. This man has a constructive imagination lighting up a New England brain. To business prudence there is added the large vision which



STAIRWAY TO MAIN OFFICES

end of ten years of this method of growth, the company reached the point where, it was believed, insurance could be safely offered for any amount with premium-payable on any plan, either in weekly instalments or at



U. S. SENATOR JOHN F. DRYDEN  
President The Prudential Insurance Company

among the masses the idea of life insurance protection. To them is being carried the gospel of self-help, protection, and a higher life."

And what has been the result of the democratic





SECTION OF POLICY DEPARTMENT

wonderful esprit de corps. Wise direction and constant encouragement come from the home office; and then the company's agents are grouped in districts, under superintendents and assistant superintendents, managers, general agents and special agents, and in each district a strong spirit of emulation is developed by human contact and cooperation. Weekly meetings are held, and the problems of wisely presenting insurance are discussed. Comparative records of the men are kept in many districts, and prizes are offered for those writing the largest volume of business, for those making the greatest individual increase, and for many other contests. This wholesome rivalry produces an alertness and industry which are to the company an invaluable asset in human efficiency. A few weeks after this periodical appears, probably 2000 agents of the Prudential—those who have made the best records for the year—will be brought to Newark from all parts of the country. They will, of course, visit the home offices and come in contact with the directing center of their wonderful organization.

And, after all, there is no place where one feels the greatness of the Prudential quite so much as in the vast granite piles which have been raised for the company's home buildings. They rise above the Jersey meadows



THE SWITCHBOARD

longer periods. Within the five years 1886 to 1890 inclusive, the company's assets increased nearly fivefold, from \$1,040,816 to \$5,084,895 and the amount of insurance in force from \$40,266,445 to \$139,163,654.

The Prudential had found itself. The idea of democratic insurance had been fully tested and adjusted to the needs and conditions of the American people. Then, with a boldness which only large vision could have quickened, the plan was formed to make the Prudential's idea known in every section of the country. Gibraltar was chosen as the symbol of the company's strength, and advertising—the telling of the Prudential idea to the people—was begun. At that time insurance advertising was a sea as unknown as the Atlantic when Columbus set sail from Palos. But, with a map of the United States for chart and a live idea for compass, the Prudential took passage in nearly every important magazine in the country, and thus safely made port in millions of homes. As the insurance idea was carried broadcast in this wide publicity, it was followed up by the well-drilled army of Prudential agents.

Again it was vision and prudence, and again the result was "Progress with strength." The Prudential grew into a place of foremost importance, known in every part of the world. The printed announcement—always attractive and suggestive—had never gone ahead of men bearing the insurance message until sent by the Prudential, and this conjunction marked the epoch in business in which advertising and personal endeavor should be used as complementary forces.

The Prudential publicity is accompanied by wise promotion from a field force of over 12,000, some of whom have been with the company for over a quarter-century, working in almost every State of the Union. They have the zeal of Crusaders, and it is kept at ardent pitch through an organization that could not fail to produce a

as Gibraltar does above the sea, a convincing witness, surely, to the growth and to the strength of the Prudential. But they are not a cold, gray rock, but a living

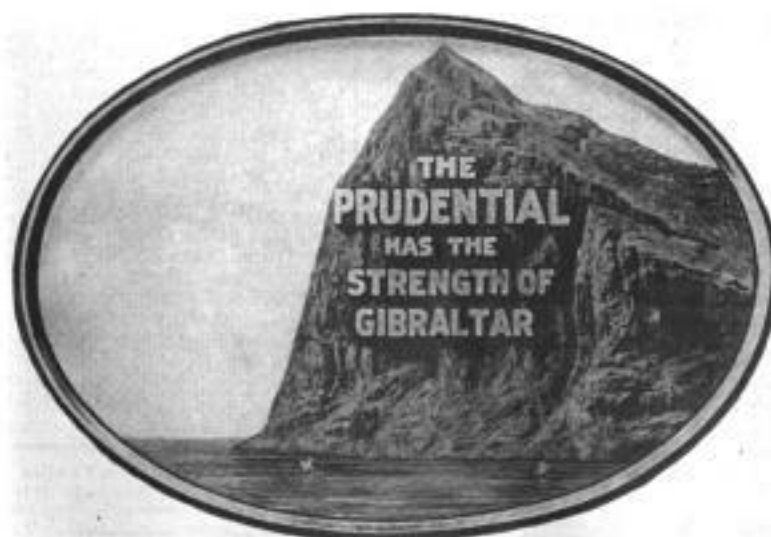
organism throbbing from vital contact with millions of policy holders. There are now four of these great buildings, all occupied by the company. In one of them is the Prudential's publishing plant, which, in equipment, surprising as this may seem, is equal to that of almost any publishing house in the country. Millions of booklets, two publications for the company,—one, "The Prudential," with a circulation of more than two millions—and the policies are all printed here, besides no end of commercial printing for the home office and for the district agencies. The big composing-room, the press-room with its eighteen presses, the bindery with its folding, cutting, sewing, and numbering machines, are models of cleanliness and light. But, for that matter, all the buildings are as spick and span as a man-o'-war. There are subways, well lighted, under the streets, connecting the different buildings. In every way there has been, in the arrangements, a conservation of energy and time to produce economy and efficiency in carrying on the company's vast business. As indicating how vast that is, the mail coming to and going from the Prudential is nearly as large as for all the rest of Newark, a city with more than 250,000 population and of great industrial importance. The mailing department is really a big city post-office. And in all the departments one gets the feeling of size that comes in the enormous government buildings at Washington. And it is as a national institution that the Prudential always fixes itself on the mind—its fundamental idea of democracy in insurance, its nation-wide organization for spreading the idea, its essentially American spirit throughout, all make the company worthy of its name the Prudential Insurance Co. of America.



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# OUT-OF-DOORS

(Continued from page 17)

A large number of auto-boats, ranging from 25 to 35 feet in length and fitted with motors of from 20 to 25 horsepower, are now building or have been built this spring for yachtsmen along the Sound and the neighboring waters. Abroad there will be races at Kiel, Ostend, Paris, and across the Channel. The race for the Harmsworth Cup will be held in August. The *Napier Minor* boat, defender of the Harmsworth Cup, is a typical auto-boat. She is 35 feet long, 5 feet beam, and is fitted with a 53 m.p. motor giving 80 b.h.p., and the propeller is designed to absorb the whole of the power of the engine when running at 1,100 revolutions.

The recent motor-boat races at Monaco show that the application of high-powered automobile engines to these tiny and fragile craft is still only crudely understood, and that the speeds which the boats have been thought able to attain have, thus far, been considerably overestimated. There have been many assertions to the effect that these boats, from twenty-five to fifty feet long, could go at a rate of thirty miles an hour, or as fast as the fastest torpedo-boats and torpedo-boat destroyers. As a matter of fact, the races off Monaco were won at speeds varying from eighteen to twenty-four knots, and experiments on this side of the water have shown that a boat which can consistently reel off twenty knots is a good one. That motor-boating has almost as many dangers as auto-racing was demonstrated at the races off Monaco. The *Parisienne II*, a 50-foot boat, fitted with three 80-horsepower Mors motors, each driving a separate propeller, had hardly crossed the starting line when she caught fire. The four men on board had to jump for their lives. They were fished out of the water by the other boats, but two were severely burned. On the day before this race this same boat lost one of her propellers and the shafting, and she lost another just before the accident in the race. The *Parisienne II* was towed ashore, and in spite of efforts to put the flames out, nothing could be done until all the oil had burned. Then it was found that the motors were completely destroyed. The cylinders were all cracked and the jackets and other parts were bent out of shape by the intense heat. The *Napier Minor*, an English-built boat, broke her pump when the race was one-third over. Another boat, the *Mercedes III*, shipped a sea and was almost swamped.



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**YOUNG'S REMARKABLE PITCHING**

Young, pitcher for the Boston American League team, enjoys the almost unique honor of having pitched through a nine-inning game in which not a man of the opposing team reached first base. The game was with the Philadelphia team, Waddell pitching for the latter. Waddell is a left-hander, long, lank, eccentric, and willful. Young is huge, quiet, and cool, and a right-hander. Inning after inning went by with the same result. Some of the Philadelphians hit the ball, but they couldn't hit it squarely, and were easily felled out. Waddell himself was the twenty-seventh Philadelphian to come to bat. He struck at two balls, and then sent a long fly to centre field, which was taken in by Stahl. Young's feat is almost unprecedented. About twenty years ago, John M. Ward and another pitcher won a similar triumph, but the distance from the pitcher's box was much shorter than now, and the pitcher was allowed all sorts of liberties in his motions. Young used all kinds of curves, including his "lazy ball," and he also used straight swift balls.

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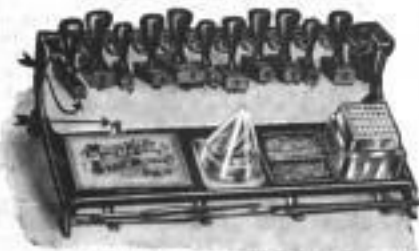
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A TIBETAN LAMA

**England's Advance Into Tibet**

By **MOHAMMAD BARAKATULLAH**

IN the excitement of the great war in the Far East, the British advance on the mysterious regions of the Dalai Lama's territory has not received the attention in the civilized world it would have received under ordinary circumstances. There are many reasons which have prompted the British Government in India to send this politico-commercial armed expedition into Tibet. The main reason is that it is a part of the general policy of England, which aspires to acquire supremacy over the continent of Asia. Secondly, this British move on Tibet is connected with special circumstances in reference to British prestige in the Indian peninsula. We deal first with the latter reason, and shall come to the general policy afterward.

India, which used to be fabulously rich, has become of late years exceedingly poor, because Indian industries have been destroyed by free competition with British-made goods. The products of the country are exported by British merchants, the land is overtaxed, the high offices of State are monopolized by foreigners, and thirty millions of pounds are drained yearly from India to England, for which there is no return. This state of things, which resulted in a most dreadful famine, extending over seven years, and which has swept away nearly twenty millions of souls during the last decade, has been the cause of great discontent with the British administration throughout Hindustan. Meanwhile the South African War broke out, and the British reverses and the capture of thousands of English soldiers by the Boers destroyed British prestige in the eyes of the people of Hindustan. Those who are responsible for the administration of affairs in India realized the situation and hastened to re-establish awe of the British and English prestige in the minds of the people of the Indian Empire. The coronation of King Edward VII afforded an occasion to hold a Durbar at Delhi to make a display of British pomp and grandeur, and to parade the British army on an unusually large scale, the sole purpose being to impress the populace with the strength of the British Empire. And no sooner were the coronation ceremonies over than steps were taken to send an expedition into Tibet, to further convince the Indian peoples of England's power and majesty. An excuse was readily found in the non-fulfillment by the Government of the Lama of the convention made in 1892, between India and the representatives of China, of which Tibet is a vassal state, concerning trade between India and Tibet.

**Lord Curzon Anticipates**

In order to create public opinion in advance, both in England and in India, favorable to the forward policy of Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, his Lordship took occasion to make the following remarks in the legislative council at Calcutta, on March 24, 1903: "The great European powers are also becoming great Asiatic powers. Already we have Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany, and Turkey, and then in the place of all the smaller European kingdoms and principalities we have the empires and the states of the East—Japan, China, Tibet, Siam, Afghanistan, and Persia, only a few of them strong and robust, the majority containing the seeds of inevitable decay. There lie in these events, and in this renewed contact, or collision, as the case may be, between the East and West, omens of the greatest significance to this country [India]. The geographical position of India will more and more push her to the forefront of international politics. She will more and more become the strategic frontier of the British Empire." The Viceroy's speech had its desired effect, and the British and the Anglo-Indian press took up in chorus the strain of his lordship's lay. Leading newspapers, like the "Times of India," which had described the invasion of Tibet as "cold-blooded buccaneering," and the "Pioneer" of Allahabad, which declared it to be "a wildcat scheme of annexation," were thereby won over. This resolution of Lord Curzon to open Tibet brought also great joy to the men of the forward policy in India. "A large, ebullient body of young minds, not necessarily always possessed by young men either," to whom the glamour of the Forbidden City was irresistible, to whom the romance of the unknown formed the great temptation of their lives, and whose curiosity to trample out the secrets of the Grand Lama's palace

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was only one degree less burdensome to them than their desire to go simply for the fun of knocking the stiff-necked exclusivist off his perch, and humbling him before their "march of civilization," simply because he chose to be an exclusivist. Then the glory and the world-wide fame of being the Viceroy of India who opened Tibet and carried the British flag into Lhasa was, too, no less a temptation for an ambitious man like Lord Curzon.

All these considerations, though significant in themselves, lose their importance when compared with the general onward policy of England in Asia. This British move beyond the Himalayas on the Hermit Kingdom of the Lama is a preliminary step toward the extension of the British Empire in Chinese territory, aiming to ultimately reach the Yangtze Valley from the west, in the course of the evolution of time. This is a step, too, to recover the ground lost in competition with Russia in the scramble for territorial aggrandizement in the continent of Asia. For, while England was occupied in the late South African War, Russia took advantage of the opportunity and made her position strong in the Near, Middle, and Far East, leaving England far behind in the race. As soon as the Boer war was over, and the coronation ceremonies had been gone through, England at once started to rehabilitate her position in the Orient. This momentous enterprise across the snow-covered passes of the Himalayas could not, of course, be undertaken before an auspicious atmosphere had been created on the horizon of international politics. Russia alone was a rival of such consequence that she must be kept occupied somewhere else. Last spring, it seems, the necessary forces were set in motion to achieve this end. Macedonia was set on fire in the Near East, and Japan, the ally of England, also began to stir up the question of Korea and Manchuria with Russia in the Far East.

### Col. Younghusband's Mission

A most remarkable coincidence, and one that should not be lost sight of by students of international politics, is that when Japan opened negotiations with Russia regarding Korea and Manchuria in July, England also sent a mission at the same time under Colonel Younghusband, with three hundred armed Sikhs as an escort, to negotiate with the representatives of the Lama at Khamba Jong, a place thirty miles within the territory of Tibet. Although the Tibetans offered no resistance to the invaders of their soil, and showed no disposition to fight, making no warlike preparations, yet the British force did not proceed further than Khamba Jong, where Colonel Younghusband quartered his soldiers in a fortified camp prepared by himself. Later, in October last, when matters became warm in Macedonia, and the Russo-Japanese negotiations were fairly advanced, the Indian Government prepared an expedition on a regular war footing, ordered it to join the force at Khamba Jong, and then to proceed to occupy the Chumbi Valley, ninety miles nearer to Lhasa, the capital of Tibet. Since last October the Chumbi Valley has been in the possession of British troops, but since then the British have advanced further, with occasional opposition from the Tibetans. Doubtless that the country is very difficult of access, even the camp where the British force has its base being 14,000 feet above the sea, and where throughout the winter the temperature remains below zero. But the very fact that the Indian Government should occupy Khamba Jong in July, and then after four months go a step further and take the Chumbi Valley, shows clearly that England has been proceeding on this business with great circumspection, keeping her eyes on the barometer of international affairs, and watching carefully Russia's position in the Near and Far East. The climax of coincidence is reached in the fact that England issued the Blue Book containing the correspondence with Russia concerning Tibet simultaneously with the rupture of diplomatic relations between Russia and Japan by the formal act of the latter. This shows that Japan kept her ally well informed on the progress of her negotiations with Russia, and also in regard to her own intentions as to peace or war, while England shaped her own policy in Asia accordingly. Now, as Russia is seriously entangled in the Far East, and the war-clouds seem to be thickening over the Balkans, England will have an open field in Tibet when the spring breaks the severity of the Tibetan winter, and will bring under her sway a vast plateau three times the size of France, which overhangs China and India.

### Tibet is a Rich Country

In western Tibet, in a number of places, as Sathol, Thoklung, and Thok Daurakpa, the gold fields are said to be extensive. The ordinary articles of commerce which Tibet supplies are well known, but the country is rich in undeveloped mineral treasures. As India has been squeezed almost to the last drop, now Tibet holds out a good prospect for British exploiters and company floaters and promoters. There will also be opened gradually a market for the consumption of the manufactures of the British Isles.

If the views of the London "Morning Post," expressed some time ago, be taken as those of the British Government, then this British move on Tibet concurrently with the progress of the Russo-Japanese War, with the possibility of both combatants being crippled, may be taken as the beginning of a new era of the conquest of Asia by England. Afghanistan must soon expect to share the fate of Tibet. "We can have no buffer states," says the "Morning Post." "If there are natural frontiers," it argues, "the best of them is the long stretch of desert that reaches from the Caspian to the edge of Manchuria."

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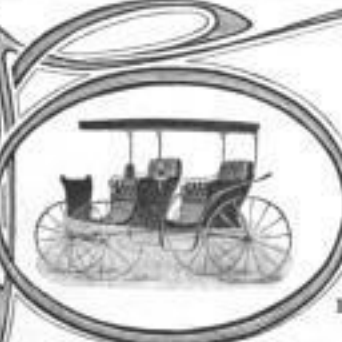
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My customers are merchants, manufacturers, bankers, more of the latter in proportion than any other class of business men. In other words, my customers are men with bank accounts, who would not smoke my cigars unless they had the quality—no matter what the price.

**MY GUARANTEE IS:**—that the filler of these cigars is clear, clean, long Havana—no shorts or sweepings. The wrappers are genuine Sumatra. This guarantee has been attached to every box of these cigars that I have ever sold.

**MY OFFER IS:**—I will, upon request, send one hundred Shivers' Panetela Cigars on approval to a reader of COLLIER'S WEEKLY express prepaid. He may smoke ten of the cigars and return the remaining ninety at my expense if he is not pleased—and no charge. If he keeps the cigars he agrees to remit the price, \$5.00, within ten days.

I would not dare to make this offer if my statements were not absolutely true. I risk one-tenth of all the cigars I sell—and more, when unworthy people take advantage of me—as well as the cost of expressage. Wouldn't I be a dolt to send out cigars that would not stand the test?

In ordering, please use business letter-head or enclose business card; also state whether strong, medium, or mild cigars are desired.

**HERBERT D. SHIVERS**  
906 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.



Shivers' Panetela  
EXACT SIZE  
EXACT SHAPE

## Fisherman's Outfit



**No. 9.**

This Splendid High Grade Outfit consists of a long-gun three jointed, split butt two nickel mounted rod, made of selected stock, six strips carefully glued and evenly finished, very closely with wrapped, solid nickel reel.

All woodings are full heavy nickel plated. Cork handle. Rod is 6½ feet long, comes in a stained and varnished bamboo form and cloth bag. One fine quality rubber band holding, long Rod, full nickel plated, nickel bar, back wiring click and drag, balance handle, built 40 yards of line. Outfit also contains 15 yards of extra quality Hard Braided silk for trout or bass, 50 feet of water proof S. I. C. Gun Line, No. 64. Two dozen split shot for fishing. Three No. 1 Rigged Waders for Bass fishing. Six assorted styles line and trout flies. One six foot Silverware Gel Leader. Eighteen single gut hooked Hooks, assorted for trout and bass. One soft Rubber Frog, perfect imitation. One No. 4 Fluted Trolling Spoon, nickel plated with nickel hooks, nicely finished. One nickel float. This outfit would ordinarily cost at retail at least \$1.00. We will send it to you with the distinct understanding, that if you are not satisfied with it after you have examined it, you can return it to us at our expense and we will refund your money.

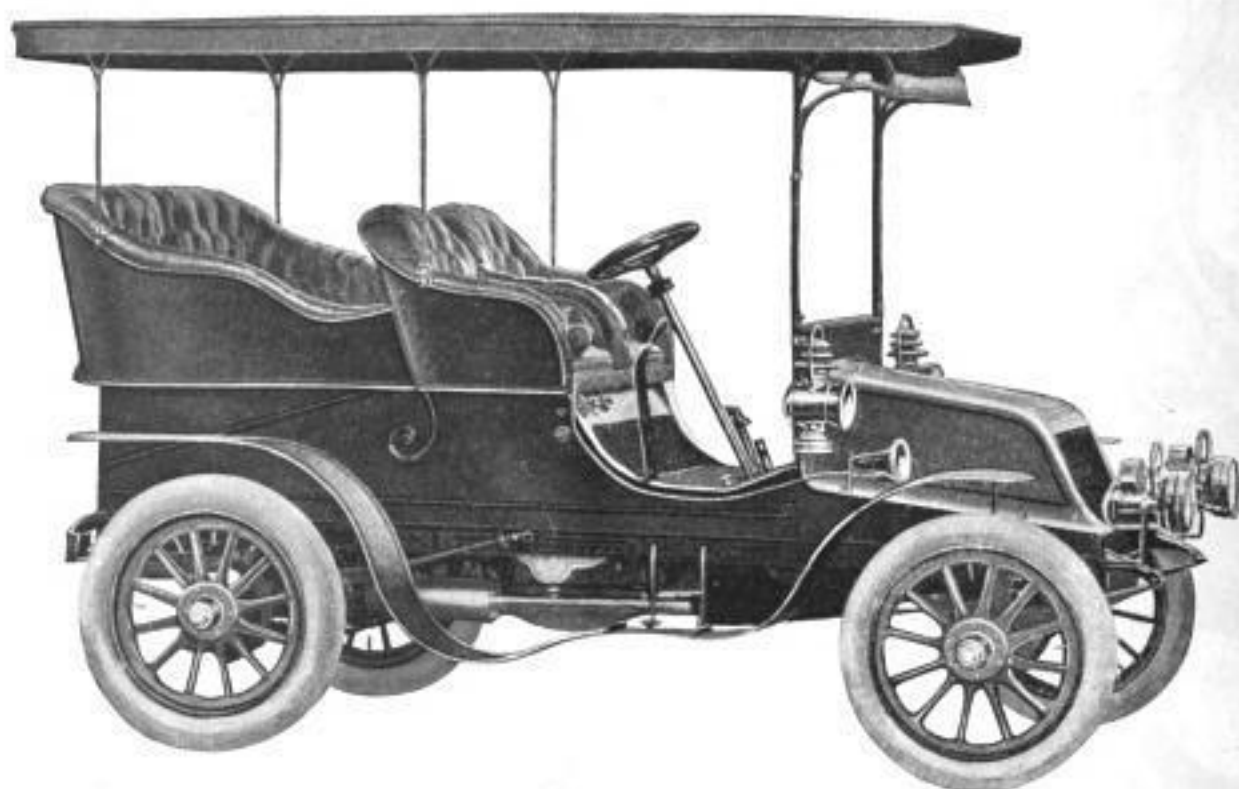
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Our Hardware, New Sporting Goods Catalog, containing everything for the Fisher or Hunter, mailed free upon application.

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Behind the fact that the Winton is king of motor cars is our extensive automobile manufacturing experience, coupled with right construction. These make it king.

Cylinders are horizontal, because horizontal cylinders are unequalled in speed and power. Mechanism is easily understood: to operate the Winton one need not have a mechanical education. Air-governing system is simple and absolute, assuring you ease of mind and safety. And the price—\$2500—is right. You always pay for what you get—pay other than Winton price and you will not get Winton quality.

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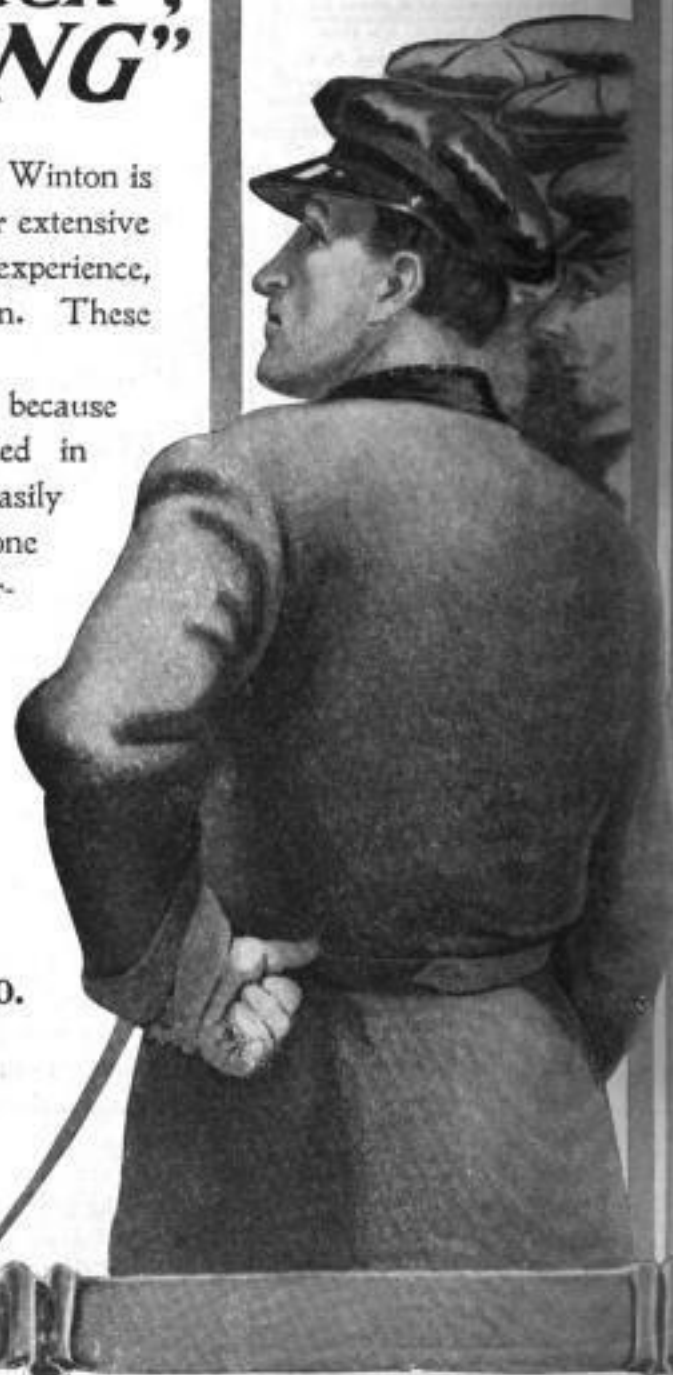
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# COLLIER'S

JUNE FICTION NUMBER



RUSSIAN TRANSPORT TRAIN AND ESCORT RESTING AT YINKOW

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. F. J. ARCHIBALD, COLLIER'S CORRESPONDENT ATTACHED TO THE RUSSIAN HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

Yinkow is the port to Newchwang, where several thousand Russian troops were concentrated under General Kondratovich (whose portrait appears on page 12), about two months ago. Newchwang is a treaty port on the Liaotung Gulf about half-way between Port Arthur and Mukden. Since the Japanese landed under General Oku on the Liaotung Peninsula, most of the Russian troops have been withdrawn further north, although St. Petersburg despatches have repeatedly stated that they would be used to attack the rear or flank of General Oku's army operating against Port Arthur. The unfinished building shown in the photograph was being constructed by the Russians for use as administration offices for the civil government of the district.





**G**ENIUS FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT has been shown in England alone of the great nations of modern Europe, and we have fortunately inherited the laws and the spirit of the country of Magna Charta and Habeas Corpus, of OLIVER CROMWELL, CHATHAM, BURKE, and FOX. Our fathers in the Revolution took up arms against a preamble; they fought upon a legal principle; and, as WEBSTER put it, "on this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome in the height of her glory is not to be compared"—against the same power from which they had inherited their spirit of individual rights and initiative. Explaining why political life in France has never been as free and stable as in England, a brilliant historian observes that the French can never get away from the idea of having the Government do everything. "All improvements of any importance, all schemes for bettering even the material condition of the people, must receive the sanction of the Government. . . . The Government is believed to see everything, know everything, and provide for everything. . . . In fact, the whole business of the State is conducted

#### SOCIALISM AND DEMOCRACY

on the supposition, that no man either knows his own interest, or is fit to take care of himself." It is all part of the spirit which, under pretence of protecting the people, shackles their liberty, diminishes their responsibility to themselves, and deprives them of the profound education which is given by providing for future contingencies, and by the habit of solving for themselves the difficulties of life. On one hand is the spirit of Democracy; on the other the spirit of paternal government and Socialism. It is strange in this country to see the party which has borne and often deserved the name Democratic now containing a large element of the exact opposite, or Socialistic. Democracy means as little government as possible, the life of the nation being carried forward by all the individuals. Socialism means that the citizens give up their liberty and individuality to the State, which runs their business for them. The increase of Socialism in the United States is due to the abuses of capital, protected by unequal laws, and to the great recent immigration from countries where the principles of free government are unknown. Unfortunately it has fastened itself upon the noble principles of the historic free Democratic party. We hope something will happen at St. Louis which will set apart clearly free Democracy, on the one hand, and Socialism, with its inevitable demagogues, on the other. In other words, the best thing that could happen would be for the Populists to drop the mask and bolt.

**MR. BRYAN'S VIEW** of the contest in Missouri has been one which hardly adds credit to a politician who professes always to reek with moral principle. What has been so unmistakably an ethical contest, with extreme corruption on one side and intelligent purification on the other, Mr. BRYAN has insisted on treating as a matter of mere party expediency. When the machine had a strong seeming chance to win, Mr. BRYAN struck his little blow at FOLK by echoing the plea of the Missouri boodlers, that there was more than one virtuous man in the local Democratic party. Now that FOLK

#### AS WELL UN SAID

has entirely routed his opponents, Mr. BRYAN comes out with an attempt to make all factions comfortable. It was in Missouri politics, as will be remembered, that Mr. BRYAN picked Gumshoe BILL STONE as a fitting person to be President. He now has a friendly word for Mayor REED, and his "conspicuous public service," who, as Mr. BRYAN alleges, was supported by all Democrats "conspicuous in the organization." Mr. BRYAN's use of the adjective conspicuous seems to be correct. He credits the organization with opposing the nomination of Mr. FOLK because that nomination would be a weak one. Sancta simplicitas! We would suggest to Mr. BRYAN that his views on Missouri politics are among those possessions which would as well be treasured in the seclusion of his own soul.

**A CERTAIN KIND OF ECONOMY** is successfully practiced by a group of newspapers, which are owned by one man, and which are not prudish in their consciences. They save a good deal of money by it, and they decorate their pages with names which could not be procured by other means. The reader will find, frequently on one page, some such array as this, of talent and importance: "What I Think of the Nobility," by LEO TOLSTOI; "The Quality of American Literature," by WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS;

"Attack and Defence," by Captain A. T. MAHAN. The reader is pleased to have his paper able to employ for his benefit all these able writers to discourse to him on the questions of the day. He is so unreasonable, that he would probably not be so much impressed if he knew the prosaic circumstances: that these articles were not written for his enterprising newspaper, but were gathered from old books, interviews, or speeches, when not actually "faked." Especially would he be less impressed if he knew that the authors had frequently refused to contribute to the newspaper, not caring to be identified with a sheet so heedless of the truth. But the author is unprotected by the law, so the owner of the newspaper can appropriate the old material and indicate to his readers that it is freshly written for their especial benefit. We add this detail to others which we have occasionally brought forward, to show how eminently fitted is the owner of the newspaper yellow trust to become the political Moses, the moral philosopher and guide, of the helpless and downtrodden American people.

**THE ARROGANCE OF MONOPOLY** found, during the great coal strike of 1902, its most delightful champion in Mr. GEORGE F. BAER, President of the Reading Railway and head of that illegal combination known as the Coal Trust. Illegal, we say; for, whatever it may be possible to bring within the rules of evidence, nobody doubts that the men who own the railways and the coal actually do contravene the law. Mr. BAER has moderated a little since those exciting days two years ago. He then seemed to assert that Divine Providence had expressly appointed him to conduct the business in which he was so ruthlessly and so profitably engaged. He now alleges merely that when, "like any other good merchant," the coal roads charge all they can get, "the Lord is responsible." When the coal barons water their stock and then say it must earn four per cent, and when they defeat the laws in order to make this water good, is the Lord also the person on whom Mr. BAER so jauntily lays the blame? It seems to us that the pious BAER might better discuss his acts without appealing to supernatural authority. When a man is engaged in getting all the money he can, especially by a grinding monopoly, it is a question between him and the law, not between the public and the Creator.

**DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE** is the basis of modern Democracy. Germany has contributed a great deal more to science, philosophy, and literature than we have, but while it has contributed much it has diffused little. It is striking and suggestive, therefore, when Germany indulges in some act or expression which would be unthinkable in this country. It is reported that the place where the Emperor WILLIAM shot his thousandth stag is to be marked, for the uplifting of future generations, by a block of stone weighing fifty hundredweight. The spot rendered so notorious is near Zehdenick, and about thirty miles north of Berlin. The inscription is to run as follows: "Our most gracious Margrave and Lord the Emperor WILLIAM II laid low at this spot, on September 20, 1898, his thousandth stag, a noble creature of twenty times." To Americans this inscription is too contemptible to be even properly absurd. The incident only reminds us of how backward a civilization may be in one respect when it is so advanced in others. Another incident, which happened about the same time, shows how inevitable is the trend of Democracy. The greatest organ of opinion in the world, a bulwark of conservative thought in England, has made a reduction in its price—a slight one, to be sure, but none the less an entering wedge. The "Times," in taking this step, makes a concession to the spirit of the age, which in every Democratic country takes account of a constantly larger fraction of the population. This change is a mark of progress in the diffusion of Democratic opinion as clearly as the Kaiser's inscription is a ridiculous attempt to keep alive an outgrown superstition.

**IN THE ANCIENT WORLD** war called to its service the ablest men of every kind. In Greece, for instance, SOCRATES, PLATO, SOLON, THEMISTOCLES, PERICLES, ALCIBIADES, DEMOSTHENES, XENOPHON, THUCYDIDES—statesmen, philosophers, orators, historians—all were soldiers, some of them commanders of high distinction. BUCKLE's judgment is that CROMWELL, WASHINGTON, and NAPOLEON are the only first-rate modern warriors who were equally competent to govern, and the English army for two centuries and a half has





possessed, as writers of distinction, only NAPIER and RALEIGH. In this country, our history is short, but the case of WASHINGTON is unlikely to be repeated. We have made Presidents out of professional soldiers, but most of the experiments have not been distinguished for success. It is true, nevertheless, that men who have been in the army, usually but a short time, have taken a much higher position in American civil life than they have in the recent life of England. The explanation is that our great war was fought by civilians and called upon a large portion of the young men of forty years ago, which was true of the Revolution also. Nevertheless, since WASHINGTON, there is nobody really eminent for ability both in war and peace, unless JACKSON be admitted as a doubtful example. England has, in her two greatest generals, MARLBOROUGH, whose name in civil life is a synonym for weakness and lack of principle, and WELLINGTON, who was a powerful but merely reactionary political leader. War has become specialized, with other things. It is no longer, in the freest countries, the profession in which a man of ability sees the greatest probability of glory. It almost never attracts, therefore, men of varied talents, but only those whose aptitude is special. Armies are vast but wars are few, and, although a ROBERTS and a KITCHENER gain applause, they are rapidly forgotten, in comparison with a CHAMBERLAIN, a HUXLEY, or a KIPLING. War no longer draws the most interesting men because it no longer offers them the most interesting opportunities.

**C**OURAGE IS PARTLY FASHION, or habit, and partly innate temperament. People often try to explain it away. They say, perhaps, that the Japanese are really inferior in courage to Europeans, their fearlessness growing out of insensitiveness, the lower value put on life, and training with a special view to hardihood. But to think you have proved courage away by showing how it originates is a muddy sort of reasoning. It is clearer to say that we value other things as much as courage. "An intrepid courage is at best but a holiday kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of necessity; affability, mildness, tenderness, and a word which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virtue—I mean good nature—are of daily use; they are the bread of mankind and the staff of life." This judgment is even more the creed of civilization to-day than it was when DRYDEN wrote, but in Japan courage is as much the primal virtue as it was in antique Rome. Asiatics are not supposed to be as delicately organized, nervously, as Western races are, and as modern civilization tends to make us. The pale cast of thought is capable of as striking bravery as barbaric ardor, but it is less often aroused to desperate action. Moralists have argued that the courage which grows from constitution often forsakes a man when he has occasion for it, but the courage which arises from a sense of duty is uniform; just as moralists argue that bullies and the cruel have no courage, which is not true. Courage, as a matter of fact, may be one of the lowest virtues, as it may be one of the highest. The most trustworthy military courage, to-day, comes from special training to that particular end, and not from any reasoned sense of duty. The Chinese are deemed by almost all Oriental scholars a higher race, intellectually and morally, than the Japanese. They lack the unsurpassed courage of the islanders merely because public opinion and military organization have not developed it. A comparison between Oriental and Western courage, when both are organized, will be more easily made when the present war is over.

**N**ATURE IS NOT MORAL. The survival of the strongest is not a rule of ethics. Race prejudice is natural, and it is deemed by the majority of deep scholars to be a bar against degeneration. It is, however, so uncharitable in detail that we find always thousands, especially of the spiritual, protesting against the instinct. This argument, for instance, from the "Christian Register," one of the best weeklies in the country, typifies this trend of thought: "A very curious spectacle is presented when a Jew in America makes a vehement demand for the exclusion of the Chinese. One would think that the sufferings of the Jews under exclusion acts, and other limitations of their liberty to work for a living and to enjoy the proceeds of their labor, would have made them tolerant in regard to other races. Such a spectacle as a Jewish workingman urging the exclusion of the Chinese is a wonderful illustration of the persistence of racial prejudices

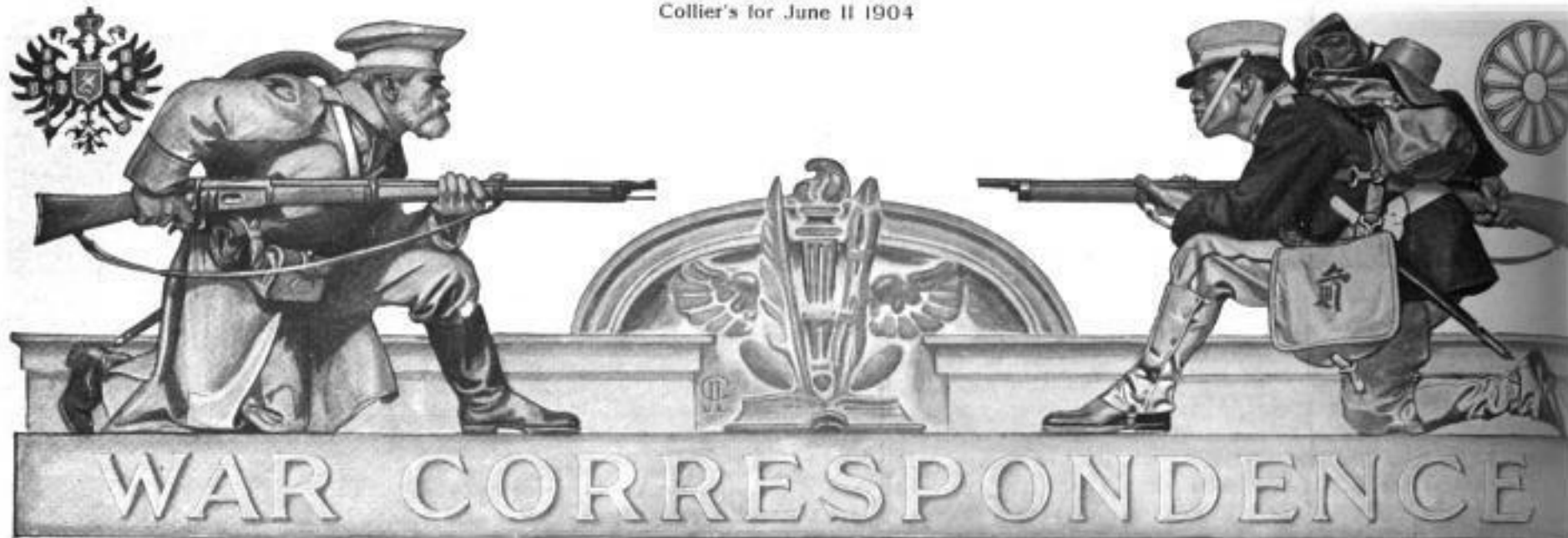
and dislikes." Irishmen and Jews protesting against the injuries which they suffer at the hands of governments and nationalities to which they are subject, instead of learning tolerance from their sufferings, agree to inflict upon the Chinese every social and industrial disability of which in their own case they complain. This means only that logic has a small part in the history of nature and humanity. A strict consistency would end in universal sameness or in universal death. Evolution is a history of war. "Every war," says MACHIAVELLI, "that is necessary is just." Every hostile measure that is necessary is just, and by necessary we mean tending to strengthening and advantage. On the present issue, we personally favor mitigating our Chinese treaty only to admit educated men. We oppose admitting the Chinese generally. We should be glad to see an education clause directed against Southeastern Europe, and we believe in a certain merely social discrimination against the negro. The Jew and the Irishman, excluding the Chinaman, are uncharitable, even as nature is uncharitable. An end of DARWIN'S laws would mean the end of progress.

**P**ATRIOTISM IS A NOBLE EMOTION which lends itself easily to the ridiculous. A Boston woman has carried the fad for ancestry societies to its legitimate conclusion by heading a movement to consolidate the Grandchildren of the War Veterans of 1861-5. Her society should have at least the merit of voluminous enrolment. It has already led to suggestions for Aunts of the Heroes of San Juan Hill, Brothers-in-Law of Conscripts of the Sixties, and First Cousins once Removed of Filipino Extremators. Anything which is snobbery masquerading as historic interest or patriotism deserves burlesque. Patriotism, according to Dr. JOHNSON, is the last refuge of a scoundrel. Socially it is rather the last refuge of a fool. Perhaps we can get beyond the wars, and organize all the relatives of CARNEGIE heroes. A heroic race needs no hero fund. A race of patriots needs no patriotic gossip parties. Historical societies should be composed of historians. Snobbishness, pedantry, and their kindred vices consist in putting an over-emphasis on some one possession or distinction, and the smaller the trait celebrated the pettier the vice. Pedantry, which is the vanity of knowledge, is therefore a step or two above snobbishness, which is the vanity of class. The singular fertility shown by the genealogy societies in devices for making themselves ridiculous is to be explained by the absurdity of the motives on which they are founded. LAVINIA I, Queen of the Holland Dames, and her theatrical career, were a natural outcome of the pseudo-patriotic movement. In organizations flimsily founded, flimsy people get to the top. The Boston woman and her new burlesque will be well employed if they hasten the end of queens, daughters, and dames. Our librarians are kept busy furnishing books to ladies who wish to dig up remote ancestry for social glamour.

**T**HE MOST IMPRESSIVE GRAVEYARD in the world is perhaps one in Washington, where rows and rows of monotonous small slabs extend along the hills, and under the trees, and fade away, as uniformly as a sea, with a melancholy as vast, a simplicity that overwhelms. The individuals are lost in the impression, as drops are nothing in the ocean. And in this city, also, is the one of all modern monuments that gives the deepest feeling and the highest thought to death, far outreaching the record of any single life. It bears not a word upon it, but sits as silent and as strong as the fate which hangs above us all. It has the calm and the fearfulness of death. It is universal. It is, in the sculptor's genius, almost acceptable; above sorrow as above joy; familiar as the air; a passenger on every breeze. "O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none has dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, Hic jacet!" Thus the great Elizabethan, who had done and felt so much. Death should never be robbed of its dread simplicity. A ruined graveyard is more impressive than a collection of pretentious marbles. The average cemetery is a parody of death, the ordinary inscription a belittling of life. Monuments and burial grounds profound and simple as those we have been praising, make it easier to live with seriousness and to die with decency.

BURIAL  
GROUNDS





#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

According to the Tokyo Asahi's Tientsin correspondent, the Russian authorities on the 20th inst. gave permits to the following correspondents to proceed from Ying-kow to Mukden:—

The New York Collier's Weekly, two correspondents.

The London Morning Post, one.

The Paris and New York Herald, one.

Le Temps, one.

Le Journal (P), Italian paper, one.

American Associated Press, one.

Permits were refused to the correspondents of the following papers:—

The London Times.

The London Daily Telegraph.

The London Daily Mail.

The New York World.

The New York Journal.

The San Francisco Examiner.

*THE accompanying cut is a reproduction of a clipping from the Japan "Times," published in Tokio and sent to us by our correspondent, Mr. Richard Harding Davis. It will be seen from this that COLLIER'S is better represented with the armies of both nations now at war in the Far East than any other newspaper or periodical in the world. In the letter inclosing this clipping Mr. Davis says: "I can not sufficiently congratulate you on the double-barreled success with both armies. To have two men, when no other newspaper or periodical in any language has more than one, is a spectacular triumph. Of course one man is a photographer, but all the other papers would have been eager to send a photographer if they could have done so. No other periodical of any country—not even England, Japan's ally—has more than one correspondent with each column, and COLLIER'S has two with BOTH the Russians and the Japanese. This compliment from the rival governments, and opposed armies, is one of the highest ever paid a newspaper."*

*The four correspondents referred to by Mr. Davis are Mr. Frederick Palmer and Mr. James H. Hare with General Kuroki's army, which crossed the Yalu; and Mr. J. F. J. Archibald and Mr. Victor Bulla with General Kuropatkin's forces in Manchuria.*

*On May 26 we received a cablegram from Mr. Archibald saying that he had left Mukden and had made a two hundred mile journey on horseback to Kaopontze, where he had taken train for Tien-tsin. (Kaopontze, or Kou-pang-tze, is a small town on the railroad which runs from Newchwang to Tien-tsin. It is near the boundary line of China and Manchuria, and is now occupied by a large body of Chinese regular troops.)*

*Mr. Archibald left the last Cossack outpost near Mukden, and between there and Kaopontze traveled through a district infested by Chinese outlaws. He was the only correspondent to get through the Russian lines since the beginning of the war. We instructed him at once to send a cablegram descriptive of the situation as it was at that time. The following message, received from him May 30, throws an interesting light upon the conditions existing with the Russians. As Mr. Archibald says in his first sentence, this cable message—being sent from Peking, China—is uncensored, and therefore not tinged with Russian official coloring. Mr. Archibald returned to Mukden at once after sending this despatch, and is now again with the Russian forces.*

## WITH THE RUSSIANS IN MANCHURIA

Special Cable Despatch from J. F. J. ARCHIBALD, Collier's Correspondent attached to the Russian Headquarters in the Field

Copyright 1904 by Collier's Weekly

PEKING, May 30.

**T**HIS is an uncensored despatch—the first to get out of the Russian lines since the war began. But if American readers expect that an uncensored despatch means a sensation, they will be disappointed; for within the great barrier of official secrecy all things go forward with amazing quiet and thoroughness.

There is much fighting continually, but little in comparison with what we shall, no doubt, have later on. In all the fights up to the present the enemy have greatly outnumbered the Russian forces engaged. The entire Russian army anxiously waits for the Japanese

to uncover their plan of campaign, so that a great force may be brought into concerted action. Russia now has a sufficient force in the field to withstand any attack from the Japanese. Regiments of Russian regular troops are pouring in every day. The hussars and dragoons are vastly superior to the first contingent of cavalry, which was mainly recruited in Siberia. Trains are arriving from Mukden at the rate of from six to ten every day. Hundreds of extra sidings have been built along the entire seven thousand miles of track. Hundreds of guns and thousands of horses are pouring into Manchuria.

The Russian military officers can not understand why the enemy should have waited so long to attack. At the outset they could have marched through to Harbin with but little opposition, but now Russia has had time to prepare a strong resistance.

Last week the Japanese main force appeared to be advancing against the Russians, but as soon as their advance guard sighted the Russian outposts they withdrew without giving battle. They did this, no doubt, upon discovering the Russians' true strength. It is now thought that the enemy may assault Port Arthur on the land side before making any further advance into Manchuria. Such tactics would exactly suit Russia; should the enemy assault Port Arthur, the large Russian force in the neighborhood of Yinkow will strike at the Japanese flank.

The Chinese bandits called Hunghutzes (sometimes spelled Chunchuses) are very active along the western Russian outposts. I rode from Mukden to Kaopontze, leaving the last Cossack outpost directly west of Mukden. Depredations by the Hunghutzes were reported everywhere. At Kaopontze I saw twenty Japanese dressed as Chinese organizing a force of brigands under a famous Hunghutze leader. In this camp there were five thousand brigands paid, fed, and armed by the Japanese. The object of this organization is still unknown.

Railroad communication with Port Arthur is now suspended, but fifty Russian workmen, who have arrived at Tien-tsin from Port Arthur, having come up by sea, say that the garrison is in perfect health and spirits. Reports to the effect that the Russian troops are low-spirited are absolutely false. There is also less drinking among the Russian troops than with any army I ever accompanied—much less than takes place with an American field force. General Kuropatkin's army is at present within striking distance of Liaoyang. There are now more than 250,000 reserves at Mukden and neighboring places, and many regiments at Yinkow.

The Russian hospital service is exceedingly good. Many aristocratic ladies are serving as nurses. The natives continue to work in the fields, heedless of the war, and the crops are coming up in sufficient quantities to afford subsistence for horses and men for at least a year. There is an enormous food supply in Manchuria as yet untouched by the Russian commissariat. There is no advance in the prices of flour, bread, or other goods, and the supply seems to be undiminished.

There is practically no sickness among the Russian troops. The situation at Yinkow remains unchanged. It looks as if the Russians were trying to draw the Japanese into an occupation of that place.



MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY

Born in York County, Pa., in 1833, and graduated from Jefferson College in 1850. Senator Quay (who died May 28) entered the legal profession and held various State offices prior to his election to the United States Senate. He served as Senator for fifteen years, and for twenty years was a member of the Republican National Committee, acting as its Chairman in the successful Presidential campaign of 1888. "He possessed rare scholarly attainments and an iron will. For nearly twenty years Senator Quay was the political 'boss' of the State of Pennsylvania, controlling all State and Federal patronage."



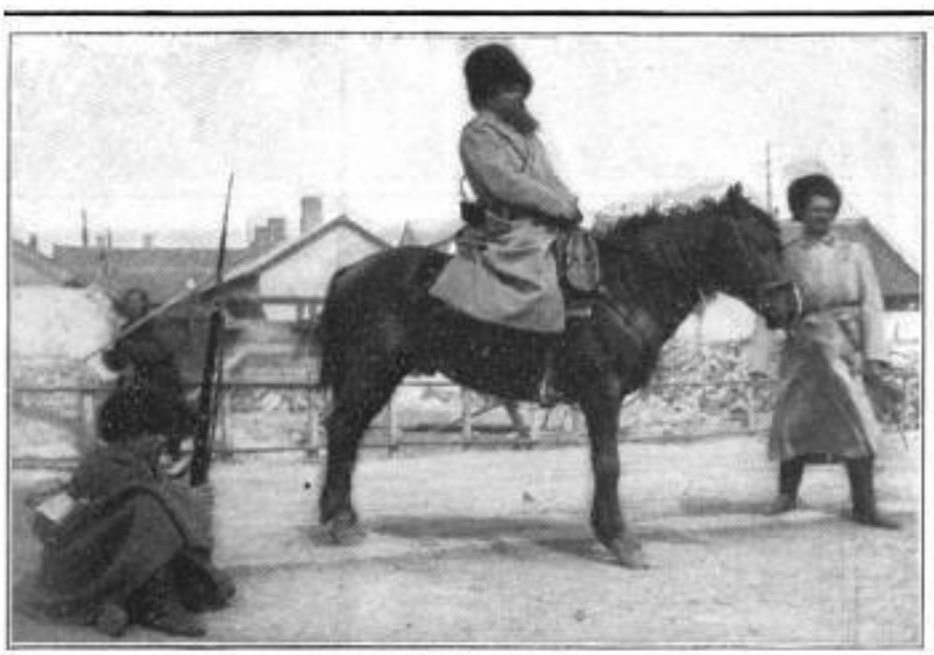
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OKU

This officer is in command of the second Japanese army, which was sent some weeks ago on the Liaotung peninsula, and which assaulted and captured Kinchow, May 26. The scaling of Nanshan Hill, on which the Russians had formidable defenses, and the complete rout of the enemy, is one of the most notable feats of recent military history. General Oku's experience was acquired during the rebellion of 1877, at which time he was a major-general in the Imperial army. He won fame for himself by the defence of the castle of Kumamoto, which was under siege by the rebels.





SOLDIERS WAITING TO BE ASSIGNED TO QUARTERS



COL. CHIMINOFFSKY IN COMMAND OF A CAUCASIAN INFANTRY REGIMENT



TYPICAL RUSSIAN INFANTRY SOLDIERS NOW AT THE FRONT



A COSSACK INFANTRY REGIMENT FROM THE CAUCASUS MARCHING IN FROM THE RAILWAY STATION

## ARRIVAL OF RUSSIAN TROOPS AT NEWCHWANG

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. F. J. ARCHIBALD, COLLIER'S CORRESPONDENT ATTACHED TO THE RUSSIAN HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY





THE MARKET-PLACE OF CHENAMPO

When the Japanese landed at Chenampo early in April, the troops took entire possession of this Korean port and established a military base. The natives were apathetic and took but little interest in the proceedings aside from gazing unconcernedly at the invaders and offering commodities for sale. The Korean national costume is white, men and women dressing almost exactly alike.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARRIS. ILLUSTRATION BY J. A. HARRIS. PHOTOGRAPHS ATTACHED TO GENERAL KUDAT'S REPORT OF HIS VISIT TO CHENAMPO, APRIL 14, 1904.

## PUSHING ON TO PING YANG

By FREDERICK PALMER, Collier's War Correspondent attached to the Japanese General Staff in Manchuria

Copyright 1904 by Collier's Weekly

ON THE ROAD TO PING YANG, April 14.

THE officer commanding tells me that this is the best house in the village, and that it is entirely at my service. However, the honor done me is in name rather than in fact. He met me on the main road just outside the first military station after Chenampo. I told him that I had gone far enough for that day, and he spoke of how miserable little he could do for me, and hinted that the road was good to the next station, where I would find food for man and beast. I answered that the miserable little was a bountiful sufficiency under the circumstances. When China ponies—imported into Japan and now taken from their adopted home—have been eleven days on a little coasting steamer, their sea legs must be respected if you would ride again to-morrow.

I followed the officer up a path leading toward a pagoda roof that overtopped a dirty brown patch of thatches at the base of a hill, for all Korean villages are built in sloughs which are never drained. When we came to the door of a compound he pointed to it, the jabbering natives opened it, and we entered our home for the night, confident in the armory in our saddle pockets. (There is no land where you need insect powder more—the houses of Korean gentlemen most assuredly not excepted.)

Now the natives crowd the gateway (about equally interested in me and my foreign saddle), while I sit on my blanket roll making those notes which necessity demands and fatigue refuses. You have only to say shoo and the natives start like so many rabbits, only to come back again when they find that the saddle is not a winged arsenal.

There is one other person in the town who speaks any English—Kurotaki, who runs errands, acts as my interpreter, or forms native opinion. He is only five feet two, and weighs less than a hundred pounds, but he bends coolies twice his size to his will. The power of the little man of Japan, from groom to general, has had hourly new illustrations for me since my arrival at Chenampo three days ago. The conspicuous thing about him is his absence in numbers in this part of Korea. The front is one hundred and seventy-five miles away. With it moves the whole Japanese army—moves in fact as well as in name. Japan is not making a military occupation of Korea. She is policing Korea, or, in other words, she has assigned a certain number of units as overseers of her new estate. Perhaps I met fifty soldiers, including policemen, on the road to-day. Most of the soldiers were apparently departing, with their luggage borne by Korean coolies, from the stations they had occupied. In a month, then, the Japanese have made the transformation through war to a state of regulated peace.

Representatives of the three forces of administration have called on me in an hour after my arrival in this village. Also a tall Korean in spotless white—oh, if he would only put his skin in the wash too—with a yellow band on his left arm, who is the head man, the agent, indeed, through whom the Japanese have grafted on their masterful protectorate without firing a shot at a Korean. The policeman made notes. The Korean, big

enough to make two of the policeman, looked too dignified for that. The army officer asked me if it was true that the armies of Europe and America carried tables and chairs with them to the front. He had no intention of being sarcastic. He only wanted me to know that he realized the deficiency of local hospitality; again he expressed his regret that he could do such a miserable little, and suggested that the next station had a colonel and many more facilities for making a foreigner at home. Then he sent me a fowl—a serene fowl fit to live in the Land of the Morning Calm—which submitted to being held by its wings philosophically. When I returned his call he gave me two oranges, which I think were the whole of his store. Finally he came to say good-night and to wish me a pleasant sleep.

PING YANG, April 16.

This is the same highway that the Koreans, then civilized, used when the peoples who made the beautiful

highways of Europe were wearing skins and waiting for Caesar to open, through conquest and suffering, the way to better things. It is no better and no worse than when Mongol and Tartar fought over it. Such a road, with such ruts and mires as traffic would make across a field in the spring rains. When the rivulet breaks through and carries away the slough, the natives, after the sun has dried the rivulet's sources, fill in the gap with more earth. At least they do now, since the Japanese came. Yesterday we went for miles with our foot sinking deeper as you used it for a fulcrum to pull out the one behind. So we kept on—more than looking, trying to guide our precious horses to the most solid footing—past a military station for the sake of five miles, till we came to a halt for the night at a village where not a single native spoke a word of a language that either Kurotaki or myself knew.

Yet our problem was as simple as Kurotaki was gay. Fresh out of Tokio, the little man had walked twenty miles, which were as good as forty on a macadam. He was as jaunty at the day's close as at its beginning—his spirit was suggestive of that of his country. When your horses have mouths and you have fingers to point to them, any human can understand that you want food. If it is night he can also understand that you want a lodging. As for details, when the head man parleyed with the outlanders Kurotaki had a way which was much the same as if a Hungarian and American student should communicate in Latin. He fell back on the language basis which has been most durable in the East than the West. Spoken, the well-matted was Greek to either, but written the ideograph was the same. What flustered the head man was that he knew no ideographs at all. He made them in the air, he drew them on the ground in vain, and he must have concluded that as a foreigner I was the simon pater breed. He, too, gave us "the best house in town," the difference in comparison being that between a pig and a stable. For companions we had four Japanese, who attached themselves to Kurotaki early in the day and kept with him to Ping Yang. They belonged to the army commissariat, these determined foot travelers, as did scores of others whom we met on the road. One carried an old-pattern Japanese sword. Armed with that, he was not afraid of the whole Korean army.

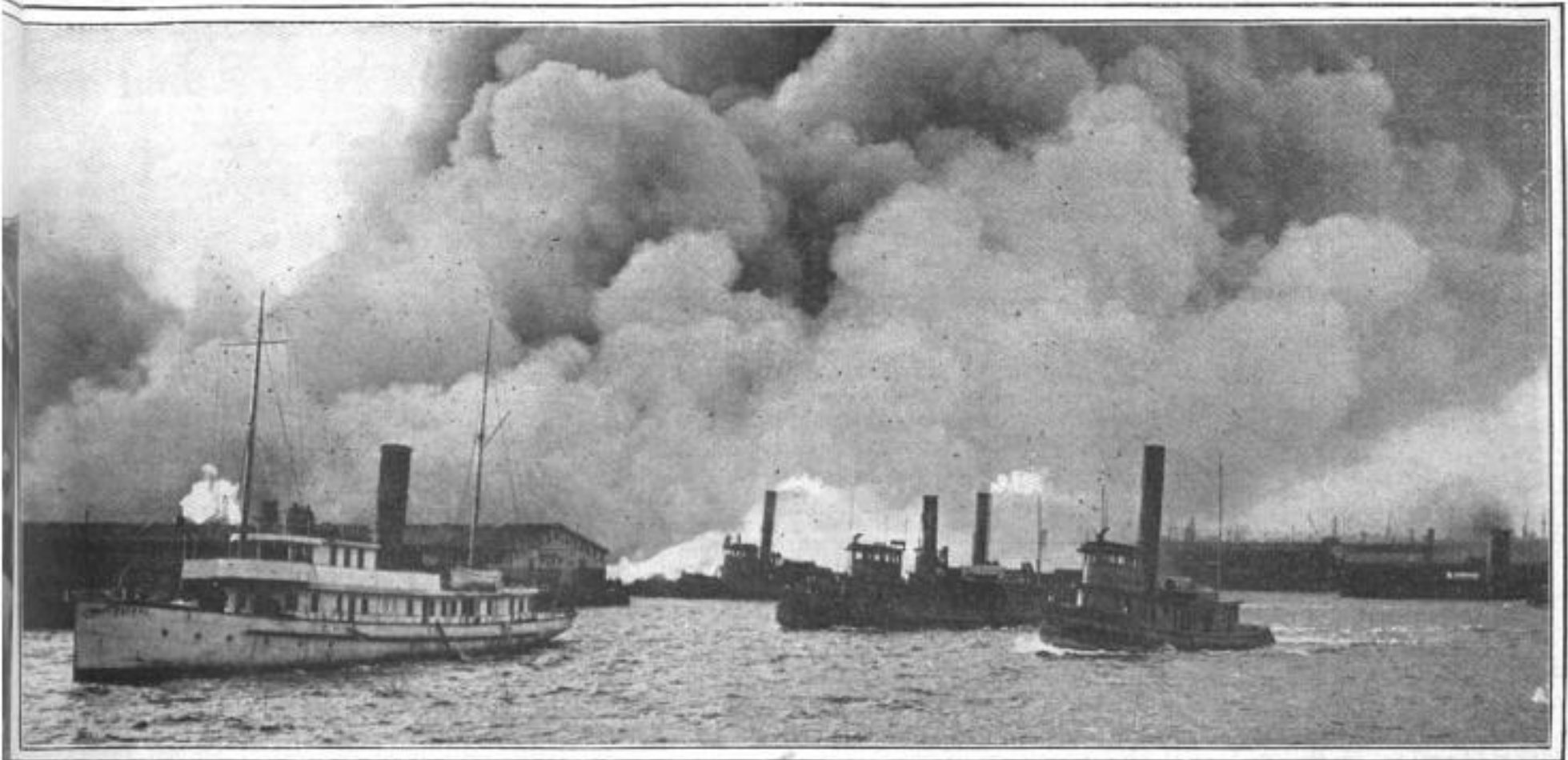
At three I was awake, as I was the morning before. I had sent most of my blankets by steamer to Ping Yang along with my heavy luggage. While the days are those of early April at home, the nights are cold, a point that requires furs when you have only a mat of furs underneath you. Soon after midnight sleep became impossible. The first rays of light, which meant feeding the horses and boiling water for my tea, came as welcome as the morning nap which sets the soldier to luxury on a good night's sleep. By seven we were on the road, which with its downhill as well as uphill was nevertheless gradually ascending, until, at the other end of a long valley, we saw the pagoda roofs and the walls of Ping Yang—that ancient city of this hermit land. But with its picturesqueness we are not concerned. It is a hundred miles from the front, which thankfully will be nearer at the end of another day's travel.



General Kondratovitch, in command of the Russian forces at Newchwang, and United States Consul Miller, who is also entrusted with the interests of Japan at this Manchurian port.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. A. HARRIS. ILLUSTRATION BY J. A. HARRIS.





BURNING OF THE DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD PIERS, JERSEY CITY, MAY 29

A fire causing nearly \$1,000,000 damage, and seriously threatening Jersey City and Hoboken, raged for several hours along the water front, consuming six large piers



Schutt of Cornell winning the 2-mile run by a few inches from C. R. Nasmith of Colgate



McLanahan, Yale pole-vaulter, about to clear 11 feet 7 1-4 inches



Pennsylvania's remarkable negro sprinter, Taylor, winning the quarter-mile in the fast time of 49 1-3 seconds

## THE INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES AT PHILADELPHIA

These were held this year for the first time on Franklin Field, May 28. Yale won with a score of 34 1-3 points, Harvard was second with 25 1-3, and Pennsylvania third with 23





# SLAVES OF SUCCESS

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

Until November, politics will be uppermost in the minds of all Americans. "Slaves of Success" is the title of a series of political stories which every prospective voter ought to read. In them Mr. Flower has given us a truthful "inside" picture of the game of politics as it is being played to-day in every town, county, and State of the United States. The characters are drawn with great fidelity, and the story of how Azro Craig, an honest farmer, after first fighting the "machine" in the Legislature, gradually comes under the influence of the "boss," is told with both force and humor. There are six stories in the series, the titles of which follow:

THE NECESSARY VOTE—May Fiction Number  
THE REFORMER REFORMED—June Fiction Number  
A MORTGAGE ON A MAN—July Fiction Number

THE SLAVERY OF A BOSS—August Fiction Number  
A STRATEGICAL DEFEAT—September Fiction Number  
AZRO CRAIG'S AWAKENING—October Fiction Number

## THE REFORMER REFORMED

THERE could be no doubt that political reformation was needed in many quarters, but it took some time to convince Leroy N. Marshall, of L. N. Marshall & Co., that he was personally interested in securing it. Mr. Marshall was very much of a business man. In a Presidential campaign he might sit on the platform with the speakers, but in any campaign of less importance he had time only to be interviewed occasionally. True, these interviews had the right ring to them, and really ought to have made the spoilsman squirm, but somehow they seemed to be forgotten the day after they were published. Once he wrote a letter on the "Duties of Citizenship" that was a masterly presentation of the facts and a bitter arraignment of the spoils methods. It was published in all the papers and created a mild sensation, but when the smoke cleared away Mr. Marshall was discovered so busy at his desk that he had really forgotten all about it. And the spoilsmen were quite as busy in their peculiar way. That he contributed regularly to the expense funds of two reform organizations did not in the least worry the practical politicians, so long as he did nothing more.

But one day Leroy N. Marshall waked up—or perhaps it would be better to say that he was awakened—and it naturally happened at a most inopportune time. He became interested in a county election. Others besides county officials were to be chosen, but it seemed to him that the county was what most needed saving at that particular moment. This was exceptionally annoying, because he might have dabbled in other branches of politics without doing any particular harm. But it so happened that Ben Carroll and John Wade had unusual need of the county patronage at that time, and Ben Carroll and John Wade always pulled together when they were afraid to pull apart. They always wanted the county patronage, too, but they wanted it more than ever now, for certain plans relating to the Legislature were involved in it. A man who knows how can do much with even a small slice of the county patronage. It may not be as valuable as it was before the days of civil service, but it gives one a grip on the party machinery and—well, it is distinctly worth having. A man may know where there is a picket loose in the civil service fence, or he may control some of the personal appointments of the men he puts on the ticket, or he may merely want the political influence of an office and its incumbent. His ambitions and his direct personal interests may lie beyond the county, and it may still be of prime importance that he shall have some of his own men in the county offices, if only to enable him to "take care of his friends" or to make certain essential "deals." So Carroll and Wade would always want the county, but now they had to have it.

And Leroy N. Marshall showed a disposition to fight them—Marshall, the merchant, the theoretical reformer, the self-satisfied talker, the newspaper prominent citizen, the man who pointed to civic duty and then forgot about it. The politicians thought there must be some mistake and were disposed to treat the matter lightly.

"Probably a dull season in business," one of them remarked, "and he wants something to occupy his mind for a few days."

But Marshall was very much in earnest. He had seen the error of his ways. In conversation with Paul Stafford and others at the club, he had ventured to preach a little on the duties of citizenship, advancing many of the excellent precepts that he had previously incorporated in his letter on the same subject. There could be no doubt that he knew just what a good citizen should do to secure the best results politically.

"Why don't you do that yourself?" asked Stafford. "Your advice is splendid, but you don't follow it. When you're through talking you go back to your desk, leaving the politicians to run things, and yet you yourself say that nothing can be accomplished that way."

"But my business," urged Marshall.

"Of course," laughed Stafford. "That's the old story. Some other fellow can neglect his business to improve political conditions for us all, but you can't."

"Will you?" asked Marshall, turning on Stafford. "I'll do as much as you will," was the reply. "I haven't done as much preaching as you have, and I don't pretend to be as well posted on the subject, but I'll follow as long as you'll lead. And you couldn't have a better chance, for the 'machine' wants its own men on the ticket this fall."

"I'll think about it," said Marshall.

He did think about it, and he spoke about it to others. All promised their tacit support to any movement to remedy matters, but none cared to give much personal time to it. This in itself had the effect of stirring his fighting blood. Their very lukewarmness, when it came to a question of individual effort, aroused him, even though he had been guilty of the same offence, and he "read the riot act" to some of them.

"If I go into this," he said, "you've got to help, and I'm going in. You're as tired of 'machine' rule as I am; you know as well as I do what it means; you have said as harsh things as I have of the men who are slated for office, and you've got to get your coats off and work. I tell you, I'll have you on the platform and at the primaries, and you might as well make up your mind to it."

That was Marshall! If the men with whom he talked had expressed a readiness to work, he would have passed the leadership over to some one else, if he could have done so gracefully. As it was, he would really lead himself; he would make these men act the part of good citizens. Moreover, he would hold Stafford to his promise. It was Stafford's taunt that had awakened him and put him in a position where he had to do something to show his sincerity, and Stafford would have to join him. He had hoped to escape leadership after talking the matter up, but he would not shirk it. The stand taken by the others only made him the more aggressive.

"Stafford," he said, "you might as well get ready to hustle. I didn't want to go into this thing—I really can't spare the time—but I've got to do it. To speak plainly, it makes me hot to see how easy-going our good citizens are. Every man I've talked to has added to my disgust and made me the more determined to stir things up. I'm going to make them work for good government; I can do it with your help."

"I'm with you," said Stafford briefly. "What's the plan?"

"Well, the usual mistake of reformers is that they get into the field too late—after the 'machine' has things pretty well arranged. We'll begin early. Another common mistake is that they try to do too much. We'll avoid that. Instead of trying to make the whole ticket conform to our ideas, we'll confine ourselves to one or two offices—say County Treasurer and Sheriff. That's where the strength of the 'machine' lies; there's where the patronage is. We already know that Wade and Carroll want to put Henry Warren in as County Treasurer, and we know why. He's their man—honest enough, but their man. They'll designate the banks that are to hold the county funds, and there's an element of influence and strength in that. For Sheriff they want Herman Sieling, who is also their man. The patronage of that office is a big thing. If they get it, they can have things pretty much their own way; if they don't get it, we will have wrested much of their power from them and will be in a position to do more at the next election. We must fight Warren and Sieling; we must put forward two good men, stir up public sentiment, make a hot campaign at the primaries and a hotter one on the floor of the convention. The Republican party of this city, county, and State is tired of boss rule, and an aggressive fight will bring to our support the men who usually do little or nothing, but can do a great deal. I'll appoint a committee of men whose names will carry weight, and I'll make them serve on it—a committee small enough not to be unwieldy, but big enough to do the work.

You will be secretary of that committee. Likewise, you will take hold of such of the members as are your personal friends and see that they don't shirk the work."

Carroll, Wade, and the other "machine" leaders heard vague rumors of this movement, but gave them little attention at first.

"It will die out," they said. "There's not enough to it."

A citizens' meeting was called and there were many forceful speeches, but still they were not worried.

"A little relief from the ennui of a routine business life," they said. "Two or three men are doing it all, anyway, and they'll get tired in a day or so."

But Marshall was not a man to get tired. He had a vast amount of energy when he was once roused to action, and opposition only added to his determination. He was accustomed to success. So long as it was another man's fight, he might be lukewarm, but he had made this his fight, and victory was necessary to his personal pride. He gave the campaign the same earnest, painstaking attention that he ordinarily gave his private business; he put all his ability and all his influence into the movement; he labored as earnestly with other business men as he would to put through an important business deal. And the results began to show.

"I tell you," said Tom Higbie to Carroll, "you've got to look out for this thing. Marshall doesn't know much about the game, but he's a worker from the ground up, and he's got the material to work with in this case. There is a lot of unorganized dissatisfaction in the party that only needs to be organized to be dangerous. Do you know what he's done?"

"What?" asked Carroll.

"Well, he has arbitrarily put some big men on his committee, and he is making them work—men who never have turned a hair in politics before. He has read the riot act to them as no one else could, refused to accept any excuses, and insisted upon having a share of their time for active work."



"I tell you, we've got to look out for them, Carroll!"

They are reporting at his meetings like so many schoolboys who are afraid to play truant."

"Oh, they'll resent his dictation after a little," returned Carroll. "These reformers always begin to play at cross purposes in time, for each one usually has his own ideas as to methods and candidates. Marshall will try to put up some particular man and they'll split."

"Now, see here, Carroll," retorted Higbie, "you're taking this too easy, and you're going to get left. Marshall is no fool. He has gathered in some men who know politics, and who would like nothing better



man to turn us down. Don't forget that. In one of his speeches he said: 'When I add a new department to my business, I get the services of some experts in that particular line, and so do you. We're adding a political department now, and we've got to leave much of the detail to political experts that we can trust.' Now, that's practical business and practical politics, Carroll, and it means trouble for us. Another thing he said was that he did not wish to put forward any articular man or men, but wished the selection made after a full discussion with all that the members of the committee could reach. They're reaching for all the people they can get; they're asking for suggestions and advice; they're discussing the matter generally and getting others to discuss it. That's a new way of doing things, but it's a good way—for them. When people talk they get interested; when they feel that they have influence that counts for something they get more deeply interested, and there are a whole lot of people doing some thinking in this matter who never before believed they had time to think of politics. Don't forget that, Carroll. He is an aggressive force that counts—and he has wisdom. He is making these people feel the responsibility of selecting candidates, and that means that he is giving them a personal interest in the fight. They're beginning to feel that they're 'in it.' I tell you, we've got to look out for them, Carroll."

Higbie was a man who usually acted on orders, leaving Carroll to do most of the thinking, and the fact that he spoke out plainly now was evidence that he considered the situation critical. Carroll realized this. Higbie had been assigned the duty of following this nature of the campaign, and in consequence he was better posted on it than any one else. Carroll also knew that the conditions were right for serious trouble, capable and energetic leadership being all that was necessary to crystallize opposition to the "machine" domination. His confidence had been based on his belief that this leadership would be lacking, but this report indicated real danger.

"I tell you," Higbie added, "Marshall's method is something new in politics, but he'll get those people to bite on some strong man or men, and he'll have every one of them personally interested. You've got to reckon with a man of force and influence."

"We'll talk it over with Wade," said Carroll.

Wade was more ingenious and resourceful than either of the other two. Carroll was a man of brute force, Wade of strategy. Carroll could deal with the rougher element of politics, but it took Wade to make the fine points. Carroll understood men of his own class, and could rule them; Wade understood men of all classes, and knew how to reach them. In a word, Carroll was a spoilsman, Wade a politician.

"The whole thing," said Wade, "hinges on Marshall. Without him, the movement would go to pieces. He is the cohesive force. I happen to know that old Hobbins refused to do more than allow the use of his name until Marshall got after him. Then he suddenly lost his inference, agreed to serve on the committee, speak at the big meeting and stir up his ward, and he's got a whole lot of people in action now. If Marshall did that with Hobbins, it's a dead certainty he did it with most of the others; it's his personality that is making his trouble, and we've got to discourage him."

"How?" asked Carroll.

Wade gave a few minutes to thought.

"Isn't Paul Stafford's nephew on the County Hospital staff?" he inquired at last. "It seems to me I recollect his getting a position there."

"That's right!" cried Carroll jubilantly.

"And isn't Mrs. Stafford interested in the Training School for Nurses?" asked Wade.

"I believe she is," replied Carroll.

"And haven't you any influence at the County Hospital?" persisted Wade.

"That's enough!" exclaimed Carroll. "You have a memory for these things, Wade, that is simply great, but I don't have to be told how to play the game. Stafford is Marshall's right-hand man, and either Stafford or his nephew will have to quit. And that training school business will put Mrs. Stafford on our side. Wade, we'll show Marshall that this fight is just beginning."

Within two days there came from the County Hospital a report of dissatisfaction with the nurses furnished by the training school. The Warden said the school interfered with discipline and tried to run the hospital as an adjunct to the training school. He also asserted that some nurses were put in there who did not know enough to take care of a sick cat, in consequence of which the patient suffered, and the county was practically defrauded. He did not see why a public institution should be made an experiment station or inexperienced girls and women, and he did not believe the public fully understood the situation.

Commenting on this, one of the County Commissioners said the Warden was quite right, that the hospital was being "used" to bolster up a private school, and that he would give his hearty support to any movement that promised to put an end to such a condition of affairs. And the newspaper that reported these things also called attention to complaints that had been made by one or two patients. It is a well-known fact that no hospital escapes complaints from one of its patients, their mental and physical condition frequently making them most unreasonable, but the public does not take this into consideration at such time.

Paul Stafford heard from his wife promptly, for she was deeply interested in the training school.

"We are giving them better service than they ever had before at less expense," she said, "but they want to turn us out. I suppose it's politics."

"I suppose so," he admitted.

"Can't you do something about it?" she asked.

"What?" he exclaimed. "Why, if I showed any interest in it, they'd turn you out all the sooner."

"I believe that's the very reason they're doing it now," she asserted. "I'm going to find out."

Mrs. Stafford was a woman of energy and determination, and she had seen something of politics in her charitable work. Consequently, she knew enough to go direct to headquarters.

"Mrs. Stafford," said the President of the County Board courteously, "the politicians are merely human, and they do favors for their friends. Your husband gives his business to the men who are friendly to him, and the politicians do the same. Now, I have no definite knowledge of the motives in this case, but I am able to draw my own conclusions, and I know there are some powerful men who are very bitter toward your husband. Please don't think I am speaking for them; I am merely explaining the matter to you, for I think you are engaged in a grand work, and I would like to see you succeed. But the County Board will decide, and I am only one member of that."

"Do you mean to say," demanded Mrs. Stafford angrily, "that these men are so contemptible that they will turn out the nurses because the husband of one woman interested in the training school happens to be opposed to them politically?"

"I am afraid they will," replied the President, "although your statement of the case is hardly fair. It is the vindictiveness of the fight that is being made against them that makes them anxious to retaliate."

"I am only one of a dozen or more women interested in the training school," she urged.

"True," he admitted, "but your husband's course has made you the most important one at the present moment. I have nothing to do with the movement."



"What do your friends wish me to do?" asked Marshall

you understand, and will gladly do what I can to retain your nurses, but I think I know what lies back of it all. It is unfortunate that there isn't more disinterestedness in political and business life, but you won't find it in either."

"I suppose," she said, with bitter humor, "I ought to get a divorce."

"That might help the training school some," he laughed, "but there may be a better way."

She was not so unsophisticated that she did not know what this meant, and she knew also that the President was speaking for the others, in spite of the assertion to the contrary. He was very close to the men whose political supremacy was threatened.

"I don't see," she told her husband, "why some one else can't do the work that you are doing. Your victory will be dearly bought if it wrecks the training school."

"It's damnable!" he exclaimed angrily. "It's cowardly to strike at a man through his wife's philanthropy!"

"But that doesn't help matters," she said. "Even with the money we get for County Hospital nursing the training school is not self-supporting; without it we will have a big deficiency to make up by private contributions. I doubt if we can do it. In any event, it will be a serious blow to the school."

Stafford chafed and fretted, but he could not escape the conclusion; the "machine" had sufficient power to do this, and there could be no doubt that it would do it. The public mind already was being put in a condition to accept the change by the published criticisms and complaints. He wondered if he really ought not to take a less prominent part in the movement. Might he not be doing more harm than good? In this mood he received a call from his nephew.

"Well, you're doing a fine thing for me, uncle," the latter announced. "Another week of this sort of thing and I'll be out."

"Have they been threatening you, too?" demanded Stafford.

"Well, not exactly threatening," was the reply, "but the foundation has been laid for my discharge, and Higbie has been giving me a nice fatherly talk. The Warden sent for me first. He said some complaints against me had been filed with him—it's no trick at all to get complaints against any one, you know—and he advised me to see Higbie. Well, Higbie knew of the complaints, and he was sure he could straighten the matter out, but he didn't see why he should. He also told me about the training school trouble. There was

a feeling, he said, that you ought to be willing to do as much for me and the school as others were expected to do, and that's all he would say. But any one can see what that means."

"Yes," replied Stafford thoughtfully, "any one can see what that means."

Stafford's nephew had given Stafford a good deal of trouble and had cost a good deal of money. He was not a youth who was noted for either his ability or his stability, and it was not until he got the County Hospital position that his uncle had been relieved of the necessity of contributing to his support.

Stafford got up from his desk and walked nervously back and forth, while his nephew waited and wondered. There was no reason why another could not do his work on the committee; there were many who could do it without sacrificing so much. It was maddening that he should be "reached" in this way, but he had no wish to have his nephew back on his hands, and an injury to the training school would be a public and a domestic calamity. It was doing splendid work, and in its success his wife's interest was centered. He was angry, but he could look at the matter dispassionately. It was unjust and cowardly to put him in this predicament, but he was confronted by cold, hard facts.

"I shall not attend the meeting of the committee this afternoon," he told his nephew finally, "and I shall probably resign the secretaryship before the end of the week. It will depend upon circumstances."

The next day a note from his nephew informed him that the Warden had decided to pay no attention to the charges filed, and the day after the President of the County Board, in a published interview, predicted

that the training school nurses would be retained. On the third day Stafford mailed his letter of resignation, in which he asserted that business obligations made it impossible for him to give the necessary time to the work.

Marshall was startled and annoyed by this desertion, but it did not have the effect that the "machine" had anticipated. He was not discouraged; on the contrary, he became more combative than ever. He upbraided Stafford, recalling his promise, but Stafford remained firm, and the effect of his resignation was serious. Others seemed to lose interest and courage. What was the use of trying when defeat was practically certain? Why waste valuable time? But Marshall, by the most strenuous efforts, overcame this pessimism. He pointed out that the movement was already well under way, that public sentiment was aroused and was gathering force, that all lacking was united and energetic action by the members of the committee. He neglected his

business shamefully, but he held the committee together and soon had the members working with greater enthusiasm than ever. He stirred up a discussion of available candidates in the newspapers, thus creating more widespread interest and gradually making the opposition to the "machine" an aggressive unit. In brief, the thing took the form of a popular uprising in the ranks of the party; it was sensational, the subject of general discussion that kept men alert, and the primaries promised startling results. Marshall's spirit of aggressiveness on the one hand and concession on the other was contagious; he did not wish to rule or to dictate; he sought only the strongest men. It was immaterial to him who was County Treasurer or who was Sheriff, so long as they were honest and fiercely anti-"machine," and others unconsciously took the same position. In these circumstances it was a foregone conclusion that they would go into the convention strong and united. Indeed, a discerning politician could see that they were already "getting together" on two strong men, and that they were daily adding to the list of delegates that they would be able to send to the convention. There was no longer the indifference that allowed the "machine" to control in districts where it was numerically weak.

"If Marshall sticks," announced Wade, after a review of the situation, "we have mighty little chance of winning. Marshall is the keystone of this movement. If we could get him out of the way, it would go to pieces."

"Suppose he should happen to be 'done up' by foot-pads," remarked Higbie suggestively.

Carroll looked at Wade, but Wade shook his head. Carroll's idea was that Higbie ought to have looked after this without saying anything to any one, but Wade was of different sort. Carroll would not openly sanction slugging, but he would gladly profit by it; Wade was temperamentally opposed to anything of that nature, except possibly as a last resort.

"Unsatisfactory and dangerous," said Wade. "When I can't win without slugging I'll retire from politics."

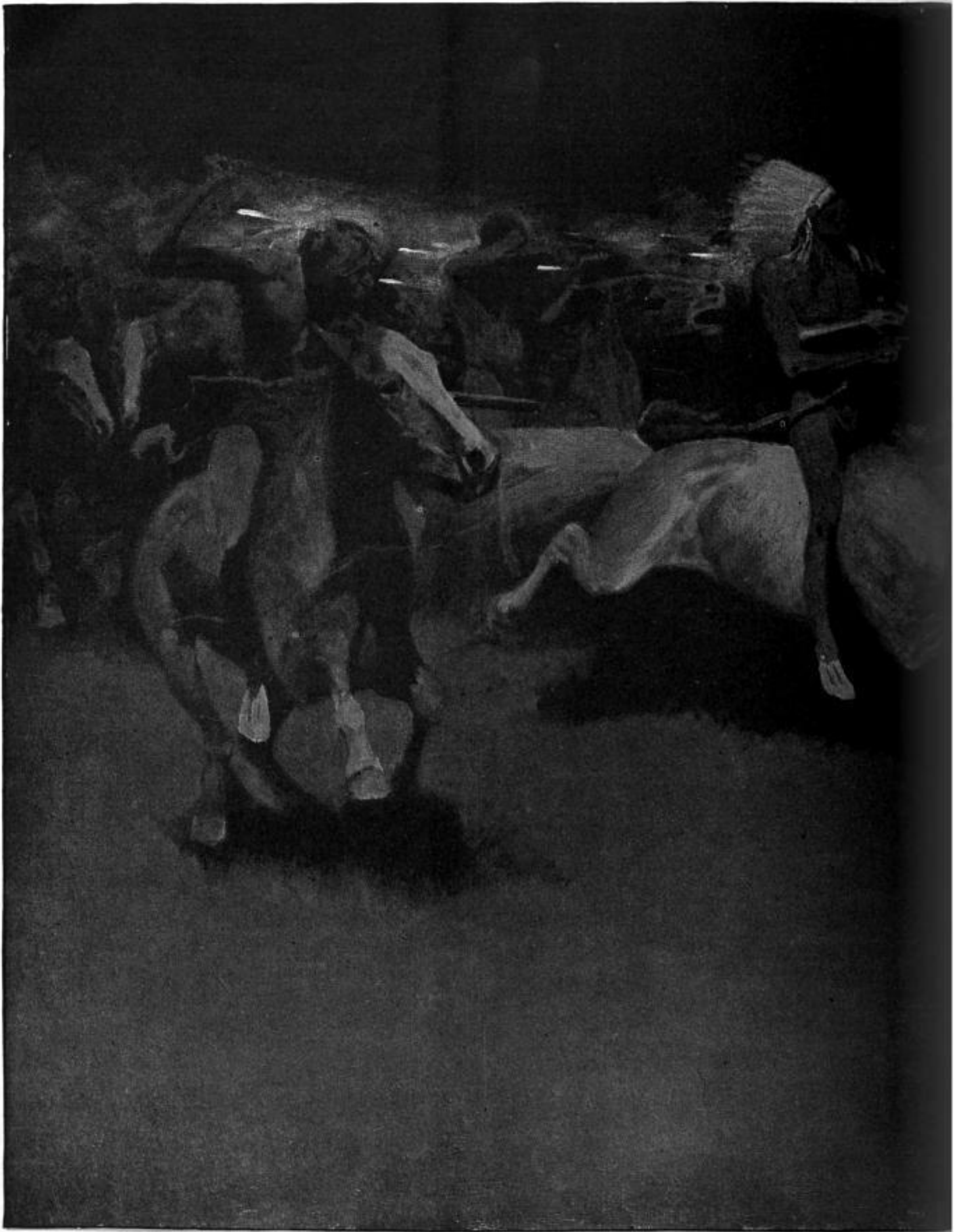
Carroll laughed in a disagreeable way.

"Sounds well," he said, "but there has been slugging that has helped us in times gone by."

Wade scowled. The responsibility for anything of that sort never had rested with him, and he did not like to have it brought home to him in this way. He distinctly disapproved of such methods, even when he accepted the fruits of them and forgave the offenders. The exigencies of politics made it necessary to overlook many things.

"Sometimes," he said, "we have to meet force with





This is the fifth of a series of twelve paintings, made especially for Collier's by Frederic Remington, illustrative of the Louisiana Purchase Period. These pictures will appear, one every month, in the Fiction Numbers.

## A NIGHT ATTACK

IT WAS A FREQUENT OCCURRENCE, IN THE EARLY DAYS WHEN WAGON TRAINS WERE COMMON, IN THE WEST—HOPING TO DEMORALIZE THE MEN AND STAMPEDE THE HORSES.





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## A GOVERNMENT WAGON TRAIN

BE THE ONLY METHOD OF TRANSPORTATION IN THE FAR WEST, FOR THE INDIANS TO ATTACK THE TRAVELERS—  
SES. RAIDS OF THIS KIND WERE NOT OFTEN SUCCESSFUL, AS THE TRAINS PROGRESSED UNDER HEAVY ESCORT

PAINTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON



force, but this is a different matter. There would be more than a suspicion that it was politics and not robbery, even if the man was not caught. We've got to eliminate Marshall in some other way."

"How?" asked Carroll.

"Through his pocket," said Wade.

"He can't be bought," asserted Carroll. "He's too rich for that."

"I have discovered," said Wade thoughtfully, "that the rich man is the one who is most susceptible to financial influence of the right sort. He can't be bought—at least, directly—but he is vulnerable. He considers it his first duty to guard his bank account; attack that and you can scare him to death. He'll spurn an offer of \$100,000 and throw a fit at the prospect of losing \$10,000 worth of business. Now, Marshall is a director of the Traders' Trust Company bank, where the county keeps a good part of its funds. Do you suppose you could get an intimation to the President of that bank that those funds are to be transferred to another repository?"

"That won't do the business," said Carroll after a moment of thought.

"It has been published," continued Wade, "that old Hobbins has promised to contribute \$500 to the reform movement. It would be discouraging if Hobbins changed his mind. Hobbins is furnishing coal to some of the county institutions, and a slight change in the specifications would put him out of the running when the new contracts are let."

"Risky business if we overdo it," commented Carroll.

"Not so risky as slugging," returned Wade.

"Anything more?" asked Carroll.

"Marshall himself is in the stone business," said Wade. "He expects to furnish the stone for the new wing to the Southern penitentiary, although his bid has not been formally accepted. I think his partner, Pendleton, would be very much worried if he saw this job slipping away from him, and the State administration is very much ours."

"What are you going to do?" asked Carroll. "Do you expect me to look after everything?"

"You know how to do these things, Carroll," replied Wade, "and you have the men to use. We are working together for our common good, and I'll do my

share by sitting right here until Marshall comes to me. I want him to come here, for the man who is in his own office has an advantage over the man who is in another fellow's office. He won't be long in discovering that he has got to see somebody, and you can see to it that he is referred to me. As it is my plan and I am posted on all the details, I think I can handle him a little better than you."

"Sure," replied Carroll frankly. "You're the man for that job. He's not my kind, and I'd probably have him fighting mad in two minutes."

Carroll had a better idea of his own diplomatic ability than the facts warranted, but he was wise enough to know that Wade was his superior in handling some men. So he was quite ready to act in a subordinate capacity in this instance. Nor was his task so much inferior to Wade's. He had to lay the foundation upon which Wade would build the superstructure, and his work had to be cautious and effective. He had to bring three separate influences to bear on Marshall without appearing personally in the matter at all. But he did it. Marshall heard from the bank first. (Continued on page 27.)

## ONE WORM'S TURNING

OR HOW THE OPERA SINGER'S SUPPER WAS SPOILED BY THE COOK

By BARONESS VON HUTTEN

"*OEUFS brouillés aux pointes d'asperges!*" suggested Madame Vacher, her fat hands folded over her belt.

M. St. Pol shook his head. "No, my good one; they are delicious, but scrambled eggs of any kind are essentially a family dish. There is no poetry, no harmony in them. They are not for artists—suggest something else, my cherished."

As he spoke, M. St. Pol gave a last dash of scent to his freshly shaven face, and taking up a pair of ebony brushes adorned with a large silver monogram, commenced operations on his hair.

Madame Vacher watched him for a moment, and then exclaimed with a sudden light of triumph in her eyes, "I have it! The very thing—nothing could be better!"

"*Eh bien?*"

"*Des aufs à la Christophe Colomb!*"

"*Tiens, what may that be?*"

"Little squares of toast, my dear, but brown and delicate, and spread with *pâté de foie gras*! Of a succulence! Then boiled eggs—boiled of a delicacy, and to the hardness of money, plunged into cold water and shelled whole, that they stand proudly each in its hole in a piece of the toast. Poured over this beautiful arrangement, a creamy sauce of meat jelly and fresh butter, piquant, yet smooth and soothing—it will be ravishing, I tell you, I who speak!"

"Perfect. Wonderful. Well may my little suppers be famous. *Va donc, pour des aufs à la Christophe Colomb!* And then? Remember, my angel, after singing for hours even an artist is aware that he has a stomach. He is hungry!"

"And thirsty," she added, with a sudden sharpness in her voice.

"Champagne and Château Margaux '96 again?"

M. St. Pol bent over the spirit lamp at which he was heating a monstrous pair of curling-tongs. "*Hm!* Champagne is so very excellent for the vocal chords, my treasure. Its effect is at once emollient and mildly astringent—I think it would be a pity to forego its amiable influence."

"And the Château Margaux?"

M. St. Pol sat down in front of his dressing-table, on which there was a disorderly array of pomade-pots and bottles of all sizes, and devoted a few minutes to parting his hair with infinite care, before he answered:

"*Hm!* M. Brann is very fond of that particular wine, and his supping with me is, in one sense, an honor, although I am an artist and he a mere man of business! If you are ready, my dear, to give just one little blow of the tongs to my unhappy hair?"

It was January, and a bright sun, reflected from freshly fallen snow, shone in at the three windows, and full on the faces of the two people in the room. On M. St. Pol, a very broad-chested man of the late forties or early fifties, wrapped in a splendid brick-colored satin kimono, and on Madame Vacher, fat and forty-five, plainly dressed, clumsy as to figure, but with some remains of a pleasant fresh prettiness in her still dimpled face.

"And that woman?" A lock of the gentleman's greasy black hair being wound tightly around the smoking iron, he could not move, but the question had plainly startled him.

"That woman? Which woman, little chicken? For Heaven's sake be careful or you'll burn me!"

Madame Vacher turned the iron slowly. "I mean Mimi Reiss, of course. Whom else? Aha, you blush!"

"It is infamous, *abominable*, I say," shrieked St. Pol, still immobile, but quivering with nervousness; "you are pulling my hair out by the roots!"

"Is she to be there?"

"No, *non d'un petit bon homme!* She is not. She is supping at Sherry's to-night—Marie-Rose, I entreat thee, burn me not!"

Madame Vacher removed her instrument of torture with cruel

slowness. "Give me your word of honor, Victor!" She had grown pale and her lips shook, but once out of danger from the hot iron he was his own man again.

Rising, and folding his arms theatrically, he said, in a voice that might have been imposing had not one-half of his front hair stood up in a fierce curl, while the other half lay plastered sleekly to his flat head, "Woman, mind thy own affairs!"

Her gaze, fixed on his, faltered as he glared at her, and, as he went on speaking, sunk to the carpet at his feet.

"I have at last come to the end of my patience, Marie-Rose Vacher. You torment me with your jealousy. Your evil temper poisons my days; your shrill voice rends my ears. I have suffered for years by your venomous tongue. Now I tell you, worn to a shadow by your selfishness, I warn you to hold that tongue, once and forever. If you do not—"

"If I do not?" she asked faintly, "if I do not, Victor?"

"If you do not—you will see. I am a patient man, a man as long-suffering as Job, but there is an end to all things, and my patience is now at last worn out."

She was a pathetic figure as she stood holding her fat pink hands out to him, in dumb appeal, while the tears rolled down her cheeks. "Victor, I am sorry; it is true, I am a devil, I know—"

"A devil! You are ten thousand demons. You have no consideration for me; no tenderness for my racked nervous system. What is it to you that after the burning emotions of singing Taridra, for instance, I close not an eye the whole night? No, at dawn you come and make me a scene of the most violent—ah, my head whirls, it is a vertigo—I—you see, I am worn out!" Sinking into a chair, he closed his eyes and paddled feebly in the air with his hands.

"Victor, my angel, my adored! Here, drink this—"



"Victor, my angel, my adored. Here, drink this!"

it is cognac—open your eyes, thy beautiful eyes, and behold thy poor Marie-Rose at thy feet!"

A moment later the great man had allowed his fading spirit to be recalled to this mundane sphere, as he explained, on the condition that no more scenes should be made, to wound that spirit, of all spirits the most ethereal.

"But Victor, it is that I love thee so! And," she ventured, seeing him so kind, "I am thy wife!"

"Thou art my wife. And I am thy husband before God, although not, for reasons of business, before men."

"It is the women I mind, Victor. And you know (of course, it is but thy artistic temperament that prompts thee, but it kills me all the same!) women adore you, and you—you adore them! And they, not knowing that you are married—you remember the ring you gave that girl in Paris, just after you ceased being a hairdresser—and the woman on the steamer whom you kissed—and the dancer with the yellow skin last year? It is hard, Victor, it is hard for me!"

He had enjoyed his vertigo, and he had enjoyed the cognac.

"*Petite sotte!*" he said, magnificently condescending. "My heart is a lark; jubilant, on the wings of song, it makes its little flights; but—like the melodious bird, after each flight it drops into—the home nest! Wipe thy tears, my love, my cabbage, and leave me. Brann is coming to talk business with me."

Madame Vacher dried her eyes obediently and straightened her bonnet.

"I know. You are an angel. But—if you would but tell people that you are married! It would save you much annoyance from those foolish women!"

"Impossible. These things are beyond thee, but trust me. I must be to the world a boy. And thus, how sweet our talks every morning, while the hotel people believe thee to be my hairdresser! It is positively of a romantic!"

She drew a deep sigh. "*Eh bien*. I will go. M. Hyacinthe has raised my salary—if there is any little thing that you would like?"

"*Tiens!* I wish they would raise my salary! But my pay is of a misery. That cooking should be better rewarded than song!"

"But it isn't that, Victor! I haven't the tenth part of what you have!"

"In comparison, I meant, in comparison! And the calls on an artist's charity are something to make one's hair rise. Only yesterday I was constrained to give a hundred dollars to the widow of one of our scene-shifters. And my insurance! *Ma foi, ma chère*, I am almost penniless at this moment. If you happen to have a small sum by you—"

Madame Vacher opened her shabby purse. "I have just seventy dollars; I was going to the bank, but I am glad to give it to you—"

A moment later M. St. Pol was alone, and sitting down at his piano began to warble his morning exercises.

Meantime, Madame Vacher, leaving Broadway, trotted over to Fourth Avenue and got into a car.

She was tired, as she always was after a scene with her splendid husband, and full of remorse.

It was, indeed, almost inhuman of her to bother him. A singer was a slave to the public, and in his leisure hours should have his path strewn with rose leaves.

And no doubt she had only imagined that he had gazed tenderly at Mademoiselle Mimi Reiss at the matinee the week before.

Mimi Reiss had certainly thrown a kiss to the tenor; but then she was a bold, flirting little Viennese, and no doubt Victor was a mere passive victim to her silly advances.

Madame Vacher had always been glad to fancy her husband the passive victim of the many women with whom his artistic temperament had led him to toy—even when facts had become too strong for her, and her jealousy had burst bounds, he had found her fairly easy to soothe.

They had been very happy together in the old days in Marseilles, where he had had a charming shop "*À la Perruque de Cour*." He was then simply Victor Vacher, and she his respected and acknowledged wife.



"Then, ten years ago, the great impresario, Adolf Brann, coming by chance to the shop, and waiting for some one to answer his ring, had heard a few high tenor notes as the hairdresser came in from the garden, where he had been planting cabbages—and paf! the old order of things was gone!"

Victor Vacher became Victor St. Pol—in Paris, where he studied hard for two years. Paris is an evil city, much worse than Marseilles, as everybody knows, and much fuller of temptations to an artistic temperament.

The growth of that useful possession, never suspected by the Vachers in Marseilles, was curiously rapid in the larger city. And Parisian women are wily, unprincipled creatures; Madame Vacher was not sorry when the order came which led her all through France to one provincial city after the other.

But though they left Paris, the artistic temperament went with them.

At last Vacher made his hit and sprang into prominence. He sang in Paris, he sang in London; he was not of the first rank of singer, but he was well placed in the second, and, in his way, a celebrity.

For two years, now, he had been engaged at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and when M. de L— or Signor J— were for any reason unable to sing, the ex-hairdresser filled the vacant place by no means badly. His voice, a delicious high tenor, was much liked by the public and his acting was a clever imitation of the greater man he had seen in his part, enlivened by the play of his Southern imagination and the heat of his Southern blood.

Madame Vacher was very proud of him, but her blood, too, was warm, and her eyes quick.

It was painful to her to watch the fervor with which he embraced the lady who fell to his share, particularly when, as happened to be the case of late, that lady was usually the enchantingly pretty, bewitchingly coquettish Mimi Reiss.

And on these things, as her car tore downtown, Madame Vacher pondered. The vital question of the menu for the supper to be given that evening by her husband to the great Brann, and one or two other male members of the company, had not been settled, but she would arrange it when she had reached the restaurant.

After the eggs, perhaps *pigeons à la crapaudine*? Or lamb cutlets with peas? It was a rest to her wearied brain to turn to these homely details. She was weighing the relative merits of a *macédoine de fruits* or *pêches à la Conde*, when the words of a girl opposite caught her ear.

"Sing! Well, I should rather think he could! Just as good as Jann de Rezky, I think! He was perfect last night, wasn't he?"

"Yes, wasn't he? I tell you, he can pack my shoes in his bag any day!"

The other girl laughed. "Nonsense! Why, he's old, May! Ever see him 'off'? He must be fifty!"

"What if he is? Mimi Reiss doesn't seem to mind—she's crazy about him!"

"Well, it's a good thing she is, for he's dead gone on her! Rolls his eyes at her like a cat in a thunderstorm!"

Madame Vacher knew a good deal of English, but part of this conversation was Greek to her.

"Did you see the diamond shoe-buckles she had on the other night in the 'Ballo in Maschera'?"

"Yes, Beasts, weren't they?"

"Well, St. Pol give 'em to her. Her maid told mother. He gave her her dog, too, and her squirrel stole."

"You don't say! Wonder if he's going to marry her? She's got her divorce, you know."

"Oh, no—he ain't the marrying kind. He's always got some mash or other. They were fighting yesterday, too—I heard 'em. She wanted him to give her a ring—awful cheeky, I call it, but then I'm only 'chorus'! Said she'd never speak to him again unless he did."

"Well—did he say he would?"

The other girl laughed. "Course he did. He is giving her a supper to-night at Valentin's—he'll put the ring in the ice cream. I suppose, the way Gwendolyn St. Aubyn's young man did—"

Madame Vacher got out of the car quietly, avoiding with great care the feet of the people she passed, and picking her way over the snowy street with her usual neatness.

Then she went rapidly on to Valentin's.

Valentin's, at twelve o'clock at night in the winter season, presents a very characteristic and interesting appearance. The three low, somewhat shabby rooms which form the restaurant, and which open into each other, are at that hour crowded with people of more types, perhaps, than can be found together in any other house in New York.

There are smart men and women who have come because they wish to be unconventional; shabby people who have come because they can get a good meal there

for very little money; literary people on the hunt for copy; finical artists in food who have come because at Valentin's they find the best-cooked and best-served food in the city.

These are the types, and the individuals are as different as are those types themselves.

M. Hyacinthe Valentin, the proprietor, is a very remarkable man, and counts as his friends many of New York's best-known people. As he wanders slowly about the rooms, his absent-minded eyes fixed now on one table, now on another, his hands clasped behind his scholarly-looking back, many people stop him and force him to unlock those hands for the purpose of greeting.

Though he looks like a third-rate poet, the man is a first-rate artist, and who is not grateful to whoever gives one one of the best meals one has ever eaten?

On the evening of the 18th of January, 1899, M. Hyacinthe, toward midnight, crossed the crowded middle room of his restaurant, and passing into the next room—the one in which the wall-paper has adorned the walls for only about seven years, and which, hence, is called, *la belle salle*—made his way to the extreme end of that apartment.

A table was here set for four people, the tilted chairs and the vase of beautiful roses in the centre of which indicated that, though still empty, it was engaged.

M. Hyacinthe, more than usually preoccupied, it ap-



"I am not his friend, Mademoiselle; I am—his wife!"

peared, after staring meditatively at the roses for a moment, stooped over, and, choosing the finest bud, drew it through his buttonhole.

"Thieving again, you old *gredin*!" called a man at the next table jocularly.

"Yes, it is my weakness. I never can see cut flowers without taking one. At funerals I never dare go near the coffin—"

"Brrr! *Tu es joliment macabre, mon vieux!* For whom is the table?"

M. Hyacinthe smiled with the amiable vagueness peculiar to him. "For St. Pol, the tenor. Brann is to be his guest, and Mademoiselle Reiss and some other lady, too."

"Aha! I didn't go to the opera to-night—I loathe Italian music. Give me Wagner."

M. Hyacinthe did not answer, and, after a long glance at one of the waiters, who appeared to be doing something unhallowed to an orange salad in a corner, went out through the middle room, down the long passage, to the kitchen.

"Where is Madame Vacher?" he asked one of the undercooks sharply.

"Ma voiei, Monsieur!" Madame Vacher approached, a long porcelain spoon in her hand.

"Good-evening, Madame. The Sauce à la Valentin has just a suspicion too little tarragon to-night."

"I think not, Monsieur."

"I assure you that it has. If you will, with an unprejudiced mind, just taste it, you will agree with me. And I think you may now begin to prepare M. St. Pol's egg course. He is always punctual."

"To his meals," murmured Madame Vacher.

M. Hyacinthe gazed at her meditatively. "Is anything wrong?" he asked, after a pause; "you look to me not quite in your plate this evening."

"M. Hyacinthe!" Madame Vacher, who had turned away, came back to him, a rather ludicrous little fat figure, but with a sudden flame in her soft cheeks, "a worm, after repeated and ever-recurring, often forgiven, but never forgotten, trappings-on, *will turn!*"

Then she marched to a distant table, leaving M. Hyacinthe staring after her.

M. St. Pol and his guests arrived, as M. Hyacinthe had expected, with a most beautiful punctuality.

M. St. Pol was in very high spirits, for his singing had met with an appreciation really amazing for this inept country, and he had found, on measuring it, that his waist had grown nearly five centimetres slimmer in the past six weeks.

It also pleased the great man that Mimi Reiss should be looking unusually pretty that evening, and that her scarlet pailletted gown should become at once the cynosure of all eyes in the *belle salle*.

This fact, as well as that of Brann's name being audibly whispered more than once during the party's slow progress through the rooms, the tenor regarded as a tribute to himself, and as he sat down at his table he threw out his diamond-studded shirt-front with a great sigh of satisfied vanity.

"*Voyons un peu,*" he began, taking up the menu and beaming at his wife's neat handwriting with something like gratitude.

"*Oufs à la Christophe Colomb*—you will like this little dish, Mademoiselle—*pigeons à la crapaudine, hm, hm*—I think, M. Brann, that you will find that your humble servant can order a modest supper as well as he can sing!"

M. Brann, a small, dry man with a beautiful auburn wig, nodded absently. He was a very great person, and should never have dreamed of partaking of St. Pol's hospitality were it not for the fact that the second lady of the party, Miss Eva Hunter, was at that time both dear to him and to Mademoiselle Reiss.

But when the eggs were served, and followed by other exquisite delicacies, M. Brann found himself looking on the tenor in a new light. St. Pol was a clever fellow, and had sung uncommonly well that evening.

"St. Pol—*prosit!*"

The tenor and the impresario, each pleasantly realizing his own condescension toward the other, bowed gravely over their wine.

Mimi Reiss was very hungry, and ate with a devotion to the subject in hand that might, had she applied it to all things, have carried her to great heights. She gnawed her pigeon-bones, she mopped up the gravy with a bit of bread, she scraped the bones of her cutlets (for Madame Vacher had, on making out the menu, which she sent to St. Pol, and which he, in turn, sent to M. Hyacinthe, elongated the list by several courses), she chased the last pea around her plate with conscientious determination, and called three times for more bread.

When at length the salad had come, the charming soubrette leaned back in her chair with a sigh. "Ah, little Mimi is better now!" She smiled at St. Pol as she spoke, showing a quite surprising number of faultless teeth, and then she began to talk.

And when Mimi Reiss talked it was a positive Niagara of words, tumbling over her broad red lips, English, French, Italian words, and many in the Viennese dialect. She swore, she abused people, she praised people, she laughed, and mocked and sneered and protested men, women, countries, operatic rôles, religious and political institutions, in a breath. But because she was in reality the kindest-hearted, most generous little woman who ever lived, as well as the most utterly immoral and untruthful, people liked hearing her nonsensical harangues, and when she now at length paused, gasping for breath and bursting into laughter, the other members of the party clapped loudly and called for more!

"*Non, non, mes enfants,*" she replied, waving her empty champagne-glass significantly. "I am done! *Ha*—it must be late, the room is almost empty. Little Mimi wants to *faire dodo!*"

"God forbid that she should go to sleep for hours yet! Let me fill your glass. Miss Hunter, champagne?"

The salad was delicious, and Mimi found that she could eat a little more.

Miss Hunter, who had her own reasons for making up to the impresario, whom she privately regarded as an old chimpanzee, turned in her chair and began talking to him in a low voice.

"Dominic! Why don't you take away the salad, animal?"

"*Oui, M'sieu.*" The waiter cleared the table, and after a few minutes, during which St. Pol had sworn to Mademoiselle Reiss that she, and only she, was the one woman, etc., reappeared, bearing an elaborate sweet composed of peaches, Maraschino, and whipped cream. (Continued on page 24.)



# CANNIBAL ISLE



By  
W.D. NESBIT.



CAME up sputtering. It seemed to me that I had gone clear to the bottom of the bay, and had swallowed a barrel of the salt water in my efforts to call for help while beneath the surface. I persisted in trying to cry "Help!" even while I recognized the futility of attempting to articulate under water. When I reached the surface I blew the evil-tasting water from my mouth and looked about for her. To my astonishment, she was at my elbow. Her clothes had kept her from sinking, but I could see that she was terribly frightened.

I put my left arm about her and told her to be cool, that I would swim with her to safety. At that moment Moggs came to the surface on her other side. He blinked his eyes and sputtered, too; then he turned and saw her. Instantly he swam over and coolly threw his arm about her, saying: "Keep cool, Miss Infrow; I will save you."

"I beg your pardon," I remarked, with as much dignity as I could gather, while treading water, and tasting it, too; "I beg your pardon, Mr. Moggs, but I will save the lady."

"Indeed, Mr. Perkins!" he retorted, almost going under as he quit stroking his left arm and tried to wipe the water from his eyes. "Indeed? It is my impress-sh-woosh-oosh!"

A wave took him full in the face and stopped his insolent remark. I give Miss Infrow credit for having a sense of humor, because she smiled slightly when this occurred. But Moggs cleared his throat and snapped: "If any one has the right to save Miss Infrow it is I, for at least I have had the honor of acquainting her with my intentions."

"Your intentions?" I asked, experimenting with a one-arm overhand stroke. (It is not practicable. I splashed the water in my eyes and the brine almost blinded me.)

"He means the intention of his attentions," explained Miss Infrow shyly, speaking for the first time.

"But so have I," I declared, taking a firmer hold on her with my left arm. Moggs detected this and retaliated by tightening his clasp also.

"Mr. Moggs—Mr. Perkins—Gentlemen, you are making it difficult for me to breathe," she cried. "It is very hard to get my breath, anyhow, in the water this way."

"Moggs!" I ordered. "Do you hear Flor—Miss Infrow? Take your arm away. You are presumptuous."

"Get away yourself, freshy!" he growled, loosening his hold of her enough to seize my arm, and trying to drag it away from her.

"Don't try that, you wretch!" I thundered at him. I wrenched and wriggled until his clutch of my arm was broken. To my chagrin, Miss Infrow's head went under the water! Her face reappeared in a moment, and she looked as angry as a—well, I was unconsciously going to say "as a wet hen," but it would be unkind to use such language, no matter how apt.

"Please decide which of you will save me," she begged, "or I shall drown!"

"I was the first one to see you," I argued.

"That has nothing to do with it," replied Moggs, retaining his hold upon her. "I swam to her as soon as I came up. Didn't I, Florence?"

"I do not remember giving you permission to address me by my first name," was her chilling answer.

"Ha, ha!" I jeered. "Get away, Moggs. Can't you take a hint? Have no fear, Florence. I am with you, and you are safe."

"I believe I am still Miss Infrow to you, Mr. Perkins."

A watery sneer came from Moggs's side. Fortunately another wave had slapped him in the face before he could say anything.

"If I might ask you both to remove your arms," she said, "I believe I will walk to land."

I was dumfounded. But just then my feet struck the sand, and I realized that we had drifted and swum to where the water was of a safe depth. Mechanically I released her. So did Moggs. The three of us waded slowly to the beach. We were on a sandy little island, whose surface did not seem at any place to clear the water by more than five feet. Sand, nothing but sand, everywhere before us. We walked up on the beach and looked about us. Away on the horizon stretched a hazy line that marked the eastern shore. Off to one side was another hazy line—Kent Island. Going forward a few feet, I could look to the other side of our landing-place. It was a hummock of sand, possibly a hundred feet long by forty wide.

"Where are we?" asked Miss Infrow.

"In the middle of Chesapeake Bay," I told her. "On a barren island, surrounded by water."

"And where is the steamer?"

"At the bottom, I think," replied Moggs. "I am sure I passed it as I was coming up."

"Oh, dear!" she moaned. "To think of all those people being lost! Isn't it awful? How did it happen, anyway? All I remember is that I was sitting on the front porch of the boat—"

"Front porch?" tittered Moggs. "Front porch? That's pretty good! You mean the deck."

"She means the front porch," I corrected him sternly.

"Thank you, Mr. Perkins," she said, with a sweet smile. "I never could master these nautical terms. And, anyway, front porch is just as descriptive as any other words, is it not?"

"More so," I agreed. Moggs writhed.

"I was going to say," she continued, "that I remember sitting there, talking with you two, when suddenly there was a terrible shock, and then all became dark, and I was in the water, and then you gentlemen gallantly rescued me." She turned her head away with these words and seemed to be weeping silently, for her shoulders shook.

"It didn't happen quite so quickly," said Moggs. "There was a jar, or shock, as you say. We ran into a log, I think, and stove a hole in the hull. I saw you fall overboard and jumped after you—"

She turned to him with a gasp of admiration.

"Yes," I interrupted. "You jumped when you saw me jumping, and when you heard me call to you to come on and save her." This time she smiled upon me.

"And then you were both agreed as to saving me, at that time?" she asked.

"It was too bad you should disagree afterward, wasn't it?"

Moggs ignored the question.

"When I jumped," he said, "I saw the crew and other passengers climbing into the boats, so I think no one was lost. If Perkins had waited, as I urged—or thought of urging—we might have secured life preservers."

"It was no time for me to think of my own safety," I scored.

"But where are we, and what are we going to do, and how are we going to get away?" she asked suddenly.

"We are on a sandy knoll, we are going to stay here—and as for your other question, we may either swim or wait until a rescue party comes."

I said this succinctly. In answering a woman's questions, it is always best to go to the point.

"But suppose no rescue party comes," she said.

"Then—we must be brave," I replied.

"Is there nothing on this island to eat?" she asked.

"You may see for yourself," spoke Moggs. "We have no such facilities as Robinson Crusoe had."

"But it is nearly noon now, and I had breakfast early, so that I might get the boat, and I am hungry already."

I had been fumbling in my pockets, as is my habit, feeling my change and thinking irresistibly of buying lunch. Withdrawing my hand from my trousers pocket, I dipped into my coat pocket for a handkerchief, to mop my brow, for it was wet. But my coat, and my trousers, and my handkerchief and all were soggy, soaking. My hand struck a package.

"Miss Infrow," I suggested, "possibly these chocolates would stay your hunger. I had intended giving them to you on the boat, but—"

"Here's some more!" cried Moggs, brightening up, and digging into his coat-pocket, too. We drew out the shapeless, moist boxes, and handed them to her.

"Oh, thank you. How thoughtful! But let's put them here on the sand, where they may dry out."

She tore off the covers of the boxes and disclosed in each a sticky, stringy mass of chocolate and the sugary filling of the creams.

"I am afraid I never can eat that," she faltered, "no matter how hungry I become." There were tears in her eyes. "But it is awfully kind of you both. Oh, dear! I am beginning to wish I had never thought of crossing the bay."

"Don't lose courage," I begged. "All's well that ends well, you know."

"Y-yes," she sobbed. "But I have read so many heartrending accounts of people who have been shipwrecked and cast away on barren islands, and now their skeletons would be found fifty or sixty years afterward, with no means of identifying them, and—"

"No fear they'll not know me," put in Moggs. "I wear a steel accident insurance tag. See?" and he showed us a little medal-shaped bangle on his watch guard. "I believe in forethought," he went on proudly.

"Well," I told him, "if we get away, I'll tell the reporters to look for a man with a steel tag on him. What's your number?"

"Much good your old identification mark will do us!" Miss Infrow said wistfully. "If you have so much forethought, why is it that we are cast away on this horrid sand-pile with nothing to eat, and no dry clothing?"

Moggs could only twirl the accident insurance medal nervously. Miss Infrow sat down on the sand and tried to put her hair back from her face. Her hair was wet and clinging, and the water dripped from it. The best she could do was to sop it back from her eyes and twist it tightly in her hands, wringing the water from it, then coil it in a flat, tight knot.

"And," she moaned, "I know I look simply odious!" She wept harder than ever.

"Now, you don't look very bad," blundered Moggs.

"I know I do. I feel that I am a fright!"

"You're not," I lied. "You're prettier than ever."

"When we escape from here, you must always wear your hair that way. I wish we had a looking-glass."

Moggs felt in his wet pocket for the little hand-glass he always carries. I scowled at him and shook my head. "You blithering idiot!" I shouted.

"Oh, Mr. Perkins, don't let us have another of those foolishly jealous scenes. Have you no consideration for me whatever?" she wailed.

Moggs let the little mirror slip back into his pocket and grinned maliciously. I sat down on the sand, too, and busied myself wringing the water from the legs of my trousers. Then I pulled my coat off and twisted it until the water was out of it. I caught Moggs laughing at me again when I looked for a post or something



He lit the cigar



The three of us waded slowly to the beach



to hang the coat on so that it might dry. This was too much. I rushed at him and knocked him down. "Brute!" shrieked Miss Infrow. "Are you crazy?" "Never mind," I said. "He knows why I did it."

Moggs got up and glared at me. Then he went a short distance away, sat down on the sand, and wrung the water from his coat, also.

"But I suppose this is no time for one to expect even conventional politeness," she remarked, as if to space.

I did not reply. I dropped on the sand again, and dug holes in it with my hands, glowering sidewise at Moggs, who had taken a cigar from his vest pocket, and a match from the cheek pocket of his coat, and laid them on the sand in the sun.

"Can't you hoist a signal of distress, or something?" she asked, after a long silence, in which the three of us had moodily gazed out over the water. Moggs snickered. He looked at my coat.

"We might," I said coolly, "if there were anything to hoist it on."

"Oh, this is perfectly terrible!" she exclaimed, holding her sleeve gingerly away from her arm. "We may have to stay here and stay here and stay here, unable to signal help, and maybe perish at last of exposure and—hunger! I am desperately hungry this minute! I wish I had stayed at home!"

Moggs arose and came toward us.

"Are you hungry, Miss Infrow?" he said.

She nodded, and strove to stanch her tears with a draggly handkerchief.

"Er-hmm—among shipwrecked people," he said, "it is the custom—it is an absolutely necessary custom—that when all other hope fails, some member of the party should sacrifice himself for the lives of the rest."

"What do you mean, Mr. Moggs?" she ejaculated.

"That when the pangs of hunger become too great for the unfortunate ones to endure, they must—must eat one another. That is—" he went on, stopping her cry of horror with a jerk of his hand—"that is, they have to eat one member of the party. It is not a pleasant thought, I know, but desperate situations call for desperate expedients."

"Oh, I couldn't bring myself to think of that!"

"Wait until you get good and hungry," he advised. "Wait until you feel yourself dying inch by inch, your agony increased by the contemplation of the sufferings of your companions. Wait until then, and you will find that there is a limit to human endurance, or to human abhorrence."

"No! No!" she shivered. "I never could. Not if I died for it!"

"Moggs!" I broke in. "I am astounded! You are heartless, cruel, unmanly! I never conceived of such brutal torturing of the fine sensibilities of a gentle, cultured woman!" Miss Infrow simply looked her gratitude toward me.

"Now," cold-bloodedly remarked Moggs, "there is Perkins. He is fat, healthy, and solid. If the worst comes to the worst, he will afford us sustenance for quite a while."

"Oh-h-h!" she gasped, with a little horrified shudder.

"How about you, Moggs?" I retorted hotly. "You're younger than I—you're realier, too!"

"Oh, I don't know!" he snapped.

"And then there is your identification tag," I gibed. "If we eat you we will pin that to your clothes, so the belated rescuers will be able to identify at least one of our skeletons—or know who the two skeletons are not."

The taunt enraged him, but he knew too well the strength of my good right arm. He merely sat and muttered.

Miss Infrow was almost hysterical. "I shall go crazy!" she declared.

"Oh, what will my poor parents think has become of me?"

"Have no alarm. Miss Infrow," said Moggs reassuringly. "If the poor sacrifice of myself will save you for your fond parents, rest confident that no one will go more glad to the slaughter."

"But—but what could we cook you in?" she cried, the difficulty of the position becoming more apparent. This stupefied Moggs. He was only bluffing. His talk was for effect. At heart the villain had me in mind as the victim.

"I suppose you would have to wait until I was sundried," he suggested savagely. "Perkins, there, would be glad to wait. He knows if he ate me it would put me out of the race."

"I couldn't eat a mouthful of you!" I growled.

"Anyway, I am too much of a gentleman to deprive a lady of her food."

"Oh, please don't talk so!" she pleaded. "If—if one of us must be—must go that way—why should it not be me? I am only a weak woman. You are great, strong men, with your work to do in the world."

Ah, she was a heroine! Soggy hair, draggly dress and all—she was every inch a queen at that moment.

"Miss Infrow," I hastened to say, "I would never consent to such a thing. No! I would be content to remain here, wasting away, until my shadow was thicker than I, and even then I would not agree to such a course."

"I know that I do not look very appetizing just now," she sighed. "Mercy! I shall never again complain when I am caught in the rain without an umbrella! Oh, how—how melted I feel. Please don't look at me! I know I must look as cozy as that chocolate!"

"You look just as sweet as that chocolate!" I vowed. I believe in making compliments when they are needed

—not when they are obvious. Moggs let that aggravating grin work its way across his face again. He picked up the cigar and match and found that the sun had dried them out. Nothing ever delighted me so much as his ineffectual efforts to find somewhere to strike the match, and nothing ever maddened me so much as his triumphant look when he ignited it on that identification tag. He lit the cigar, and walked about the isle gloomily, puffing clouds of smoke. Methodically he paced from one end of the knoll to the other, his hands clasped behind him and his head bent in thought. Occasionally the smoke would drift to me and the tantalizing odor was trying indeed.

"Haven't got another cigar about you, old man?" I asked, kindly.

"Only have one more," he said, without pausing in his walk. "You must excuse me if I keep it. Man never knows, when he is shipwrecked, how long his stores will hold out, you see."

I turned away from him and gazed angrily over the bay. Far off were a number of gulls, their wings flashing in the sun as they dipped to the water and up again.

"What are those?" quivered Miss Infrow. "V-vultures?"

"Gulls, girl! Gulls!" was Moggs's statement, as he walked by us on another round of his beat. We were silent for another while. Then Moggs stalked dramatically before us, stopped, and declaimed:

"I am monarch of all I survey;  
I am lord o'er the bells and the brust!"

My wrath rose again. "I certainly shall be glad," I said, "when hunger gets the better of my naturally gentle disposition." I fear that I gnashed my teeth with this remark, for Miss Infrow shuddered, and stared appealingly at us.

"No, you are out of the question, Miss Infrow," Moggs stated, idly flicking the ash from his cigar. "Perkins is the best solution of our commissary problem. It will be the survival of the fittest. I move we draw lots and decide upon Perkins as the victim. I'll find some way to cook him, if I have to swim to the mainland and borrow a stove."

"A stove?" she asked. "Why, Mr. Moggs, a stove would sink and take you with it. But you might push some wood ahead of you."

Great heavens!

"Wood?" Moggs stonily said. "I can drag enough driftwood up on this beach this afternoon to barbecue Perkins."

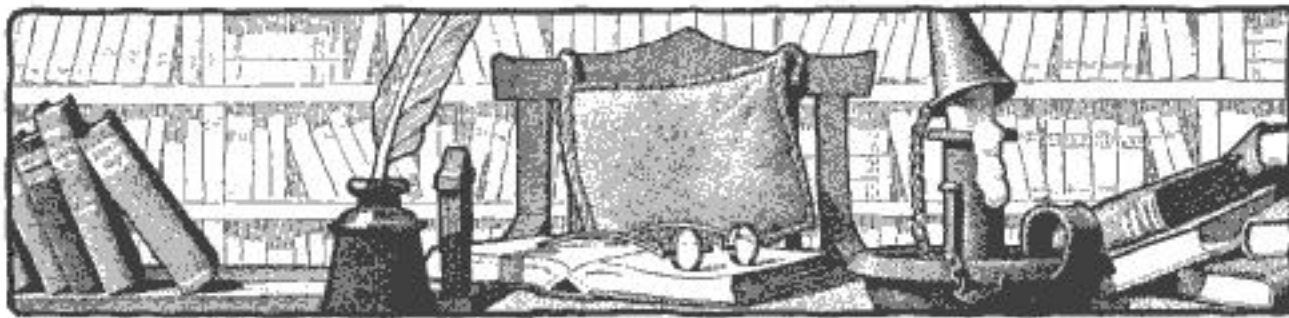
"Man alive!" I cried. "Are you going to discuss the menu, too, in my presence?"

"It is bad manners," he calmly told me, "for the lobster to interfere with the cooking arrangements or the kitchen management."

"I'll lobster you!" I retorted madly. I jumped at him, but Miss Infrow seized me. (Continued on p. 26.)



"He is it," he said



## "THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN" : By Robert Bridges

"So for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow round the bow,  
And for one the creak of snowshoes on the crust!"—Kipling.

THERE is a whole group of young writers, among them men of marked ability, who have undoubtedly been awakened to literary consciousness by Kipling. They are of that great body of "gentleman adventurers," full of joy in the infinite variety of life in the out-of-the-way places of the earth, of delight in the hazard of the chase, of pleasure in strange and daring vocations calling for nerve and bravery. They are no new class, for by them have the dark places of the world been uncovered—and one of the bravest of them died in England the other day, Sir Henry M. Stanley. But for the most part the men of this temperament are inarticulate. Life itself is so full of sensations that they have no time to write about it. Besides, their idea of literature is of something made at a desk, by lamplight, in a stuffy room, with much consultation of dictionaries and cyclopedias. How any big, healthy man, who has the world to roam over, can engage in such a stupid occupation is beyond their comprehension.

But in the early nineties Kipling caught hold of the fancy of boys and young men, sitting in schoolrooms and chafing at their tasks. He made articulate their unrest, "the old spring fret," the longing for adventure in strange lands. How many of them dropped their tasks and took to the woods or the sea, no one will ever know. But this is certain, that a number of those who did are now putting their adventures into books. Kipling revealed to them, not only the charm of the life, but its literary possibilities.

Three recent stories are typical of this. They are "The Silent Places," by Stewart Edward White; "The Seiners," by James B. Connolly, and "The Sea Wolf," by Jack London. They do not resemble each other; they are not imitations of Kipling, but he is the liter-

ary godfather of all of them. These young men are nearly of an age—one from the Atlantic Coast, one from the Middle West, and one from the Pacific Slope. Each one of them studied for a time at a university typical of his section—Harvard, the University of Michigan, or the University of California—but it did not spoil him. Then the sea and the long trail called them, and they met with strange adventures in strange lands. When they began to put them in stories, they met with immediate success. The vitality of their life got into their style, and it made its way easily. A really vital thing does not have to wait. Considered separately, the marked differences of the stories are easily seen.

"The Silent Places" is a tale of the great Canadian wilderness, which has been for so long the undisputed kingdom of the Hudson Bay Company. In it Mr. White has put the romance, the beauty, and the terror of the trackless forest. Nowhere, even in the records of Arctic exploration, is there a more vivid picture of the courage of man pitted against the implacable barriers of nature. Only actual experience of the way in which resourceful men combat hunger, cold, physical weakness, and mental strain could have given the author the material for this narrative. When everything is against them, there remains the unconquerable will. That is the spiritual basis for what without it would be a sordid and depressing tale.

In "The Sea Wolf," by Jack London (which has reached halfway in its serial publication), the author has undertaken a more ambitious task. Mr. White's trappers start with their moral qualities; Mr. London's sea-captain—old Wolf Larsen—is a cruel and deliberate materialist whose sole belief is in the right of the strongest to survive. Through almost incredible cruelties the nature of this Caliban among vikings is revealed. Horror is heaped upon horror until the reader revolts. An artist who had learned the value of restraint would

have known that the effect of these is not cumulative, but deadening. Beyond a certain point the reader refuses to be scared. From these terrible experiences the Sea Wolf is to rise to the discovery of his own soul. If Mr. London succeeds in depicting this spiritual evolution, he will have justified the grossness of the earlier chapters. Whatever the result, it can not nullify the wonderful vigor of his style, and the wholly admirable pictures of life at sea which he has created.

Mr. Connolly is a far more genial spirit than either of these. In "The Seiners" he draws from the life the Gloucester fisherman at his best. They are a picked body of men, the best of their class in the world. They are just as brave as Mr. White's trappers or Mr. London's sealers, but they are far more human. The romance and freedom of their life never seem to lose hold upon them. They would rather be Gloucester fishermen than anything else in the world. They have the pride of a yachtsman in their boats—and they are the greatest sail-carriers on the sea to-day. Lucky are they to have such a historian as Mr. Connolly. To him they are not literary material—but congenial comrades whom he likes to reveal to his friends.

This is Mr. Connolly's first long novel, and it carries the sails easily. In Tommy Clancy he has created a veritable Mulvaney of the Sea—a man of heart and infinite resource, with an endless flow of amusing palaver to hide his deeper feelings.

Mr. Kipling ought to be proud to have made men like these conscious of the literary value of their adventures. It is the heart of youth expressing itself in a manly, vigorous way. Moreover, they know how to write. They have drawn on that great reservoir of language, the speech of men who are doing things well all over the world. The founder of the Boone and Crockett Club (now President of the United States) also can take pride in them, for they are his disciples.





## A LITTLE PHONETIC

SENATOR BLACKBURN says that some years ago there were among the members of the House of Representatives hailing from Kentucky two gentlemen from the mountain districts who were anything but strong in their orthography. Mr. Blackburn says that Proctor Knott once told him of an amusing conversation between these two statesmen with reference to the spelling of the word "horse," which occurred in a document brought to them by the clerk to one of the committees.

"Here's a funny paper, John," said the first member to his colleague, "in which one of our Kentucky lawyers spells horse h-o-r-s-e!"

The second member took the paper, examined it carefully, and then replied, in all seriousness: "It is funny, isn't it? Why didn't he leave off that 'e'?"

## THE REAL THING

ONCE upon a time there was a beautiful princess who lived in a palace, such as is invariably provided for folks of that class. As is also customary in the lives of beautiful princesses, the time came around when it occurred to her that it would be a good idea to get married. Suitors were, of course, flocking in from all parts of the world, sitting around in groups in the front yard talking politics and waiting for an opening. And so she sent for the Lord High Chamberlain and said:

"Formulate me a question for these young men to answer, and the one who gives the best answer, of which you, O Lord High Chamberlain, shall be the judge, shall have me for a side partner all the rest of his days."

And so the Lord High Chamberlain put on his thinking cap and flocked by himself for a while, until he made the following announcement:

"Know all men by these presents that the one who gives the best answer to the question 'What are we here for?' shall annex her royal highness."

The first suitor, who had been standing in line three whole days, stepped up promptly. "We are here," he observed, "to satisfy our curiosity."

"Good!" exclaimed the Lord High Chamberlain. "There is much sense in your answer. Step lively now, number two."

The second suitor lost no time. "We are here," he said, "to extract as much comfort as possible from the misery of others."

"First rate!" cried the Lord High Chamberlain. "There's wisdom condensed for you! I perceive that I'm going to have hard work to decide this important matter. Don't dally, number three. Plenty of room forward."

The third actor came to time: "We are here," he said, "to love, to hate, and to be resigned."

"Now, wouldn't that interest you!" said the Lord High Chamberlain. "That was a great reply. Boys, you are running pretty close together. Well, number four, what have you to say?"

The fourth suitor came up promptly. "We are here," he said, "to hope, and to go unrewarded."

"Great!" cried the Lord High Chamberlain. "This is certainly a puzzler. Next."

The fifth suitor spoke: "We are here," he said, "because we can't help ourselves."

"Could anything be better!" exclaimed the Lord

"to run on errands, hand out the spot cash, walk the floor with baby, appear promptly at all receptions, keep our opinions to ourselves, and listen patiently."

"I'll take him," exclaimed the Princess excitedly.

"But my dear young lady," expostulated the Lord High Chamberlain, "you said I was to be the judge, and surely this fellow hasn't given the best answer."

"He may not have given the best answer," said the Princess, as she beckoned number six into the royal conservatory, "but I'll bet my tiara to a doughnut that he will make the best husband."



## THE MUSCOVITE'S EXCELSIOR

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

THE shades of night were falling fast  
When o'er the Yalu River passed  
A Cossack who, mid snow and ice,  
Carried a flag with this device:  
"Wjhtqjkhaijskyroff!"

His brow was sternsky, and his beard  
Made in the breeze a whistling weird.  
Cold, vodka-numbed, he wished to die,  
But still that pi line waved on high:  
"Wjhtqjkhaijskyroff!"

"Beware the Japs!" a private said,  
"Beware yon flying pills of lead!"  
The stubborn Cossack only sneered  
And muttered, through his icy beard:  
"Wjhtqjkhaijskyroff!"

"Stay here," the tavern-keeper cried;  
"We've got an easy game inside.  
You ought to win full many a stack."  
The whiskered horseman answered back:  
"Wjhtqjkhaijskyroff!"

A chorus girl lisped, "Mumm's the word!  
Let's have a bottle and a bird."  
In vain she coaxed, in vain she cried;  
The mumbling Muscovite replied:  
"Wjhtqjkhaijskyroff!"

They found him at the break of day;  
On a Korean veldt he lay;  
And to these minions of the Czarsky  
A voice came like a falling starsky:  
"Wjhtqjkhaijskyroff!"

## A JAPANESE GARDENER

THE late Sir Edwin Arnold had a great many stories in illustration of Japanese traits.

"The Japanese gardeners," he once said, "have carried their art further than we have carried ours. A landscape gardener in Japan is esteemed highly. He is looked on quite as we look on a poet or a painter."

"And these Japanese gardeners are, truly, remarkable men. I was riding with one of them near Kioto on an August afternoon, and we came to a steep hill-side."

"Tell me," I said, "how would you plan a road to the top of that difficult hill?"

"The gardener smiled humorously.

"I think," he said, "that I would first turn some cows loose and see how they got up."

## TAKING NO CHANCES

SPEAKER CANNON, at one of the unique dinners that he gives in Washington (these dinners are strictly limited to one hour of time), talked about mean rich men.

"The meanest rich man in Illinois," he said, "lives in Vermilion County. He is a bachelor, and we'll call him Crust."

"One day the superintendent of the local cemetery told his lot salesman to call on Crust and see if he couldn't work off a cemetery lot on him."

"The salesman set out with a hopeless air, and in a half-hour he was back again."

"No go," he said.

"Couldn't get him, eh?" said the superintendent.

"No," said the salesman. "He admitted that I reasoned well, and that the lots were fine ones, but he said that if he bought he mightn't get the value of his money in the end."

"Why," said the superintendent, "there's no fear of that. The man will die some day, won't he?"

"Yes," said the salesman, "but he says he might be lost at sea."

## MODERN SHORT STORIES

By TOM MASSON

## I.—THE NEUROTIC STORY

CALEB, who had been away on a long photographic tour, his Nature books having brought him a million and a half in three months, suddenly met his best friend coming out of the house, accompanied by his wife.

"As I suspected," said Caleb, who, though outwardly calm, felt within him a perfect hell of jealous rage.

"Wither away?" he asked lightly.

Caleb's friend did not deign to answer, but got into his automobile and sped away. Caleb's wife did not permit herself to be disturbed.

"Just in time, dear," she said. "Have you had luncheon?"

"No," said Caleb. "Keep it for me. I will be back at four. Meet me in my dark-room at that hour."

A sudden thought struck him. He would have his revenge. In the distance he could hear his bright little four-year-old boy playing on the hand-organ Caleb had given him for Christmas to keep him quiet. But already his mind was made up.

He hastened madly to a clump of woods on the outskirts of the town. He called the old familiar cat, and in a few moments he was surrounded by his small company of trained rattlesnakes.

"Ah, Fanger," he said to the largest one. "Once I did you a service. Now you must do me one. At four o'clock this afternoon I will take you to my dark-room. You must bite my faithless wife, Fanger. Then I shall sit and taunt her while she slowly dies."

He put the snake in his tail pocket and hurried homeward.

She was waiting for him as he entered the dark-room.

"Here, dear," she said, "is your luncheon. I cooked it myself."

Caleb locked the door.

"Woman," he said, "my calmness has been a mask. You were about to elope with my best friend. Now



"Ah, Fanger, once I did you a service"

is the hour when my revenge is complete. Here, Fanger, strike while the lunch is hot."

The snake prepared to obey, while the terrified woman sank on her knees and pleaded for her life. At this moment, however, the strains of a hand-organ were heard outside. Willie had come to serenade them.



"I'm not hungry!"  
"I'm starved!"  
Puzzle—Who is paying for the lunch?

High Chamberlain. "There is philosophy, history, fate, and all-round inevitableness crowded into that one answer. Your majesty, surely no answers can be any better. Let's limit the contest to these five."

"Just one more," said the Princess. "I have a kind of curiosity to know what the next fellow will say."

The sixth suitor came up. He was a quiet, modest, retiring looking chap. "We are here," he said slowly,



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The snake hesitated. He was charmed. It was a moment of intense dramatic interest. "Play, Willie," said Caleb's wife. "Let up, Willie," said Caleb. Would the boy stop? In after years, could he look back with a fond smile to think he had once saved his mother's life? Caleb's wife, with rare instinct, knew that Willie's arm was beginning to waver. With a sudden movement she turned off the red light. At this instant the music stopped. "Now, Fanger," exclaimed Caleb, the hell of jealous rage still prompting him. The snake struck out, missing Caleb's wife entirely, and biting the lunch she had prepared instead. He never moved again. The next day, when Caleb had calmed down, his friend came around and explained that he had simply gone in to borrow a gallon of gasoline. As for Caleb's wife, she was very grateful. "If I had not been the president of a cooking school," she said, "it would have been all day with me."

### APPARENTLY

She: "Spiritualism seems to be spreading, but I don't believe in ghosts, spirits, or spooks—do you?"  
He: "Well, I don't know—appearances are in their favor."

### JUST SHOPPING

MARSHALL P. WILDER tells of a most polite and obliging salesman in a certain large department store who recently had his patience sorely tried by a fastidious shopper. This woman had caused the polite and obliging salesman to take down from the shelves every bolt of cloth except one, and that was on the top shelf. Suddenly the fastidious woman glanced at her watch, saying: "I see I must be going. I was merely looking for a friend."

"In that case, madam," responded the unhappy clerk, "I'll gladly get down the last bolt for you if you think she is in that!"



"Look, Lis, the poor lady's brain's her skirt, and she ain't got no hands to hold it up with!"

### HOPE SPRINGING ETERNAL

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL enjoys telling of the interview that took place between a certain wealthy old Philadelphian and his only relative and heir, a young man of twenty-three, who has since childhood known that he was to inherit the uncle's fortune. It appears that the nephew, on hearing that the old gentleman was ill, had hurried from Newport to the bedside of his wealthy relative. "Oh, uncle!" exclaimed he, as he hurriedly entered the sick-room. "Awfully sorry to find you so ill. Is it true that you are threatened with appendicitis?"

The old gentleman smiled grimly. "I hardly think it is, my lad," replied he. "As a matter of fact, it's only the rheumatism. You mustn't be too optimistic, you know!"

### CONSISTENT AT LEAST

Sippins: "Don't you think that old Mrs. Snobby has an uneven disposition?"  
Pippins: "Quite the reverse. She is always the same—disagreeable."

### COURTESY OF THE HOUSE

ONE day not long ago Senator Dryden of New Jersey, who chanced to enter the Senate chamber a full hour or more before the convening of that body for the day, observed a colleague, equally early in his attendance, who had drawn a chair near the wall of the chamber upon a projection of which he had carefully propped his feet, at the same time becoming deeply absorbed in the contents of a newspaper.

"Come, come, Senator," said Mr. Dryden, tapping the second Senator on the shoulder, "take down your feet. This isn't the House of Representatives, you know!"

### ALMOST CURED

Mrs. Sniffen: "Did that Lumtum girl ever succeed in reforming her husband?"  
Mr. Sniffen: "Not completely, although I hear that he has reached that point where he can resist everything but temptation."

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## ONE WORM'S TURNING

(Continued from page 19)

"If you are so fond of me," remarked Mademoiselle Reiss, regardless of the waiter, "where is the little ring I wanted? I think that you are a false old serpent, that's what I think!"

"A serpent! 11. Vilaine petite, va! What would you say if the ring were in my pocket this very instant?"

He put his hand to his breast and withdrew from his pocket a small leather box.

Mimi gave a little scream of delight, but as she gazed she saw his face grow pale and his very mustache droop with terror.

"Was ist drum?" she asked, half-frightened.

St. Pol cast a hurried look around the room. Thank God, it was now empty. Empty but for his party and for that which seemed to melt his very bones within him.

"Bon soir, Victor!"

A fat, short woman in a loose browningham gown, covered with a greasy apron, had come in from the next room, and stood, with her hands on her hips, smiling, though with shaking lips, at the tenor.

"You have stayed so late," went on the surprising apparition, "that I'm through with my work, and thought I'd come in and meet—*thy friends!*"

St. Pol sat staring vacantly at her, and Miss Hunter gave a short giggle.

"I—well better go—" gasped the tenor at last: "it is late."

But Madame Vacher, whirling a chair around from the next table, sat down on it with a shake of her head.

"It would be a pity to go before you have eaten the sweet. It is very good; I made it myself, and I call it 'Peches à la Mimi Reiss.'"

"I'm sure I'm very much flattered," said the lady in question: "but, M. St. Pol, hadn't you better introduce your—friend to us?"

St. Pol tried to speak, but his voice was gone.

"Eh b'en, mon homme—can't you tell them who I am? I am not his friend, Mademoiselle; I am—his wife."

"His wife!"

"Yes; and further, I am second cook in this restaurant. We have always kept this a secret, but—I am lonely sometimes," she added with a slight break in her voice.

It was well for Marie-Rose Vacher that Mimi Reiss was not in the least in love with her husband, for the little Viennese could be very ruthless. As it was, her flirtation with the tenor, whose eyes were fine, though his throat was fat, was more or less a *pis aller*, and kept up merely because it was, in a small way, profitable.

Now, as the young singer studied the face of the middle-aged woman opposite, her heart was suddenly touched by something in the other's face.

"I'm charmed to make your acquaintance, Frau St. Pol," she said cordially, with a swift glance at the wilted tenor.

"Vacher. Our name's Vacher, Mademoiselle."

"Oh, I see: St. Pol is his stage-name. Well, Madame Vacher, I am glad to meet you. Let me introduce Miss Hunter to you, and M. Brann."

Brann bowed very gravely. His own father had been a cobbler in a village in Silesia, so he was bound to be conservative.

"We have had," went on Mimi, more and more delighted with her rôle as she observed the attitudes of the others, "a delicious supper! M. Vacher told us he would have our supper cooked by the best cook in New York, and he was right."

"Gewiss," murmured Brann, backsliding into his native tongue, which he hated.

St. Pol straightened himself slowly in his chair. "Some champagne, Marie-Rose?" he asked faintly.

"Thanks." Madame Vacher had had her revenge, and now she was paradoxically, but quite naturally, very sorry. The look in her husband's face smote her to the heart.

"I—I think I'll go now," she murmured; "M. Hyacinthe would be very angry if he came."

"Let the devil fetch M. Hyacinthe," interrupted Mademoiselle Reiss; "it is early yet. Why didn't you dress before you joined us?"

"I—I—think I'd really better go. Victor—Victor—you will forgive me?"

The poor woman rose, trembling so that she could hardly stand.

"Sit down, Madame Vacher! And why are you so frightened? Whenever I see married people having a little joke together I am thankful I am free! Cheer up, M. St. Pol, you look like a slice of Stilton cheese."

"I shouldn't have come; I shouldn't have come; and you, Mademoiselle, are very good to me, but I don't deserve it. I was very angry with you."

"Of course. Because I've been flirting with M. St. Pol! My dear woman, I'd have clawed your eyes out if I'd been in your place and you in mine! I'm as jealous as a tiger! But you see, I didn't know he was married, and though he's ten years too old for me, he's a great artist. Isn't he, M. Brann?"

This speech, simply delivered, but deeply witty, brought a certain balmy sentiment to both of the Vachers.

Marie-Rose sighed. "I know I am a fool—and he'll never forgive me, but I couldn't help it."

"Why should he never forgive you?"

"Because he is, as you say, a great artist, and I only—a cook."

Then Mimi Reiss became wonderful.

"Ah, bah!" she exclaimed, shedding beaming smiles on every one: "what difference does that make? Miss Hunter's father is a switchman on the New York Central, mine has a pawn-shop in the Juden-Gasse in

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## SLAVES OF SUCCESS

### II.—The Reformer Reformed

(Continued from page 18)

"There seems to be some trouble over these county funds that concerns you," the President told him. "I don't quite understand what they want, but it might be worth while for you to see what's wrong."

Marshall knew what was wrong, but he took time for reflection before deciding on his course, and during this time he received word that Hobbins had changed his mind about the \$500 contribution to the reform fund.

"Discouraging!" he muttered. "I sacrifice my own interests and can't even get support from the men who will profit most by my work."

Then Pendleton told him that they were in a fair way to lose the Southern penitentiary stone contract.

"Why?" asked Marshall.

"You'll have to find that out for yourself," replied Pendleton. "I was referred to Wade, but I can't do anything with him. Perhaps you can. You're in politics—too much in politics." Pendleton paused, to see how Marshall would take this, and then blurted out: "Confound it! I believe you've just about lost us this contract, and some others may follow. I never did believe in this political business, anyway. It takes time and it makes enemies. There's nothing in it except for the thieves; for others it means a loss—a real cash loss, as in this case. And it's my loss as well as yours."

A few weeks before Marshall would have resented this hotly, but he had lost some of his belligerency. Furthermore, he was a fair-minded man, and, from a business point of view, his partner had some reason for his anger. He was angry himself, but in a different way—angry enough to resign his bank directorship if that would leave him free to act, but he couldn't very well resign his partnership. All in all, it was a costly business, and a thankless one. For what he was doing he would not get even gratitude. Stafford and Hobbins already had deserted, the bank was in a fair way to lose something, his partner was dissatisfied, and he himself could see a personal loss of time and money. He began to reason in dollars and cents, and when a successful business man reasons in dollars and cents he ceases to be capable of disinterested action.

"I will see what I can do with Wade," he said.

Now was the situation suited to Wade's purpose! The aggressive reformer had been forced to come to him; the keystone of the reform movement was loosened.

Marshall was uncomfortable, and Wade gave him no helping hand, appearing to be ignorant and somewhat mystified as to the occasion for the visit. It was policy to force the reformer to make all the overtures. The man who asks is ever at a disadvantage when confronted with the man in whose power it lies to grant or refuse a request.

"I have not come on politics," Marshall blurted out finally. "I have come to see about that Southern penitentiary stone contract."

"Then it is politics," returned Wade blandly.

"It ought not to be," asserted Marshall.

"But it is," said Wade.

"Do you admit," demanded Marshall, "that you pay your political debts with public contracts, that you reward your friends and punish your enemies by deflecting public business, that you use the coffers of the State or county to attain your personal ends?"

"The question, Mr. Marshall, is an insult," returned Wade with dignity. "I said nothing that could be so interpreted. There are friends in politics as well as in business, and our friends are very true to us. They resent attacks on us as your friends would resent attacks on your business integrity. If a vicious assault were made on your business reputation, Mr. Marshall, would your friends go out of their way to give business or benefit of any kind to the man who had so assailed you?"

"Certainly not, but—"

"When you go into business you take the necessary risks and stand the losses as well as accept the profits, do you not?"

"Of course, but—"

"When you go into politics you have got to take the penalties as well as the rewards."

"But there are no personal rewards for me; I want none," urged Marshall.

"Then you get only the losses, the penalties," retorted Wade. "I don't think I should go into a game where my only chance is to lose."

"It's outrageous!" declared Marshall.

"It may seem so," returned Wade, "but it is only human nature, business nature. Frankly, Mr. Marshall, what you tell me is the first information I have had of this, but I have very good friends in influential places, and so have Carroll and some of the others. My friends naturally feel very bitter toward you, and they are doing just what your friends would do in similar circumstances. I can't very well upbraid them for their loyalty, can I?"

"If you knew nothing about it, why was I directed to come to you?" asked Marshall.

"It is possible," said Wade, with gentle significance, "that this was intended as a hint to you to make friends with me. If, as I suppose, loyalty to me and my associates is what lies back of it all, this is a plausible explanation."

Marshall looked fixedly at Wade for several minutes, but Wade only smiled pleasantly back at him. The business instinct in Marshall triumphed after a bitter struggle. It was humiliating, but what other course lay open to him?

"How can I do this?" he asked finally.

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"I am in the hands of my friends," smiled Wade. "I am satisfied when they are."

An angry retort came to Marshall's lips, but he smothered it. He was reasoning in figures again.

A paper was lying on Wade's desk. It had been carelessly pushed aside, and now lay almost in front of Marshall. He could not help seeing the line, "Copy of the specifications for the new industrial school." What was Wade doing with it? Marshall's plans contemplated furnishing the stone for that structure, but the specifications might be so drawn as to exclude his stone. Why should the thing be submitted to Wade before the bids were asked?

"What do your friends wish me to do?" asked Marshall.

"Nothing," replied Wade.

It was cleverly put. He was asked to do nothing. It had an innocent sound, this answer to his question, but Marshall knew what it meant. The man who does nothing is not dangerous.

Marshall hated himself as he left the office; he despised himself when he told Pendleton that the stone contract was all right; he felt contemptible while he was informing the bank president that he need not worry about the county funds; but he continued to reason in figures, and tried to convince himself that he had done all that could be expected of him. Surely he could not be expected to carry the whole burden of the reform movement.

Meanwhile Wade waited and watched the papers, and a day or so later he was rewarded by seeing a society item to the effect that Mr. Leroy N. Marshall, whose wife had been in California for several months, would join her there, and together they would visit a number of Pacific Coast points of interest, returning by way of the Canadian Rockies. Thereupon Wade called up Carroll on the telephone.

"The reform movement has collapsed," he announced.

And so far as effective and cohesive action was concerned, it had collapsed, although its actual demise was gradual.

## The "Beat" That Was Lost

THE manner in which R. L. Dunn, Collier's special war photographer, beat the world with his pictures of the battle of Chemulpo is familiar to all the readers of this paper. Mr. Dunn was the only professional photographer who saw the battle, and he tells the following story on one of the amateurs who took a photograph of the battle—a photograph which afterward reached Tokio and was sent to us by our correspondent, Frederick Palmer, after Mr. Dunn's photographs had been received.

"There was a lieutenant on the United States gunboat *Vicksburg*," writes Mr. Dunn, "who was at Chemulpo when the Russian vessels were sunk. He made a striking photograph of the sinking of the *Korietz*, an explosion which threw up a perfect geyser of smoke as the Russian vessel sank. You will have seen the picture; it is widely circulated. That is why the laugh is on the lieutenant. The officer had made the picture when I boarded the *Vicksburg*. It was small. I had a fine one. But I also wanted his. I offered him \$100 for the use of the film to make a print for COLLIER'S. The officer thought that if the use of the film was worth \$100 to me it would perhaps be worth more to him, so he refused the offer.

"Soon afterward the officer went ashore and sought a Japanese photographer. Before he went I offered him \$150 just for the use of the print. The officer could come and stand by while the film was developed and the film need never leave his possession—but he thought he could get more out of his picture by retaining it.

"Perhaps he could if he had retained it. It was late that night when he went, all anxiety, to the studio of the Japanese photographer to see the print. The photographer met him at the door with a long face. He was sorry, very sorry indeed, but the picture was fogged, the light must have struck the film. It was too bad. It was unfortunate, but the officer thought it was just a little touch of hard luck, and he went his way.

"Two days later he was offered a print of the sinking of the *Korietz* for the sum of twenty sen—ten cents—by the Japanese photographer to whom he took his film. The print was strangely familiar. It was the size of his film, the identical view he had seen in his finder. It was his view. He proceeded to lay down the law to the photographer, but the imperturbable Oriental only repeated that he was very sorry. The officer must be mistaken; he was very sorry. The officer was more than sorry. He swore for a short space. Then he went and found a policeman. He had the photographer arrested for theft, which was a mistake, for it gave the wardroom of the *Vicksburg* much munition for jests at his expense. There was a trial; an all too public trial. All the friends of the officer went, for it was great fun. The photographer swore it was not the film of the naval man from which he made the print; that film had been spoiled. He was very sorry. It might be that an employee had stolen the film and placed a fogged one in its place. Yes, that might be true; perhaps it was. He was very sorry. He could not find that employee. He had gone north with the army. He was very sorry.

"Finally the naval man was awarded damages totaling 50 yen—\$25. He had to spend that in refreshments—for the laugh was on him. In his cabin some one has posted the legend: 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'"

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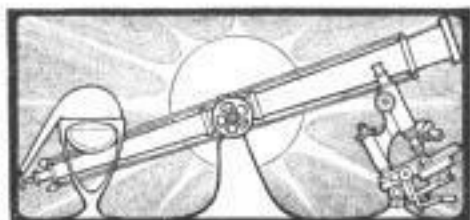
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## COMETS IN A NEW ASPECT

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

THE new comet recently discovered by Professor Brooks, although a small and inconspicuous specimen of the fiery haired tribe, possesses an interest that it could hardly have had a year or two ago, because we have lately been acquiring some startling new notions about the nature and significance of comets, and every one that now pokes its nose out of the cavern of space and flirts a while around the sun's candle presents an opportunity for study along novel lines, which may unset a good deal of what we have been taught to reverence as the Wisdom of the Moderns.

A comet is a kind of flying laboratory, wherein experiments utterly impossible to us on the earth are tried before our eyes. But, there being no celestial professor to explain them, we must make out their meaning as best we can. It looks now as though we pedagogues schoolboys, sitting on our narrow bench of earth and staring up at these strange sights overhead, were beginning, of our own accord, to "see" a point or two. The tails of comets are evidently as full of meaning as signal flags; or as those transformations which seem like sorcery, though they are pure science, that occur in a chemist's test-tube.

So it happens that a new comet nowadays rings a bell on its appearance which calls every astronomer to his seat, eager to witness the next experiment. There is really no exaggeration about this; it is literally true that we sit in a scientific theatre, with the sky for a stage and the comets for actors, the drama that they play before our eyes embracing a large part of the story of creation. But it is a pantomime, and the interpretation of it must depend upon our own acuteness and perspicacity.

### Comets are Instructive

Only recently have we begun to appreciate the immense scientific value of this celestial exhibition. Comets, from being mere bogies to excite ignorant terror, have now come to be recognized as among the most actively instructive phenomena presented to the intelligence of man. The planets and their satellites tell us of gravitation, but of little else; the moon stares at us wall-eyed, changeless, with the blankness and uncommunicativeness of death; the sun and his distant peers, the stars, yield fascinating knowledge to the spectroscope, but they do not show themselves amid changing conditions; the comets alone may be said truly to perform in our presence. They move rapidly across the sky and pass among the orbits of the planets; they obey a pull from Saturn this way, and a heavy tug from Jupiter that way, thus offering the most vivid object lessons on the law of gravitation; they emerge out of the invisible depths of space, and, moving in a fathomless vacuum, such as terrestrial science would give its eye-teeth to command for experimental purposes, they draw near to the sun, allowing us to watch the whole wonderful process of its increasing action upon them; then the marvel of their tails unfolds, and this is where they make revelations that admit us into arcana of nature which otherwise would be as a sealed book.

The tail of a comet is a product of extra-terrestrial analysis. The sun is the master chemist in this case, and the comet is a bit of matter freely subjected to his manipulation under conditions unattainable by our investigators. Fortunate indeed it is for us that we can look on and behold the results of an analytical process conducted amid an environment so hopelessly beyond our sphere of action. Yet, although this is one of the most striking, it is not the only, instance in which man sits on his little globe and with serene intellect transcends his physical limitations, and masters facts of the universe which a foreign intelligence, unacquainted with his hidden powers, would have deemed altogether out of his reach.

### Comets and Radium

What, without disrespect, may be denominated the new fad in science—the study of radio-activity—has already found an application to comets. To call a comet a big piece of radium flying through space, and to explain its tail as an appearance akin to the luminosity inside an exhausted tube through which an electric current is passing, would be going too fast and too far. And yet the drift is more or less in this direction, and hence the growing interest in comets. We know that there is something besides radium in a comet, but still radio-activity may be the comet's dominant phenomenon. If we could get hold of a comet we might find that we had in our hands atoms in process of dissolution more decided than that which we seem to perceive going on in a bit of radium. Thus the comets would justify their ancient renown, though in an entirely unexpected manner. They would prove themselves to be portents of the world's end, brought about not through sudden disaster, but by an age-long process of



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References—Dunn and Bradstreet's Agencies and Continental National Bank of Chicago.

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DEALERS IN WOMEN'S WEAR

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That it cost you \$5.00, some profanity and much mortification to be "tricked" back. It was the case of a 2,000 dollar machine stalled by a 75 cent set of dry batteries—every autoist has his battery troubles.

## The Apple Ignition Dynamo



is just what you want—don't depend on unreliable batteries, our dynamo gives you a hotter spark, more power, more speed.

Send for particulars on our ignition apparatus for Automobiles, Launches and Gas Engines.

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All kinds and sizes of Store Fronts. We furnish all material—Iron, Steel, Wood, Glass, Galv. Iron, etc. If you intend to build, write us. We furnish Blue Print plans, free. Lowest Prices. All the style of front City Fronts at small cost. Write for Catalogue.

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change, reaching to the very root of things and regenerating the universe.

Because of these new ideas about their nature, the appearance of one or two immense comets, such as have in former times illuminated the heavens and thoroughly scared mankind, would now be particularly welcome. Little fellows, faint even when viewed with powerful telescopes, are disappointing at a time when new issues are pending, and fresh and exciting theories awaiting confirmation.

But unluckily comets can not be commanded. They have their exits and their entrances in obedience to a stage management that is beyond the reach of interference or suggestion from the audience. The impatient gallery gods must pound their heels in vain. At the very moment of this writing there may be a stupendous comet just on the point of making its entry into the planetary system. No astronomer can foresee its coming. All the great comets have been strangers.

There is one partial exception, Halley's comet. It is a moderately great comet, and it has made many visits to the sun at intervals of three-quarters of a century. It is due again in about six years. When it comes it will be welcomed like a returning hero, and the problems that it will be asked to solve would fill a book.

□ □

## THE "HEARST" ARTICLE

THE conflicting manner in which the articles on "Hearst" and "The Newspaper Shell Game," published in COLLIER'S of May 21, was received by our readers, is fairly represented by the following communications selected from many received:

DENVER, COLO., May 19, 1904.

I am not a Hearst man, but nevertheless I desire to commend your rare example of fair play in allowing pro and con concerning him to appear in your columns.

An appreciative subscriber,  
W. D. R.

St. Louis, May 27, 1904.

This communication is intended for that intellectual phenomenon who writes the fine editorials that I fairly gloat over and devour each week in your splendid publication. I can hardly comprehend the narrowness of mind that would prompt subscribers to cancel subscriptions at anything he writes, particularly his severe but fair criticisms of that glaring fraud, William R. Hearst, who hopes by "hum ads" to gain the seat occupied by Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Cleveland, and McKinley. G. W. B., Jr.

New York, May 24, 1904.

In view of the article published in COLLIER'S on May 21, entitled "A Personal Sketch of William Randolph Hearst," I desire you to kindly cancel my subscription and to discontinue said magazine at the expiration of the time for which I have already paid.

W. H. D.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., May 21, 1904.

Being one of your many subscribers, I beg leave to ask how it came to pass that your good paper ever lowered its standard by giving so much space to William Hearst as you have just done in this week's issue.

You know, as well as thousands of others that the only reason he was able to get his name in your paper was by the liberal use of money. Would you mind stating what the consideration was? You have always "knocked" him, and people can only draw one conclusion when you flop over. We of Minneapolis would like to be set right.

C. J.

N. MANCHESTER, IND., May 21, 1904.

I desire to thank you for the publication of Brisbane's article on Hearst. I and many of my acquaintances have been greatly disappointed in the way Mr. Hearst has been attacked in your editorial columns. If there is anything so very wrong about Mr. Hearst, why not come out openly and say so?

A. G. E.

New York, May 20, 1904.

Mrs. E. says you are booming Hearst. Had I known it I certainly never would have had COLLIER'S come into my house and will be pleased to have my money refunded.

W. E. E.

DAVIS, W. VA., May 21, 1904.

I have been a regular subscriber for COLLIER'S for two years, and have all the time welcomed it as the best independent paper published in the country. But for some reason, which you have not explained to the satisfaction of the reading and thinking public, you have taken up arms, through your columns, against Hearst, and, in the opinion of many, have made your once excellent paper seem small. We naturally think one of two things—that you are paid for your columns by the anti-Hearst people, or the cry is against a lively competition. I have decided now that I don't want to read any more of the Hearst war, and my subscription will stop. I have no personal feeling in the matter, because I am not one who believes Mr. Hearst the most available man for Presidential nominee on the Democratic ticket. For one, I don't like to see a great paper, like COLLIER'S has been, deal in small personalities.

W. H. Y.

# DEAFNESS CURED

A Device That Is Scientific, Simple, Direct, and Instantly Restores Hearing in Even the Oldest Person—Comfortable, Invisible, and Perfect Fitting.

190-Page Book Containing a History of the Discovery and Many Hundred Signed Testimonials From All Parts of the World—SENT FREE.



The True Story of the Invention of Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums Told by Geo. H. Wilson, the Inventor.

I was deaf from infancy. Eminent doctors, surgeons and ear specialists treated me at great expense, and yet did me no good. I tried all the artificial appliances that claimed to restore hearing, but they failed to benefit me in the least. I even went to the best specialists in the world, but their efforts were unavailing.

My case was pronounced incurable! I grew desperate; my deafness tormented me. Daily I was becoming more of a recluse, avoiding the companionship of people because of the annoyance my deafness and sensitiveness caused me. Finally I began to experiment on myself, and after patient years of study, labor and personal expense, I perfected something that I found took the place of the natural ear drums, and I called it Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drum, which I now wear day and night with perfect comfort, and do not even have to remove them when washing. No one can tell I am wearing them, as they do not show, and, as they give no discomfort whatever, I scarcely know it myself.

With these drums I can now hear a whisper. I join in the general conversation and hear everything going on around me. I can hear a sermon or lecture from any part of a large church or hall. My general health is improved because of the great change my Ear Drums have made in my life. My spirits are bright and cheerful; I am a cured, changed man.

Since my fortunate discovery it is no longer necessary for any deaf person to carry a trumpet, a tube or any other such old-fashioned makeshift. My Common Sense Ear Drum is built on the strictest scientific principles, contains no metal, wires, or strings of any kind, and is entirely new and up to date in all respects. It is so small that no one can see it when in position, yet it collects all the sound waves and focuses them against the drum head, causing you to hear naturally and perfectly. It will do this even when the natural ear drums are partially or entirely destroyed, perforated, scarred, relaxed or thickened. It fits any ear from childhood to old age, male or female, and aside from the fact that it does not show, it never causes the least irritation, and can be used with comfort day and night without removal for any cause.

With my device I can cure deafness in any person, no matter how acquired, whether from catarrh, scarlet fever, typhoid or brain fever, measles, whooping cough, gatherings in the ear, shocks from artillery or through accidents. My invention not only cures, but at once stops the progress of deafness and all roaring and buzzing noises. The greatest aural surgeon in the world recommends it, as well as physicians of all schools. It will do for you what no medicine or medical skill on earth can do.

I want to place my 190-page book on deafness in the hands of every deaf person in the world. I will gladly send it free to anyone whose name and address I can get. It describes and illustrates Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums and contains bona fide letters from numerous users in the United States, Canada, Mexico, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, India, and the remotest islands. I have letters from people in every station of life—ministers, physicians, lawyers, merchants, society ladies, etc.—and tell the truth about the benefits to be derived from my wonderful little device. You will find the names of people in your own town and state, many whose names you know, and I am sure that all this will convince you that the cure of deafness has at last been solved by my invention.

Don't delay; write for the free book today and address my firm—The Wilson Ear Drum Co., 1876 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky., U. S. A.





# Doctors Say Drink More

# Schlitz



The body requires ten glasses of fluid per day.

Most people drink less—too little to flush the body of its waste. The result is bad blood, nervousness, disease.

Then the doctor says “Drink more;” and he knows this advice to be worth more than medicine.

That’s one reason why pure beer is good for you. It leads you to drink more—gives the body more fluid. And that fluid is also a food and a tonic.

But the beer must be pure.

Schlitz beer is brewed in absolute cleanliness and cooled in filtered air. It is aged for months before we market it, so it will not cause biliousness. And every bottle is sterilized after it is sealed. That’s why doctors always say “Schlitz.” Ask for the brewery bottling.

## The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous







## Vacation Days Are Kodak Days

The Kodaker has all the vacation delights that others have—and has pictures besides. And there's pleasure in the making as well as in the possessing of Kodak pictures.

Every step is simple now. No dark-room at any stage of the work, and better results than ever.

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Rochester, N. Y.

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# COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1904

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## AFTER THE BATTLE

A JAPANESE HOSPITAL CORPS ORDERLY CARRYING A WOUNDED SOLDIER TO HIS QUARTERS AFTER AN OPERATION FOR THE EXTRACTION OF A BULLET FROM THE FOOT, PERFORMED IN THE FIELD HOSPITAL AT ANTUNG. IT IS NOTICEABLE FROM THE VARIOUS PHOTOGRAPHS PUBLISHED IN THIS NUMBER THAT MOST OF THE JAPANESE SEEM TO HAVE BEEN WOUNDED IN THE FEET OR LEGS, WHILE THE RUSSIANS APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN STRUCK IN THE HEAD, OR UPPER PART OF THE BODY. THIS IS NO DOUBT DUE TO THE FACT THAT THE RUSSIANS WERE BEHIND INTRENCHMENTS





**M**R. BRYAN ASKS US for an explanation of our views on the independence of the judiciary. He admits that our opinion may be due to lack of information, but he goes on to suggest that if, as is very probable, the writer "understands the influence that sympathy exerts upon the courts, his criticism merely proves that his own sympathies are with the corporations that are to-day controlling some of our judges, as well as the Executive, the Senate, and Congress." The statement that the corporations control Mr. ROOSEVELT is part of Mr. BRYAN's fixed and almost single idea, the absorbing successor to the cross of gold. "If the trusts make a man rich with big fees, and then make him a Supreme Judge by the aid of a President elected by trust funds, may he not lean toward the trusts? What does COLLIER'S WEEKLY say?" What COLLIER'S says is clear. We are as much interested as anybody is in confining the power of concentrated and monopolistic wealth, but we believe that all changes should be made with the old Anglo-Saxon prudence and respect for law. Mr. ROOT, for example, has been vigorously attacked, of late, by the professional trust-busters, because he has taken part in an argument about the effect of the Northern Securities decision. He has certainly grown rich with big fees from corporations. Nevertheless, we do not hesitate to say that, because Mr.

AN ANSWER  
TO MR. BRYAN

ROOT knows the law and would, we believe, interpret it, we should prefer him on the Supreme bench to Mr. BRYAN's friend, GUMSHOE BILL, to TOM WATSON, to Mr. BRYAN himself, or to any attorney more notable for radical opinions than for knowledge of the law. Mr. BRYAN asks a series of test questions, of which we select the one of most recent application and present bearing. Will we, he wishes to know, "say that the nine judges who divided five to four on the merger case each had 'an eye singly to what is law'?" Does Mr. BRYAN imply that the judges divided upon their political affiliations or their "sympathy with the people"? If so, he makes out a strong case for the Republican party, and the easiest course would be for him to come out flat for ROOSEVELT. We do not say that all irrelevant sympathy can be excluded from a man because he has been made a judge. We are making no extreme statements whatever. No institution is infallible. What we say, and, if spared, may say again, is this: That the independence and stability of the judiciary is a bulwark of free government, and that the grounds for making a man a judge should be his legal knowledge and his personal integrity, not his agreement or disagreement with Mr. BRYAN on current politics, or with Mr. ROOSEVELT on race suicide.

**F**ROM TEXARKANA, TEXAS, comes a wail which moves us to reply. Our friend, if incoherent, could not be called either colorless or indifferent. "Your roasts of the ROCKEFELLERS," he observes, "while amusing and instructive, doubtless only serve to gratify their vanity of being noticed. But you offer no specific remedy for wrongs you acknowledge to exist. Of what avail to merely make faces and protest, though ever so ably? Or is there in your opinion ever likely to be any redress forthcoming? Or must the 'people' simply remain 'as they are, the long-suffering (m)asses? Your laudation of that platitudinous, treacherous, hypocritical old humbug, GROVER CLEVELAND, makes Texas tired. Consign it to innocuous desuetude, for Christ's sake. Amen." So concentrated an expression of feeling admits of various modes of response. We choose to overlook ROCKEFELLER's delighted vanity and the wrath of Texas over CLEVELAND, and to emit a few words on the topic of remedy for the people's wrongs. In the first place,

A VOICE  
FROM TEXAS

we are not expecting, within a decade or two, the advent of elysium. In a novel published about five years ago, the then Pope, LEO XIII, was made to tell with approval the following Sicilian story. "When Our Lord was busy creating the world, He wished one day to know if He had much more work to do. And He sent San Pietro out to see if the world was finished. When San Pietro came back, he said: 'Every one is weeping and sobbing and lamenting.' 'Then the world is not finished,' said Our Lord, and He went on working. Three days later Our Lord sent San Pietro again to the earth. 'Every one is laughing and rejoicing and playing,' said San Pietro, when he came back. 'Then the world is not finished,' said Our Lord, and He went on working. San Pietro was despatched for the third time. 'Some are weeping and some are laughing,' he said, when he came back. 'Then the world is finished,' said Our Lord. 'And so shall it be and continue,' said the old Pope." Some men will always be too rich and some will be too poor, but there will be improvement. The statement that the poor are getting poorer is childish. "The people," as our Texan calls

them, have comforts and opportunities to-day that nobles lacked but yesterday. There are, nevertheless, certain grinding monopolies, able to corrupt legislatures and contravene the laws, one of the worst being the Standard Oil Company, used as a text by the gentleman from Texarkana. The country is happy and prosperous, as human nature goes. The best step toward more happiness is to elect to office incorruptible men, who will enforce the laws we have. Men like FOLK and ROOSEVELT stand for the doom of the system of HANNA, PLATT, and QUAY. Wealth will be shorn of its illegal powers whenever the American people will take the trouble to govern themselves.

**A**LTHOUGH THE PRESIDENT'S PERSONALITY must be an issue of the campaign, the degree to which it is used by his opponents may become so offensive to ordinary taste and justice that he will be helped by abuse. When he made a commonplace address to the boys at Groton he was attacked by many newspapers with well-feigned indignation because he put his old strenuous vocabulary once more through its paces. It is legitimate to laugh at his infatuation with fighting and the Decalogue, or even seriously to regret that insistence; but it should always be remembered that Mr. ROOSEVELT is an exceptionally good man and an exceptionally good President. When that is remembered, criticism of his shortcomings will have the proper tone. We humans are all tiny creatures. Even presidents and editors are but bubbles. Let us, therefore, not be hard upon our good men if they happen not to shine in their occasional addresses. One recent object of criticism was the President's allegation that any country whose people conduct themselves well can count upon our friendliness. This statement was attacked as presumptuous by many of the same critics who have formerly declared that the Monroe Doctrine should imply some responsibility for the good behavior of our Southern neighbors. Such desperation to find an issue is a profound compliment to the present Administration. If one wishes to be honestly critical, without forcing the note, it is almost necessary to take the tone of humor. It is easy and natural to discuss with Mr. ROOSEVELT the fact that a single pair of boll weevils propagate 134,000,000 other weevils in a season, with its bearing on race suicide. It is fair for the President's cleverest opponent to invent such campaign songs as this:

"With the trusts  
We'll wipe the floor;  
We are out  
For good red gore.  
Each of us  
Has fifteen boys;  
We are full  
Of fight and noise.  
Knock 'em, soak 'em, eat 'em up, roar,  
Four years more of THEODORE!"

Mr. ROOSEVELT, in short, is a legitimate target for wit, but not for obloquy. It is just to temper his exuberance with humor, and do what criticism can to strengthen him against temptations, but to make him out either bad or dangerous, with such a record in public office as he has had for many years, is usually insincere and mean.

**A**S THE FISCAL ISSUE in Great Britain has been definitely put over until the next Parliament, another victory is scored for the redoubtable Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, since he is the head and front of the attack upon a system which has become almost sacred with the educated English. To realize how Englishmen feel about free trade some knowledge of history is needed. The repeal of the Corn Laws was the result of one of the hardest fights in Parliamentary history. It meant a victory not merely for the doctrine of free trade, but for critical, rather radical opinion generally, to such an extent that the contest had all the excitement of a class issue. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has challenged not the correctness of a fiscal computation only, but the soundness of a theory of government. The doctrine of free trade has been inseparably mixed up with the doctrine of *laissez-faire* in general, or, in other words, of the smallest possible amount of government and the greatest possible amount of liberty. "The Wealth of Nations" has been accepted as inspired. ADAM SMITH has been almost worshiped, and COBDEN has been his prophet. CHAMBERLAIN's plan of campaign means disproving in two years certain propositions which have been held in England as passionately as the MONROE Doctrine is held here. He has thrown down his gauntlet to what his countrymen have long accepted as an integral portion of Advanced Thought.

CHALLENGE OF  
CHAMBERLAIN





**G**OVERNOR BLACK'S NOMINATION of President ROOSEVELT at Chicago is merely part of the strategy of politics. It is what is known as "presenting a united front to the enemy." Between the two ex-Governors no love has ever been lost, and they have not changed since one of them became President. But New York is the most important State in an election, both parties in it are in a state of family turmoil, and the President is a sufficiently skilful and interested politician to make what plays he can, upon the checkerboard of politics, count toward consolidated work for his victory in the Empire State. When the Republican split was most acute there was a widespread feeling that any strong Democrat

CASE OF GOV.  
ERNOR BLACK

would carry New York, but the Republicans did not cease to work, especially the President and his shrewd advisers, and now the Kilkenny debate between HILL and MURPHY makes the outcome doubtful, even if the Democratic nominee should be PARKER, MCCLELLAN, CLEVELAND, or another man chosen with an eye to New York prejudices. Part of the President's skill as a politician consists of his versatility and daring. One day he shows that he can act far outside the laws of routine politics, as in his preference for national chairman. Another day he plays the stereotyped harmony gambit, as in the choice of Mr. BLACK to make the nominating speech. It is to his credit that independence is shown in this instance, and usually, in the more important offices, and conciliation in those of lesser consequence.

**T**HE W. C. T. U. was spoken of in these columns a few weeks ago as "busying itself with such important matters as christening ships with wine," the implication being that it did less than it might do toward remedying the particular evil then under discussion, namely, patent medicines. The Union now informs us, through the superintendent of, the "department of non-alcoholic medication," that its work in opposition to these dangerous "cures" has been considerable. That this work is not better known to the public is said by the Union to be due to the fact that the daily press is so in complicity with the patent medicine business that no mention is made of the thousands of public addresses in which W. C. T. U. speakers touch on this theme. Of a publication sent us in support of this contention, the most valuable part consists in citation of medical authority. Thus the Massachusetts State Board of Health, in its report for 1888, points out that opium is contained in Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, Jayne's Expectorant, Hooker's Cough and Croup Syrup, Moore's Essence of Life, Mother Bailey's Quieting Syrup, and others too numerous to mention. No wonder a baby finds

W.C.T.U. ON PAT-  
ENT MEDICINES

opium "soothing." A medical paper is cited as authority that in cough medicines nine times out of ten the principal ingredient is opium. A case is mentioned in "The Journal of the American Medical Association" of a man who used large quantities of a "seaweed tonic" to cure himself of inebriety, when suddenly he was taken with delirium tremens and died. The "tonic," according to the article, contained, unknown to the victim, 40 per cent of alcohol. Dr. Buckland's Scotch Oats' Essence is sold as a cure for both the whiskey and opium habits, yet contains 35 per cent alcohol and one-fourth grain morphine to the ounce (see "Journal of Inebriety," July, 1897, page 276). Parker's Tonic is advertised as a "purely vegetable extract. Stimulus to the body without intoxicating. Inebriates struggling to reform will find its tonic and sustaining influence on the nervous system a great help to their efforts;" yet it contains 41.6 per cent of alcohol. Hoofland's German Bitters are said to be "free from all alcoholic stimulant," yet are 25.6 per cent alcohol. These bitters are much used among women. Figures about cocaine, antipyrine, and other drugs are collected from medical publications, and altogether the Woman's Christian Temperance Union proves that its activities in this direction are varied and persistent.

**T**HIS HAS BEEN A LIVELY WEEK. More people have been after us than usual. Among the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune is a dart, thrown by the Washington "Post," which reeks of convinced and honest philistinism. By philistinism we mean density to the meaning and principles of art and to the finer shades of thought. A philistine may be the most useful of men. Uncle JOE CANNON is a useful man. The editor of the "Post," we dare say, is useful also. He distrusts "little cliques," which, as the "Post" assures us, are "mutual admiration societies." This refers to any commission of leading artists. What the "Post" wants is "competition"—honorable and useful word, which means that a job lot of designs are submitted, by all artists unsuccessful

enough to submit to such a judgment, and the final opinion is pronounced by the members from Duck Run and Jumping Off Valley, art thus safely keeping the level of taste characteristic of Congress, but not at all satisfying the knowledge and talent of such men as McKIM, ST. GAUDENS, LA FARGE, or anybody else who might be selected as standing at the head of the arts in America. It is a simple question, almost too ridiculous for serious debate. Do the American people wish their national monuments to be chosen by some body of the most gifted and experienced artists in our country, or by the petty pulls and untrained tastes of Congressmen with needy friends and spotless ignorance of art?

TROUBLE  
FOR US

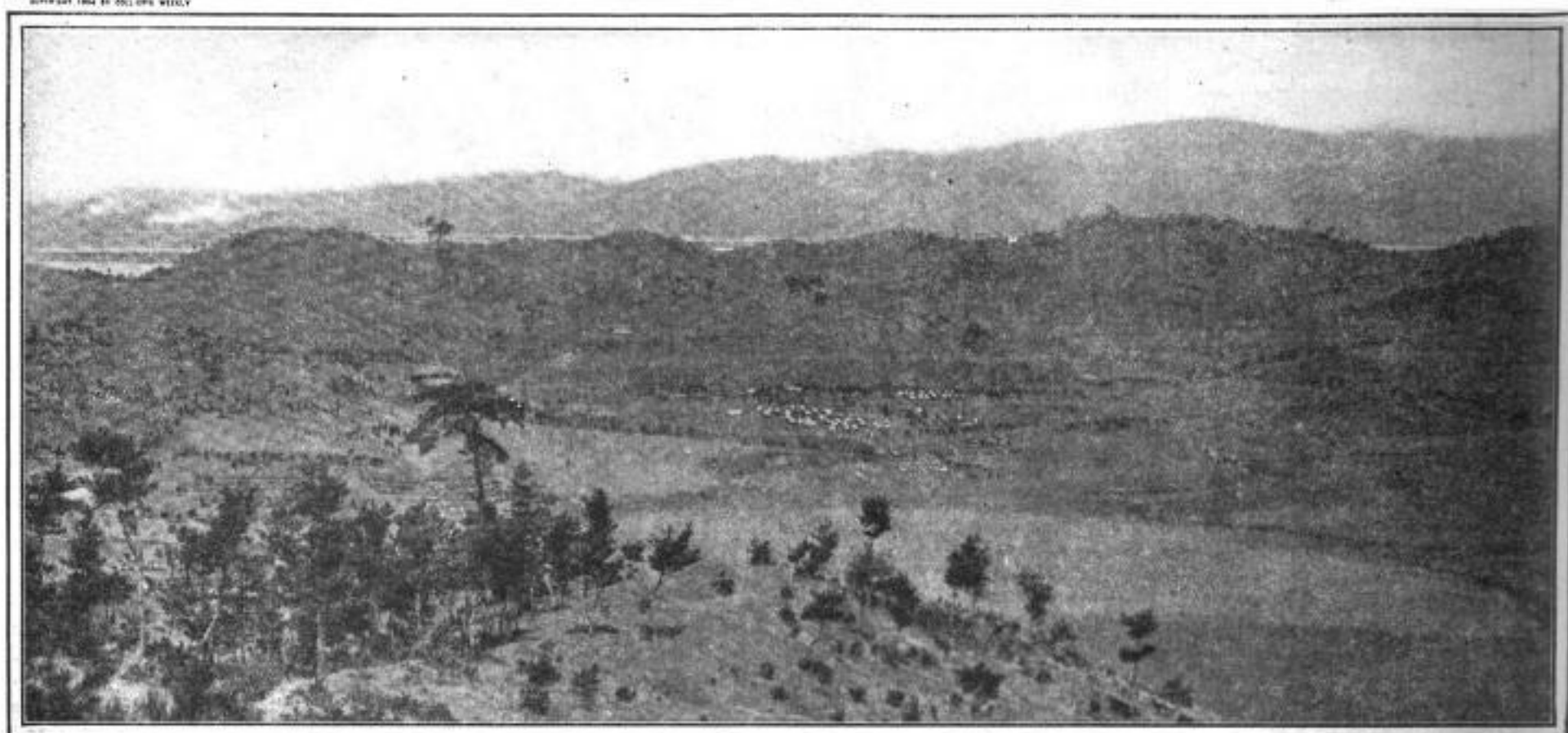
**T**HE WORLD IS FASCINATED, just now, by contemplating the vast consequences that may follow the awakening power of Asia. If Japan is showing military efficiency and courage unsurpassed in history, and if China and India lie ready to follow the island leader, it is no wonder that Europe and America dwell excitedly on the future. In a military sense we have plenty to think about, including the Philippines. Industrially, we may one day be met by the dilemma of stepping out of Asia or allowing Asia privileges in America. Ethically and intellectually the possible consequences are particularly interesting, more especially regarding China and the spirit of CONFUCIUS, which has influenced so many great men in the West, but has never been brought directly to the Western peoples. CONFUCIUS was an agnostic, who said, "Knowing not yet of life, how am I to talk of death?" His religion was merely ethics, much like some branches of modern positivism, except that he taught more complete subordination of the individual to society. He gave his name to a gospel which the Chinese nation had been practicing for ages, the gospel of work and of obedience. This spirit has proved of great power through the centuries. The Chinese, as Mr. OKAKURA expresses it, who are agricultural Tartars, just as the Tartars are nomadic Chinese, in settling, untold ages earlier, in the rich valley of the Yellow River, had begun at once to evolve a grand system of communism, entirely distinct from the civilization of their wandering brethren on the Mongolian steppes. From this moment, lost in prehistoric night, the function of the Yellow River peoples has been to receive periodically fresh increments of Tartar nomads, and assimilate them to a place in the agricultural scheme, thus "beating the sword of the nomad into the plowshare of the peasant." One emperor carried Confucian socialism so far that he tried to divide his land equally among all the people, whereupon he was killed by the nobles. Other parts of China have been more individualistic than the great Yellow River, but everywhere is a degree of socialism to-day that would seem restrictive and discouraging to the Western mind. Different as the Asiatic peoples are, we see in China's docile industry the same spirit of individual abnegation which lies beneath the wonderful courage of the Japanese.

SOCIALISM  
IN ASIA

**"T**O KNOW THE SADNESS OF THINGS" was the motto of the early Samurai, expressing in their knightly spirit the sentiment of Asia. There is gloom in numbers. Small nations are less likely to be fatalistic than large ones. Mr. BRYCE found in the American character a trend of fatalism, which will probably increase as our country becomes more densely populated. Caused first, perhaps, by geographical size, which helps to make man seem small, it will grow with the increasing sense that each of us is but an atom among millions. Varied and original action tends toward belief in freedom, and such action becomes less marked as nations become older and men more closely packed. As the Western world is becoming rapidly more dense in population, natural causes would tend toward making our spirit more like that of the Asiatics; and the closer and more vivacious communication which is likely hereafter between the two continents, while it will make Asia more experimental, will make the West more fatalistic. The sadness of numbers is not like the spiritual revolt which makes so large a part of the highest poetry. It is the quieter melancholy of acceptance. HERBERT SPENCER, on a walk one day, spoke to HUXLEY of life's being so short that it sufficed only to make a mark before the end. "Never mind the mark," said HUXLEY. "It is enough if we can give a push." With age and immense population comes not only a keener feeling of how little the individual can accomplish for himself, but also frequently of how little he can accomplish for others. If this fatalism induces a lesser fear of death, it also encourages a lower valuation of life, and hence would be an unfortunate influence for the West to undergo.

THE GLOOM  
OF NUMBERS





The Japanese reserves behind the hills on the Korean side of the Yalu River on the morning of April 30. A Russian battery in action is visible, to the left, on the Manchurian shore

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARR, COLLIERS SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER ATTACHED TO GENERAL KUROKI'S ARMY OF JAPAN

## THE CROSSING OF THE YALU

By FREDERICK PALMER, Collier's War Correspondent attached to the Japanese General Staff in Manchuria

REPRINTED FROM COLLIERS WEEKLY

AT THE FRONT, April 27

AT FOUR A.M. the word came that at daylight there was to be an action. You stumbled into your clothes, you stumbled out of your tent, with field-glasses over one shoulder and flask over the other, and a piece of chocolate in your pocket. As your eyes strained to make out the path in the darkness, you felt the cold night mist on your face. From a hill where you waited for dawn, you could see the outline of other hills, and in the valley something dark—the town of Wiju.

There, expectant, in the oppressive stillness, one looked toward the east for the sunrise, and listened for the rattle of musketry, at once the merriest and the most terrible sound of war. It began far away on our right in volleys, as company after company of a line pulled their triggers. It was not a heavy fire; it did not signify a battle, but only one of those many operations by which an offensive force gets the positions that provide striking ground for a great action. Except that one heard the musketry, you at home knew as much of what was passing under cover of the ridges in the breaking light as the spectator who had come twelve thousand miles and waited long in Tokio. The moment of "darkness before dawn" was theatric, as if the lights of a stage were turned down and then up. One second you could see nothing. Ten seconds later, only the mist hanging in the valleys and cut by the heights shut out the view.

From the left, with a great stretch of silence between, came more musketry and some gun-fire. The left, one was told, was to see the work of the morning. On a ridge near the guns you had the positions of the two armies separated by the river, which may be the scene of vast slaughter if the Russians are strong—and if they choose. Nature here has made a natural barrier of empire; but when a sea free of an enemy's ships permits of landing a flanking column, men, rifles, guns, and indomitable energy are superior to nature. To Korea and Manchuria, the Yalu is what the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence are to the United States and Canada. It runs through a country of hills and mountains.

Were there roads, the precipitous banks would be an obstacle more than offset by fords higher up stream. An army, however, is tied to its transportation. Men who climb over untraveled ground must have their dinners and their blankets. So the Japanese keep to the road, and Wiju is on the road. All things in Korea, including the Koreans, serve the Japanese well.

### Topography of the Battleground

The situation of Wiju is typically Korean, with the water from the ascents making a stew of its own filth. You go downhill to approach it from any direction. Every house is unseen from the Manchurian side. A natural wall protects it from one shore at a point where the Yalu's waters pass in a single channel. Above and below there are islands, low and sandy. This one point in the enemy's lines is an unassailable centre.

From the Manchurian bank rises a bare and rocky bluff, with one high hump and one lower, like a camel that is kneeling. A winding path leads between the humps. This is the only sign of human occupation, and no one ascends or descends it. Until the Russians put their mountain guns there, it was never of any human service. Behind it, as the Japanese do in Wiju, the Russians may move as openly as if they were in a peaceful valley at home. Further down, the banks on both sides are still high, and on the Japanese side are formed of ridges which are natural breastworks and earthworks. Shelter for reserves is ready to hand as if made to order.

With the sun rising gloriously, silhouetting numer-

ous great pines that crown the heights, the sheet of mist, lifted from the town, revealing its dark thatches and the watch-tower at the highest point, where the master eye may see all possible that will serve the master mind which carries the fortunes of an army for an expectant nation. Dots, patches, and lines of blue uniform have taken the place of the peasantry who, in other times, would be showing spring activity. The only plowing that is done is by bullets and shells.

Rare is the figure of the Korean. The work in hand is war; the scene distinct in its cleavage from all gatherings of humanity. The hillsides where there have been only paths are cut by roads prepared for a battle's work, as the mechanics of the stage prepare for producing a play. In a word, this means mobility. The passage of a field-gun must be made as easily as that of the theatrical star. The guns are the stars that impress and demoralize the enemy, and the little rifles do the work of killing. Below the Tiger's Tail, as the natives call the humps of the kneeling camel, the current is divided between channels that make three islands.

### The Russian Position

Whoever crosses the river with an army must possess these or those above Wiju. Whoever possesses them may no longer screen the movements on his immediate front, and submits his force to shrapnel from the enemy's heights. Two channels may be forded; the third must be bridged. If the Japanese are to open the way into Manchuria by this route, the making of the bridge, and crossing it in sufficient force to drive back the Russians (should they resist), form the diamond point of interest in this war. It means more than a pass, for here the pass must first be built.

The first of the islands the Japanese already held. The taking of the second I understood was to be attempted at daylight—I understood at 4 A.M., daylight being at 5:30. (Your spectator of battles does not get his reserved seat weeks ahead.) On the ridge chosen for seeing opposite the second island (Genkato), we still heard occasional rifle-fire far to the right (up the river) and occasional rifle-fire to the left (down the river). On the first island (Ranshi), held by the Japanese, we could see the Japanese infantry in their trenches, and the details for water, and wood, and provisions going and coming. There were no signs of an assault by them. Probably from the Russian heights the Russians in their trenches on their island, Genkato, were as visible as the Japanese to us, and the Japanese equally as invisible from the Russian heights as the Russians to us.

On the Russian island is the custom house and a small village, which needed no Goldsmith to sing its desertion. So far as we could see, not a soul was in sight on the whole Russian front except a Russian officer, who rode up and down on his trotting Cossack pony as if he were on his morning constitutional. Was he riding along an intrenched line or not? Were there Russians on Genkato or only the pretence? To the onlooker it seemed as if the Japanese might cross over from Ranshi and take possession of the empty houses. But a gun is silent till it speaks. Later, we had a foretaste of what might happen if the Japanese should rise from their cover.

At the summit of the path leading over the Tiger's Tail, between the two humps, were visible three figures, the only others besides the itinerant horseman which indicated the presence of an enemy. At intervals one of the three would bend over and the other two would stand back. Then there was a puff of smoke, and a shell went flying down the river. Where it burst you could not tell. The solitary horseman rode back again. Some reserves nearby were formed in line and marched

away; transportation trains and soldiers on fatigue, and an occasional officer, could be seen coming and going, while the roofs of Wiju covered whatever activity existed there.

Ever this is the Land of the Morning Calm, where the still cold of night breaks into the still warmth of day. As I counted the seconds from the time of the Tiger's Tail gun-fire till we heard its report (in order to judge the distance), I could hear no sound in this area where two armies faced each other except the ticking of my watch. Directly from the cover of the Tiger's Tail two companies of Cossacks rode out widely deployed. They were a fair mark; too fair a mark. The Japanese are not so naive in the art of war as to disclose their gun positions on such slight temptation. The Japanese gunners sit and wait. Where their guns are no foreigner knows. Where some of the Russian guns are we learned before the day was over.

Just opposite Wiju itself a number of Japanese engineers were building a bridge over to Ranshi. They went about their work in a methodical way, as if their task was the most natural and commonplace thing in the world. They crossed back and forth in boats with timbers, and they laid planks with seeming unconcern, as seen through the glasses, when doubtless they were making every minute count. It is distance that gives perspective. The doubts or worries of the bridge builders did not occur to the spectators on the heights, who saw simply so many moving figures, ascertained their object, and passed to other things. They had the advantage of an army of offence. Either the Russian had to unmask some of his batteries or allow them to make headway. He acted on his decision as to which was the lesser of the two evils with a burst of shrapnel, which made the bridge builders take to cover. That was the work of a few moments—an incident of warfare. So was the diversion of the Russian battery's attention to the town, where circles of blue smoke from bursting shrapnel hung fleetly in the air and then were blown away, and the bits of iron that rained in the streets formed the first souvenirs of the great land conflict that is to come.

MR. PALMER wrote his description of the battle of the Yalu in three parts—the first describing the crossing of the river, which took place April 30; the second, describing the battle of May 1; and the third, probably a summing up of the victory. The following letter (dated Antung, May 3) is the second one of this series. The first letter has not yet reached this office, although it was undoubtedly mailed before or at the same time as the one we are now printing, as Mr. Palmer refers to it in the fifth line of the first paragraph of his letter from Antung: "The account of the one I have already sent." This first letter was either held up by the Japanese military censor after leaving Mr. Palmer's hands, or failed to catch the same steamer which brought the other correspondence. It will be published in COLLIERS as soon as it reaches this office.

ANTUNG, May 3

WE HAD expected that the battle would come with the crossing, but the two were entirely distinct. The crossing took place on one day (April 30), and the battle occurred on the next (May 1). The account of the one I have already sent. Draw a line approximately north and south through Wiju, and both banks to the east were already in possession of the Japanese on the night of the 30th. Opposite Wiju the Ai River joins its waters to those of the Yalu. On its bank the right flank of the Japanese rested at the end of the first day's movement. All that night troops were crossing into China till morning found Korea without the army that had been a self-invited guest for many weeks.

If the spectator on this famous 1st of May had some





NATIVES ATTEMPTING TO SAVE A BURNING HOUSE IN ANTUNG, SET ON FIRE BY THE RETREATING RUSSIANS



RUSSIAN CANNON CAPTURED BY THE JAPANESE DURING THE TWO DAYS' BATTLE AT THE CROSSING OF THE YALU

In his official report to the War Department at Tokio, on May 2, General Kuroki said: "Twenty-eight quick-firing guns and large quantities of small arms and ammunition were captured." Most of these cannon were taken from the Russians at a place called Hamatan, where the Japanese surrounded the Russians on three sides. General Kuropatkin, in his official report of the same date to the Czar, says: "The second and third batteries of the Sixth Brigade, having lost the greater number of their men and horses, were compelled to abandon their sixteen guns after rendering them useless. For the same reason six guns of the third battery and eight Pouchetets which could not be brought away were also disabled.

The mountainous nature of the country and the hot attack of the enemy made it impossible to save the guns by means of drag-ropes." From the Russian General's report it is apparent that the Russians lost thirty guns, although General Kuroki mentions the capture of only twenty-eight. A subsequent report, however, telling of machine guns and others taken in various parts of the field, has brought the number of Japanese trophies up to fifty. It will be seen from the photograph of the captured cannon, gathered in the compound of the artillery headquarters at Antung, that most of the guns are without breech-blocks, these having been removed or destroyed by the Russians before they took to flight.

## THE FORTUNES OF WAR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HANE, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER ATTACHED TO GENERAL KUROKI'S ARMY OF INVASION





Koreans and foreign correspondents watching the first day's artillery duel from the heights above Wiju. A Japanese pontoon bridge across the Yalu, joining the Korean shore with one of the river islands, is visible in the distance. The main army crossed over two other bridges further up-stream.

idea of what he was going to see, the vagueness of that idea added to the interest. He knew that the day before had been one of the great days of his life, and expected that this would be another. Rising at dawn becomes second nature when you are with an army. As I rode through the South Gate of the city, Captain Okada, who has the correspondents in charge, looked at his watch and asked if the others were close behind. He was a little worried, like a man who has guests to dinner. There was to be a charge in force, and the time for it was almost as exactly set as that for the rising of a theatre curtain. This charge, even in a period of long-range rifles, we were to see as distinctly as a football game. If there were parts of the play that were obscure, so there are when Yale and Harvard struggle for the pigskin.

The bluff above Wiju was no longer forbidden to the correspondent. Lifting your glasses to see what new tableau this ever-prepared army—that shows you nothing till it is finished—had in store for you, no glance was wasted on Tiger's Hill, which rises out of the river's bed to the height of a thousand feet or more. Its sides are precipitous. On a first thought, it seems an impregnable position of defence. But if infantry could not storm these steep rock-ribbed ascents, no more could infantry escape down them. To take Tiger's Hill the Japanese had only to march around it. For a short time the Russians had a mountain-gun posted there. After firing a few shots, this was withdrawn. In the dark ages of Europe a robber baron would have built his castle on such an eminence and defied and ruled all the country round. In this conflict it was in the centre of an artillery duel, with shells flying about its ribs, but none fired at it or from it. On the other side of Tiger's Hill there is a sandy bottom, and the Ai River, flowing between heights, here enters the Yalu. On the western side of the Ai the high bluffs, with the broken skyline above and the stretch of river sand below, continue till they disappear in the haze. Four or five miles from the mouth of the Ai are the white walls of a little village, Chiu-Lien-Cheng. From this village runs the main highway toward Feng-Wang-Cheng and Lioyang, which the armies must follow.

This then was the position of the Russians who had evacuated the broad sandy islands in the river below Wiju two days before. They had formed on the road. The ease with which the Japanese had crossed on the previous day above Wiju, surprising the Japanese themselves, led to only one conclusion. The Russians had not intended to give battle at the Yalu. All that they sought to gain was delay which should fatten the numbers of their guns and men at the point where they should make a stand. Whenever they could force the Japanese to elaborate preparation for a general attack they had gained a week for their overworked railroad. Every mile the Japanese traveled inland was a mile further for the Japanese and a mile nearer for the Russians to the all-commanding thing of all armies—the base of supplies. That the Russians would fall between the two stools of a general defence and simple delaying tactics was not contemplated.

#### Two Russian Regiments Cut to Pieces

At the end of the first day you thought that all was over except deploying to brush the hills clear of the rearguard. But the second day held a surprise for the Russians and for the Japanese. For the Russians the annihilation of two regiments and the loss of twenty-eight guns, as reported. For the Japanese this made a success that was unexpected. The spectators are still in doubt whether to marvel most at Russian

carelessness or at the marching power of the Japanese infantry.

On the night of April 30 the Japanese occupied the islands the Russians had evacuated and crossed in force. The morning of May 1 showed us clearly the Russian position, how it was to be taken, and the force that was to take it. Along the crests of the Russian heights you could see the dust-colored line of the Russian trenches from eight hundred to one thousand feet above the river bed. The trenches were long enough to hold a great force. They might be manned by a thousand or by ten thousand men, who rested for the moment in peace and security, with their antagonists as clearly outlined before them as the streets of a town to a balloonist. Every man there must have known that in the end he must fly. Meanwhile he must take as great a toll of lives as silent rifles, with magazines filled and waiting on the triggers' call, could command. On the sands below, distinct to the naked eye, the cones of two field hospital tents bespoke preparation for what the Russian rifles could give. Not a man of the Japanese lines needed a doctor at that moment. In an hour thousands might, the numbers all dependent upon the size of the force hugging the dusty line on the Russian heights. All was to be real in this drama of the meeting of two organized groups of men who had marched far and carried heavy loads and lived on hard rations for the privilege of mutual destruction, and to that group whose power of destruction was the greatest would belong the glory.

#### A Grand-Stand View of the Battle

Lining the wall of Wiju, perfectly secure from fire, were the unwashed non-committal Koreans, whose land was one of the subjects of contention. (When I crossed the river the next day, the first man I saw was another subject of contention—an old Chinese sifting out of the sand and ashes the parched remains of the grain from the ruins of his house, which the Russians had burned.)

In the Japanese line were some thirty-five thousand men, forming an intact blue streak from the bluffs' edge beyond Tiger's Hill to Chiu-Lien-Cheng. They would remain as stationary as trees till the order came which should set them in motion as one machine toward the Russian position. Without glasses this line seemed no more than a long fence hung with blue, the Russian position only an uninhabited height, where storms perhaps had eroded the summits. Between the two, over the stretch of sands where the skirmish line and the reserves were to pass, and on the further channel which they were to ford, was no moving object. It was a zone free of life which soon would be the scene of human activity that would hold the attention of the world—a stretch of river-bottom where was to be fought the first infantry battle of account in the most picturesque of modern wars.

Before the charge began the onlooker had time to realize that he was about to witness a frontal attack with modern weapons which many tacticians hold to be no longer practicable. The Japanese infantry had been marching and hill-climbing all the day before. Those who had slept at all had slept little. Some had spent the night in getting into position. Now they ate their rations of rice and fish, and lay packed close in the convolutions of the river-bed, seeing the long levels that they had to cover at the double and the heights they had to cover—a task set sternly before them in the clear light of morning. Their guardians, the guns, still had suspicions of the conical fort that had been pounded to silence on the 30th. They spat fire with the viciousness of bitter memory. No an-

swering flash broke through the columns of dust tossed up by the common shell from the Japanese howitzers or the blue smoke rings of the shrapnel. The skirmishers had sprung to their feet, company after company of that line four or five miles long had deployed, and yet our breathless waiting brought no gun-fire from the enemy's heights.

Had the Russians entirely withdrawn their guns over night? If they had, then they meant to make no proper defence; they sought only to force the Japanese to make a battle formation; to gain time for the increasing army on their chosen ground for decisive resistance. Or were the Russian guns waiting for a fairer chance? This was a dramatic possibility, but it did not stand to reason. The frontal attack was to have no savage test. We were to see more of a field day than a battle, you thought, not counting on the determined resistance of the Russian infantry unassisted.

With smokeless powder, with field guns of the latest pattern, with all other modern accessories, we had two armies not in khaki. Every Japanese soldier on this arena was as sharply defined as pencil marks on white paper. Could the mind have worked rapidly enough through the glasses, one might have counted them all. With reserves crowding in, they became like a young orchard. For the first fifteen minutes there was no rifle-fire. Was it really war or was it only manoeuvring? We listened for the rattle of musketry; at any second we expected to see some of the figures fall. With the undulations of the ground and individuals avoiding bad footing, the line would grow bunched in places, and then thin out again to better skirmish order.

But the units were much closer than the order of either the British or American armies. The Anglo-Saxons were seeing the German theory tried—the German theory of numbers and pressing the attack home in face of the enemy's fire as against ours of widely separated units and flanking manoeuvres. If there were five thousand Russians in the trenches on the heights, it seemed that they ought to mow that river-bed clean of Japanese. Such was the distance that the line seemed to go ahead from the steady impulse of mechanics instead of being carried by human legs. Their double seemed a creep. At one and the same time you wanted them to hasten in order to bring on the dramatic finale, and you wanted them to wait in order to give you time to grasp in full the panorama they afforded. They had two miles to go, with sand to their ankles in many places. The first rifle-fire came from far to the right, where the end of the Japanese firing line was obscured. We could merely hear; we could see nothing, which is the usual experience in a modern battle.

#### The Attack on the Trenches

Along the trench on the Russian heights we could still see the Russian officers moving back and forth. They were not nervous for the fight to begin, while they kept their men in tune with majestic opportunity. Soon we heard the crack of their rifles and the answering volleys of the Japanese, who lay under cover of the drifts in the sand between their rushes. No uttering among the Japanese was evident, but you knew, you felt, even from the distance of the Wiju wall, that the fire was hot. Something in the attitude of the advancing figures said as much. They were bent to their task as if at pulling ropes. For it was not now. You turned from the effect to the cause, and, despite that living, pushing line of human flesh on the river bottom, you scanned only the heights, trying to count the heads above the dust-covered streak of the Russian ridge. (Continued on p. 21.)





WOUNDED RUSSIANS BELONGING TO THE 11TH AND 12TH EAST SIBERIAN REGIMENTS, TAKEN PRISONERS AT CHIU-LIEN-CHENG



THE JAPANESE BRINGING INTO ANTUNG SOME OF THE CANNON CAPTURED FROM THE RUSSIANS AT CHIU-LIEN-CHENG

## JAPAN'S VICTORY AT THE CROSSING OF THE YALU RIVER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARR, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER ATTACHED TO GENERAL KUROKI'S ARMY OF INVASION





## JAPAN'S VICTORIOUS PROGRESS

AN ACCOUNT OF THE NAVAL AND MILITARY EVENTS IN THE FAR EAST FROM THE OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES TO THE PRESENT TIME



Vice-Admiral Alexieff  
Russian Viceroy of the Far East, originally in command of the Czar's forces in Asia, but now in disfavor



Rear-Admiral Skrydloff  
Russia's Naval Commander in Far Eastern waters, appointed after the death of Vice-Admiral Makaroff



General Kuropatkin  
Commanding the Russian army in the field, with headquarters at Liangyang



General Stoessel  
Commanding the besieged Russian military forces in Port Arthur



General Kondratovitch  
Commanding the Russian troops at Newchwang, menacing General Oku's flank

WHEN the Russo-Japanese War was suddenly started by the Japanese attack on the Russian fleet at Port Arthur, millions of people ten thousand miles away awoke to the liveliest interest in a region of the earth whose geography was strange and baffling. It was only a matter of days before the names of Chemulpo, Seoul, Ping Yang, Harbin, Mukden, and Newchwang were tossed about with easy confidence, and the Yalu and the Sungari were more often mentioned than the Hudson or the Mississippi.

It is now possible to trace the operations by land and sea which have culminated in the second vital phase of the war. The first was the control of the sea gained by the ships of Admirals Togo and Uriu, in the blows delivered at Port Arthur and Chemulpo, and the subsequent bombardments and "bottling" expeditions at the former stronghold, coupled with the blockade and isolation of Vladivostok.

Then followed the defeat and rout of the Russian army at the Yalu, and the attack on Port Arthur from the rear, driven home by the assault and capture of the outer line of Russian defence at Nanshan Hill. The curtain has been lifted from the sequence of events which brought these things to pass, and the map on the opposite page shows the positions held by the troops of the Mikado and the Czar and their strategic import.

When the first weeks of February brought war, Japan was ready to take and hold Korea, as the opening move in the great game. The Hermit Kingdom was not only the probable theatre of the early land fighting, but also the quickest road to Manchuria, because the northern ports were ice-bound. Only one day's sail from the naval bases of Sasebo and Shimonoseki was the port of Chemulpo, the gateway to the Korean capital, and to the great ancient highway that leads straight north through Korea to the Yalu River and the Manchurian border.

Japanese transports landed five thousand Japanese troops at Chemulpo within four days after hostilities began. Two days later, Seoul was occupied, and the first base for the advance north established.

Before the grip of winter was broken, a Japanese army was toiling northward, suffering extreme hardships, but heading steadily for the Yalu River, two hundred and twenty-five miles away, with Ping Yang as the first objective base. The map shows that this town is about two-thirds of the distance to the Yalu. By the 10th of April, it was possible to send a transport fleet to the port of Chenampo, one hundred and thirty miles further north than Chemulpo, and a second army was landed, as can be seen, only seventy miles from Ping Yang.

Meanwhile the advance column had swept north and captured Wiju, driving from it the advance guard of the Russian scouts, thus commanding the approach to the south bank of the Yalu. The mouth of the Yalu was in control of General Kuroki, commanding the Japanese operations, before he began to mobilize his co-operating columns late in April.

One expedition, landed at Gensan on the eastern coast of Korea, had been turned back by the difficulties of the mountain passage and reshipped to another point not revealed. The main movement, therefore, covering the first three months of the war, is easily traced. Two forces were placed on the south bank of the Yalu, forming an army of thirty thousand men. This movement took the aggressive from its start, and by the end of April General Kuroki was ready to force the passage of the Yalu, and fight his way into Manchuria.

During these three months Russia had been massing an army whose objective point was the north bank of the Yalu, but under contrasting conditions. Instead of naval and military bases close at hand, back of the Russian army stretched the thin and fragile line of the railway across Siberia, 5,100 miles from Moscow to Mukden, the base nearest the Korean frontier. In southern Manchuria, however, 125,000 troops, under the command of General Kuropatkin, were hurriedly massed to meet and crush the Japanese invasion. But with 50,000 of them needed to guard the railway lines from Mukden to Newchwang and Port Arthur, the effective force was far below the Russian estimates made before the war. Up to this point the Japanese strategy was as simple as the map shows it to be—to get as many men as possible in the shortest time possible to the nearest point for invading the enemy's territory, and threaten his lines of communication. General Kuropatkin did not wish to join decisive battle at the Yalu, but to check the advance in a fairly heavy action, then to withdraw on Mukden, thus protecting the main base at Harbin, which is three hundred miles further back in the interior.

On May 1 the first great land battle was fought, resulting in an overwhelming victory for the Japanese at the crossing of the Yalu River. The story of the action is published in the present issue, written by Frederick Palmer, Collier's War Correspondent with General Kuroki's army.

Through May there were no decisive manœuvres by the opposing forces. General Kuropatkin was content to strengthen his defence of Mukden, to hurry troops to the front, and make ready for the crucial battle with General Kuroki, which should decide the control of southern and central Manchuria, and of the Trans-Siberian Railroad between Mukden and the south coast. Kuroki was a little more than one hundred miles from Mukden, and the Japanese announced that they would not stop at Mukden, but would force their way three hundred miles beyond as far as Harbin, the strategic key to the Russian possession of all Manchuria, as is shown by the railway routes on the map.

It was seen that Newchwang was doomed to fall even before the Japanese army had crossed the Yalu into Manchuria. This port, fortified with the intention of holding it indefinitely, was abandoned by a large part of the Russian garrison early in May, or as soon as General Kuroki had established himself across the frontier. The first Japanese army was intrenched midway between Newchwang and the Yalu, able to swing its direction toward any point of the compass. An advance column was reported as pushing westward as far as Hai-Cheng, menacing the railroad to Port Arthur. The main body was in position to cut across to the Liaotung Gulf when reinforced, to extend itself northward and strike Kuropatkin on the flank, or to prevent Russian reinforcements marching southward to Port Arthur. The only aggressive tactics shown by Russia during the period of delay in Manchuria has been the series of bold Cossack raids into northern Korea, led by General Rennenkampf. Their purpose was to cut up Kuroki's line of communication and harass his bases, but the Japanese plans had worked out amply protected and supporting bases on the coast, at Chenampo, and the mouth of the Yalu, and these raids have been more spectacular than dangerous.

This, in brief, surveys the movements and positions of the First Army Corps, in its opening campaign of the war by land. Its march, its battles, and its present strategic position are traced by the Japanese flags which dot the map of Korea and southern Manchuria.

The second large and concerted operation was aimed at Port Arthur, wholly distinct from the invasion of Manchuria.

It was recognized by all military experts that Japan could never push far into Manchuria so long as a Russian garrison existed at Port Arthur. Although useless as a source of naval operations, thanks to General Togo, the fortress and its garrison was the great strategic prize of the war. The map shows that it commands everything, from Newchwang, the port of the fertile Manchurian plain, to western Korea.

The army of General Oku was landed on both sides of the Liaotung Peninsula, at Pitsewo and Port Adams, during the third week of May, cutting railway communication between Port Arthur and the outer world, and forming for the advance about forty miles from the stronghold. The narrowest part of this peninsula is called Kinchow Neck, thirty miles from Port Arthur. It was vitally important to Russia that she should hold this point as long as possible. If the advance on Port Arthur could be checked here, and the fall of the place delayed about three months, the Russian Baltic fleet would be able to reach Eastern waters, and might succeed in wresting from Admiral Togo the maritime supremacy.

The first indispensable step toward the taking of Port Arthur was the occupation of this isthmus, Kinchow Neck. Steep and rugged hills bristled with cannon and rapid-fire guns. Between 15,000 and 20,000 Russian troops held these heights, and, according to all precedent, should have been able to beat off almost any number of assailants. Up Nanshan Hill the Japanese infantry began charging early on the morning of May 26. Whole companies fell in their tracks, battalions were wiped out, but their comrades kept on charging until late in the afternoon, when a part of the Fourth Division broke through the first line of the Russian defence on the heights. The other divisions followed in an irresistible rush, and the Russians fled to the southward, leaving Nanshan Hill, and almost all their guns, in possession of the enemy. General Oku lost 4,000 men in killed and wounded, and the civilized world had no longer any doubt that Port Arthur could be stormed by such troops as these.

General Oku followed up his victory by pushing on to within a dozen miles of Port Arthur, where he waited for the reinforcements pouring into the peninsula, to gather headway for the final attack. The next important landing was made at Takushan, one hundred miles north of Port Arthur, where the supporting column could join Oku, or block any attempt of Kuropatkin to send any army to the rescue of Port Arthur. Meanwhile, Dalny, the new commercial port of the Russians, almost within the shadow of Port Arthur, was taken by General Oku, and used as a convenient base.



General Kuroki  
Commanding the Japanese army in Manchuria which defeated the Russians at the crossing of the Yalu



Admiral Togo  
Commanding the Japanese fleet in front of Port Arthur, which has destroyed a number of Russian ships



General Hasagawa  
Commanding the Guards Division under General Kuroki in Manchuria

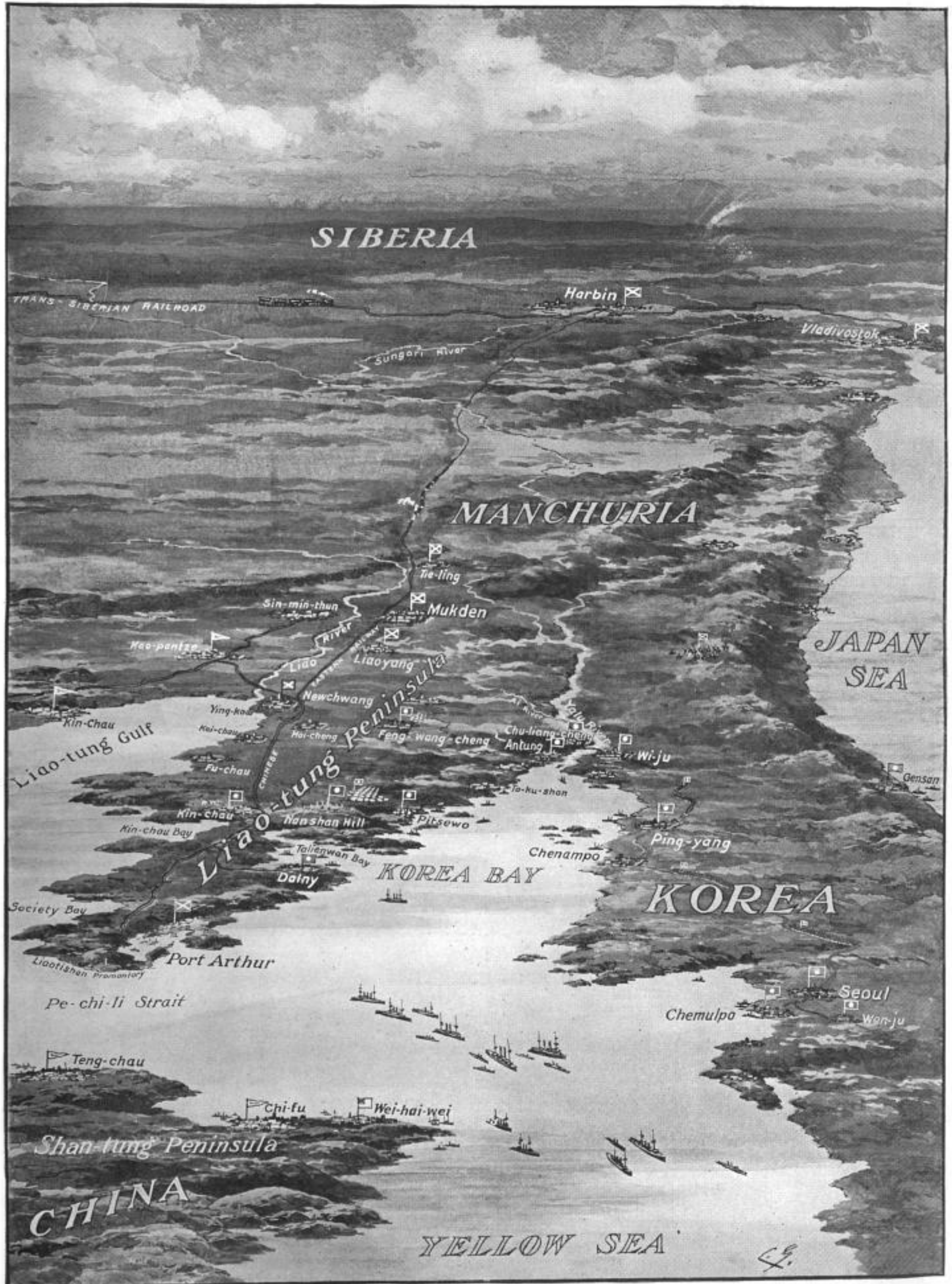


Vice-Admiral Uriu  
Commanding the Japanese fleet which sank the Russian warships at Chemulpo



Lieut.-Gen. Nodzu  
Commanding the Third Japanese Army recently landed at Takushan





### THE BATTLEGROUND

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF KOREA AND MANCHURIA, SHOWING THE RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE ARMIES, WITH THE ROUTES FOLLOWED BY THE INVADING FORCES IN THE ADVANCE AGAINST THE YALU RIVER AND PORT ARTHUR

For a full description of these campaigns see opposite page

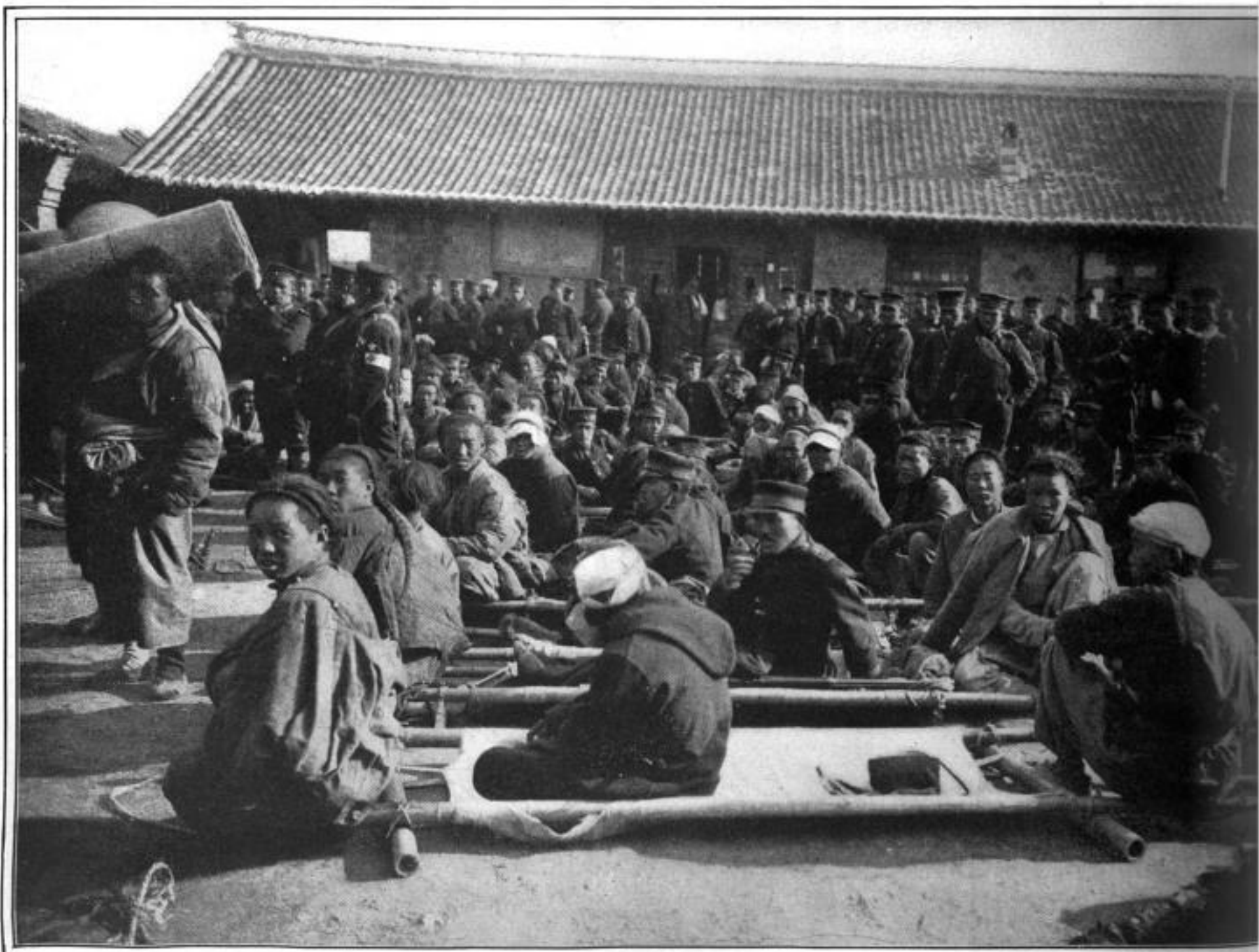


PRINCE KUMI      GENERAL KUROKI      GENERAL FUJI



GENERAL KUROKI AND STAFF AT THEIR FIELD HEADQUARTERS, ANTUNG

It is not possible to give the names of all the officers shown in this group, because the Japanese censor will not now permit correspondents to send out the names of any officers or regiments.



WOUNDED JAPANESE SOLDIERS WAITING TO BE TREATED, IN THE HOSPITAL COMPOUND AT ANTUNG. THESE MEN WERE ALL WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE OF MAY 1

## THE AFTERMATH

SCENES IN ANTUNG DURING THE DAYS FOLLOWING THE BATTLE AT THE CHIAO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER

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JAPANESE TROOPS BURYING TWO RUSSIAN OFFICERS KILLED AT CHIU-LIEN-CHENG

The funeral occurred May 6, at Antung, with military honors. Buddhist priests performed the burial rites. The photograph shows an officer lighting the fire just before the priests began their chant.



WOUNDED JAPANESE IN THE IMPROVISED HOSPITAL AT ANTUNG, MAY 2. ONLY ONE MAN SHOWN IN THIS PICTURE WAS STRUCK IN THE HEAD

## OF VICTORY

THE YALU RIVER BY THE JAPANESE ARMY UNDER GENERAL KUROKI, MAY 1 AND 2

THE YALU RIVER, PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY



# THE THOUGHT OF THE NATION

## AN OPEN FORUM OF INDIVIDUAL OPINION

### Does the Army Invite To-day?

By General Nelson A. Miles

More than to any other American officer our young men may look to General Miles, a hero of our wars and the retired Commanding General of our army, for wise counsel on the military life as a career.

THE frontier service has passed. When the army was occupied in reconnoitring, exploring, and campaigning on the Western frontier, usually occupying several months of the spring, summer, and autumn in marching over a new and unexplored country, covered with an abundance of large game of all kinds, our military life was attractive, interesting, and, to some extent, exciting, especially when campaigning against Indians or protecting the pioneers and home-builders against forays and depredations. After following that adventurous life during the early years of manhood a soldier could, if he desired to retire from the service, select and locate upon 160 or 320 acres of rich and valuable land—the possibilities of which he may have noted when marching or campaigning over it—build himself a home and have an almost certain prospect of independence the rest of his life.

The fact that a smaller percentage of men re-enlist now than formerly indicates that the life is not so attractive to a resolute, ambitious young man. Our prosperity, high wages, and abundant opportunities of employment in all the various industries of the country at unusually good wages makes the civic life more attractive than the military. Only in times of great depression, serious panics, and great distress throughout the country are recruiting rendezvous crowded with young men seeking an opportunity to enlist purely for the sake of occupation. War excites enthusiasm and ambition among the venturesome spirits of the country, and at its outbreak the ranks are usually increased by that class of men. But after a war, when the excitement and enthusiasm have subsided and the opportunities for gaining distinction are fewer, the service loses its attraction to them. The fact that recently a large part of our army has been occupied in a remote quarter of the globe has attracted many men to the ranks for the purpose of availing themselves of the opportunity for travel and observation. The novelty, however, soon disappears, and few re-enlist to return. And yet there are many features of the service now that are more beneficial than formerly. Soldiers have better food, clothing, medical attendance, comfortable barracks, etc., and sufficient opportunities for reading, studying, and recreation, all of which, if taken advantage of, would promote their physical and mental welfare. At all times the rules governing the service have tended to inculcate proper deportment, orderly habits, sobriety, and industry.

### Is the Vice-President Important?

By Adlai E. Stevenson

For four years the Vice-President of the United States and twice a candidate for the office, Mr. Stevenson more than any other American is fitted to speak on the importance of this prominent political chair.

WHEN, after protracted debate, the convention which formulated our Federal Constitution had finally determined on the manner of electing the President, and his powers and duties had been defined, the necessity for guarding against the vacancy of this great office became obvious, and to provide against this contingency the office of Vice-President was created.

The Constitutional provisions for this office in substance are that he shall be the President of the Senate, and that the powers and duties of the great executive office shall devolve upon him in the event of the death or resignation of the President, or of his removal from office, or of his inability to discharge its duties. No person constitutionally ineligible to the office of President shall be eligible to that of Vice-President.

The duties of the Vice-President are in no sense executive. They pertain wholly to the legislative department of the Government. Not being a member of the body over which he presides, he can take no part in debate, and has no vote except in the event of an equal division of Senators upon the pending question. He is, however, the officer designated by the Constitution to preside over the Senate—"the most august legislative assembly known to men." He is its presiding officer during the exercise of its ordinary legislative functions; also when during executive session the Senate is "advising with the President" as to appointments to high office, and when the ratification of treaties—upon which may hang the issues of peace or war—

is under consideration. In one contingency only can he be superseded in the exercise of his office: that of the trial upon impeachment of the President, in which case the Chief Justice presides. In the contingency mentioned of an equal division of Senators, the vote of the Vice-President becomes the determining factor. In some instances this vote has proved of far-reaching consequence. The Walker tariff bill of 1846—upon equal division of members—passed the Senate by the vote of Vice-President Dallas. In later years the supremacy of his party in that body was secured by the casting vote of Vice-President Arthur. Other instances of like significance might be given.

During the one hundred and fifteen years of our Constitutional history, twenty-five Vice-Presidents have been chosen, three of whom—Adams, Jefferson, and Van Buren—were subsequently elected President; five Vice-Presidents—Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson, Arthur, and Roosevelt—in the order named, succeeded to the great office upon the death of the President. The Chief Executive office of the Republic during a third of a century of our history has been filled by men who had been first elected to the office of Vice-President. In view of the foregoing—of the names above mentioned, and the stirring historic events with which they are associated—it can hardly be possible that future generations of the American people will regard this office as less important than did the founders of the Government.

### The University and Free Speech

By Arthur T. Hadley

The question of academic freedom has at all times been vital to our national life, and in view of some recent tendencies to suppress this liberty this word by the President of Yale University is important.

EVERY college president is constantly receiving appeals to restrict freedom of teaching. Some of them come from parents of the students; others come from graduates and friends of the institution. If he is a wise man he will disregard the great majority of these appeals. He is in a position to see, as parents or friends of the institution sometimes can not see, that a university which sought to protect its students against all opportunity of error would be a very bad place to study or to teach. A student who is thus artificially protected goes to pieces when suddenly exposed to the temptations, intellectual and moral, which are bound to meet him after he leaves college. A professor who is thus artificially prevented from teaching things which the trustees think erroneous would almost inevitably find himself hampered in that feeling of independence which is essential to scientific progress. A place which tries to avoid error at the sacrifice of the development of independent strength should not be called a university, or even a college. It should simply be called a school—no matter what might be the age of its pupils or the number of subjects taught by the members of its faculty.

This freedom on the part of professors and students carries heavy responsibilities with it. Any president or board of trustees charged with the administration of a university is bound to exercise the utmost care in appointing men who will accept these responsibilities. The professors should be, and in a place with proper traditions will be, careful to use their power of teaching what they believe to be the truth in such a way that their teaching prepares their students for what they are to meet in after life, instead of making them prejudge life's problems. Occasionally a man will abuse this freedom. Then the board is face to face with a choice of evils. If it lets such a man continue his teaching unimpeded, it may give well-grounded cause of offence to the parents of the students and to the friends and benefactors of the institution. If it tries to repress his utterances, it interferes with that feeling of independence in the pursuit of truth for its own sake which is so essential an element in the atmosphere of a really great university. No absolute rule can be laid down to decide which of these considerations is the more important. We are face to face with a problem which requires the exercise of administrative tact rather than the application of formulas. In doubtful cases the probabilities are on the side of freedom rather than by repression—because the arguments in favor of repression are the tangible ones, and those in favor of freedom are the intangible ones; so that we are likely to overestimate the former and to underestimate the latter. But the man who goes further than this, and claims that freedom of teaching is an absolute and unlimited right, claims something which no educational institution, public or private, has ever yet been able to allow.

### To Solve the Negro Problem

By W. E. B. Du Bois

Mr. Du Bois is a graduate and a Ph.D. of Harvard, has studied at Berlin, and occupied chairs in Sociology in Harvard, University of Pennsylvania, and Atlanta, and is President of the American Negro Academy.

SO FAR as the presence of ten million men of African descent in this country forms a "Negro" problem it can only be settled in one way—by treating every individual according to his deserts with absolute impartiality: if he is a seer, heed him; if he is a poet, listen to him; if he is an artisan, work with him; if he is a criminal, reform him. Treat these men with unwavering justice—neither wheedle nor curse them, open the doors of opportunity and cheer them through, giving them sympathy, encouragement, punishment, correction, and inspiration as they need. Justice then will settle the problem of race and caste to-day as it did in the world's yesterday.

So far as the presence of ten million freedmen and their children in this land forms a problem of ignorance, idleness, and crime, apply to these social diseases the very remedies which the world is using on all submerged classes. What is ignorance? It is a wrong and narrow estimate of life and its possibilities, and its cure is the public school, which puts the keys to knowledge into the hands of all. What is idleness and shiftlessness and inefficiency? It is ignorance of the satisfaction of work and doing, and it is cured by strong pure home life and by the training of head and hand. What is crime? It is the careless or vicious deed of the unsocial creature who refuses to bow to the common good. We cure it by all the ways in which goodness and beauty and truth creep into the human heart—by inspiration, by the letting in of the light.

So these black men must be lifted: they must have common schools; to-day not one in three of their children have them. They must have thrift and skill which come from industrial training in home and school and life. But above all they must have inspiration: the uplift from above, the voices of preachers and leaders, the guiding hands of teachers and writers, the light that streams from such human institutions as men have invented to conserve and increase and hand down the civilization of the present and past—call them what you will: churches, libraries, social settlements, colleges—these are what men need who are climbing heights they have not known before. They that walk in darkness need the light. Light is justice. Justice will cure caste.

### The Future Kentucky's Feuds

By John Fox, Jr.

There is no living writer who knows the mountain men of Kentucky better than Mr. Fox, who has been a student of their feuds, which until the invasion of commerce stood as a social cancer on the country.

IT IS most hopeful. The old feud that sprang from the war—the feud that embroiled a mountain county as large, perhaps, as Rhode Island; that absorbed national, State, and county politics; that developed a hired class of fighting men (four dollars per day was the wage of each man), and that kept two bodies of armed men—fifty and seventy-five in each faction—on continual watch for each other, has passed, never to come again. Commerce killed it. The purchase of vast tracts of coal and timber lands drove thousands of mountaineers westward and is still driving them westward. Within the last year or two the Hatfield clan of the famous Hatfield-McCoy feud went in a body to Washington State, leaving grim old Devil Anse in his mountain fastness alone. Among those who stayed at home, the intelligent mountaineer went to buying land and timber, sometimes for himself, oftener as agent for some investment company, while his followers cut down trees, floated them down the river, and learned that there was an easier and better way of earning a living than by sleeping on his rifle in the woods and fighting men who had done him no harm. Moreover, the coming of State troops brought in the power of the outside world. The change of venue to the lowland Bluegrass region was a mighty help, for the mountaineer hates and fears nothing more than a trial by a jury of "bigoted furriers." Signs of widening intelligence and greater tolerance were perceptible, and the law awoke even in the mountains and dangled a murderer here and there at the end of a rope.

Curiously enough, when the collapse came in the early nineties and railroads ceased building, the feud, as it was in the old days, awakened perceptibly, but never got its full force again. So that, to-day, while the spirit of the feud survives, while feeling is still bitter, and



while now and then a victim falls, I venture to say that even that spirit is distinctly modified. Churches and schools have come in. The mountaineer has gone out and seen a world where things are different. The strength of the dazed and horrified public sentiment outside has come back with him into the hills. The mountaineer is busy and himself has grown tired of feuds. The law has grown stricter and the terror of a trial in the Bluegrass ever threatens. And the power of the one man is gone—the ignorant follower has learned that his leader is not omnipotent, has learned, too, that the man who hires him to kill is equally guilty with himself, and this has now, and will have hereafter, a gently prohibitive effect on the principal that is most pleasant to contemplate.

Nothing better shows all this than the form and the methods of the Kentucky mountain feud as it exists to-day. In the old days there was no concealment—the feudal way was regarded as the proper way to adjust difficulties. When a man was killed, everybody usually knew who had killed him, and when and where and how. The officers of the law rarely entered active protest, even when they themselves were not involved in the feud, as they often were—even county judge, county attorney, sheriff, and jailer. The fights between individuals were more open, and there were often pitched battles between the factions. Now there is no open fight between factions—not often between individuals. The dastardly ambush is the way now, and the principals have stopped ambushing each other. Recent examples of the feud seem to show indeed that now it is merely the question of which of two hired assassins can murder the other principal first. The assassins fight not even each other. This miserable and unspeakably cowardly deterioration in method is due not only to a deterioration of manliness in the leaders, but to fear of the law; and in that fear, aided by other reasons before mentioned, lies the hope of the final undoing of the feud. But let no man dream that because the mountaineer

will shoot from ambush he is necessarily a coward. Just as quickly he will fight you in the open.

One qualification I make to the foregoing. A recent wise policy of land companies is to lease the land purchased back to the man from whom it was bought, thus leaving a friendly guardian to keep, through possession, their titles clear. This policy has kept many a mountaineer at home who would be westerling instead. As long, then, as the mountaineers, for this reason and others, stay at home, the spirit of the feud will survive, but even that spirit is distinctly modified by the ever-spreading spirit of the incoming civilization. And that is why I say that the outlook for the feud districts of Kentucky, with their vast riches under and above the earth, is most hopeful.

### Lovely, Terrible, Little Japan

By Joaquin Miller

For years the "Poet of the Sierras" has been recognized as a keen student of the peoples of the Pacific. His estimate of Japan's temperament and power is therefore at this time singularly significant.

**M**OST important of all new things in flowery little Japan, or Nipon, which is her right name, are her wonderful coal mines away down on the south end of the inland sea at Nagasaki. They are so new that there are as yet no wharves. The coal is put on board by little brown women, little bits of sawed-off creatures, sawed off at both ends, some of them! To see fifteen hundred of these little women lift two thousand tons of coal into a huge mail steamer from flat barges in six hours is indeed a sight. The coal is of the rarest, excelled only by Cardiff and cannel. Our best mining engineers have pronounced the coal mines here practically exhaustless.

All the way up and down the hundreds of miles of this wonderful sea, among the fruitful and precipitous hills, where every hill is a garden, forts, forts, forts, on every hill-top, on either hand. No hostile ship will ever enter this still, sweet sea hiding down among the vines and orchards. It is so narrow in places that it looks as if you might sink any fleet that tried to pass by simply turning the cannon-balls loose and letting them roll.

The persistent industry of these little people is something astonishing. Their politeness makes an American ashamed of himself. They are the only entirely sober people in the world. Their wildest dissipation is on plain cold tea. In every city you see not only hundreds but thousands of great earthen jars, just high enough for the little tots of flowerpots to tiptoe up and reach down the gourd, and get a drink of cold tea. And they are so kind, so kind to each other, to all! You can walk up and down any city all day and not see a policeman.

The Buddhist temples have been disestablished; that is, they are no longer supported by the empire, but they are supported by private contributions, and all religions are tolerated, the same as with us. Their kettledrums at their silent vespers give out the most melodious sounds as the devotees kneel and the priests read silently from their sacred scrolls. You lay down your contribution in a bit of paper before the altar. I once put down a piece of silver while many poor were putting down their offerings, but a priest took it up and handed it back, pointing to the poor. I must give secretly, not hurt the poor by a show of charity!

These gentle people are the most terrible in battle I ever saw. They simply rush and keep rushing! They use their pointed little black swords with an up-thrust, no pose or flourish. You never see the sword till it darts forth and thrusts up, into and through the body.

Lovely, gentle, terrible little Nipon—she will last and last and last!

# IN THE PROPHET'S TREASURY



By  
**EDWIN L. ARNOLD**  
Illustrated by  
**THORNTON OAKLEY**



**I**T IS not altogether a pleasant task this I have set myself, for I come in the guise of an impenitent to make a confession that can not fail, whatever other effect it has, in proving my own frailty. I can but make again that good old excuse, and invite you to reflect on the magnitude of the temptation, laying this unction at least to my soul, that I have robbed no one in particular; for the rest, you must judge me according to your standard. Here, in any case, is the frank record of my cupidity.

It was on that memorable occasion two years ago when we, his Britannic Majesty's very faithful troopers, had accomplished what the Roman legions feared to do—had marched through the Nubian deserts and crumpled up the power of the Khalifa under the walls of his own stronghold. That evening, as we sat about the camp-fires fretting secretly over our wounds and listening to the wail of native women looking for their dead, the one subject on every man's tongue was, where was the treasure which we ought to have found in yonder great robber metropolis and had not? That such a splendid hoard existed was certain; that it had not been taken away in a hurried and unexpected flight was equally sure. Little did I, a raw lieutenant dozing among those talkers, with my head on an empty biscuit-box and a sword-cut smarting acerbly on my wrist, dream that the treasure was *mine*, the secret in my hands!

That afternoon I had been among the first to enter the town with an advance guard. There was no fighting in the streets, as you know, but in the back alleys a scream now and then, or a muffled cry, told that that grim, unavoidable side-play of war was at work. We could not help it, our men were well enough in hand, but do you think that such a place as the capital of the Kingdom of Misrule could change masters without a few hours of chaos? Well, I had stopped behind for a moment to tighten a gaiter strap, the last rank had gone out on earshot, the dust of battle still hung in the desert sky like the first twilight of the coming evening, when in the dark and narrow alley at my side there came a sound of scuffling feet and a man's voice said in Arabic, more fluent and strong no doubt than ours at Sandhurst, but still intelligible enough to me, "The Kaffirs are gone—bring her along!" and the next moment three men came out from a doorway dragging between them a girl. And there on the doorstep she made her final struggle under my eyes, screaming loudly for help through the blood-stained fingers they held over her mouth just like a rabbit with weasels at its throat, and struggling till her veins stood out like cordage on her pale Abyssinian skin, and her blue gown was in tatters on her whiter bosom.

What could I do? I am not a professional paladin, and dislike girls who scream. I did not stop to think, however, for long; but, forgetting A Company and all the Articles of War, whipped out my sword, and with a shout as though my whole trade were the rescue of distressed damsels, charged up the dim byway with its tumble-down mud houses on either hand. Perhaps the

two lesser rogues thought, as was but natural, my men were at my heels; anyhow they did not wait to see, but dropped their victim and bolted at once. The third one, a tall, evil-faced, half-caste Arab, was made of sterner stuff, and seeing, by a glance over my shoulder, I was alone, drew, and we flew at each other with the utmost heartiness. There were a few minutes of fierce parry and lunging, a good deal of dust, a half-stifled cry, and then I felt my sword go through that great black body as easily as though it were silk—I felt the weapon bend like a green withy in my hand as the dead weight of the big man came upon it, and then he slid off, falling in a writhing heap in the kennel, and it was over! As I leaned panting against the nearest wall, up there sprang my distressed damsel and whirled round and round the fallen Arab with the wildest exultation in face and action. Fury and hate blazing in her eyes, she cried and stamped about him for a minute or two, and then, deliberately stooping down, dipped the corner of her berouise in his blood. It was not a pretty sight: I turned away, and tearing my handkerchief in half, set to work to bind up a deep cut on my wrist I had somehow taken in the struggle, and before a couple of turns had been taken up there came my friend—as soft and tender now as could be. "Was I hurt? Allah's curse again and again on that black-hearted ruffian for doing it—see! she herself would bind the wound." So, of course, I let her, and as she twisted the linen with clever fingers, the girl—for she was hardly more than sixteen—told me a pitiful little story of how she had been brought from her native hills when a child; how the dead rogue yonder, "whose very shadow she hated," had bought and destined her for his harem, and had meant to carry her off that night among the last of the fugitives. And as she cursed him again and again in bitter Arabic, while her tears fell hot and thick on my wounded hand, and the strong passions went quivering through her bare bosom, I thought I never had seen a face of such mingled pathos and fury before.

Well, to be brief with this part of the narrative, I deposited Sulimé in safety for that night with a friend of hers, an old sweetmeat seller, in the next street, and went to see her again on the following day. That was natural enough, but perhaps it was not so wise to go again the next day, and the day after that. You know how these things happen; I was but a lieutenant, and, in short, I fell desperately in love with my nut-brown maid. Each night at dusk I went over from the camp alone in a little native boat, and, under shadow of the mud walls of ruined Omdurman, waited for that charming waif where an alley came down to the softly lapping river. And oh, the glorious evenings we had in the quiet of the palm-fringed banks, the shores on either side black as ebony, the river between them a golden pathway leading up to where the after-glow hung in



The spoils of years lying heaped on every side

NOTE.—Mr. Edwin L. Arnold, the author of this story, is a son of the late Sir Edwin Arnold, one of the foremost English poets of recent times and the author of "The Light of Asia."



the desert sky, a sea of tender lavender and primrose lights. It was an ideal place for love-making, and we enjoyed it to the full, until one day Sulimæ accidentally changed the whole current of our thoughts. She had been nestling close to me for an hour, her warm little hand in mine, while the light faded and the stars came out with the ghostly brilliancy of an Egyptian night. Presently, in soft dulcet Arabic, but with startling abruptness, the girl asked, "Why do you not say, Howega, that you will marry me?"

It was an embarrassing proposition, and in the surprise of the moment I made the first conventional excuse that came to my lips, "I am too poor, Sulimæ!" Then that little lady drew back as though she were offended, staring at the black Libyan hills for a moment, until—impulsive as ever—she came back again to my knee. "Howega," she said with suppressed eagerness, "I can make you rich, make us both rich with a word! Swear to me that if I say it you will let no harm come to me—you will protect me."

"Ah, little one," I answered laughingly, taking her pretty face between my hands, "I have no doubt you have a few silver coins hidden away somewhere in a bit of silk wrapping; or an amber necklace and an earring or two buried in a clay pot in the corner of the garden—but that is not enough to marry on, sweet-heart."

Whereat those black Arab tresses were shaken violently, and the damsel clambered into my lap, and there told me her secret. It was simple enough, yet what a world of possibilities it opened up! Once when quite a child, she said, she had been wandering about as children will among the hills a mile from Omdurman, and chanced upon a tumble-down shed built against the side of a small sandy cliff. The rough mud walls were cracked, the roof of dead palm leaves full of holes—no one but a child would have given such a place a moment's notice, but the little maid ventured in after a time, and finding it quite empty, began presently to think it would be a fine place to play housekeeping in. She had scarcely commenced to set things in order with feminine zeal, when she heard footsteps approaching, and saw through a chink two muffled men and a mule coming directly toward the hut. To hide herself deep down among the lumber by the door was just what any child of any country would have done. She was scarcely hidden when the strange men pulled up outside, unloaded their beast, and came staggering in with two heavy burdens. They glanced round, and then—if it reads like a page from the "Arabian Nights" I can not help it—they pulled away a mass of broken rubbish and disclosed a small, heavily barred door in the cliff face. Sulimæ, with dilated eyes and little heart that scarcely beat for terror, saw them go in loaded; saw for a minute in the gloom of the inner chamber piles of costly stuffs and weapons, horse furniture, armor, and all sorts of dim wealth she was too frightened to note in detail. Then the men came forth—one of them she afterward knew as the Khalifa's own brother—without their burdens, and, after closing and hiding the door again, went away!

Never from that day to this had Sulimæ, in a town where it was dangerous to know even lesser secrets, breathed a word of what she had seen. "You are the first to hear of it," she said to me as we paddled back that night. "It is all yours—save so much as you see fit to give afterward to me who love you. Come out to-morrow, when the sun gets low, to the palm tree in the desert outside the west gate, and I will show you the place."

Well, to make a long story short, I went with her the following dusk to the hills to the south of the town, and after some search in a lonely corrie, we found the hut just as the girl had described it! We scrambled up the rocky path to the doorway, and there Sulimæ recoiled suddenly, for on the threshold, propped by the door-post, a figure was crouching with his chin between his knees. However, he did not move, so I went forward and touched him on the shoulder. There was no response, so I gave him a gentle push, whereat he rolled over hard and dry, just as he was crouching, and I saw he was dead—not only dead, but dried like leather by weeks of scorching sunshine. I was in no mood for turning back, so the shriveled body was dragged to one side, and we eagerly entered the hut. It was all just as my nut-brown comrade had said—the rubbish against the sandstone rock, the heavy bolted doorway behind it, and, when that opened—wonder of wonders! the dim, close, dark crypt beyond with headache in its stuffy air, and the spoils of years of bloody pillage and plunder lying heaped on every side.

It is useless to attempt an inventory of the contents of that wonderful treasure house. There seemed to be something of everything in it, all in the wildest disorder, from great bags of musty dates to earthen pots full of half-melted gold earrings and bracelets. There were rich horse trappings and camel gear piled up to the ceiling, and swords, spears, and guns in endless abundance. In one place lay half a dozen mule-lloads, partly unpacked, of the most beautiful Persian shawls and embroideries ever seen; in another, piles of splendid lion and leopard skins. There were inlaid armor, and brass work, and banners; and Sulimæ, with a cry of womanish pleasure, in one place pounced upon a bundle of unpretending bamboo sticks, and, even while I was wondering at her attention to such worthless-looking things, had drawn the waxed plugs from their ends, and was proceeding to pull out a regal collection of ostrich feathers, black, white, and brown, crisp, curly, and arm-long—a sight to move any woman's soul. But four strong wooden chests in the darkest corner of the hiding-place were what fascinated me most. I broke them open in turn with a battle-axe, and there in bags and jars lay enough money in hard cash to send a poorly paid lieutenant quite out of his mind. Much which I sampled was exceedingly old, many of the coins dating back to mediæval times; but in the newer-looking packages the greater part was strikingly new—one bag, indeed, contained just a thousand gold twenty-franc pieces of the present much respected French Republic, and I laughed and shrugged my shoulders as I tied them up again. Besides actual cash, we found in these boxes the jeweled hilts of two swords of honor; a great

deal of broken gold-setting ready to be remelted; eighteen fine silk bags in a tin biscuit-box containing a small fortune in precious stones, both cut and in the rough; a bundle of blood-stained paper notes badly printed and apparently struck by General Gordon, to pay his troops when other money had run short; the base of a fine gold crucifix; about a bushel of finger-rings, and a world of other beautiful things I have not space to mention. Darkness came on suddenly before our cupidity was half satisfied; so, after putting everything to rights again, we stealthily found our way back to the town without any one having had an inkling of where we had been. But there was no sleep for me that night! I tossed and turned, and, by the time daylight had come, had put into fashion the scheme—I can not help it if you call it larcenous—that developed during the next few weeks.

The first necessity was a waterside depot to which we could secretly bring the great find before getting it on board ship. The next was a trustworthy man who would help us in consideration of a recompense, which we were prepared to make very high. At our next meeting Sulimæ supplied both these wants. A certain young Greek convert to Mahometanism named Lepanto had, before we came, been making love to Sulimæ, when the Arab, her master, was not about. He possessed an indifferent character, but would probably do anything for gain, and, above all, he owned a mud-



The black-hearted villain kept me covered with that barrel

walled tenement actually overhanging the river, and a wood-yard with sheds for a couple of donkeys adjoining. We laid siege to that son of Hellas, and in a week, when we had worked him up to the right point, told him our secret and showed him the hoard. As it turned out, I never did anything in my life which more nearly lost it to me.

Meanwhile I had publicly developed a great interest in the local geology of the district, and collected heavy specimens all day of rock and mineral, which were ostentatiously packed into a lot of old wooden commissariat cases in the Greek's house. When these preliminaries were working smoothly, Lepanto began, under our guidance, to take his donkeys into the hills to collect brushwood—a plausible sample of which, it is true, came back each evening on their backs; but below that humble merchandise was secreted, each journey, a load of wealth from the treasure house. And each evening we chucked the geological specimens into the Nile without compunction, replacing them in the cases with "shekels of brass and shekels of silver"; with gold dust, and ivory, and precious stones, and bags of money, until that dirty little tumble-down hovel by the river was surely worth as much as the whole broad province that stretched around it.

How we did work! The beads of perspiration rise even now on my forehead as I remember those torrid days in the Nubian desert hills and the sweltering evenings that followed them of panting, ceaseless toil. But in a month the whole thing was accomplished. I had bought a swift felucca for the run down to Cairo; had moored her under the Greek's windows, and successfully shipped my precious cases of "geological specimens"—at last we were ready. The Greek had been soft as silk, and seemed amply satisfied with the splendid reward we had given him; Sulimæ was to stay behind until I had realized the plunder in England, and sent or came for her—the parting between us had been the one bitter drop on that evening of infinite

relief, but it was over now. I had had the ship taken over to the opposite side of the Nile, and moored in the shadow of some palms, the crew had all gone off for a final carouse on shore, and you may imagine my exultation in knowing the great task was finished at last. There at last was the best half of that wonderful treasure in the hold below, not a suspicion had been aroused, the crew would be on board in an hour (for it was nearly daybreak), and then Cairo, England, and all the world at my feet!

But how transient are human certainties. At that very moment I was nearer to losing it all than I had ever been!

I was walking up and down the deck-house roof, lost in these rosy dreams, and judge of my surprise when, turning suddenly at the end of a walk, I found myself face to face with the Greek. "What," I said, "Lepanto, you here! You were not to have come on board until the crew came an hour hence: how and why have you come?"

"I came," he answered sullenly, pointing as he spoke to a tiny little native boat moored alongside—which must have stolen through the thick shadows of the night without my noticing it—"by that boat, and because I had business here." As he spoke he reeled a little as though he had been fortifying himself for the business, whatever it was, from the brandy skins ashore, and there was something about him which filled me with vague suspicion. We stared at each other for a minute or two, and then the Greek suddenly stepped up within a few feet of me, and I could see he was trembling with passion.

"Did you really think, Lieutenant L., that I would let this haul you have got down below—and Sulimæ, who was my friend long before she ever saw your ugly white face—do you think I would let it run through my fingers? You must have been mad if you did! I a Greek and stand by sucking my thumbs while such a prize was carried off! Look, Lieutenant L.—see yonder camel drinking on the sandy spit?" I looked where he pointed, and there in the dim light was one of those great beasts on the nearest beach, its long neck down, and its muzzle beginning to suck up the cool night water in the particularly slow and deliberate manner of its kind. I looked, and while my eyes were still on the shadowy form, the voice of the Greek again fell, sullen and ominous, on my ear: "When the camel stops drinking you are a dead man!" I turned round upon him in an instant, and there was the rascal covering me with a heavy revolver. He was steady enough now, his left hand supporting his right to make his aim more certain, and behind that deadly barrel his wicked little face watching me with fierce intensity.

"You hound!" I exclaimed. "Surely it is you who are mad now!"

"I am sane enough."

"Do you mean to say you will shoot me here for certain as I stand?"

"For certain—the moment that beast lifts his head—pray, if you have a mind to, and quickly, for camels drink lightly at this season."

What was I to do? The black-hearted villain kept me covered with that barrel, and I could see in his eyes he meant what he said—the slightest movement in any direction, and he would shoot and toss me overboard. "If a whisper of this got abroad, you know, you would be hung," I said to him.

"I know it well, and for that very reason," replied the Greek. "I am going to take good care no whisper ever does get abroad. Pray, pray!"

"If you think you have been badly paid for your help you shall have more."

"I mean to have more—down to the last coin, the last grain of gold. See, Englishman!—the camel has had enough!"

It was true. The great beast was satisfied. He was lifting his long shadowy neck from the water, and just as the dawn was beginning in the east I folded my arms upon my breast and faced the Greek again. I saw the cruel barrel quiver a little with the determination of the rascal behind it, I saw the gray morning light reflected from the metal, and I said: "You will not give me quarter, or a chance to fight for my life?"

"None, none."

"You swear by the gods you reverence most that you are going to kill me here and now as I stand?"

"I swear it."

"Then may those same gods deal mercifully with your soul!"

I, too, was armed! As we had talked, my right hand had stealthily, inch by inch, crept into the bosom of my loose shooting jacket, and there gripped the handle of a revolver I had carried unknown to any one since we began this treasure quest. As I spoke that last sentence my own weapon swung from its hiding-place, and before the man could even recognize the sudden gesture, I had flung it forward and fired full in his face.

For five, ten, for a dozen seconds, he never moved a muscle, but stood covering me like a dark image in the morning twilight. Then, very slowly, the muzzle of his pistol sagged downward, his head drooped, his knees quivered, he staggered back a step to the very brink of the deck, half turned round—and then suddenly fell like a log overboard without a sigh or a motion.

There is nothing more to be told. I got the treasure safely down the Nile, transhipped it at Alexandria with the help of a little diplomacy, and here I am converting it cautiously into good plain banking account in this great city. When that is done, I am going back for Sulimæ. Meanwhile, that charming little lady is learning to read and write English in careful hands, and sends me once a week quaint examples of her progress. And two main themes appear to delight her above all others. One is, of course, my returning. The other is the gossip that fills the Omdurman bazaars and the quiet but unremitting efforts the Government is still making to discover the Khalifa's buried treasure!



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## The Physical-Culture Fad

By JAMES BALL NAYLOR

WHEN old Adam was weedin' the Garden of Eden—

(Beg pardon for dropping the "g"; But there's no us in bunting one's brains out in hunting)

A rhyme that *wasn't* rhyme, don't you see?) Eve was darning the stocking of Adam, and rocking The cradle. (I hold this a fact;

Though the clerical college may claim that my knowledge

Is just the reverse of exact.)

And the primeval mother, and Cain and his brother

And even old Adam, the dad,

Didn't deem it a duty to model their beauty

A la physical-culture fad.

But to-day—Heaven save us!—the looks that God

gave us

Are unsatisfactory quite;

And we raise an objection to form or complexion—

And butt in to make matters right.

Sister, sweetheart, and mother outdo one another

At fencing, massage—and all that;

Each one striving to get 'er weak points modeled

better

Than nature intended—that's flat.

And she follows the notion that potion or lotion,

Or powder or face-mask or pad,

Used at night by the dreamer will prove a redeemer.

It's the physical-culture fad!

And the big Sunday papers! Such wonderful

capers

Are cut by the maidens who show

How to have winsome faces, and marvelous graces,

And willowy forms—don't you know,

That the male bipes rages while turning the pages

And throws down the sheet in disgust?

(Sneering woman, you doubt it? I know all about it;

You've got to believe it—you *must*!)

Still there's no use in jerking one's hair out, and

working

One's self up—and swearing like mad,

For Dame Fashion's direction is: "Set your affec-

tion

On the physical-culture fad!"

So to just make the best of it just make a jest of it,

Man—lay your wrath on the shelf;

And permit your dear dove to imagine you'd love to

Indulge in the folly yourself.

Don't attempt to prevent 'er, but just supplement

er—

And thus save your temper and breath;

My dear friend, I have tried it—when once you're

astute it.

You ride the lean hobby to death.

And you'll smile till each wrinkle fades out in a

twinkle

Of mirth—and you'll laugh like a lad;

And for once you'll be getting great good, I am

betting—

From the physical-culture fad!

□ □

## The Louisiana Purchase To-day

WHEN the Louisiana Purchase, the one-hundredth anniversary of which the St. Louis Fair commemorates, was made, there were people who believed that fifteen millions of dollars was too much to pay for a patch of wilderness west of the Mississippi. To-day the income for one year from agriculture alone in this vast tract would repay this purchase-price much more than a hundred times over. Even now this empire has vast resources untouched. Only a small portion of the land is under cultivation, and the mineral resources are just coming to light. Scarcely a decade has passed since Cripple Creek was discovered, and it is now pouring forth its millions of wealth annually. Within the past few months there have been oil deposits unbottled in southeastern Kansas which bid fair to rival the great oil fields of Pennsylvania, while the same locality has enough natural gas to light the nation. The income from its farms and ranches last year was \$1,876,184,431. The manufactures of this region last year amounted to \$1,006,332,611, enough to buy the province of Louisiana sixty-seven times over. The mines of Colorado and Montana and the other States with mineral wealth last year turned out products to the value of \$299,909,128. The total product of the four States of Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, and Minnesota amounted to more than two billion dollars last year, divided as follows:

Missouri	\$751,087,530
Kansas	462,576,810
Iowa	447,095,560
Minnesota	389,183,930
Total	\$2,050,843,830

The prairies of Kansas and the fields of Minnesota are to-day the world's greatest granaries, the former of winter wheat, the latter of spring wheat. These two States furnish one-fourth of the bread produced in the entire country. From the farms of Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, and the Dakotas come millions of cattle and swine, and from the ranches of Montana and Wyoming countless numbers of sheep. No other like territory on the face of the globe produces such an abundance of food products.

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The mineral wealth of the province of Louisiana is varied. Foremost, of course, comes the gold of Colorado, followed by the copper and other metals of Montana. The greatest zinc and lead mines in the country are in southwestern Missouri and southeastern Kansas. Coal in abundance is found in practically all parts of the trans-Mississippi region. The full extent of the oil and gas fields of Kansas and the Indian Territory is not yet fully determined, but their product at present will amount to millions of dollars annually. The East commonly looks upon the Louisiana Purchase as the Far West, yet St. Louis is in the eastern half of the United States. To reach the geographical center of the nation the Eastern man will have to travel nearly five hundred miles west of the World's Fair, or as far west of St. Louis as Cleveland is east of it.

□ □

## Round the Horn with Coal Oil

**R**UNNING railroad locomotives and steamships with oil for fuel is no new thing, but there have been doubts as to the advantages claimed for the oil-burning over the coal-burning marine carrier. These doubts appear to have been dissipated in large measure by the American Hawaiian steamship *Nebaskan*, which used crude California oil for the entire run from San Diego to New York, a voyage of 12,724 knots. She was clean and sweet, her furnaces and boilers were in good condition, and the trip was made in ten days less time than her coal-using sister, the *Arctadan*, consumed. Not only did the oil used cost less than the coal that would have been necessary for this long journey, but only one-fourth as many men were required in the furnace rooms.

The arrival of the *Nebaskan* was an event of importance to the Naval Bureau of Steam Engineering in Washington, which sent two officers to inspect the vessel with the object of obtaining data to assist the Navy Department in determining the important matter of whether oil shall be substituted for coal as steam-making fuel on men-of-war. These officers, Commander John R. Edwards and Lieutenant-Commander Wythe M. Parks, composed, with Lieutenant-Commander Frank H. Bailey, the "Liquid Fuel Board," which, for the past two years, has been conducting comparative tests with both oil-burning and coal-burning furnaces. The Board has made a preliminary report and will soon submit its conclusions, covering not only the question of burning oil on naval vessels, but on vessels of the merchant marine as well. Indications point to sentiment in the Board against the use of oil on battleships and other large men-of-war on the score of safety, but in favor of its use in running torpedo craft.

For some years many shipowners have shown a desire to substitute oil for coal because of the thermal, mechanical, and commercial advantages that would result from the change. Nearly every reason that can be advanced for using oil as a fuel in the mercantile marine is also applicable to the navy, and there are military benefits to be secured in the case of warships that are as important as the commercial and mechanical advantages. But the Liquid Fuel Board, while acknowledging these things, has been impressed with the circumstance that the more the question is investigated the more intricate seems the problem of successfully installing an oil-fuel appliance on board a battleship. Except where unusual conditions prevailed, the cost of oil for marine purposes would generally be greater than that for coal. In the case of the *Nebaskan* the cost was less because California oil was obtained almost at the very door of the oil fields. The same advantage will apply to vessels from Gulf of Mexico ports near the great Texas oil district. It is the expense of transportation that now prevents the oil from being a cheap combustible for marine purposes, but the employment of tank steamers between Gulf and Atlantic Coast ports of the United States would partially overcome this objection.

In the *Nebaskan* the oil used as fuel was stored in the double bottom and in a huge tank with a capacity of 4,500 barrels. On a warship the great bulk of the oil would also be kept in the double bottom, which would be the most convenient place as well as the furthest removed from danger from an enemy's gun-fire. But the Liquid Fuel Board believes that it may be a difficult matter to free these compartments from explosive gases, especially when the compartments are partly empty. By reason of the great number of electrical appliances in use on a warship, thousands of sparks are likely to be caused, any one of which might produce an explosion and set the oil fuel on fire. Rear-Admiral George W. Melville, who was Chief of the Bureau of Steam Engineering when the tests of the Liquid Fuel Board were begun, was impressed with the dangers of keeping large quantities of oil on big naval vessels, but did not hesitate to declare that, "in view of the results already secured by the Liquid Fuel Board, an installation should be effected without delay on at least a third of the torpedo boats and destroyers." So far, however, nothing has been done to carry out this suggestion. In connection with the opinions of the American naval officers who are studying the question, it is of interest that vessels of Russia's Baltic fleet, and the armored cruisers *Rurik* and *Gromozni*, now engaged in the Far East, burn oil in their furnace rooms. The *Nebaskan* was the first oil-burning vessel to pass through the Straits of Magellan.

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Kaid Sidi Mohammed M'Baruk Raisuli

## RAISULI THE BRIGAND

By HENRY COLLINS WALSH

RAISULI, the bandit chief of Morocco, has for some years been quite a marked character in his own country, but his last remarkable escapade, in capturing and holding for ransom an American and a British subject, has given him a world-wide distinction. To be sure, it was only last summer that he captured and held in captivity until a settlement was made Mr. W. B. Harris, the Tangier correspondent for the London "Times." It was on the 16th of June that Mr. Harris was taken prisoner by some of Raisuli's band near the village of Zinah, Raisuli's stronghold, which had first been attacked and burned by the Sultan's troops. Mr. Harris was attempting to get the details of this fight when he was captured in the vicinity of Zinah, and taken to Raisuli, who had sought refuge in the Augera Mountains. Mr. Harris was held in captivity for three weeks, and finally, through the good offices of the Sherref of Wazan, who went personally to see Raisuli, and the negotiations of the British Minister at Tangier, he was exchanged for sixteen prisoners belonging to Raisuli's band who had been captured by the Sultan's forces. In this case no money indemnity was asked for, and no international complications arose.

The present case is a far more serious one, for Raisuli not only asks a ransom of \$55,000 for his prisoners, but he demands that the American Government shall enforce the payment of the same by the Sultan, and that his Sherrefian Majesty must be constrained from punishing the bandit or from interfering with his liberty. He also demands the removal of the Sultan's troops from his district, the removal of the Governor of Tangier, and the release of a number of imprisoned bandits. Thus a very peculiar situation has arisen. The Sultan is held responsible for the doings of a bandit who is openly in arms against the power of the throne and who has been constantly harassing the Sultan. Indeed, the Sultan long ago set a price of \$10,000 upon Raisuli's head.

### Social Status of the Bandit

Altogether, an extraordinary condition of affairs has been brought about which could only be possible in a country like Morocco. Here, when the "enterprising burglar isn't burgling" or the bandit banditing, he goes about and is received as if he were quite a respectable member of the community. Here no fine distinctions are made between the open thief and the secret looter, he is a robber of government finances or a private speculator. Raisuli is quite popular in Tangier, and has been a frequent visitor there; indeed, he had been often entertained at the home of Mr. Ion Perdicaris, and was consequently enabled to effect the capture of his prisoner all the more easily.

Formerly Raisuli was a farmer, and at one time he was an employee of the Moorish Government. He holds, and probably truly, that the Government owes him some back pay, and now he is going to collect it with interest. He is noted as a man of keen intelligence, although, like most of the Moors, he is uneducated and can neither read nor write. He began his career as a bandit by looting a village which contained a number of Jewish money-lenders. He undoubtedly found that such a method of acquiring means was vastly more easy than by farming; for farmers in Morocco have but a poor time of it: they have no modern implements whatsoever. A forked stick of wood is used for a plow, and even a harrow is unknown. Then the sparse crops that are raised must be hidden away in pits in the ground, else they will be carried off by governmental robbers and tax-gatherers. For there are but two classes in Morocco, the looters and the looted. By joining the former class after being a member of the latter, Raisuli has increased wonderfully in wealth, in influence, and, strange to say, in the respect of his countrymen. To-day he is a power in Northern Morocco, and may, as the forces of the pretender are weakening, become the leader of all the rebel forces that are arrayed

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against the constituted authority. This poor farmer, this daring bandit, may yet become the head of a movement that may cause the throne itself to totter and fall.

France awaits her opportunity to assume a protectorate over Morocco such as she has over its neighbor, Algiers; this right has been accorded her by the recent Franco-British treaty. She has gone into Morocco "with gold in her right hand and with steel in her left." She has loaned the Sultan \$10,000,000; but, on the other hand, she has undoubtedly, though secretly, supplied the rebels with arms and ammunition. It is quite possible that Raisuli will yet afford to France the opportunity that she is waiting for, and that thus this erstwhile poor and ignorant farmer will be the means of introducing into his country a civilization that has never yet been able to make the least impression upon its confines.

□ □

### AN AMERICAN VICTORY

IT IS doubtful if there is any sporting victory—with the exception perhaps of the winning of the Challenge Cup at Henley, which American crews have contended for a number of times in vain—that could cause so great a thrill of delight and pride in the hearts of so many Americans as was aroused by the winning of the amateur golf championship of Great Britain by Mr. Walter J. Travis. That Mr. Travis is an Australian by birth does not lessen in any but a purely sentimental way the fact that this was a victory of American golf over English golf. Mr. Travis learned the game in this country, and he is a self-taught player. That such a player could beat the best men of England on their home grounds and in the home country of the game itself means that, as long as such players as Mr. Travis are with us, Americans do not need to take their home victories with a certain amount of mental reservation—means that American golf is as good as the best.

Mr. Travis's title to the amateur championship of America is unquestioned. He has won that title three times, held the Metropolitan championship twice, and won more open tournaments than any of our other players. He visited England in 1901, but was beaten there by the clever Hilton, whom he succeeded in disposing of this time, and by other players. Mr. Travis began to play golf in the summer of 1896. The first tournament in which he entered was at Van Cortlandt Park, where he competed in a spe-



Walter J. Travis

cial match for prizes given by the St. Andrew's Golf Club. He was neither first nor second, making what to him now would be the absurdly high score of 110 strokes for the course. Shortly after, Travis joined the Oakland Golf Club, which had been started near his home at Bayside, L. I., and there he devoted careful attention to the game.

In 1897, Mr. Travis won in several open tournaments, and in 1898 he got as far as the semi-final round in the amateur championship, when he was beaten by Mr. Findlay S. Douglas. In 1899, Douglas repeated this beating, but in 1900 Travis turned the tables and won from Douglas, winning at the same time his first amateur championship. In 1901, Travis successfully defended his national championship title at Atlantic City, defeating Walter E. Egan of Onwentsia, Chicago, now a Harvard student, by 5 up and 4 to play. In 1902, at Glen View, Chicago, Travis was defeated in the third championship round by F. M. Byers by one hole; but last year, at Nassau, Travis won back the championship, while Byers was the runner-up.

Mr. Travis is now a member of the Garden City Golf Club, and there he does most of his playing. His opponent in the final at Sandwich, on June 3, was E. D. Blackwell, of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, whom he defeated, in a stiff, raw wind, accompanied by flurries of rain, by 4 up and 1 to play in a 36-hole match. Mr. Travis's game is not extraordinarily long, but it is accurate, steady, and consistent. Mr. Travis is, above all things, a student of the game.

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## The Crossing of the Yalu

(Continued from page 8)

Such is the concentration of thought and gaze in the development of one particular phase of such a spectacle, that you may be missing completely something new and vital to the whole which is passing at the other end of the field. How long had they been coming? I wondered when I first saw black objects about a foot high under the glasses scattered and running like men out of the rain—out of safety into danger they were in fact—over a knob at its left and plunging into the Russian trench. This was the greatest moment of all. Here were reinforcements; here was a prospect of resistance that provided another thrill in the drama. Every rifle added to the speaking ones in the trench meant more patients for the surgeons waiting in the hospital tents for the first arrivals.

Here, too, was a mark to gladden the heart of the artilleryman. How long before the gunners would see it? Or was not the knob in the range of their vision? If not, they must soon receive the signal from those who could see. There were no longer thirty-five thousand men about to assault a position. Nothing except batteries and some Russians running across a knob into a trench—where they were to go through hell in order to keep an enemy in check for a quarter of an hour. Still they came, still the guns said nothing in protest. Seconds became minutes.

### A Useless Sacrifice of Life

The altitude was great; the range was new. When the word was passed the shooting was the worst I have ever seen Japanese gunners do. Higher and higher they lifted the bursts, which still did not reach the mark, while the Russians kept on coming as unmindful as if shrapnel were fireworks. "That surely will be high enough," the gunners must have thought with each discharge, only to find that it fell short. They kept on lifting and lifting them—a progress of explosions up the hillside—till finally the blue smoke of a shrapnel curled fairly over the heads of the targets. The Russians paid no attention to that or the next or the next. Then one exploded a little over them and a little in front of them, so that they got the full benefit of its spread.

And now all the guns had the range. Common shell tossed the earth skyward; shrapnel was scattered from above. Like so many paper figures under a bellows, one burst blew a half-dozen Russians down. Then we saw no more except those who came out to bring in the fallen. The daredevil Slav had taken the straight path, while the breaking roar of muzzles mocked his temerity. Afterward we learned that he could have gone round under cover, but that would have lacked aplomb, which is important in this old-fashioned war.

Unremittingly the Russians held to their task. The Japanese line, which had moved out in a semicircle to envelop the whole Russian position, had to deal with the situation as it developed. The adversary's defence had been outlined exactly. Every man on the plain knew the limits of its length. At either side of this trench were ravines leading up to either end.

The most natural human instinct—or animal instinct, for that matter—will seek to get an opponent on the hip, that is, on the flank. The idea was simple. Putting it into execution was the finest bit of military work of that day. Under the galling fire, the Japanese changed front by company. Then pressing under cover of the heights, we soon saw a column passing up either ravine. In this feat there had been no faltering step. It was done with such drill-ground exactness that the dropping units seemed a part of the evolution. Those who pressed up the ravines were only a part, a sensibly delegated part, while the extreme left of the line filed on into the little town of Chiu-Lien-Cheng, and the right—we saw little of the right, which extended up the Ai River, thought little of it in the occupation of nearer impression, little anticipated the part it was to play before nightfall. Did those in the trench know of the streams of blue coats, either with a big Japanese flag at its head marking every foot of ascent like an indicator?

### A Horrible Mistake

Mindless of fire as of raindrops, a solitary Russian officer now stood on the parapet stiff as a watch-tower. A shell-burst sent him down for a moment; but he came back. It was plain that he was counting the minutes and proposed to use every one with the vengeful opportunity it gave. The ravine at the right was deep enough to show only occasional moving blue spots, and always that defiant flag which rippled and rose and fell with the color-bearer's scramble over the rocks. The flanking column at the left had arrived on the summit of a broad knoll certainly not more than five hundred yards from the trench. There with Japanese precision they were nicely forming into close order preparatory to a rush. But their rush was never made. One of those accidents—those keen, murderous satires frequent in great engagements—dealt this flock of warring humanity a crushing blow from its own side. (In the march to Peking, for example, the British gunners who thought the Chinese were still there killed sixteen of our men who had just taken a position.)

Definitely the Japanese gunners had covered the Japanese advance; now the black powder used in the howitzers showed its ridiculous inferiority to the Shimose powder of native invention, which, such is its evenness of quality, will with the same length of fuse land shell after shell in the same place in a manner that seems superhuman

# OIL-GAS The WONDERFUL NEW FUEL

**Ohioan's Remarkable Invention—Claimed to be the cheapest, safest and best yet found. Invents a new Oil-Gas Stove that burns about 90% air, 10% oil-gas. A Miniature Gas Works in the Home**

**A GOD-SEND TO WOMEN FOLKS—EVERY FAMILY CAN NOW HAVE GAS FOR COOKING MADE FROM KEROSENE OIL AT A COST OF ONLY ABOUT 1/2 CENT PER HOUR**

**How delighted the ladies will be to save 1/3 to 1/2 on fuel bills—all the drudgery of carrying coal, wood, ashes, dirt, etc., and be able to enjoy cool kitchens this summer**

**MOST WONDERFUL STOVE EVER INVENTED—NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT—ENTIRELY DIFFERENT FROM THE KIND SEEN IN STORES**

## HOW YOU CAN MAKE MONEY THIS SUMMER

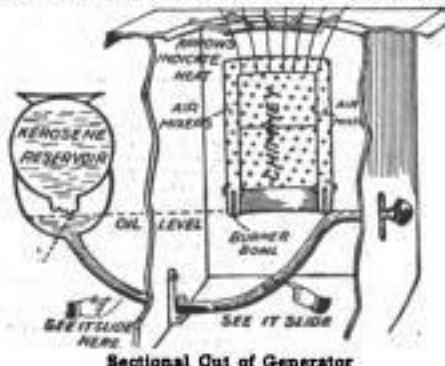
A genius of Cincinnati has invented a new, scientific oil-gas generator that is proving a blessing to women folks, enabling them to cook with gas—relieving them of drudgery. Makes cooking and housework a delight and at the same time often saves 1/3 to 1/2 in cost of fuel.

How often have many women remarked that they would give anything to get rid of the drudgery of using the dirty coal and wood stoves—also the smoky oil wick stoves and their gasoline stoves which are so dangerous and liable to cause explosions or fire at any time.

Well, that day has arrived and a fine substitute has been discovered and every family can now have gas fuel for cooking, baking and heating and not have their kitchens a hot, fiery furnace in summer, and be carrying coal and ashes—ruining their looks and health.

### Thousands a Week

A call at the factory would show that this invention has caused a remarkable excitement



all over the U. S.—that the factory is already rushed with thousands of orders and that agents are making big profits through the splendid inducements offered.

As will be noticed from the engraving, this OIL-GAS GENERATOR is entirely different from any other stove—although its construction is very simple—may be easily and safely operated and is built on the latest scientific principles, having no valves, which is a marked improvement, as all valves are liable to leak, carbonize, clog up or overflow.

By simply moving a knob the oil is automatically fed to a small, steel burner bowl or retort where it is instantly changed into gas, which is drawn upwards between two red hot perforated steel chimneys, thoroughly mixed with air and consumed, giving a bright blue flame—hottest gas fire, similar in color and heating power to natural gas.

This invention has been fully protected in the U. S. Patent Office and is known as the HARRISON VALVELESS, WICKLESS, AUTOMATIC OIL-GAS GENERATOR—the only one yet discovered that consumes the carbon and by-products of the oil.

The extremely small amount of Kerosene Oil that is needed to produce so large a volume of gas makes it one of the most economical fuels on earth and the reason for the great success of this Generator is based on the well known fact of the enormous expansiveness of oil-gas when mixed with oxygen or common air.

Oil-Gas is proving so cheap that 15c to 30c a week should furnish fuel gas for cooking for a small family.

Kerosene oil from which oil-gas is made may be purchased in every grocery—is cheap and a gallon of it will furnish a hot, blue flame gas fire in the burner for about 18 hours, and as a stove is only used 3 or 4 hours a day in most families for cooking, the expense of operating would be but little.

In addition to its cheapness is added the comfort, cleanliness—absence of soot, coal, dirt, ashes, etc.

What pleasure to just turn on the oil—light the gas—a hot fire ready to cook. When through, turn it off. Just think: a little kerosene oil—one match—light—a beautiful blue flame—hottest fire—always ready—quick meals—a gas stove in your home.

It generates the gas only as needed—Is not complicated, but simple—easily operated, and another feature is its PERFECT SAFETY.

### NOT DANGEROUS LIKE GASOLINE

And liable to explode and cause fire at any moment. This stove is so safe that you could drop a lighted match in the oil tank and it would go out.

This Oil-Gas Stove does any kind of cooking that a coal or gas range will do—invaluable for the kitchen, laundry—summer cottage—washing—ironing—camping, etc. Splendid for canning fruit—with a portable oven placed over the burner splendid baking can be done.

### Another Important Feature

Is the invention of a small Radiator Attachment which placed over the burner makes a desirable heating stove during the fall and winter so that the old cook stove may be done away with entirely.

At the factory in Cincinnati may be seen thousands of letters from customers who are using this wonderful oil-gas stove, showing that it is not an experiment but a positive success and giving splendid satisfaction, and as a few extracts may be interesting we reproduce them:

L. S. Norris, of Vt., writes: "The Harrison Oil-Gas Generators are wonderful savers of fuel—at least 50% to 75% over wood and coal."

Mr. H. Howe, of N. Y., writes: "I find the Harrison is the first and only perfect oil-gas stove I have ever seen—so simple anyone can safely use it. It is what I have wanted for years. Certainly, a blessing to human kind."

Mr. E. D. Arnold, of Neb., writes: "That he saved \$4.25 a month for fuel by using the Harrison Oil-Gas Stove. That his gas range cost him \$5.50 per month and the Harrison only \$1.25 per month."

J. A. Snider, of Pa., writes: "The Harrison Oil-Gas Stove makes an intense heat from a small quantity of oil—entirely free from smoke or smell—great improvement over any other oil stove. Has a perfect arrangement for combustion—can scarcely be distinguished from a natural gas fire."

Mr. H. B. Thompson, of Ohio, writes: "I congratulate you on such a grand invention to aid the poor in this time of high fuel. The mechanism is so simple—easily operated—no danger. The color of the gas flame is a beautiful dark blue, and so hot seems almost double as powerful as gasoline."

Mrs. J. L. Hamilton, writes: "Am delighted—Oil-Gas Stoves so much nicer and cheaper than others—no wood, coal, ashes, smoke, no pipe, no wick, cannot explode."

Hon. Ira Eble, J. P., of Wis., writes: "Well pleased with the Harrison—far ahead of gasoline. No smoke or dirt—no trouble. Is perfectly safe—no danger of explosion like gasoline."

Chas. L. Bendeke, of N. Y., writes: "It is a pleasure to be the owner of your wonderful Oil-Gas Stove—no coal yard, plumbing—ashes or dust. One match lights the stove and in



10 minutes breakfast is ready. No danger from an explosion—no smoke—no dirt—simply turn it off and expense ceases. For cheapness it has no equal."

### Agents are doing fine—Making big money WONDERFUL QUICK SELLER

Geo. Robertson, of Me., writes: "Am delighted with Oil-Gas, so are my friends—took 12 orders in 3 days."

A. B. Slinn, of Texas, writes: "I want the agency—in a day and a half took over a dozen orders."

Edward Wilson, of Mo., writes: "The Harrison very satisfactory—Sold 5 stoves first day I had mine."

J. H. Halman, of Tenn., writes: "Already have 30 orders."

This is certainly a good chance for wide-awake people to make money this summer.

Hundreds of other prominent people highly endorse and recommend oil-gas fuel and there certainly seems to be no doubt that it is a wonderful improvement over other stoves.

A writer in the Cincinnati "Christian Standard" says he saw these Oil-Gas Stoves in operation—in fact, uses one in his own home—is delighted with its working and after a thorough investigation can say that this Harrison Oil-Gas Stove made by the Cincinnati firm is the only perfect burner of its kind.

It is made in three sizes 1, 2 or 3 generators to a stove. They are made of steel throughout—thoroughly tested before shipping—sent out complete—ready for use as soon as received—nicely finished with nickel trimmings, and as there seems to be nothing about it to wear out, they should last for years. They seem to satisfy and delight every user and we the makers fully guarantee them.



### HOW TO GET ONE

All women who want to enjoy the pleasures of a gas stove—the cheapest, cleanest and safest fuel—save 1/3 to 1/2 on fuel bills and do their cooking, baking, ironing and canning fruit at small expense should have one of these remarkable stoves.

Space prevents a more detailed description, but these oil-gas stoves will bear out the most exacting demand for durability and satisfactory properties.

Write to us, the only makers, The World Mfg. Co., 3722 World Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, and ask for our illustrated pamphlet describing this invention and also letters from hundreds of delighted users and you will receive much valuable information.

The price of these Stoves is remarkably low, only \$3.00 up. It is indeed difficult to imagine where that amount of money could be invested in anything else that would bring such saving in fuel bills, so much good health and satisfaction to women.

### DON'T FAIL TO WRITE TODAY

For full information regarding this splendid invention.

The World Mfg. Co. is composed of prominent business men of Cincinnati, are perfectly responsible and reliable, capital \$100,000.00, and will do just as they agree. The stoves are just as represented and fully warranted.

Don't fail to write for Catalogue.

### \$40.00 Weekly and Expenses

We offer splendid inducements to agents and an energetic man or woman having spare time can get a good position paying big wages by writing us at once.

A wonderful wave of excitement has swept over the country, for wherever shown these Oil-Gas Stoves have caused great excitement. Oil-Gas fuel is so economical and delightful that the sales of these Stoves last month were enormous and our factory is rushed with thousands of orders.

Men and women who have spare time, or are out of employment and those not making a great deal of money, should write to us and secure an agency for this invention. Exhibit this stove before 8 or 10 people and you excite their curiosity and should be able to sell 5 or 8 and make \$10.00 to \$15.00 a day. Why should people live in penury or suffer hardships for the want of plenty of money when an opportunity of this sort is open?



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in its application of theoretical mechanics. The charge did not carry the howitzer projectile as far as mathematics—war made by mathematics in these days—indicated that it should. At the edge of the closely formed men on the knoll the explosion of a common shell carried its fragments into their ranks. We saw the scattering of forms through the dust; the disruption of a mass into its parts, and before the air was clear—fired before the result—the first was apparent—came a second shot.

Down the hillside the blue figures ran—running—not out of panic, because they immediately re-formed. That movement was electric in its suddenness. Sixteen blue spots we counted prostrate behind the Within a stone's throw of where the Russians had gone out to pick up their wounded, some of the Japanese, with a common gallantry that makes bitter enemies akin, ran back to their fallen comrades by one. Some they knelt over for only moment; these were beyond help. Others they knelt over at length, applying "First Aids." The next day we counted eleven new-made graves with wooden tablets at this spot. A few already had sprays of plum blossoms stuck in the fresh earth. It is cherry blossom time in Japan now, and plum blossoms are grateful in the strange land. These deaths were tragic sacrifice to a protecting fire, yet in the great gas of the general conflict they counted for little beside the lives the guns had saved, silencing the enemy's fire.

### Taking the Trench

Could the Russian officer, that sentinel unmoved amid the lightnings, have seen the accident it might have meant a streak of silver for his cloud. Was the flag at the head of the storming party at the right hidden from his view? He remained so long that his surprise and capture seemed certain, and I think that there was no member of the Japanese staff—such is courage and admiration for courage—who did not hope that one Russian might have the deserved reward of escaping unharmful. He must have been the very last to go, steadying his men—his big, helpless, untutored, fair-haired children—with his own rock-ribbed fearlessness. One moment you saw him still and erect, a lone figure poised between the forces of two empires. Then he was gone.

The flag which had zigzagged and bobbed up the ravine appeared at the end of the trench. That climber, the color-bearer, was not too out of breath to walk the length of the trench, swinging aloft his flag in order that all on the plain below might see that he had arrived.

It was not yet ten o'clock. Less than three hours had been occupied in a business which you had seen as a whole with panoramic fidelity. It was like seeing Lookout Mountain fought without the mists. You wanted the charge made over again, and made slower to give you more time for appreciation. You had seen the reality, and at the same time you felt a detachment from it which was at once uncanny and unsportsmanlike. The spectator had been as safe as in an orchestra chair when carnage reigned on the stage. It was as if a battle had been arranged for him, and he had been taken in the best position for seeing its theatrical effects.

### No Rest for the Japanese

Nature would have called the morning's task a day's work finished. Nature would have said to the color-bearer and all the men behind him, "Well, you've done it; you are here, now rest." What followed recalls the remark of a Japanese officer some time ago, that the Japanese hoped the mobility of their infantry would offset the dash of the Cossack horsemen. These little men, who had been ceaselessly at work for thirty-six hours, were only beginning the day. That supreme test of an army, when fatigue is the accomplice of a breathing spell to enjoy victory, was met by this army with the smile—the Japanese smile. It followed the book as it always does. It followed up its advantage with Grant-like persistence. With rifle-fire reverberating from the hills, your paid onlooker knew that "more was to come," a d in face of the official sign that he was not to cross the river yet, he returned to camp.

That night in the little Chinese village of Chiu-Lien-Cheng, where the staff had established itself, we had the aftermath of battle in its reality of detail. Russian prisoners were brought in with the news of twenty-eight guns captured. Russian officers stood around the camp-fire with the members of the victorious General Staff. Russian wounded waited with the Japanese wounded their turn at the operating table. Surgeons nodding for want of sleep had a harvest of vital cases. The Japanese smile had the realism of the European for once. Success beyond the measure of expectation warmed even the modern Spartans to some excitement. Two regiments had been cut to pieces, ammunition and artillery were the prizes of tireless energy. The disasters of Port Arthur had been repeated on land to prove the meaning of unpreparedness when set against preparedness. This much we knew. The morrow must see the summing up, the viewing of positions, the reasons in elaboration for this signal success.

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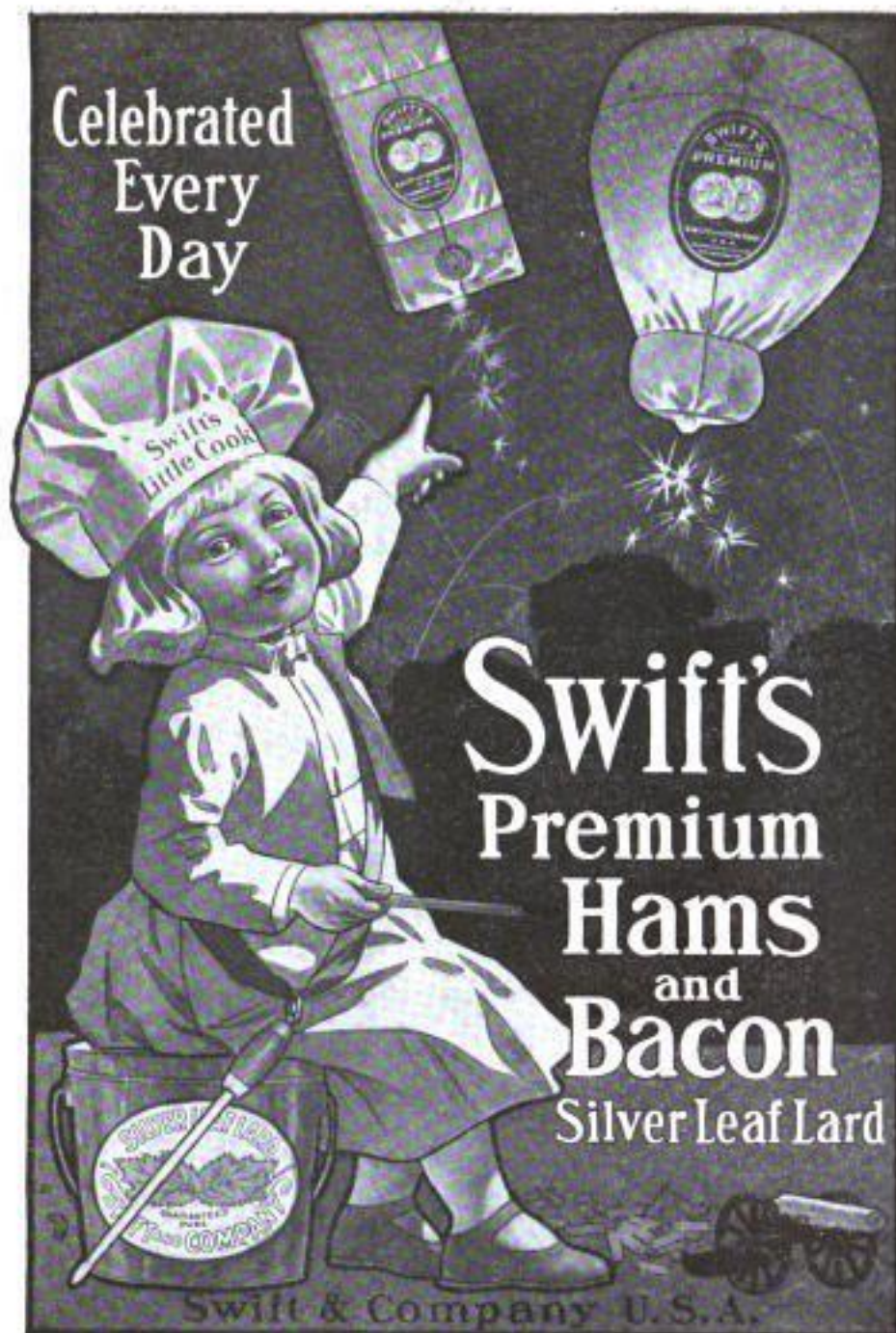
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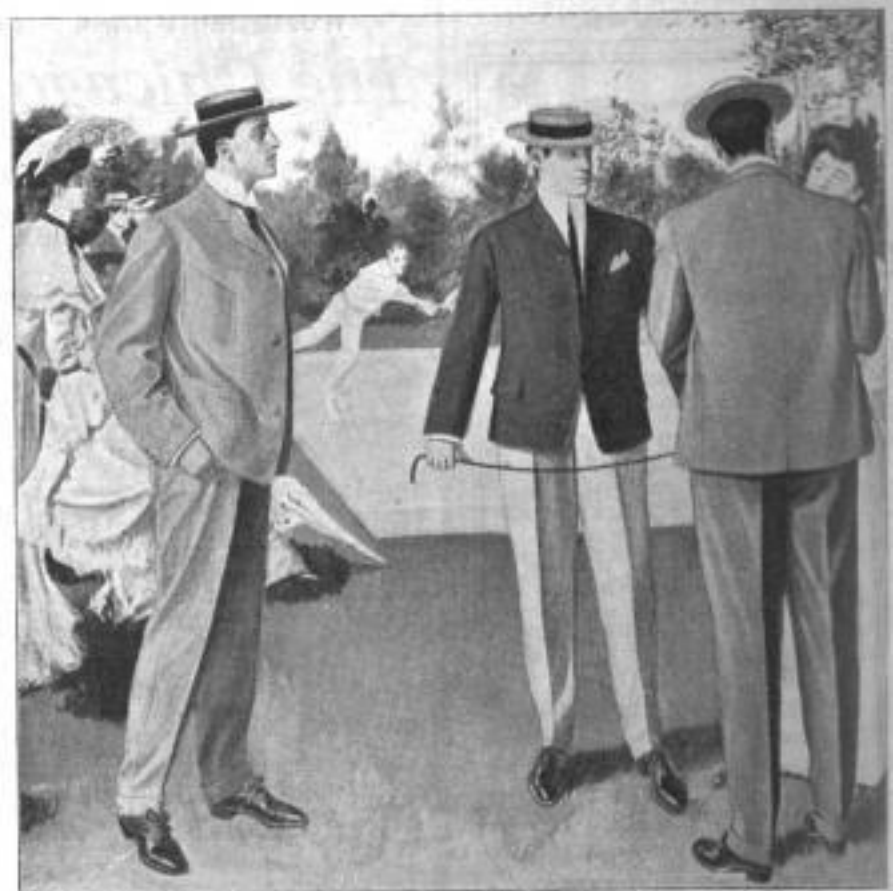
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which is ready to borrow from all the world. Japan is adaptable. Russia has genius. She has also an immense naive self-confidence, which shows trivially in her boasting and nobly in the calm with which she goes about her work and looks toward the future. The poet LERMONTOV tells of the hero Ilia Mouromietz, who sat thirty years without moving, and arose only when he learned of his heroic force. DOSTOIEVSKY, among many, prophesies that the other powers of Europe will be worn out by struggles of their classes, whereas in Russia the populace is naturally content and the national mind so spiritual that a general humanitarian effort will form a contrast to the constant conflicts of Europe proper.

RUSSIA'S  
FUTURE

"Universal democratic tendencies and absolute concord among all Russians, from the greatest to the least," was the unhesitating language of the great novelist thirty years ago. Would he say as much to-day? Probably yes, essentially, with explanations and modifications. Russia is kept one by her separate genius. The Russian peasants for generations have spoken of convicts as "unfortunates." Their sense of human brotherhood makes them sometimes weak, just as it has shorn *Tolstoi* of his strength. *Tolstoi*, however, remains great, and Russian history also promises to be great. A military check to-day is not likely to make Russia's future less spiritual or less useful to the world.

THE RUSSIAN LIES, according to one of Russia's greatest men, for the mere pleasure of the lie, and yet he has dug deeper into moral truth than any in our generation. The country is represented by the Czar, and also by Count CASSINI. Russia is a bureaucracy, and yet it is the seed-ground of the most inspired socialistic doctrines of our day. With the religious socialism, or social religion, of the great Russian thinkers goes the lower form of socialism which belongs to the ignorance of the people. The power of society, says SPENCER, over the individual is greatest among the lowest peoples. "The private doings of each person are far more tyrannically regulated by the community among savages than they are among civilized men; and one aspect of advancing civilization is the emancipation of the individual from the despotism of the aggregate of individuals. Though in an uncivilized tribe the control of each by all is not effected through formulated law, it is effected through established custom, often far more rigid. The young man can not escape the tattooing, or the knocking out of teeth, or the circumcision, prescribed by usage and enforced by public opinion." A development of this tribal socialism is found in Russia as in China, along with the most absolute despotism in the Government. That an Englishman, writing on America, should call his book "The Land of Contrasts" shows that opposing principles can be sought out in any country; but to the European type of intelligence Russia is the country of deepest contradictions. We are young in a sense mainly political. Russia has the youth of a people just emerging from intellectual darkness into education and the freeing of its own genius, little influenced by the ideas and traditions which we hold in common with western Europe. Therefore, many things which seem contradictory to us are only inchoate, like the modes of governing, or perhaps are merely different from ourselves. Others, like the contrast between mendacity and spirituality, and between charity and cruelty, are treated by the most intelligent Russians themselves as difficult to understand. The traits remind us of the Orient, and the Russian comments on them remind us of the Occident.

THE GREATEST NOVEL EVER WRITTEN, in the opinion of some of those best qualified to judge, is *Tolstoi's* "Anna Karénina." The later parts of that story appeared serially after the outbreak of the Crimean War, and, of course, long after *Tolstoi* had written "War and Peace." These chapters gave a judgment of war so opposed to the editorial views that the newspaper, the "Russian Messenger," refused to go on with the publication, which was continued elsewhere. "War," says

O SIDES  
OF WAR

Levin, who represents the author, "is something so bestial, so savage, so horrible, that not only no Christian, but no man, would assume the responsibility for declaring it." Governments do what private conscience would refuse, says *Tolstoi*; exaggerating, according to his wont, as he celebrates the common people and opposes government altogether. Of the belief that all war is bad, he is by far the greatest living defender. When he was opposing

powerfully the Turkish War, other Russian thinkers, only less great, were hailing it as a glorious burst of principle, of generous feeling, by which thousands of men were willing to die in order that Turkish soldiers might cease to murder Christian babies and women; and incidentally, of course, that Holy Russia might gain possession of Constantinople. Both views of war are true. War does bring out virtues which atrophy in peace. It electrifies whole peoples and stirs them to higher thoughts and emotion. The noblest expression and expansion of a nation have frequently followed war. *Tolstoi* sees the soldier going out to murder a human brother. Another sees him risking his life for his friends and country. War, like many great experiences, is full of contrast. It brutalizes and ennobles. It stimulates and depresses. It has its double aspects, like marriage, business, and other institutions in good repute. We can no longer hail the

"Great corrector of enormous times,  
Shaker of o'er-rank states . . .  
... that healest with blood  
The earth when it is sick."

It is immoral to praise war now, and we have no wish to do so. Only, looking back on history, we are compelled to say that war has no monopoly of evil, nor has peace a monopoly of good. As Mr. CHESTERTON cleverly points out, the ultra-pacific view of life is brilliantly summed up in the celebrated stanza of EDWARD LEAR:

"There was an old man who said, 'How  
Shall I flee from this terrible cow?  
I will sit on a stile  
And continue to smile  
Till I soften the heart of this cow.'"

SOCIALISTS ARE OFTEN EARNEST to a degree that wins respect, however little one may think of the reality of their beliefs. Their belief has at least the intensity of a religion. No letter of the present week has touched us more sympathetically than a long epistle from a Pennsylvania correspondent who thus introduces himself: "I am neither an eminent man of affairs nor an eminent man of letters, but simply a workingman who is after a cure for his industrial troubles, and after reading your editorial called 'Socialism and Democracy,' I am at a loss to know what cure to obtain. My disease is universal. I had hopes for socialism. Hoped that it furnished a cure." If the Government controlled all production and distribution, and the price of all commodities were based upon the actual time consumed in producing them, "if politics and money were eliminated," all, thinks our friend, would be well. There would be a cure for all the ills that poverty is heir to. It is not pleasant to argue against a man who has a Utopia and is happy in it. When we read this correspondent's incidental cure for the liquor habit, we are not tempted to laugh. Far from it, we wish that the nature of things held out more promise to our dreamer. "Drunkenness," he says, "is to be cured by the abundance and purity of liquor, whiskey being sold at about fifteen cents per gallon, no less sold to any man—well, my dream is over. I wake up to find myself asking, If socialism will be a nightmare what have you got that is better? We all agree that we don't want the present conditions." No minor changes interest him. No minor change will give a man "every dollar he earns," or prevent money from being the root of all evil. He ends up quietly, and then flies off into this postscript: "Some one told me you are owned body and soul by the Trusts. I don't expect you to print this because of its radical nature, but conservatism never built a steam engine." This communication is sad to us, with the sadness of all passionately desired paradises. Ardent souls by thousands have believed that if the actual world could be enmeshed, and some toy system of their own given a trial, heaven would arrive, and the paradise would have no snake. It is socialists of this intense and irrational species who have made the word "socialism" in this country a symbol for insanity, instead of, as in some parts of Europe, a symbol for intelligent social progress, or what is elsewhere called liberalism. Any measure which undertakes to cure everything is on the face of it either an error or a fraud. The individual on whose views we are at present moralizing is not a fraud, but a very sincere believer in the contention that by a little change in the statutes everybody could be perfectly comfortable. Such a believer is beyond the reach of argument or history. May he live long and prosper.

SOCIALISM  
ONCE MORE



# DESPOTISM VS. ANARCHY IN COLORADO

**A**FTER two months of comparative peace, the strike-troubled Colorado mining region has again been thrown into a state of war, by a dynamite outrage. Early in the morning of June 6 the platform of the railway station at Independence, in the Cripple Creek district, where a crowd of non-union miners were awaiting a train, was blown up by an ingeniously devised infernal machine, twelve men being killed outright and several others fatally injured. Later in the day C. C. Hamlin of the Mine Owners' Association, an organization of capital formed to fight the unions, was interrupted in an intemperate speech at an open-air meeting in Victor by a revolver shot. Indiscriminate firing followed; two men were killed and a number of others wounded. Two companies of the National Guard being called out were fired upon in the streets, presumably by union miners or their friends. They retaliated by besieging a miners' meeting, driving the crowd to the front of the hall, firing a volley into the mass, and then dragging the men off as prisoners. In another part of the district there was a man-hunt on the mountains with general gun-play and further casualties.

There followed the processes so distasteful familiar to the Colorado mining regions; the declaration of martial law, the assumption of the powers of government by the Mine Owners' Association and the Citizens' Alliance, backed by the militia; the seizure of private property, the establishment of "bull pens" for the incarceration of suspects, the wholesale arrests of citizens without warrant, without charges, merely on suspicion; the censorship of the press, the removal of regularly constituted officials under threat, radical subversion of law, and in its place a complete and irresponsible tyranny; what Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, in a recent article in "McClure's Magazine," justly sums up as "a break-down of democracy and, through anarchy, a reversion to military despotism."

## Two Kinds of Anarchy

Anarchy in its present aspect in Colorado is represented by two opposed elements. On the one side is the Western Federation of Miners, a socialistic body so much more radical in principle and practice than any other labor organization that it seems scarcely fair to class it with the labor unions. This Federation has sought to enforce its will by methods varying from intimidation to organized murder. On the other side is the Mine Owners' Association, formed for self-protection, and not only employing methods hardly less reprehensible than those of which the Federation has set the example, but also using its immense powers and financial resources to corrupt legislation. It has been called "the vicarious government of Colorado," and the phrase has not always been far from the truth. Sometimes the Citizens' Alliance, a sort of vigilance committee, has aided in the work of lawlessness by delegating its assumed powers to the Mine Owners' Association; at other times it has pursued its true vocation of protecting the common interests when legal processes have obviously failed.

Up to the spring of 1903 the Cripple Creek and Telluride districts, which are the storm centres of Colorado's labor difficulties, promised a solution of the mining troubles and an example to other communities of how labor and capital can get together. Through hard-fought strikes they had won to a basis of operations which bade fair to be permanent. But the Western Federation of Miners was not content to leave well enough alone. In the Cripple Creek district were a few non-union mines, running along quietly and peaceably enough. These mines the Federation determined to unionize, and undertook the task by indirect means. If the workers in the reduction mills and smelters could be brought into the organization, they would then refuse to handle the "scab" product from the non-union mines, which would thus be forced out of business. Attempts to unionize the smelter and mill plants failed. Thereupon the Western Federation of Miners forbade its members to work in any mine which shipped ore to the "unfair" smelters or mills. As a result the district was tied up, thousands of men who had been working at good wages, under satisfactory conditions, on a basis which they had won from their employers by a former strike, quit, and hard times began. In one mining camp the union men broke their contract by going out. In none of the camps, it appears, did a majority of the men wish to quit work; but they had no choice and no vote on the matter, for they had delegated their powers to their executive committee, headed by President Moyer and Secretary Haywood, and these men gave them their orders. Here we see the sympathetic strike at its worst. Is it strange that public sentiment was against the faith-breaking miners; that the mine operators were roused to a high pitch of wrath?

Then and there the Mine Owners' Association was formed. First of all, it proposed to open the shut-down mines with non-union labor. To do this it called upon the Governor for troops. But the Governor said the State had no money to pay the troops. "That will be all right," said the Association. "We'll advance



Militia escorting prisoners

through the streets of Victor

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

the money." And they did. A strange spectacle this, of a State hiring out its militia to the feud of private interests; for it amounted to that. Their employment was not to preserve order, but, as General Sherman Bell, one of the commanding officers, put it, "to do up this anarchistic federation." The soldiers were working for their employer, and the wagepayer was not the State, but the Mine Owners' Association. As for the fact that there had been no disorder to warrant the calling out of the militia, the Governor passed that over. That there would be disorder following any attempt to open the mines without adequate military protection needed no proof other than recent history.

For instance, in the previous big strike an order was sent to Denver for 250 rifles and 50,000 rounds of ammunition, signed by the strike leader and written on the stationery of the Western Federation of Miners. I have never heard any claim that this armament was intended for hunting birds. It is, however, a fair guess that part of it may have figured in an attack shortly after on the Smuggler-Union mine. Some of the non-union miners who were working there against the orders of the Federation were shot. The entire body was captured, brutally maltreated, and run out of the county. This weapon of deportation, as the union men were to find out later, could be used by more than one party. The sheriff called for troops, and it was then that a certain State Senator, allied with the Federation, perpetrated this ingenious telegraphic joke on the Governor: "No occasion for troops. Mine in peaceful possession of miners," he wired. He neglected to specify that the miners mentioned were the armed forces of the Federation who had driven out the owners. Later, Collins, the manager, was shot and killed through the window of his house. In another mine two of the officials were blown to pieces by a powder-trap set for them in the shaft. A barrel of dynamite was rolled down upon a building in which "scab" laborers were at work. Arson, explosions, and train-wrecking became the common weapons of the strikers. Assaults and mutilations upon independent workers were of daily occurrence throughout the district. As the Federation elected its own ticket, it was generally understood that attacks on non-unionists could be made with impunity. Sheriff Robertson of Teller County, who figures in the present outbreak, released a prisoner accused of several particularly flagrant assaults on "scabs" while the legal papers were in process of being made out because "the lawyers were too slow." Magistrates were taught to discriminate always against the "scab" and in favor of the union man. One such object lesson had as its victim Police Justice Hawkins, who, at a time when an unarmed non-unionist was in constant peril of his life, discharged several independent laborers who were accused by the Federation of carrying weapons. In open day on the principal street of the town Hawkins was attacked by Federation men, knocked down, kicked, beaten, and jumped on. Later he was informed that he "got off easy." By these and hundreds of other violent actions the Western Federation of Miners declared its intention of controlling the situation by whatever means were necessary to that end.

## The Cost Falls on the Public

Is it to be wondered at that the Mine Owners' Association would not open its works with "scab" labor until military protection was afforded? So they got their soldiers, and through the summer the mines were operated under constant threats, violence breaking out now in one district, now in another. Always the National Guard was growing in numbers and expense; business in all departments throughout the State was suffering; the mines were running under heavy outlay; and the private citizen was paying the cost of the war. Early in December matters had reached such a pitch

that martial law was proclaimed in Cripple Creek; in the beginning of the new year Telluride was also declared in a state of insurrection. Military rule is seldom a benevolent despotism; but here it shows its worst aspect, first, because of the character of the officers in command; second, because the soldiery were not exercising their proper functions of maintaining the peace, but were openly and often illegally acting as the allies of one of the embroiled factions. Men were imprisoned, deported, threatened with death, even, it is claimed, tortured, merely on suspicion. The right of habeas corpus was suspended; striking miners were arrested for *contumacia*—viz., speaking ill of the National Guard. The entire staff of the Victor "Record" were arrested and hustled off to the bull pen. To what extent this sort of thing inhibited the strikers may be imagined; and they had another and a older cause of complaint; as sound a one, perhaps, as any which the mine owner claimed against them.

One object of the Federation's former fight against the smelters and reduction mills had been to get an eight-hour work day established. Failing this, they got the Legislature to pass a law limiting a day's work to eight hours. The law was declared unconstitutional by the Colorado Supreme Court; not only unconstitutional, but "absurd," although the United States Supreme Court, which is not largely given over to absurdities, had upheld the same law in other States. The question of amending the constitution was put to the people and carried by more than 45,000 majority a total population of 400,000. This amendment made the passage of an eight-hour day mandatory upon the Legislature. But lobbyists, loaded with the money of the mining interests, got at the Legislature of 1903, and the will of the people was defied. That overwhelming majority of votes counted for less in the government of Colorado than the dollars of the lobbyists. The bill was never passed. This was anarchy by ballot; not as brutal as anarchy by bullet, but in the long run no less murderous. It was a dear victory for the mine owners. Through their lobby they had made their declaration to the Federation:

"You need hope for nothing from legal methods; we control the law-making."

## Lawlessness on Both Sides

The retort was only too obvious; if the lawful process were to fail, the Federation would resort to the unlawful. Thus the situation now stands. In the matter of principle there is little to choose between the two sides; in the present status the owners seem to have all the best of it. They are in full control in all the troubled districts, and they are using their power ruthlessly, backed by the Citizens' Alliance and employing the National Guard as their instrument. They have, up to the present writing, imprisoned more than two hundred men; exiled a many more, and arranged to drive out still further hundreds of citizens and property owners; looted union stores (for, since they have seized the government, it acts which they permit must be credited to them); captured the books of the Federation, gutted the office of a reputable newspaper whose editorials displeased them, appointed their own officials in place of the elected officers whom they have compelled to resign, threatened to lynch those who have opposed them, in short, assumed wholly despotic powers. In one camp they even closed down a mine which was peacefully conducting its business with union workmen "to prevent union men from contributing to the lawless strikers." It is their avowed purpose to purge the district of all union laborers. One large body of union men shipped across the border into Kansas and left without food or shelter on the prairie, under threat of death as the penalty for return, has been sent back by the authorities there. It is a fair guess that sooner or later all these exiles will return, and return to fight.

I have referred above to the unfortunate character of the men who are in charge of the National Guard. General Sherman Bell is the commanding officer. He was a Rough Rider under Roosevelt, who pronounced him the "gamest man of a game regiment." A brave soldier he certainly is, but a more dangerous military executive could hardly be found for the present situation. I have quoted him once as showing his point of view of a soldier's duties. Here is another quotation and a recent one:

"One deportation after another will be made until there is no one left who is persona non grata with the Alliance and Mine Owners."

Two other officers who were hastily sent for when the trouble broke out are Colonel Verdeckberg and Major McClelland. A quotation from each will serve to place them.

Colonel Verdeckberg (in the former Cripple Creek strike, where he invaded the courts with his soldiers)—"We are under orders only from God and Governor Peabody."

Major McClelland—"To hell with the Constitution; we are not following the Constitution."





MILITIA AND MEMBERS OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE IN PURSUIT OF UNION MINERS



WRECKED PLATFORM WHERE FOURTEEN MEN WERE KILLED



REAR VIEW OF THE RAILROAD STATION AT INDEPENDENCE, COL.



AFTER A SKIRMISH BETWEEN MINERS AND MEMBERS OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE IN THE HILLS OF THE CRIPPLE CREEK DISTRICT

## CIVIL WAR IN COLORADO

Early Monday morning, June 6, a dynamite bomb was exploded under the platform of the railroad station at Independence, Colorado, hurling fourteen non-union miners to a frightful death and seriously injuring six. The explosion was directed by a wire which reached to a distant building where the assassin crouched. The mine owners and prominent citizens at once held a meeting and organized a vigilance committee. While the Miners' Federation was first to disavow and deplore the dynamite plot, the event has aroused the greatest public indignation, and coming as it does on the threshold of a Presidential campaign, this Colorado affair is likely to be turned and twisted to subserve opposing interests.



The civil authorities are, of course, as thoroughly partisan as the military, since they have been put in office by the mine owners and the Alliance. One instance will show the methods employed in creating a desired vacancy. Sheriff Robertson, whose former malfeasance in office in aid of the Federation has been referred to, was summoned before a meeting of the Mine Owners' Association shortly after the dynamiting. He was placed before a table on which lay two hempen ropes, coiled and noosed, the insignia of the new gov-

ernment, and told that he must resign. He refused. "We want your place," he was told. "We will take it either by resignation or otherwise," and one of the coils of rope fell at his feet. He broke down and resigned. Under similar pressure the County Judge, County Recorder, Assistant District Attorney, several aldermen, justices of the peace, and other officials have been forced out and sympathizers with the mine owners sworn in in their places.

Because more lives have been sacrificed and bitterer

reprisals exacted than in any former outbreak, the present trouble has been generally referred to as the culmination of Colorado's labor war. It is nothing of the sort. It is no more the culmination of the labor war than a pustule is the culmination of small-pox. It is merely a symptom of a deep-lying disease which permeates the whole body politic of the State, and which will not be eliminated until the citizens of Colorado rise and assert their rights over the two forces of lawlessness now battling for control.



## THE DEMOCRATIC OUTLOOK

By CHARLES A. TOWNE

*After graduating from the University of Michigan, Mr. Towne practiced law in Duluth, Minnesota, from which place he was sent to Congress, where he distinguished himself as an orator and a logical and persuasive debater. While there he became a champion of bimetallicism, on the basis advocated by the late President McKinley prior to 1896. In 1900 he was appointed as a Democrat to the United States Senate to represent Minnesota for a short term. There he made a notable speech, expounding the contention of the Anti-Imperialists. He is a lawyer of recognized ability, a man of scholarly attainments, a keen student of governmental and constitutional history, and a natural leader of men.*

**T**HERE is a general feeling that this political year is big with possibilities. Everywhere there is a tendency to recognize that the national issue between the Republican and Democratic parties is at least debatable. Without attempting to determine the degree to which Democratic hope is justified, I shall try to indicate the conditions upon which, as it seems to me, the reasonableness of such a hope depends, and to state the action necessary to be taken by the St. Louis Convention in order to realize those conditions.

No candid Democrat will claim that he can now sit down with a table of the States before him and readily point out the sources of the electoral votes essential to the choice of a Democratic President. It is perfectly clear that something like a political revolution must be produced in certain localities or very generally if such a result is to occur. Manifestly the vote cast for the Bryan and Stevenson electors in 1900, plus the ratable increase, will not suffice. The nominees at St. Louis, if they hope to win, must receive the votes of practically all Democrats, and must also secure the votes of a large number of Republicans. My conviction is that it is entirely possible for the Democratic Convention so to act as to ensure both these conditions.

First, then, as to uniting the Democrats. This can be done by naming a ticket and adopting a platform in harmony with recognized Democratic principles applied to important present issues as these are to-day presented in the industrial and political experience of the nation. It is the unspeakably good fortune of the Democratic party that the great general principles of its creed were declared coevally with the establishment of this Republic; that they are, indeed, the very principles upon which the Government itself was founded. These embody two fundamental conceptions, the one conditioning our conduct toward foreign nations, and the other regulating our domestic policy: First, that the consent of the governed is the basis of all just government, and that every nation is entitled to independence and self-regulation; secondly, that opportunity should be equal to all American citizens, the laws guaranteeing, and their enforcement effectuating, "equal rights to all, special privileges to none."

While these are pretty comprehensive generalizations, I think the literature contemporary with the earliest movement toward nationality in America, and the great body of essays and orations that subsequent commentators and public men have produced, will sustain the contention that they substantially embody what may be termed our original and peculiar American doctrine. The Declaration of Independence, which enunciates the first principle mentioned above, was written by the founder of the Democratic party, as was also the quoted formula that so succinctly and happily states the second principle. The mission of the party that sprang from the heart and brain of Thomas Jefferson is, and must always be, to keep both these propositions clear and distinct in the memory of the American people, and to see that they inspire and guide the enactment, the interpretation, and the execution of the laws. The temptations of power and the machinations of self-interest will inevitably, from time to time, cause those responsible for the conduct of the government to neglect and betray these just and necessary precepts of liberty; and it will then be the high duty and privilege of sincere patriots to unite in order to re-establish the sway of our original national purposes. Such a duty was consciously assumed by Abraham Lincoln and his associates more than a generation ago, and there is much ground for helpful political reflection in that clause of the first Republican national platform, adopted at Philadelphia in 1856, which called upon the American people "to restore the action of the Federal Government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson."

This, in my view, is exactly the political duty of this hour. The Republican party has not only repudiated the doctrines of its founders, but is to-day conducting this Government in flagrant violation of the "principles of Washington and Jefferson." It is not merely that the welfare of the country is endangered; the very nature of our institutions is menaced with subtle but fundamental transformation. We must return to first principles. Our obligation is to restore the old Americanism, so that in its name the Republic may achieve new victories of peace and progress as glorious as our past.

"But," it may be objected, "Democrats will find no trouble in subscribing to these abstract propositions; it is when specific applications of them are attempted that dissension arises." Doubtless under ordinary circumstances this would be true; but, as conditions have framed the issues of the impending campaign, no serious difference, as it seems to me, ought to be found among men of sincere Democratic sympathies in making practical application of these ancient and honored formulas

situation is not small, and I have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that little difficulty respecting it is likely to be experienced at St. Louis.

Now, what are the important present issues on which all Democrats can agree and as to which no practical doubt can exist as to the particular bearing of the general principles hereinbefore mentioned? Let it be said, parenthetically, as explanatory of the palpable fact that the enumeration that follows is by no means exhaustive of the list of wrongs that ought to be righted that political platforms ought to be shorter than they usually are. Debating societies exist to ascertain the truth. Political parties are formed to put it into operation. The former may be small and successful. The latter must hope for a majority. A few men even who right will often go too far for the majority to follow them at once. A platform, then, must never be extreme. It ought, of course, to head the right way, but it must not propose what it can not hope to establish. Likewise it ought to avoid unnecessary opposition by minimizing

opportunities of difference. More men will agree on four or five things than on twenty. Definiteness also is a great gain, as in war, and a few strategic positions strongly held are better than many weakly defended. I should say that all Democrats should be able to agree on pronouncements that their representatives ought to be able to frame, as to the following subjects:

1. *Colonialism.* No American, with the Declaration of Independence ringing in his ears, can hesitate to support a strong and patriotic stance against the proposition that this country, founded by men who rebelled against a colonial status and established a nation dedicated to the proposition of self-government and subject to a written constitution of specified objects and delegated powers, among which are no provisions for dependencies, can constitutionally or safely hold and arbitrarily govern distant and alien nations. The Philippine Islands should be treated substantially as we treated Cuba. It cost us \$300,000,000 to free Cuba. It has cost us \$300,000,000 to subjugate the Philippines, to say nothing of the thousands of brave lives sacrificed; and the process is not yet, nor likely soon to be, complete. The reaction on our government at home of an absolutism exercised by the officers of that government in a distant quarter of the globe, which is already apparent, must in time fundamentally alter the very spirit, if not indeed the form and character, of our institutions. All the analogies of history emphasize this danger as the gravest that republics can encounter. Colonialism is unjust to the colony, and ruinous to the mother country. We cannot do justice to the Filipinos indeed, but chiefly because justice to them is safety to ourselves.

This course does not involve any sacrifice of national interest. It will, on the contrary, advantage our legitimate commerce. Any action taken can be accompanied by full and adequate guarantees as to all necessary naval and trading ports and commercial privileges; while so conspicuous an exhibition of magnanimity and justice would restore our moral prestige, and do more to further an honest diplomacy than the doubling of our complement of battleships.

The Democratic party has added to our original boundaries seventy-two per cent of our contiguous continental area, and the Constitution has followed the flag over every foot of it. That party can never rest until once again our national ensign permanently floats over no people within our jurisdiction to whom the denominated rights of freedom of the press, trial by jury, and our other guarantees of liberty, are denied.

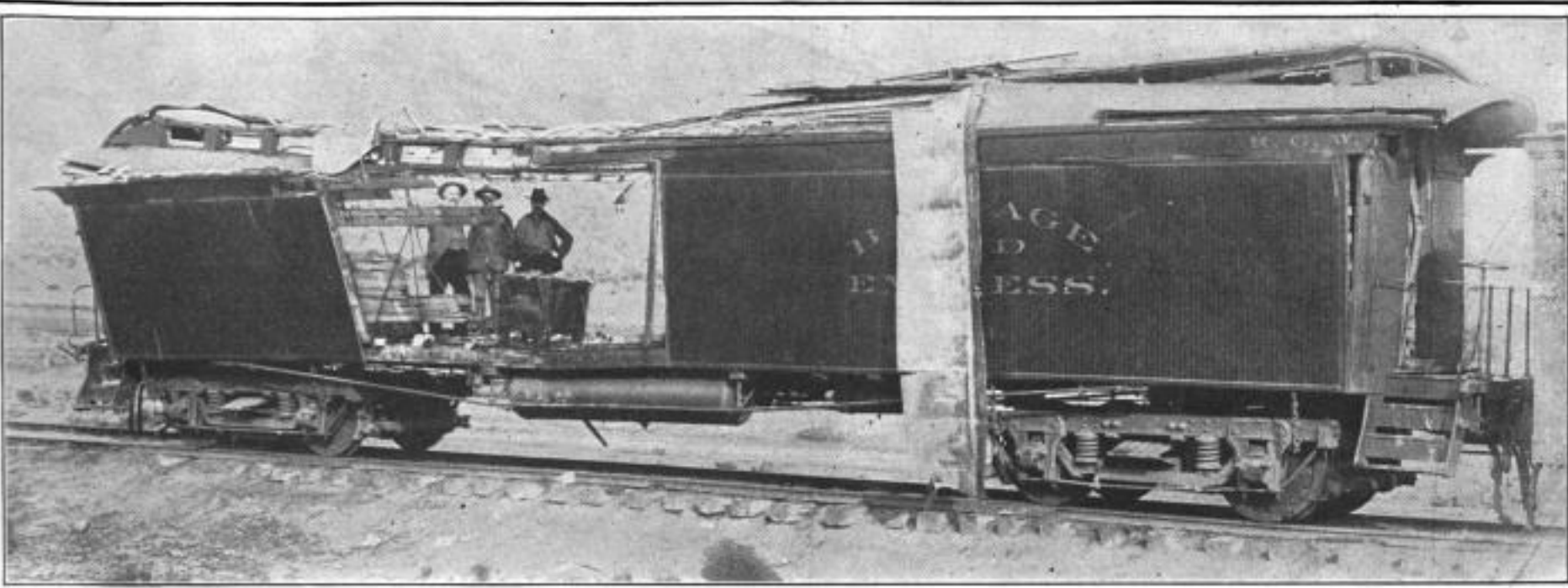
2. *Militarism.* Opposition to the growth of the military spirit, with its consequent burden of taxation and its temptation to aggression upon weak powers and to complications with strong ones, is a time-honored Democratic principle. (Continued on page 13)



CHARLES A. TOWNE

of party faith. The question that chiefly divided the organization in 1896 and 1900 is not now an issue in the contest before us. The supply of metallic money has increased from natural sources to an extent practically equal to the expectations of those who wished to augment an insufficient monetary volume by returning to the bimetallic system. Since, therefore, that question is not involved in this campaign, why ought a previous difference about it cause any present inharmonious among men of equally sincere Democratic persuasion and devoted with equal earnestness and honesty to the duty that now is? My knowledge as to this particular





#### TRAIN ROBBERY AT PALISADES, COLORADO

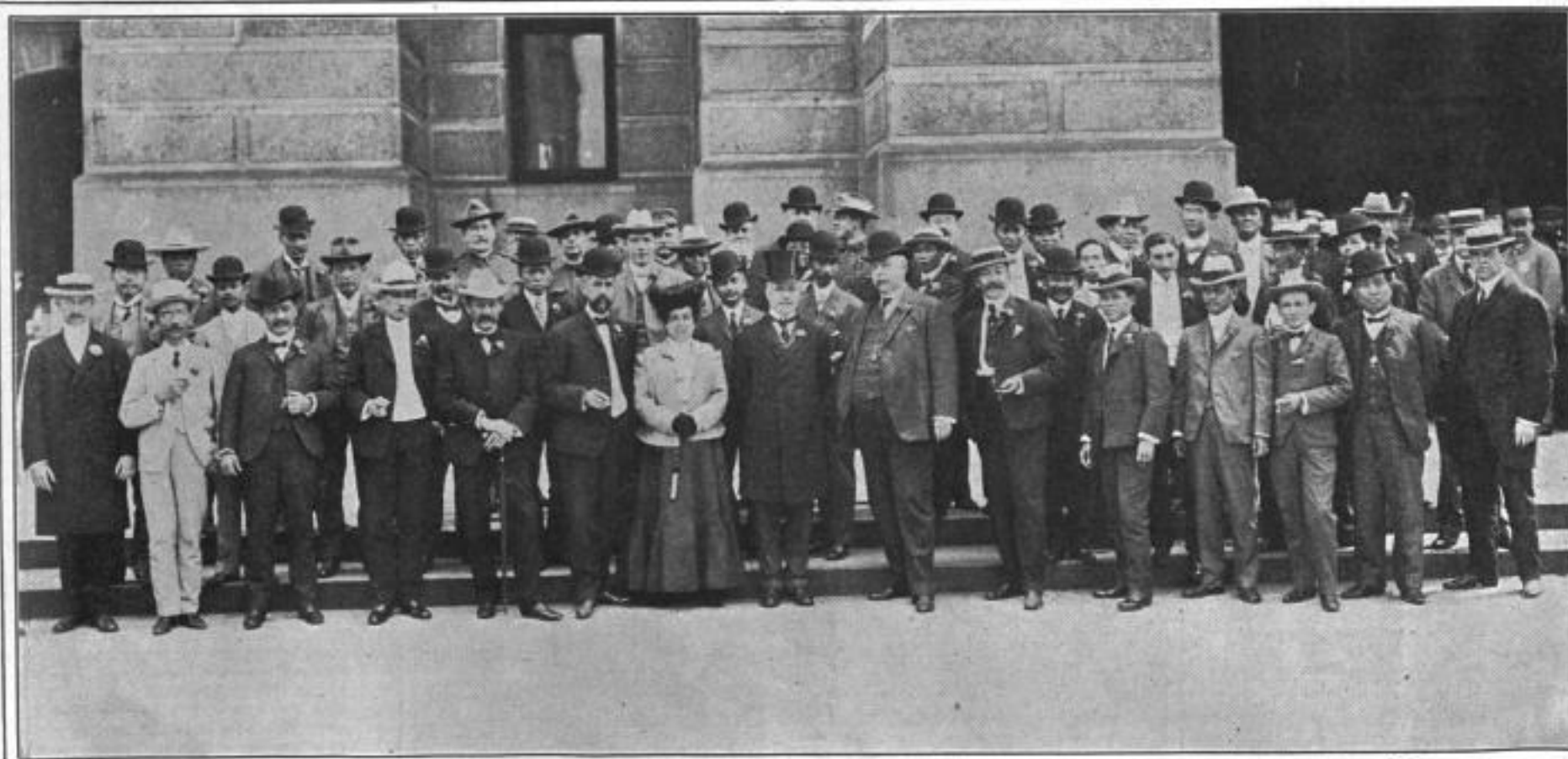
On the 8th of June the Denver and Rio Grande Express train, No. 5, was held up by two robbers at Palisades, Colorado. A brakeman was seriously wounded and the conductor's lantern was shot from his hand in the fight to save the train. The robbers forced the detachment of the engine and express car, moved them up the track some distance, and there blew open the safe



Opening of the new medical laboratories at the University of Pennsylvania, June 10



The President at the unveiling of the monument to Dr. Benjamin Rush, Washington, June 11



#### THE FILIPINO COMMISSION AT PHILADELPHIA

These young men were selected by the Philippines Commission in Manila to visit the United States. They have made a most favorable impression so far on all who have entertained them. They possess great dignity and courtesy of manner, and, for men who hold positions of such responsibility—eight of them are governors of provinces—are extremely youthful





Frederick Palmer, Collier's war correspondent, at lunch in the village of Suk Chun, surrounded by a crowd of curious Koreans



James H. Hare, Collier's war photographer with General Kuroki's army, developing films in the field after the battle of the Yalu

## AN HISTORICAL DAY ON THE YALU

By FREDERICK PALMER, Collier's War Correspondent attached to the Japanese General Staff in Manchuria

*NOTE.—The following letter, giving an account of the first day's battle at the crossing of the Yalu River by the Japanese army, April 30, was delayed in transmission, reaching New York a week later than the story of the second day's battle, published in last week's COLLIER'S.*

Wiju, May 1

**T**HERE is first the work of seeing the battle, which is a strain on eyes, mind, and body; next of selecting from a thousand impressions the few that space will allow; next of writing; next of finding the censor; finally of sending a messenger to Ping Yang, where it is hoped the wires are not congested, as they are at the front, with official messages. By cable—by cable to a weekly paper—I have striven to press a faint idea of the last two days' operations into a few abbreviated sentences. Pen free and paper free, with fatigue fighting against duty, I may begin the story where I please.

So, taking one man's point of view, I will begin with the guns, which have been my friend and guide. Riding from Ping Yang to Wiju, I heard fifty miles away that a battle had already been fought. Like all rumors, the terror of it was that Truth must sometimes ride in Rumor's company. With a road free of soldiers and thick with lines of straining coolies bearing supplies, twenty—thirty—miles I rode, and still the same report, with the smile and "I don't know" of the quartermasters, made scepticism grow into anxiety. Then I saw on a hillside artillery horses and nearby a battery; a mile further another battery; then two more, and how many more I shall not say. I no longer asked if there had been a general engagement, for there are not general engagements until the guns are up.

I had been at Wiju three days when they began to arrive. Every morning I looked out of my tent door to make sure they had gone no further. I saw the artillerymen starting out at dusk with their spades; I noticed spots on the hillside where the earth had been freshly turned in preparation for an expected guest. Finally, day before yesterday morning, I saw that the guns and limbers had been swung into position ready for the teams, and that night I heard the rumble of their wheels as they took the roads which branch in every direction from the main highway. If this were not enough, there ran through the whole army the tremor which is unmistakable. This or that minor operation will cause a flutter of expectancy which a bare report and exaggeration may make portentous. When the hour of a great movement is at hand nothing can keep the secret which runs from man to man like some magical fluid. Before the guns began to move we had heard infantry fire at the right—that sacred right where no one except the officers and soldiers whose duty took them was allowed to go.

And by right I mean up the river from Wiju. While they were moving there came the intelligence, with the electric swiftness that conveys the shock of truth, that the Japanese had crossed. For this news, so far as we had known, we might have had to

wait for weeks, or we might have had to wait only for hours. The distance was not more than four miles, and the average citizen may ask why we did not ride to the spot and find out for ourselves. The correspondents are a part of this military organization in that they may go only where they are told. At four in the morning came the word from headquarters with the modest information that by going to a certain place we might see something of interest. The certain place gave one a view varying from one to ten miles.

On the way from camp no sign left any doubt in your mind that the great day had come. Where the guns had been on the more distant slopes were only a few transportation carts packed; where regiments had been encamped were only the ashes of camp-fire and sward that had been pressed by sleeping forms neighbor to that which the artillery horses had plowed with restive hoofs. Over another rise and you saw the lines of marching men moving steadily to the position where they were to be at call if wanted. A glance along any one of the roads which the army had built to lead up to its positions, told its story of a movement in force.

"There will be some artillery practice," said a Japanese officer politely, and he smiled the Japanese smile.

It was a knoll high among its fellows to which the correspondent was assigned. There he could see everything except the one thing he wanted to see. Where was it that the Japanese had crossed? The bluffs to the right hid the upper reaches of the river, and you looked to the west as you had before. You saw the town of Wiju once more under the morning mist, with the tower on the bluff that hid it from the Manchurian bank. Nearby the gunners of a battery lay in their

casemates bathing themselves in the first rays of the sun. Beyond were more shelving hills dipping to the river's edge, while the spreading stream made channels around low sandy islands. Those the Russians held they had burned and evacuated yesterday. By the Japanese had not occupied them. Their line was still to be seen like a blue frounce to the line of willow that furnished them cover.

Only the creak of axes along the roads could be heard while we waited for the beginning of the game. We saw orderlies going with the messages to the guns, and then we saw a flash from one of the bluffs, where a Japanese battery was concealed. Others followed, but you saw them not; you looked to see where the first shell struck. A wreath of blue smoke broke over some undergrowth where the Russians had a trench with the same flash as a sky-rocket, but with the difference that wickedly it spelled death instead of frolic, and a man resurrected from the age of cross-bows would know instantly that it did. There is nothing in our every-day life comparable with shrapnel fire except lightning; it is the nearest thing to it that a human being can produce, and has the same awful theatricalism. As few men are killed by shell-fire, so few are killed by lightning. The souging of the fragments of a shrapnel are those of the wind through a telegraph wire multiplied a thousand times and raised to a high key. It sometimes seems to a recruit like a file-tined fork scooping out his stomach and scraping the vertebrae of his backbone. Such are his feelings then that his legs will not lift him out of his trench, or if they will, they carry him to the rear.

I was thinking of these things when the Japanese guns turned their attention to what we called the

"conical" fort because of the shape of the rise on which this Russian battery was placed. From the first the conical fort had been saucy; from the first it got something like the worth of the money which brings guns and ammunition six thousand miles from Russia to the Yalu. These disturbers of the peace dropped shells into Wiju without an "After you, gentlemen," on a quiet routine afternoon, as the first signal of their presence. They informed the Japanese line on the low islands what they might expect if they advanced. So far as we knew, they might be others where they came from. When they pleased they could shell the town, but the Japanese gunners remained in their casemates and let them. This was the day when the Japanese might pay off old scores with the unerring aim of days of calculation. A little tardily, but with good practice, as gunners call good killing, the conical fort came into action.

"We've been waiting for you—let you," the Japanese guns seemed to say, and they let go. They covered the position with shrapnel rings which hung still in the clear air, till so fast and thick was the fire in that circle that you saw only the flashes through the smoke. If the Russians would shoot they could not see. A rain of fragments overhead was not enough. The howitzers on the island to the



Wounded Russian Officers Captured at the Battle of Chiu-Lien-Cheng, May 2

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER ATTACHED TO GENERAL KUROKI'S ARMY OF JAPAN

(Continued on page 29.)





A PART OF THE GUARDS DIVISION CROSSING THE PONTOON BRIDGE OVER THE YALU, MAY 1



FIELD HOSPITAL AT THE BATTLE OF CHIU-LIEN-CHENG. THE SIGN READS: "DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED SECTION"



THE STAFF WATCHING THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE RUSSIAN POSITIONS FROM THE HEIGHTS ON THE KOREAN SIDE

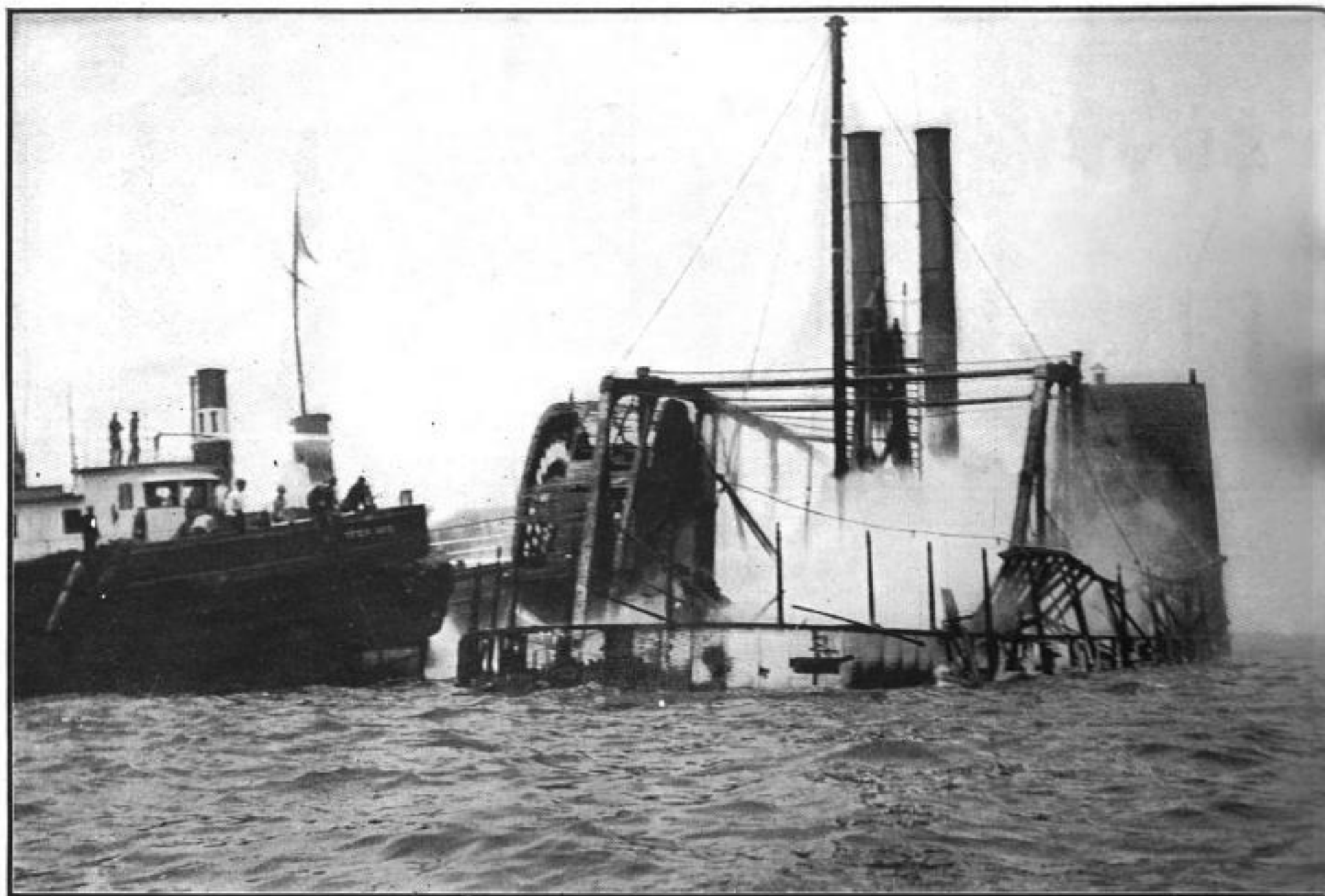


THE PONTOON TRAIN COMING UP TOWARD THE YALU, TWO DAYS BEFORE THE CROSSING

## THE CROSSING OF THE YALU RIVER BY THE JAPANESE UNDER GENERAL KUROKI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER WITH GENERAL KUROKI'S ARMY OF INVASION. PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY





THE SUNKEN HULK, PHOTOGRAPHED LATE IN THE AFTERNOON



SURVIVORS OF THE DISASTER CARED FOR ON NORTH BROTHER ISLAND

## BURNING OF THE EXCURSION STEAMBOAT "GEN'L SLOCUM," IN 1





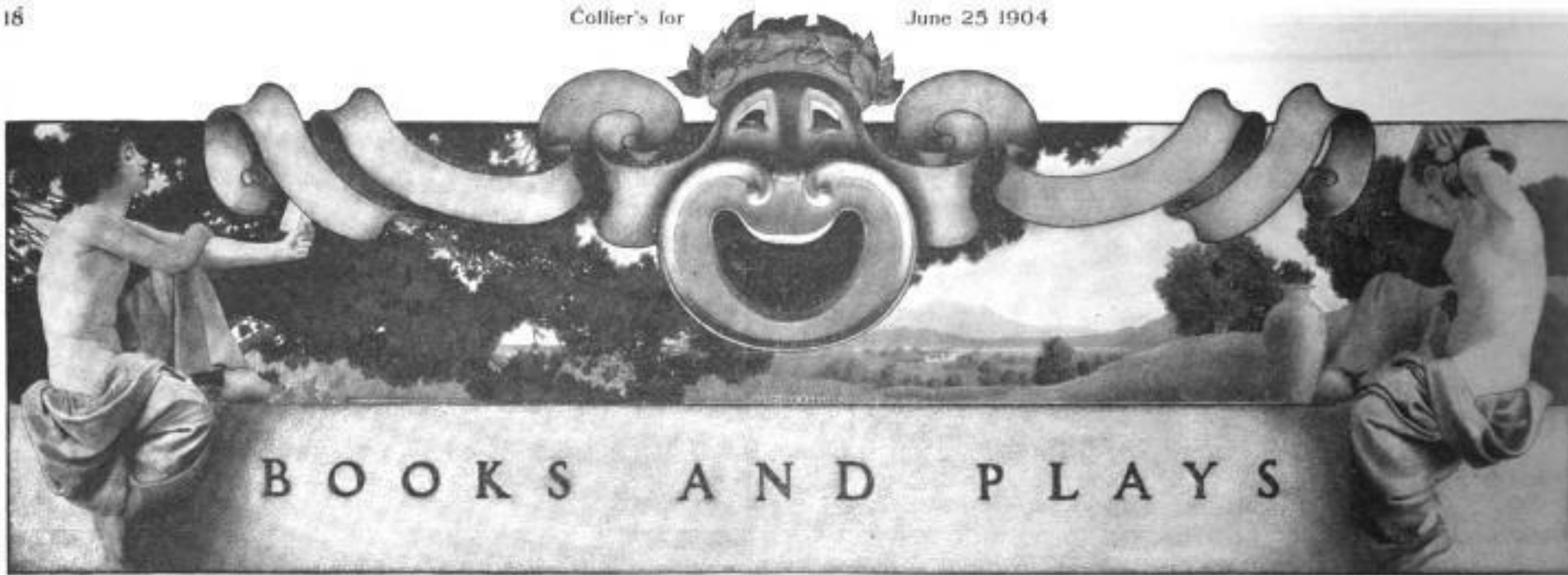
BODIES OF THE VICTIMS WASHED ASHORE ON NORTH BROTHER ISLAND.



BODIES OF THE DEAD—THE BARRELS HAD BEEN USED IN ATTEMPTS AT RESUSCITATION

T RIVER, NEW YORK, JUNE 15, WITH A LOSS OF OVER 900 PEOPLE





HEADPIECE BY MAXFIELD PARISH

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

## Prelatory Wail

**N**O BOOK," says Ruskin, "is worth anything which is not worth *much*." Sometimes I agree with that, and would read only the sayings of the great, and anon I console myself with some such reflection as that of Holmes: "The foolishlest book is a kind of leaky boat on a sea of wisdom; some of the wisdom will get in anyhow."

This month I have read one remarkable treatise, but it would be tempting fate to write about it. I dislike reviewing, because on literary topics the public interest and my own are much further apart than they are on politics, economics, moralizing, and things in general; and what is the sense in talking to a person who is not listening? The trouble with writing to a large public about literature is that it is almost necessary to talk about the subject, instead of the way the subject is handled, which makes it literature. The small public has all the criticism it needs, so what is the use of writing criticism at all?

A story in Mrs. Wharton's wittiest vein, "The Descent of Man," gives its name to one of the spring's crop of new volumes. The successful publisher thus addresses the scholar who thought he had written a burlesque of the large and flourishing crop of pseudo-scientific works of which the principal object is to make the reader feel as if he had partaken of a warm and nourishing breakfast food: "This book is just on the line of popular interest. You've got hold of a big thing. It's full of hope and enthusiasm; it's written in the religious key. There are passages in it that would go splendidly in a Birthday Book."

I haven't yet read "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," but I have read dozens of less known volumes which give point to Mrs. Wharton's satire, from the lamented John Fiske down to an unknown scientific optimist whose book has all faded from my memory save the bit of verse,

"Your psychic transports soar above  
Into the vast supernal ocean."

The Professor is taken seriously, and praised by the reviewers "for sounding with no uncertain note that note of ringing optimism, of faith in man's destiny, and the supremacy of good, which has too long been silenced by the whining chorus of a decadent nihilism." Mrs. Wharton does not name the paper in which this review appeared, but I have reason to believe it was either the New York "Times's" Saturday Review, or "The Woman's Home Companion." The Professor's success aroused the suspicion that he wrote the "What Cheer Column" in a distinguished contemporary, and led to a request that he write a series of "Scientific Sermons" for the Round-the-Gas-Log column of another periodical.

The result of this was that the Professor, who had been known only to other men of science, now learned the glory of writing for the many. He "found himself the man of the hour. He soon grew used to the functions of the office, and gave out hundred-dollar interviews on every subject, from labor strikes to Babism, with a frequency which reacted agreeably on the domestic exchequer. Presently his head began to appear in the advertising pages of the magazines. Admiring readers learned the name of the only breakfast food in use at his table, of the ink with which "The Vital Thing" had been written, the soap with which the author's hands were washed, and the tissue-builder which fortified him for further effort."

Having passed on to Mrs. Wharton the odium of saying what, this morning, I feel like having said, I conclude this preliminary complaint with a question for which the responsibility rests on Thackeray—

does the world, namely, "never crowd to hear a donkey braying from a pulpit, nor never buy the tenth edition of a fool's book?"

## Fancies of a Philosopher

**I**S NOT the advisable thing to read the newspapers and talk about them, or to read choice books and not talk about them, ignoring what comes between? On that principle, however, I might have missed Herbert Spencer's Autobiography, which, although not one of the great biographies, is fertile in thought and suggestive. On this subject of which we have been speaking, the amount and kind of reading, Spencer is, as usual, when he speaks of art or life, uninspired, but precise:

"About others' requirements I can not of course speak; but my own requirement is—little poetry and of the best. Even the true poets are far too productive. If they would write only one-fourth of the amount, the world would be a gainer. As for the versifiers and the minor poets, they do little more than help to drown good literature in a flood of bad. There is something utterly wearisome in this continual working-up afresh the old materials into slightly different forms—talking continually of skies and stars, of seas and streams, of trees and flowers, sunset and sunrise, the blowing of breezes and the singing of birds,

etc.—now describing these familiar things themselves, and now using them in metaphors that are worn threadbare."

Spencer's confidence in his judgment on every subject is a marvel. He wonders, as other philosophers have wondered, at the world's scepticism when a man tries to judge and arrange human life by applying to it the methods and the jargon of science. He thinks it is stupid of the world not to bother with his polysyllabic generalizations. Yet how simple an affair is art, compared to ethics, politics, and the many desires and passions of our existence; and if the confident man of science seems foolish when he talks art, why should we listen when he discusses that life of which art is but the faintest shadow? Spencer is enthusiastic over the beauty of the Crystal Palace. He objects to the conformation of the Alps. He is exact in his explanations of the technical as well as the intellectual shortcomings of the greatest artists, from the Greek sculptors to Michelangelo, from Raphael to Turner. He knows exactly where opera should be song and where it should be speech, and therefore much prefers Meyerbeer dramatically to Wagner. Pyne was a far greater painter than Turner. Sitting in the orchestra, he identifies his impressions of acting and drama with some incontrovertible difference between excellence and depravity.

"On the acting of serious drama I am critical, and easily repelled by defects, of which there are usually many. But being then, as now, ever ready to laugh, comedies and farces, if tolerable, habitually proved attractive. Provided they were not characterized by mere buffoonery, I was content to ignore their faults, numerous though these might be. Still, I was less easily pleased than the majority. Often I was made melancholy on witnessing the applause given by well-dressed audiences to 'break-down' dances which aimed at drollery and missed it, and to so-called comic songs containing neither wit nor humor."

A book by a famous philosopher, enabling us to judge the importance of his views on a subject so comparatively petty as the drama, may well increase our amusement and scepticism at the claims of scientific men to lay down general rules for life. When religion was dominant more was claimed for it than it could do. Since science has become dominant more is claimed for it than it can do. Darwin never confused what he knew with what he did not. His thought in every detail was genuine. Spencer's is often pseudo-scientific. His autobiography shows throughout his ignorance of the limits of his understanding, whether he is talking of civilization, love, or art. It is an interesting book, nevertheless, for the hero, if not altogether attractive, is always vividly concerned about some matter of importance, and the reader's mind receives at admirable shaking up.

## Anecdotes and a Moral

**M**R. ANDREW CARNEGIE, in 1881 returning to America by the ship on which Herbert Spencer was a passenger, brought a letter of introduction, and afterward told Spencer how greatly astonished he was during the first meal on board to hear the philosopher object, "Waiter, I did not ask for Cheshire; I asked for Cheddar." To think that a philosopher should be so fastidious about cheese! A Frenchman was amazed to find him addicted to an ordinary amusement like billiards. Spencer was surprised at his life that people form untrue and frequently absurd conceptions of those who write books, expecting to find them different from average persons in conspicuous ways. In Spencer's opinion, it is a rule that no man is equal to his book. All the "best products of his mental activity," to follow the vocabulary of this remarkable

## A Boy and a Girl

By Maurice Smiley

**I** saw them one day in the sunshine,  
Out there where the clover blows;—  
A wee little tiny towheaded girl  
And a boy with a freckled nose;  
With an old straw hat without any brim  
And gallsies holding his clothes;  
A wee little girl with a pigtail braid  
And a boy with two stubbed toes.

**I** saw them one eve in the twilight,  
Down there where the river flows;  
The pigtail braid is a big braid now—  
Now a lad or a lassie grows!—  
The old straw hat is a new hat now  
And never a freckle shows  
On the face of a youth who, bending his head,  
Gives a fairheaded maiden a rose.

**I** saw them again in the sunshine,  
And whatever do you suppose?  
Between and about them there romped  
And ran and clung to their clothes  
A wee little tiny towheaded girl  
And a boy with two stubbed toes;  
A wee little girl with a pigtail braid  
And a boy with a freckled nose.

—CHARLES WINTER—



military scientific style, he puts into his book, where they are separated from the mass of "inferior products" with which they are mingled in his daily talk. The usual supposition is that the unselected thoughts will be as good as the selected thoughts. It could be about as reasonable, Spencer observes, to suppose that the fermented wort of the distiller will be found of like quality with the spirit distilled from it.

Nor is it only in respect of "intellectual manifestations" that too much is expected from authors. "There are also looked for, especially from authors of philosophical books, traits of character greatly transcending ordinary ones. The common anticipation is that they are likely to display contempt for things which please the majority of people."

Personally, I think that the "common anticipation" is right. Authors do talk better as a rule than average men; so do painters, and all generally whose life work it is to perfect and give expression to ideas. Spencer doubtless talked badly as he writes badly, but he does not illustrate the rule for great writers, although he may for great men of science. The best thinkers I have known, on the whole, have been people of literary and artistic pursuits. Henry James holds the same view as Spencer, and has expounded it in the

striking allegory called "The Private Life." It is frequently asserted that such and such an interesting artist is not an interesting man, but how can a man put into his art anything that is not in himself? He may not have the gift or the wish for quick and superficial intercourse, but those who know him have themselves to blame if they do not find in him the qualities which they admire in his work. This truth explains why intellectual snobbery is a grade better than social snobbery. A servile respect for station of any sort, whether it be caused by money, birth, or talent, is mean enough, but those who fall down and worship talent have at least the advantage over the social worshipers that they are more likely to be worshipping their superiors. Instead of a man putting his best into his book, he usually puts there his by-product, his overflow, a sample of himself; and the real relation between art and the material of which it is composed has been more truly stated by Robert Louis Stevenson, in a reply to Henry James, than by James or by Herbert Spencer. Spencer, by the way, speaks of the frequency with which notoriety is acquired by sayings which would, if uttered by a person of no authority, be inevitably considered incredibly stupid; as, that genius "means transcendent capacity of taking trouble first of

all;" and Spencer says, reasonably enough, that genius might be more rightly defined quite oppositely, as an ability to do with little trouble that which can not be done by the ordinary man with any amount of trouble. In other words, his talent is an easy overflow of what is in him. This applies, of course, to real artists only, and not to those who merely assume the practice of an art to which they can contribute nothing. It applies, also, to creation, rather than to the execution of what is created by others; to composers rather than to pianists, to dramatists rather than to actors.

#### The Poetry of Deliance

WHEN we read Emerson, the feeling raised in us, some one has said, is like that produced by distant thunder. Kipling, we might add, is a less noble noise heard much nearer. Henley says many things that Emerson has said, and sometimes, as in the poem now going the rounds, "I am the captain of my soul," says them with poetry, although not with greatness. Read Henley, or our own Ironquill's verses about being "unafraid," or Browning's latest "breast-forward" envoy, or any of the poetry of the precisely strenuous current brand. (Continued on page 27.)



Illustrations by B. Cory Kilvert

## FIVE LITTLE MEN

By W. A. FRASER

*Aleck, Teddy, Cyril, Jimmie, and Stewart are five young Americans who live in the small town of Tona, and devote their entire attention to looking for trouble—in the quest of which they are peculiarly successful. The present tale concerns an afternoon's practice in marksmanship, in which the selection of a target was unfortunate. There are six stories in the series. The first was published in the June Household Number. The others will appear in successive Household Numbers under the following titles: "Tige, a Story with Atmosphere," "Patent Fog Signals," "The Awakening of Rustus," and "A Gandy Combat."*

### II.—A SHATTERED APOSTLE

TONA was strong in the Christian spirit. Religion meant to the village practically the Presbyterian faith. High-reaching, broad of base, sombre in its gray-stone structure, stood the kirk; its tapering spire topped, by many yards, the shafts that indicated worship places of other sects.

Its pastor had come out of the West, and the many-angled prairies had thrown the glamour of their breadth across his spirit, until in him was not any narrowness. That was why the inception of the Boys' Brigade was made possible. It was all Minister Maclean's doing; and it was really a great pity that this harmless incursion into the field of war should have brought disaster to the Church—but it did, and the agents of retribution are the five little men of the parish.

The pastor had looked with sorrowing eyes upon the oneness of the village youths to gravitate toward the "corners of sin," as he mentally cognomened the ace of hotels. "Boys are boys," the minister said to the elders; "and if we can give them something to occupy their minds, something in which they will take a pride, we'll keep them from the influence that is forever retching out from the places of evil."

So the Boys' Brigade was formed, and they were given guns. These were rather make-believe weapons, capable of being fired, but quite sufficient for drill, at the military spirit eventuated; the Anglo-Saxon s it bred in the bone to kill something, and on Saturday Teddy Rivers materialized before his four companions with an air-gun.

If Santa Claus had scooted down to earth on a summer sunbeam, and landed at their very feet, he would have made a more profound impression than did the "Stubbs" Rivers with his shiny-barreled implement of untold delight.

"Where'd you get it, Teddy?" gasped Aleck.

"Is it Jack Woolley's?" queried Cyril; "he told me a father was goin' to give him one."

"Nope!" answered Teddy curtly; "my dad bought it one, 'cause he said every Canadian ought to shoot me's the Boers. I shot Si Dorkin's goat this mornin' first shot. Gee! didn't he skin. Bet you he run an to Smith's Corners."

"Did you, Teddy?"

"Hope I may die if I didn't. An' I pretty near shot a blackbird; an' I just missed Smith's spotted dog—bet you I did hit him; 'cause he looked scart, an' whirled round two or three times—dogs always do that when you shoot 'em."

"He's awful cross—bit a little girl once; did he ki-ya, Stubbs—same's when you hit him with a stone?" asked Aleck.

"He sort er barked, an' whined—bet you I did hit him."

"Let's see the gun, Teddy," pleaded Tootie—he was always Teddy to the others when they were after something, for boys are great diplomats. When they rowed, it was generally "Stop that, Ted!" or "I'll kick you in the shin, Rivers."

"Ain't it a peach?" said Tootie rapturously, caressing the gun. "Bet you I could shoot a Boer—bet you I could kill a sparrer with it."

"Jimmie!" exclaimed Aleck, "let me try it to shoot a sparrer—will you, Teddy? If you do, I'll—I'll—go snucks with you when old McGregor pays me five cents fer a golf ball I found fer him."

"I bar first shot," yelled Cyril.

That was a bad break, and Teddy frowned. "I bar" was a form of expression equivalent to "I claim." The etymology of the word was somewhat obscure, but with the boys it had an unequivocal meaning.

"G'on!" rebuked Aleck in deprecation to Teddy's frown; "'tain't likely Rivers's goin' to give first shot to one of us fellers, an' it's his gun."

"I didn't mean first shot 'head of Teddy," explained the claimant. "Bet you Teddy could hit a sparrer. Bet you Jim Smith's 'Spot' got a sting when Teddy hit him."

The gun-owner's face cleared; Cyril's mollifying words had their effect.

"There's thousands of sparrers 'hind the church in the maples," chipped in Jimmie; "they've got bushels of nests up under the roof. An' dad said he wisht somebody'd shoot 'em, too, 'cause he can't hear himself preach."

"Let's go an' shoot 'em, will you, Teddy?" coaxed Aleck. "The men'll be glad if we kill 'em. Jack Woolley says you can get five cents apiece for 'em

down to the hotel—they make awful good pigeon pie."

"I was goin' to go rabbit shootin'," remarked Ted grandiloquently; "rabbits's bully eatin'." Jack Woolley shot an awful fat one down to Thompson's woods.

"But you've got to have er dog," objected Aleck; "the dog runs 'em up a tree, then you shoot 'em."

Brownie rolled his pudgy little body on the ground in ecstasy, his moon eyes fairly watered in hilarity at this bit of natural history.

"What you laughin' at, you darned little fool?" asked Aleck crossly.

"The blame rabbits can't climb a tree; they hop, that's all they do, an' go in holes."

"No they don't either, Mister Brownie; if they went in holes you couldn't shoot 'em."

"Is Blitz a good rabbit dog, Aleck?" asked Teddy.

"He's only good fer cats. Let's go and shoot the sparrers, Teddy, an' p'raps we'll get a dog to-morrow—golly! I forgot, to-morrow's Sunday."

"I don't believe it's a good day fer rabbits anyhow," remarked Stubbs; "sort of cloudy day's best fer rabbits, 'cause they can't see their shadow."

"Wilson's got pigeons," declared Tootie. "Bet you we could shoot some of 'em in our yard. I near hit one with a bottle. I throwed out some crumbs an' crawled up close to 'em behind the woodshed, same's Jack Woolley says they shoot bears; but the blame rooster crowed jest as I was goin' to throw, an' they flew up on Wilson's house."

"Come on, fellers," commanded Stubbs, settling the question; "guess I'll try first on the sparrers."

Very bravely the little army marched down through the side street, a military swing to their walk, and with rare discipline, keeping behind the Captain by right of his gun. Tramp, tramp, tramp; right-turn over the grass plot that surrounded the church, circling its gray abrupt wall, and on to the far side, where were two large maples quivering with the busy squeak and flutter of many rowing, scolding, little drab birds.

They were in the forest—the jungle, the haunts of big game, that was the atmosphere of the sta-



Stealthily the huntsman advanced, tiptoeing in crouched attitude over the soft grass; behind, the four henchmen followed silently. Aleck had his fingers on his lips, enjoining silence, his keen eye searching the branches of the maple. Presently he put his hand on Teddy's arm, and, pointing, whispered: "There's a whopper."

On a twig a sparrow ruffled out his feathers, a veritable pin-cushion, and Stubs, raising his gun, took a variety of aims; but before the marksman could make up his mind the bird fluttered away and dived down into the dusty road to pick a row with an old enemy that was squeaking defiance to all sparrows of fighting blood to come and have it out.

They stalked seven more. At the eighth bird Teddy pulled the trigger. "Click!" went the gun, but the sparrow dodged away through the summer air as cheerfully as though five men of blood were not after his life.

"Give me a shot, Teddy," pleaded Aleck. "I'll give you a cent soon's I've found a golf ball."

The finding of golf balls was a source of revenue to the boys.

"Honest Injun I will, Stubs—cross-my-heart if I won't."

"Soon's I've killed a sparrer, Aleck. The blame things jiggle about to-day. Guess somebody's been shyin' stones at 'em. I hit that last one—I saw his feathers fly." Teddy clicked away with the air-gun, but to no purpose; the game-bag was as empty as though they were trusting to stones in the hunt.

"P'raps 'tain't a good gun," hazarded Jimmie, feeling that his friend's reputation as a marksman was at stake.

The birds were getting pretty well thinned out—by flight. As Teddy shot again, Cyril exclaimed: "Golly! what was that? Thought I heard somethin' clink."

"Guess he hit the church," hazarded Aleck.

"I'm goin' to see," cried Cyril. "Oh, fellers!" he called back from the church, gleefully, "come an' see, fellers—there's a weenie hole in the window."

The others ran over to share in Cyril's find.

A big memorial window of stained glass fronted them. Across the church, on the other side, the windows were open, and the sunlight streaming in illuminated the blue and gold and crimson of the glass, vivifying the painted group that was the two apostles, Peter and John, making whole the man's lameness as he begged at the gate Beautiful of the temple.

"See the weenie hole!" cried Brownie joyfully, pointing to a puncture through the cheek of the lame one that had not been there before the destruction of the sparrows began.

"Blamed if there ain't another one!" exclaimed Aleck, indicating Peter's shoulder. "Say, fellers, ain't that slick? Didn't break it at all—jus' like a little air-hole in a hat."

"Don't believe the gun made them holes, Ted," objected Tootie; "'Ole Trouble' s bored 'em to let the wind in."

"I heard it clink," declared Cyril. "That's a jim-dandy gun, Ted. Let me try a shot, see if it'll do it again."

"No he won't neither," objected Aleck; "Teddy'll try it, an' I bar next shot."

"Bet you the gun didn't do it," said Tootie; "bet you a cent."

"Try it, Stubs," pleaded Aleck. "Shoot at the old duffer with the blue coat. There ain't no hole there."

Peter would have been scandalized, and no doubt deeply hurt, if he could have heard himself alluded to as "the old duffer with the blue coat"; besides, to have the young rascals shooting at him with an air-gun!

"He ain't a duffer," admonished Jimmie, the minister's son; "he's a 'Postle. I heard dad tell in' a man that was to our house 'bout the window."

"Here, I'll make a mark," said Aleck, drawing his heel along the grass twenty feet from the church; "that's a good long shot."

The marksman fired.

"Golly! you hit, Ted; I heard it clink," piped Cyril. But as they examined the target, there was no puncture in the blue.

"Now, then," screamed Tootie; "didn't I say so? Bet you it won't shoot through that thick glass."

"Here it is—I've found it!" yelled Cyril, holding a stubby dirty finger toward the lower left-hand corner of the mosaic of many colors.

Sure enough the gunner had missed Peter, but had clipped the toe from the already maimed foot of the beggar.

"That don't count," objected Tootie; "Stubs shot at the 'Postle."

"No, I never!" declared Stubs. "The shiny blue sort of squished my eyes, an' I aimed at the other feller."

A moderate excitement was beginning to work up which gave great promise of a deeper interest. The boys' eyes glistened with a desire of rivalry. Surely there had never been such a target for any marksman; figures of men picked out in various colors to shoot at, and then the weenie holes, a matter of curious delight. In colored glass, the sacredness of the holy men vanished; the irreverence of the boys' act was altogether subdued by the all-powerful newness of the sport.

"Yes, it does count, Tootie," said Aleck, "that's an outer."

"G'on, Graham," growled Stewart; "what d' you know 'bout shootin'!"

"Ain't I been down to the range—didn't I near get shot the time Bill Frost shot 'fore he was ready?"

This was conclusive. The well-known incident, now that the others were reminded of it, at once placed Aleck in the position of Master of Ceremonies, or Sergeant of Musketry, or whatever else it might be called.

"How do the men shoot at the target, Aleck?" asked Stubs deferentially.

"They've a bull's-eye—I'll show you—say, fellers, let's play we're the men shootin' fer the prize your daddy won, Brownie."

A clamor of exultation went up from the men of military instinct.

"I forget some 'bout it," continued Aleck, "but 'tend that's the bull's-eye," and he indicated the gentle eye of Peter the Apostle. "An' his head's an inner—"

"What's an inner, Aleck?" queried Brownie.

"Oh, it's next the bull's-eye, and counts ten—"

"Same's marks in school, is it, Aleck?" asked Jimmie.

Graham ignored this irrelevant question and continued the course of instruction.

"An' we'll make that hoop 'round the 'Postle's head an' outer."

"That's a rainbow," volunteered Cyril.

"Rainbow, nothin'!" snarled Aleck.

"I know what it is," Jimmie vociferated; "it's a 'hello,' cause Bella asked dad, an' he said it was."



At first he almost thought that it was the head of the Apostle returned by a miracle

"Oh, bother you fellers, what's the diff'rence what the blamed thing is—it counts three."

"Bet you I could make ten," boasted Tootie. "I shot a duck once with a bow and arrow—knocked a lot of feathers right off him."

"How do the men fire at the target, Aleck?" asked Teddy.

"Well, they—they shoot, don't you know, separate, and—Dave Somers writes down how many they make."

"We ain't got no prize," volunteered Tootie.

"Well, we can shoot for a cent," said Cyril; "an' the feller 'at makes the most marks, us other fellers got to give him a cent."

"That's bully!" declared Aleck; "only Stubs, he owns the gun, an' he gets in free. Will you play that, Teddy—let us shoot with the gun?"

Stubs agreed, and it was arranged that each little imp of destruction should have a pop at the apostolic group that was such a shining mark, bathed in the flood of gorgeous light.

"We got to keep score," declared Aleck. "Who's got a piece of paper?"

Pockets were rummaged, and little Jimmie produced a piece of brown paper in which were wrapped some fish-hooks.

"Who's got a pencil?" again asked Aleck.

Nobody had.

"I got a nail," said Tootie.

"That ain't no good," objected Brownie.

"It'll mark on a tree," explained Tootie.

"It's your first shot, Ted," Aleck declared.

But Teddy was cunning; he elected to shoot last, saying that he would show the other fellows how to fire. Then they drew lots with little sticks for placings

in the order of the shoot. Aleck won first position. As he was about to raise the gun, Cyril startled him with a dreadful thought. "Say, fellers," he whispered, "I believe I heard a noise in the church—sure's anything I did. Wonder if 'Ole Trouble' s come."

This reference was to old Daddy Leach, the caretaker, popularly known of all juveniles as "Trouble." "Run to the door, Tootie, an' see if some one there," commanded Aleck.

"'Tain't nothin', fellers—guess 't must 'a' been a mouse," said Tootie, when he returned from his reconnaissance. "But I found a jim-dandy place to ke score; the door's all shiny an' smooth, an' I made mark with the nail plain's anythin'."

Aleck drew a careful bead on the eye of Peter, broke the crutch of the lame man.

"That's a 'goose egg,'" shouted Cyril.

"No 'tain't neither, smartie," argued Aleck; "diddle I hit, an' don't that count somethin'? It counts as that's what it does."

"I'll score," volunteered Tootie, running to the door, where he had scratched a big scrawly "A" and much awry figure "1" in the crisp varnish of the grained panel.

"Guess the gun shoots low," remarked Aleck, vindication of his shooting.

Cyril, number two, shot a bystander, a fourth figure standing quite apart from John and Peter of the group.

"Glad I didn't hit the poor old lame man," he remarked; "an' I shot 'fore I was ready—the trigger went off so of itself."

Another scratch was recorded on the vestry door.

As Tootie fired there was a jingle of glass, and quite an aperture was opened up, carrying away a part of John's nose and clipping a slice of blue from Peter's head. His bullet had struck a metal seam, and thus made havoc. This variation gave rise to a lengthy argument as to the scoring. Aleck insisting that it didn't count, and Tootie claiming at least two, because he was nearer to the mark than the others. They compromised on a score of one.

Little Jimmie hit the wall, or the sky, or the tree—nobody knew; for nothing, disaster came to the glass window because of his effort.

Teddy, perhaps because of his practice, opened up a considerable rent in the half that half encircled the peaceful head of Peter the Apostle.

That was three, and each gunner owed him a cent. They all repaired to the vestry door, and the nail wrought havoc in its polished beauty before a score was satisfactorily engraved.

The taste of victory made Stubs lord of his gun and ammunition, and the contest continued; their marksmanship getting better as they shot, until they were forced to shift the centre of the target. Peter's head had been practically lopped from his shoulders. Even John's nose was lying somewhere within the church while the lame beggar was like a colander perforated as plentifully as though he had been the victim of a file of soldiers.

Just as they were starting in with the second Apostle as a target, the gun jammed something in its mechanism flipped out gear. The accident to the gun engrossed them so completely that the advent of "Ole Trouble," the caretaker, was not heard. He had entered through the main door on the far side. The subtle something that always leads one to a broken treasure trove, Daddy Leach by the arm and caused him hobble right into the nest of shattered glass that lay, glittering like jewels, on the red carpet.

As the old man raised his eyes he encountered other portions of John and Peter on the window ledge, and above, his gaze reached through jagged rents, and beyond was the calm blue sky.

"Ma conscience! it's awful," Peter's fair decapitated head said. "What a devil—it must ha' been the birdies."

He looked about the floor; there was no implement of destruction lying thereon.

"An' John's fair ruined!" he continued, turning to the window. "Even the beggar's fu' o' holes. Ma conscience! It's vera like the work o' the Evil One."

To investigate, "Trouble" climbed to a pew, and from pew to window ledge, his mind almost stunned by the disaster.

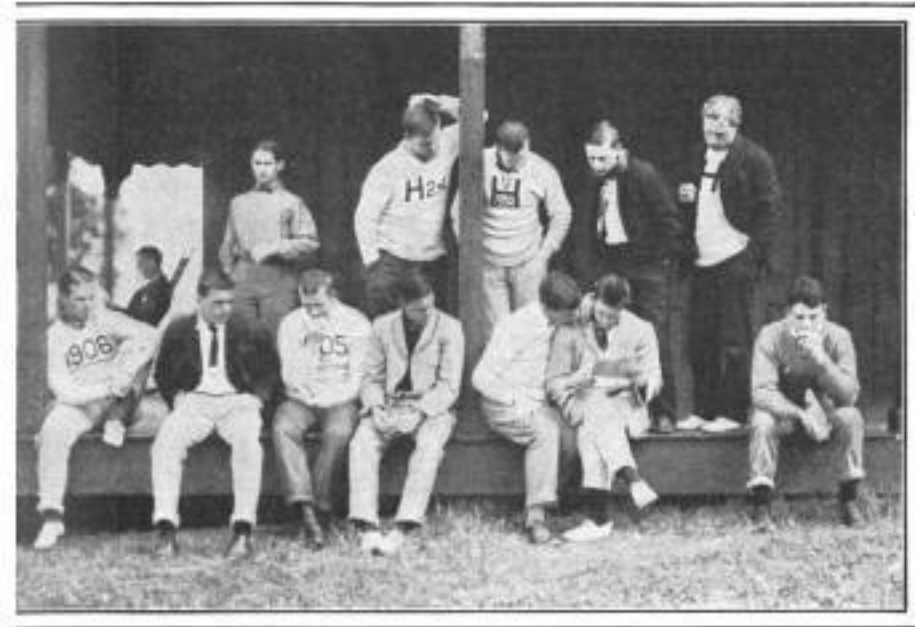
"It must ha' been the sparrers," he muttered, straightening his rheumatic-crooked back, and peering through the opening where had been the head of Peter the Apostle.

Just at that instant the gun was cleared of an obstructing pellet. It was Cyril's shot. As he raised the barrel the weapon dropped from his hands and he stood transfixed with horror. At first he almost thought that it was the head of the Apostle returned by a miracle.

At any rate, he was speedily disillusioned, as "Ole Trouble's" harsh voice squeaked: "I ken ye, ye ken I've caught ye. Yer fathers 'll fair skin ye smashin' Peter; aye, an' pay fer it, too. Ye needn't run, just—ye needna run; I ken ye!" he screamed, as the five, without a word, fled like startled hares.

"Ole Trouble," for once in his life, spoke in words of a prophet; there was a gala day of settlement all around. The five little men paid the penalty of their thoughtless rashness, and the fathers with demur settled the bill for breakage.





HARVARD'S VARSITY CREW SQUAD ON THE PORCH AT RED TOP



CAPTAIN CROSS AND YALE'S VARSITY EIGHT AT GALE'S FERRY

## READY FOR THE RACE AT NEW LONDON

By ARTHUR RUHL

THE white yachts fill the river, lying like dazzling water-lilies in the June sunshine, the observation trains rippling with a thousand colors wind along the shore, there is the glow and glitter of polished brass and display flags, of blue sky and sunlit water, and the cheers and cries echo faintly from shore to shore. Then at last two little centipedes appear far up-stream, holding the hearts of thousands in the swinging of their oars; they come on and on and creep at length into the narrow lane of water between the yachts, and with the cheers filling the air about them and the cannon thudding overhead, they fight it to a finish the last half mile. One crew has won, and its eight oarsmen, collegiate heroes for the rest of their lives, sit panting and happy and ready to row the cox over again. The other is beaten, and down and out, and, after fighting the good fight for four long miles, they droop helpless over their sweeps as the cox calls, "Let her run!"

But this is anticipating. The race is still a week away, and the Harvard and Yale crews are still at Red Top and Gale's Ferry, rowing in the mornings and the afternoons, loafing about in flannels, reading and trying to study, consuming vast quantities of very excellent roast beef, and now and then, in a farmer's cottage, or in a tent under the eye of a proctor, taking examinations and trying to forget oarsmanship long enough to describe the difference between a Doric and an Ionic column, or to tell which party one would have supported if one had been an English voter at any general election since 1875, and why. And if you had gone to New London any time during the last fortnight, particularly if it were a damp, dark day with an old-fashioned New England east wind blowing, you would have felt the way the war correspondents always do when they describe the look of things on the eve of an engagement and are impressed with the peacefulness of the face of nature, and the fact that the green leaves are still green, that the birds are not voiceless and that the sap still ascends the tree-trunks in the same old way.

### The Daily Routine

The old town and the river which, next Thursday, from the Casino to the Pequot House, will be alive with the azure craft and display flags, and the crimson and blue of Harvard and Yale, is now as bare and bleak and dead as a ballroom after breakfast. But you wouldn't mind that if you were a crewman. You oughtn't to mind much of anything if you are a crewman. You are strong and fit as probably you will ever feel in your life, and you have nothing to do but get stronger and fitter and to make yourself very famous. In the morning you row a bit, just enough to warm yourself and loosen out the kinks, then you loaf about in picturesque flannels, with perhaps a collarless

sweater and a crimson kerchief knotted about your neck, and read and play ball or quoits or the piano or with the bull terrier, and then in the late afternoon you row some more. This time you strip to the waist and row very violently and for long distances, while a launch swirls along just behind you, and a number of young men in oilskins stand up in it and gaze at you solemnly, and the coach bellows all sorts of things at you through his megaphone. And what a beautiful sight it is that those in the launch are privileged to see. The grip of the oars on the water, the heave of the broad backs and shoulders, that flexion of wrists and arms and shoulders as the oar is pulled in to the chest and shot away again—a movement as quick and as subtle as that movement of a violinist's wrist just before the up-stroke of the bow—and then the vigor and sweep and life in the shell when the eight men catch the beat and the shell leaps ahead, faster and faster, to the lash of the coxswain's cries.



COACH COLSON AND THE HARVARD EIGHT

It is twilight, perhaps, when the shell again comes back to the float, and you and the others swing it out of the water and, dripping, over your heads as easily as though it were an umbrella, and carry it up to the boathouse. And presently, in spite of the cold wind, you stroll casually down to the edge of the float and pour bucket after bucket of cold water over your steaming shoulders, and thereby cause a vague jealousy to arise in the heart of the spectator on the bank, who wraps himself tighter in his oilskins and recalls a period somewhere in the dark backward and abysm of time when he could absentmindedly stand that sort of thing.

The answer which the Harvard crew will make to the question that will be asked of them June 30th is, to the impartial sportsman, the most interesting point about the coming race. Yale's crew, good or bad—and it is ridiculous to talk of Yale not having a good crew when the day of the race comes round—is a typical Yale crew as developed by Kennedy along the same lines that have been successfully followed at New Haven for the past few years. There is not as much beef in the eight as there might be, and there have been a good many changes made late in the season, but the stroke and the coach are unchanged. Harvard's crew, on the other hand, is the first product of the skill of the new Harvard coach, Mr. Frederick Colson, and as such its work has all the interest which attaches to all experiments in rowing technique, and to that most complex and subtle of tasks, the perfecting of an eight-oared crew. Mr. Colson was coxswain of Cornell crews for four years. His Freshman crew in '94 won, he went abroad with the Cornell crew which competed at Henley in '95, he was coxswain of the victorious Cornell varsity eights in '96 and '97, and in the latter year he was not only coxswain, but captain. Mr. Colson is a little, good-humored, and studious-looking man with spectacles. As a coxswain learns rowing sitting in the stern of the shell with his hands on the tiller ropes and the eight big bodies heaving back and forth in front of him, and another eight showing its profile at his side, Mr. Colson knows it, blade and slide; but he himself has never pulled an oar, and to have a head rowing coach who is neither a rigging specialist nor an oarsman is in itself interesting.

### Final Days of Training

It is in these last days before the race that the positive results of Mr. Colson's coaching must be most decisively brought out. Up to the beginning of the last fortnight of training, the work had been rather more that of foundation-laying and preparation, the developing of oarsmanship and stamina rather than speed. In the early work on the Charles no attempt was made to row anything but a slow stroke, and when I saw the crew row over the four-mile course at New London a



YALE'S VARSITY CREW AT THE CATCH



THE HARVARD VARSITY CREW AT THE FULL REACH



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few days ago, the stroke was kept down to 28 for all; but the last half-mile of the distance, in spite of the fact that an effervescent Freshman eight were leading the varsity by two lengths up to the three-mile flag, and in the row home up-stream, against current, wind, and tide, the stroke was lowered to only slightly more than 26. The same afternoon, a few minutes after the Harvard varsity had gone over the course, the Yale crew came swashbuckling down the river, many seconds faster than their rivals, but plainly rowing for all they were worth, and all out at the finish. The Yale crew tumbled into their launch and towed their shell back to Gale's Ferry; the Harvard eight rowed back over the four miles again, steady as a clock, in spite of the opposing wind and tide, and finished at Red Top without turning a hair. It was a typical afternoon's work. Time was when a row over the full course from Red Top down to the bridge, dimly to be discerned four miles away, was looked upon as somewhat in the nature of a voyage, to be approached with a certain deference and solemnity, and treated before and afterward with respect. Mr. Colson orders things differently. In the first five days that the crew spent at Red Top they rowed five times over the full course.

#### Coach Colson's Work

In addition to developing an eight that could stand plenty of work, Mr. Colson's primary object has been to perfect the men's oarsmanship in and out of the boat, so that the shell would not sag and hang between strokes. Speed has been sacrificed to the attainment of this essential, and that the Harvard crew has improved in this respect under Mr. Colson's coaching is obvious to any one who has followed the Cambridge crews for the past few years. The most impressive thing about the behavior of this year's Harvard shell is the smoothness with which it rides. The shell does not nose its long nose under when the men are pulling the stroke through at the end, it does not hang and drop during the recover. The boat moves steadily forward at practically the same level out of the water, the oars are feathered high and surely, for the most part the men "feel" the water well before putting on steam at the "catch," and in a wind or in rough water the Cambridge oarsmen give decidedly a better account of themselves than the eight from New Haven. The changes which Mr. Colson has effected in the Harvard stroke are principally noticeable—aside from this smoothness of motion between strokes—in the slowness of the recover, and a tendency on the part of the crew to "sit up to their work" a bit more straightly. As the men stretch forward toward the full reach, they keep their slides closer up under them than they used to, and the oars are pulled through without anywhere near as much of a lying back in the boat as there used to be, or, indeed, as may be noticed in this year's Yale crew. Both of these points, as will readily be understood, tend toward making the motion of the boat between strokes smoother, and toward minimizing the sag and hang that result from an excessive "lying back" in the boat and a too violent shoot forward. In short, the Harvard crew have plenty of endurance and plenty of "form"; whether they can develop speed, or, having developed it, whether they will be able to preserve their slow recover and their smoothness between strokes during the excitement of a race, is the big question which they have yet to answer.

Of the Yale crew, Captain Cross, who has rowed at both stroke and No. 7. Whittier, who has been tried at stroke and No. 6, and Miller at No. 5, are veterans of last year's crew. Morse, Scott, Weekes (of last year's Freshman eight), Daly, and Ferguson will also probably hold seats in the boat. In the Harvard boat Captain Dillingham is at bow, Filley at stroke, Duffy at No. 7, and Lawson, Shuebruk, Ober, Flint, Pleasanton, Gilt, and Meier are all probabilities for the other five positions.

#### Some Questions on the "Cide"

IF in some pears a boy prepared  
He put potassium cyanide,  
And papa pared and ate the pears,  
Would that be pearricide?

If in the deadly folding bed  
This boy his ma should slide,  
If she didn't smother s'mother way,  
Would that be mattresside?

Or if a man should stick a file  
Into his offspring's tender hide,  
Now in a court of law, I ask,  
Would that be filicide?

Nay, if a Chinaman should eat  
So much for dinner that he died,  
Think you the coroner would say  
That that was sueycide?

And if the Heavenly Twins to skip,  
With Reggie's Chums had tried,  
And he should go and hang himself,  
Would that be Reggicide?

Nay, sweetheart, if the Common People  
woke  
And found the Trusts were busted  
wide  
And we could choose their resting-  
place,  
Would it be Riverside?

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## BOOKS AND PLAYS

(Continued from page 19)

and it lacks the elevation, the distance, of similar thoughts in Emerson—"Good-by, proud world, I'm going home;" in Fitzgerald's "Oma;" in Arnold's "Dover Beach," with the suggestions of its "melancholy, long withdrawing roar."

This is not a comparison between minor poets and great ones. I do not speak of "Tomorrow and to-morrow and to-morrow," of "When I have fears that I may cease to be," of any of the greatest poets in presence of the universal fate, but only of a contrast between two spirits in poets near enough to be compared. One set is just a little, too strenuous to be poetical. The others mingle with their defiance and self-assertion a deeper sense of the inevitable, an intellectual humility, which brings them into harmony with a greater world—which hitches their wagons to the stars. They admit and realize their inferiority, like Job at the end, or like Heine, when, at his bitterest, he addresses his superior in a tone of lofty courtesy: "Here I venture to offer most submissively the suggestion that the sport which the Master has inflicted on the poor pupil is rather too long drawn out: it has already lasted over six years, and after a time becomes monotonous. Moreover, if I may take the liberty to say it, in my humble opinion the jest is not new, and the great Aristophanes of Heaven has already used it on a former occasion, and has, therefore, been guilty of plagiarism on His own exalted self." No defiance sounds a poetic or exalted note that does not seem to include a knowledge of the speaker's fate and littleness. The awfulness and power of the world defied must be felt more than the personal attitude of the defier. Otherwise we have not grandeur, but ordinary strenuous egotism.

### Triumph for the Trust

ANYBODY who sends in the proper name for this department will receive my check for \$25, and, perhaps, for all I know, a similar contribution also from Mr. Collier. Although this is not a princely offer, it represents an earnest wish. The present title is misleading. Regular reviewing will find a larger place when the review number is begun. This is not a review department, but a monthly talk about the side of life represented by the arts, and the most popular arts in our time and country are literature and the stage. Mr. Parrish's heading represents exactly the spirit desired, reflecting as it does a famous stanza descriptive of the mood.

In the drama, the only notable development at the season's end was the final triumph of the syndicate over the rather promising opposition which had been created. Once more Mrs. Fiske stands alone in opposition, as she did when the actor agreement against the trust went to pieces some half a dozen years ago. It is an unfortunate triumph of business organization. It is an obstacle to the progress which surely must come to our stage. It continues the dominant power of a group of half a dozen men whose tastes never rise above mediocrity, but frequently descend below it.



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By WALLACE IRWIN

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Are the signs by which you'll know  
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We pay liberally for catchy advertising jingles about Hy-Jen Tooth Paste and we want everyone to compete in our \$200 contest. Some of the rhymes which occur to you may be just what we want. It costs you but a few minutes time and a stamp to send them in and bright ideas win from \$2 to \$50. We don't care for literary excellence or poetical polish—we want little jingles that will stick in the public's memory. For the best advertisement in rhyme containing not more than eight lines, submitted before July 30th, we will give \$50 in cash; for the second, \$25; \$10 for the third; \$5 each for the next three and \$2 each for the next fifty. The Robert John Advertising Company will act as judges in this contest. We also reserve the right to purchase from those which do not win a prize, but which we consider suitable for advertising, a sufficient number to make up our calendar of 365 advertising rhymes, with which we shall have the name Hy-Jen Tooth Paste into the minds of the people. We want to make every one acquainted with the real quality of Hy-Jen Tooth Paste, which is endorsed by dentists everywhere as the best and safest, the cleanest and most agreeable dentifrice made. Get a 5c tube at your druggist's and try it thoroughly—it has so many refreshing qualities you will be surprised how easy it is to think of simple little rhymes about it and it's the simple ones that make a hit in advertising. The winning one wins \$50 in this contest. To show that you have used it each competitor must send in the front of the green box Hy-Jen Tooth Paste tube, along with their rhyme—that's all that is required. You may send as many different rhymes as you like providing you send one box from each separate rhyme, but post-dated rhymes will be considered unless a box from each rhyme is accompanied by it. If your druggist doesn't have Hy-Jen Tooth Paste ask him to get it of his jobber or send us his name and the name of your druggist and we'll send you a tube free.

**Adv. Dept., HY-JEN CHEMICAL CO.**  
39 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Examine your own eyes—adjust your own glasses with our Oculoscope. We send it free. We sell single pairs at Wholesale Prices by mail order only. Read this letter.

FOXBORO, Pa., March 19th, 1904.  
Grand Rapids Wholesale Opticians, Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Dear Sir:—I received your Oculoscope all right, and they fit me just fine. I never had a better fit in glasses. Wishing you success in business. I am, yours truly,  
Signed: M. T. SLATER.

SEND FOR CATALOG TODAY  
Grand Rapids Wholesale Opticians  
410 Houseman Bldg. Grand Rapids, Mich.

**Veeder**

**"It's nice to know How far you go"**

**VEEDER ODOMETERS TELL EXACTLY**

For Automobiles, Carriages, Bicycles and Motorcycles. Attaching brackets for all popular Motor cars, ready to slip right on. Send for Booklet.

**THE VEEDER MFG. CO., 3 Sargeant St. HARTFORD, CONN.**  
Makers of Cyclometers, Automobile Tachometers, Counters and Race Counters.

**Odometers**

**VICE-ADMIRAL SKRYDLOFF**  
Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Fleet in the Pacific

St. Petersburg, May 18

He is a man who appeals to the fighting spirit in you—this man Skrydloff. He is big and burly, with a determined chin and searching gray eyes. You would say he was without fear, even if you were unfamiliar with his record in the Russo-Turkish War, and you would believe he could lead a forlorn hope though Death were standing before him with uplifted scythe.

He is the man who has been selected by the Czar to succeed the intrepid Makaroff. Before Makaroff's assignment to the Pacific Fleet, I received a letter from a friend who is serving on one of the men-of-war at Port Arthur. "Let Alexieff be relieved," he wrote; "he is an administrator, not a sailor, in spite of his title. Give us either Makaroff or Skrydloff. They'll put spirit into the men." What Makaroff did is history; what Skrydloff will do the future will unfold.

Skrydloff received at Sebastopol, the headquarters of the Black Sea Fleet, which he commanded, the announcement of his appointment to Port Arthur. Simultaneously he was ordered to St. Petersburg to be received by the Emperor in audience. The crowd that gathered at the Nicholas Station, St. Petersburg—the same station, by the way, from which Makaroff started for Manchuria—was filled with enthusiastic admirers of the new commander. Outside of the station was a solid wall of people, anxious to get a glimpse of the man from whom his Majesty expects momentous things. While we were waiting, a friend recounted a story of Skrydloff. "You remember when the Russians were attempting to cross the Danube," (I nodded, for it would never have done to confess ignorance of Russian history.) "The Turkish ships commanded the crossing. The enemy had mined the river. Sharpshooters were on the bank the Russians desired to reach. In broad daylight, a launch put out from the Russian shore. It carried Skrydloff and Verestchagin and a small crew. They dashed for a monitor and put through her porthole a torpedo, which was attached to a long rod. The bullets were literally hailing about them. Their clothes were riddled. Verestchagin was wounded. Skrydloff received balls in both legs. The electric wires connecting with the torpedo were cut by bullets, and the charge could not be exploded. Skrydloff worked and tugged to get the wires in order, but was unsuccessful, and he and his companions were compelled to return to the shore. Skrydloff made only one comment: 'It was just like those Turks to wound me in the legs; they must have known that I was fond of dancing.'

**Skrydloff Gets a Copy of Collier's**

It was a good story, and then I looked at Skrydloff as he emerged from the train, which had dashed into the station. Certainly he seemed physically capable of doing all that my friend had said. He was unquestionably gratified at the reception accorded him; to be pressed and flattered by the crowd of uniformed officers of the army and navy, including representatives of the Admiralty and War Office, and to have the Imperial Waiting Rooms thrown open for his use. Leaving the station, he was greeted by a roar from thousands of people; and he gravely bowed acknowledgments as he passed down the lane which they formed.

When I called at the hotel at which Vice-Admiral Skrydloff stopped in St. Petersburg, two naval officers, with crosses upon their breasts, were nervously walking up and down the corridor waiting to see the new commander and make personal pleas for service at Port Arthur. Before the door were two sailors, not huge men, as one pictures the Russian tars, but short, rather thick-set lads, who looked as active as any Japanese I ever saw. I had been requested at the Admiralty to give to the Admiral a copy of Collier's containing Captain Mahan's first article on the naval lessons of the war; and I handed this, with my card, to one of the boys. For the moment, the successor of Makaroff was engaged, and I was asked to wait. When I looked again at the sailors, they were staring, with all their eyes, at the "fighting japs," on the cover of the Weekly. When the Admiral left his room, I have no doubt they satisfied more fully their curiosity regarding the calibre of the enemy whom they are going out to fight.

**A Dollar Door Plate**

Equal in appearance and durability to plates costing four times its price. Ornamental Aluminum frame, holding movable letters that form the name. Screwing it in place locks letters together. Will never chip, crack, or tarnish. Prices plain, \$1.00; enameled, \$1.25; hand engraved, like illustration, \$1.50. Any name, sent post paid to any address on receipt of price.

**T. ROOSEVELT**

**THE GUARANTEE NAME PLATE**  
Guarantee for ten years. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

**We Want Salesmen in every community.** Only necessary to show the plate and use a screw driver. It sells itself. Plate can be arranged for any name any length in a minute, by slipping in the necessary letters. If you want pleasant and profitable employment, write us.

**GUARANTEE PLATE WORKS**  
97 Fenbrook Block Manchester, N. H.

**Blasius**

The Blasius piano has all of the desired and touch qualities. The celebrated pianist, Constantin von Sternberg, writes: "The Blasius meets and responds to all requirements of the artist."

And it is so built as to permanently retain these qualities.

You can buy the Blasius by mail, but having the finest and satisfying piano of its quality, we send you the piano and the money back with you can make selection. Payment arranged and made.

**BLASIUS & SONS**  
1008 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

**"P. S." Too**

Has a flexible handle.  
Ask for the "P. S." (Pencil)  
—an improvement on the b  
You can't realize its com  
without trial.

3 sizes—Adult's, Youth's, Child's—at all de  
or by mail. Always sold in the yellow  
Leaflets mailed free, describing "The Pe  
lactic Family"—tooth, hair and nail br  
FLORENCE MFG. CO., 125 Pine Street, Florence, Mo

**FOOD FACTS**  
What an M. D. Learned

A prominent physician of Rome, Georgia, went through a food experience which he makes public:

"It was my own experience that led me to advocate Grape-Nuts food. I also know from having prescribed it to convalescents and other weak patients that the food is a wonderful rebuild and restorer of nerve and brain tissue, as well as muscle. It improves the digestion and sick patients always gain just as I did in strength and weight rapidly."

"I was in such a low state that I had to give up my work entirely and go to the mountains of this state, but in months there did not improve me. In fact I was not quite as well as when I left home. My food absolutely refused to sustain me and it became plain that must change, then I began to use Grape-Nuts food and in two weeks I could walk a mile without the least fatigue. In five weeks returned to my home in practice, taking up hard work again. Since that time I have felt as well as strong as I ever did in my life."

"As a physician who seeks to help sufferers I consider it a duty to make these facts public." Name given: Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Trial to days on Grape-Nuts when regular food does not seem to sustain body will work miracles.

"There's a reason."

Look in each pkg. for the famous book, "The Road to Wellville."



**ISANDI** have asked themselves this question: How can we credit honesty and integrity... It takes courage to return the ordinary. But others have done it. So can we! Have a plan to fascinating—so practical—no success—your will want to know all about it... Just write to us and we will explain, daily, how we can start you in

have already started hundreds toward success. The Mail Business is directed, clean and profitable. If you consent you will recall the names of dozens of men who took large fortunes out of the Mail Order Business. They attained with only ordinary ability—but they worked. You can do the same. You will not have to leave your present work. Whether employed or not you can retire. Co-operate with us and we will place you in the leading manufacturing of the country through our "Co-operative Service of Manufacturers and Mail Order Firms." All that a man or woman needs to do is the Mail Order Business in a fair amount of common sense and capacity for hard work. If you have a considerable amount of working capital and want to take business on a high grade, straight forward basis, write us immediately. First ask for full particulars. Free. Get our booklet, mailed for 4c in stamps. But delay, delay fail.

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 Mean fast comfort and safety in their use. Applied to  
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 Little but Never Let Go.  
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 Sold  
 Every where.



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by use of our  
**"ONE-PIECE" HOSE MENDER**  
 KEYS OR PLIERS. JUST YOUR TWO HANDS.  
 By mail 12c (stamp). Agents wanted.  
**ARD & CO., Box 945, PROVIDENCE, R. I.**

**Boys' STUDENTS—Girls!**  
 money during summer months selling St. Louis  
 a Fair and Niagara Falls Souvenir Spoon.  
 one design. Sell on sight. Sample and Agents  
 Terms for twenty cents, coin or stamps.  
**RA SILVERWARE & NOVELTY CO.,** Office: 1014  
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e Real Estate Company having an international  
wants manager for branch office. References  
will cash investment required. Position worth  
\$2,000 to \$5,000 per year. Address  
WM. H. BEAVER, Secretary  
Adams Express Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

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 **WE GIVE A GUARANTEED WONDER**  
**ROYAL MANDOLIN, BANJO & GUITAR**  
**FREE.** *It takes a few weeks to learn. SEND \$1.50*  
*initial, agree to take a lesson (one weekly) at 4:00 each and we send*  
*you a new lesson, as given below. We tell how to get instrument for \$10.*  
**ROYAL MUSIC CO., DEPT. "M," CLEVELAND, O.**

**TALTY PAID** and Musical Compositions  
 — ON — We arrange and popularize  
**50¢ - POEMS** PIONEER PUB. CO.  
 523 Baltimore Building  
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**NO COASTER BRAKE**  
Especially desirable for old wheels, as it can be screwed on any bicycle hub in place of the ordinary spoollet. Furnished in all sizes. Address: **PIRELLA BRAKE CO., CORNING, N. Y.**

**PARK TREES** best by Test—75 Years  
LARGEST NURSERY.  
FRUIT-BEARING. We **PAY CASH**  
WANT MOBILE SALESMEN **PAY** Weekly  
STARK BRO 2, Louisiana, Mo.; Danville, N. Y.; Etc

The Admiral turned over the pages of the Weekly, glancing at Captain Mahan's article, which he said he would read carefully, and stopped at the full-page picture of Admiral Togo—his clever and ubiquitous opponent. It seemed to me that I could trace a resemblance between the features of the two men. Both have the same penetrating look about the eyes, the nose thin at the base and wide at the nostrils, the determined set of the mouth and the firm chin hidden by a beard. Togo smiled at his new antagonist; upon Skrydloff's face was an expression that told louder than words his appreciation of the monumental task which the Emperor has placed upon his shoulders. If the implication that he did not wish to go to Port Arthur had remained in my thought, it would have disappeared instantly when I looked at the man; and my spontaneous belief in his courage needed no confirmation by the little white cross—the badge of courage—that dangled upon his breast. To my mind, Vice-Admiral Skrydloff seemed to have weighed fully the task given him to do, and, in spite of the superhuman character of it, was determined to apply all his strength and all his mind to its accomplishment. Makaroff went to Port Arthur to command a battered fleet, but Skrydloff is going there to command the remnants of a fleet.

To a correspondent, who had sought to interview him a few days before I called, the Admiral had said: "I can not talk now but come to Port Arthur, and, after the first bombardment, I'll give you an interview." I explained to the Admiral that I did not want an interview—which consequently relieved me from the necessity of accompanying him to the Far East—but there was one point upon which I desired particularly to be informed, "Admiral Makarov," I said, "believed more in light swift cruisers and torpedo-boats than in battleships. In what type of ships do you place your faith?" "Battleships," was the prompt, laconic reply.

## (Continued from page 14)

right held by the Japanese pumped percussion after percussion into the earth, and dust rose to join the smoke.

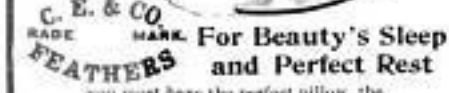
The conical fort was not the only Russian battery or the only object of Japanese fire. The outnumbering guns of the Japanese, so excellently manned, made the odds in this duel seem unfair. But as long as the enemy has a weapon in his hands and has not signalled his surrender, the business is to kill. War is the most unsportsmanlike of games.

Rarely were all the Japanese guns in action; there was no need of it. There were minutes when you heard a score of explosions; there were other minutes when you heard the talk of the reserves, who with rifles stacked rested on the slopes of the valley at your feet.

Intent on watching the guns, one forgot the direction where the hills hid the river—where the crossing, report said, had been made.

Sweeping casually the Russian side of the river with the naked eye, one saw something denser than a shadow that seemed to be moving. A look through the glasses, and the programme of the day's work was as clear as what had happened. On the Russian left (up the river) the bank rises in a precipitous rocky formation to a height of a thousand feet. At the base is a path and a line of sand left by the falling current. Stretching along this for a mile or more, like so many blue pencil marks on brown paper were the Japanese. Any Russians above them could have done more damage with tumbling boulders than with rifle-fire. The Japanese were under a shelf. They could be reached only by shooting straight down the stream, and had gun or rifle ventured this, they would have found no cover save the smoke of shrapnel from the batteries which would have sent them back. The crossing of the Yalu had been effected by a few rounds of musketry fire. The impregnable position of the enemy had become cover and protection for the Japanese advance.

That line kept breaking into sections, which scrambled up ravines to the heights and disappeared. That which meant most we had seen at simple route marching, and then we turned our attention to the guns, which fired whenever a mark showed itself. At three in the afternoon we saw our hill-climbers again—some of them. They had gone over the heights and were under cover of a knoll opposite Wiju. One may say that the Japanese guns, numerous, well-placed, withholding their fire till the great day, accomplished the crossing of the Yalu; one may say that the crossing was the result of a feint on the left and a movement on the right; one may say many things. The Japanese always intimated that they meant to cross below Wiju on the left. They had crossed above Wiju in the war with China. But the fords were uncertain and tortuous. We even heard of a magnificent, if not warlike, plan of building a pontoon under fire. This the centre guard,

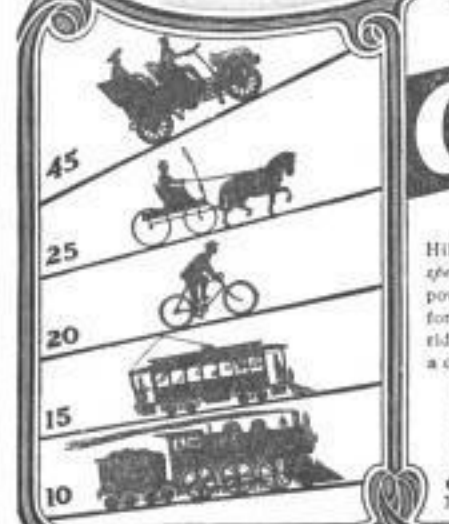


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Be sure our tag is on every pillow you buy and then you will know you have the best pillow and which is clean is guaranteed.

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**Write for it—it is FREE**  
It will also tell you how to secure **FREE** a beautiful decorated satin cushion cover, which we are giving to our customers. A postal will bring our booklet. Please give your dealer's name. Address your request to:  
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Our thousands of friends who use **Jell-O** will be glad to welcome our new product, **Jell-O Ice Cream Powder** for making Ice Cream. All ingredients in the package. Simply add a quart of milk (or milk and cream mixed) and freeze. No cooking or fussing. Four kinds: Vanilla, Chocolate, Strawberry and Unflavored. Grocers everywhere are placing it in stock. Send 25c. for two packages by mail. We also have a new flavor of **Jell-O**, Chocolate. It is simply delicious. too.

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We invite you to visit our Exhibit in the Agricultural Building, World's Fair, St. Louis.

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30 miles an hour with four passengers is easy  
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powerful, absolutely dependable, the Cadillac is  
unrivalled alike in performance and in cost.

range from \$50 for Model A Roadabout to \$800 for Model B Touring Car or Surrey. If you'll ask us, we'll be glad to send Booklet L—a complete exposition of Cadillac excellence. We'll also tell you the nearby agency where demonstrations are given—most Cadillacs are sold by being seen and tried.

Indispensable in camp—always useful in a boat. Keen enough to skin a deer—strong enough to split light wood—big enough to dig a rain brook. A camping kit in itself. 2½ inch grinders Swedish forged steel blades. Made for sportsmen who want a finely-tempered knife for all-round work. Folds when not in use, but catches those down on your hand. Sent postpaid for 75 cents. We have catalogues of Camp Objects or Yachting Supplies.

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L. C. HOPKINS & CO., 115 Chambers St., New York



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Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury. Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any liquid. No cartridges required. Over 10 shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c. Habber owned holster 5c. extra.

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We know that we have the best razor in the world. Not because it is an absolutely safe razor, but because it is the first and only razor that permits the correct sliding stroke on any part of the face; that will smoothly shave the toughest beard from the tenderest skin without the slightest pull or irritation.

### The Curley IDEAL Safety Razor



Is unconditionally guaranteed. Shave with it once, twice or a dozen times. If not perfectly satisfied—if it is not the best razor you ever used, return it within 30 days. We will refund the price and destroy the razor. Price \$2.00 postpaid. Extra blades (interchangeable) 15 cents each. Sold by responsible dealers. References by post mission to:

F. MARION CRAWFORD  
New York and Sorrento, Italy  
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Booklet No. 8, containing instructions on shaving, free.

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Weights only 2 ounces



The most gentle and genteel Suspender a man can wear.

Built on the principle of "GIVE AND TAKE."

Guaranteed—Satisfaction. A new pair, or your money back. 50c. and \$1.00 any store or by mail for choicest patterns from

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## Are You Chained To The Wash Tub

We can sever the chain



### FREE TRIAL

Whether a housekeeper does her own washing or not the worry and work connected with "Blue Monday" literally chain her to the wash-tub. Let us send you

## The "1900" BALL-BEARING FAMILY WASHER

There is a word which has possibly been used in every despatch sent from the front, and that is "precision." No word can take its place. Whether in the arrangement of transport or in the accuracy of gun-fire it expresses the work of this army. We who have seen manoeuvres where hitches if not blunders ever occur are prepared for greater ones in actual battle. The movement of the 29th of April on the banks of the Yalu was like a field manoeuvre (if you can imagine such a thing) where the troops had been taken over the positions beforehand, and every detail rehearsed with the care of a wedding ceremony. From the day that coolies were set to sawing bridge planks far to the rear, and the first outpost was placed and the first sod turned for a road or a gun position, the Japanese army seemed to know precisely what it had to do and just how it was going to do it. From the headquarters with its Japanese smile no information came, and the barrier to inquiry was ever that of Oriental politeness. The contention that a modern army can not keep its secrets and have correspondents in the field was made ridiculous by the Japanese success in this respect. It can never be used again to excuse military incompetency. The years of preparation for a set task made in Tokio (which might mean little in practice) became in application and execution as pattern-like as theory itself.

Of Kuroki, the man who directed operations on the spot, we have had occasional glimpses. He is sturdily built, sinewy, with no spare flesh, and has a clean-shaven square jaw, something like that of Grant. In the days of waiting, when no man knew where or how we were to cross or what forces the Russians had, and he alone knew all—quite all, staff officers knowing only each his part—one saw him walking by himself among the trees of the groves which he and his staff occupied, and again with a telescope on a prominence watching his own troops rather than the positions of the enemy—watching and smoking. One of his absolute prohibitions to the correspondents was the mention either of his name or of the place from which they wrote, for that would have told the location of headquarters.

Good Work of the Engineers

I have said that fortune favored him. I should have added that nature also favored him. The hills running toward the bluff, which descends sharply to the river, held valleys between their heights which were meant to mask an army's movements. And the Japanese engineers knew how best to make nature serve their purpose. They least of all, in an army which shirks no amount of tedious labor to gain an object, were inclined to spare any pains. Before the troops and the guns advanced, every point of the road where it might have been visible from the Russian side had been screened by fences of cornstalks and of young trees cut near their roots and set in the ground. Where the descent was at right angles to the river itself, aprons of grass and weeds had been hung. You could have driven a battery of artillery the length of the miles of hidden roadway freshly constructed without once showing it to the enemy.

Riding back from headquarters to camp, you left the army behind as abruptly as the walls of a town. Roads, screens, gun positions had served their purpose. The hillsides were swept clean of human occupation. No debris was left behind. There never is in the path of the Japanese. In Wiju, whose houses only the day before had held all the Japanese that could be packed on their floors, open windows and doorways stared at you. The quiet was as intense as the crack of a shrapnel is sharp.

Freight prepaid. No money or promise of any kind required. Use it for 30 days; then if you do not wish to purchase, return it at our expense. We pay the freight both ways. Unlike all other washers, the "1900" sends the water through the clothes and wrings them absolutely clean in six minutes with no wear or tear on the garments or the operator. Perfectly adjusted. Ball-bearings do the same for it as for the bicycle—make it work with little effort. IT IS ABSOLUTELY FREE TO YOU FOR 30 DAYS. Write today for full information and Catalogue.

"1900" WASHER CO., 125 F. Henry Street, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

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GO TO THE

## Inside Inn

The only hotel within the grounds, 2,257 rooms with and without baths. Dining-room seats 2,500 people. Absolute fire protection. Close to State Buildings and all chief attractions. Reservations made for any date to Dec. 1. Rates \$1.50 to \$5.50 European, \$3.00 to \$7.00 American plan. Address,

INSIDE INN, World's Fair Grounds  
ST. LOUIS

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These are regulation army goods; will accommodate 2 persons. Size 5 feet wide, 6 feet long, 4 feet high. Have been slightly used. Regular price \$4.00. Suitable for children's play-house, canoeing or camping. No poles.

Miners' Tents.—7x7 and 7 ft. high (absolutely new). Price complete, with poles, only \$3.75. A Tents, 5x7x5, 10 oz. duck, \$5.50. Express on receipt of price. Prices on larger sizes on application.

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Price Only \$3.50

Guaranteed equal to others costing \$8.00 and \$10.00. Catalogue of arms and camp goods on application.

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From its maturity, purity, flavor, quality,

is hospitality's charm. It is The American Gentleman's Whiskey.

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fully expecting to lose half their number, were to cross while the left made a lodgment for flanking purposes further down-stream. Correspondents were permitted to look at the lower part of the river all they pleased. The Russians may have also heard this fairy story. It is incredible to think that they believed.

This movement, like all others, resolved itself into the old essentials. There was less strategy than tactics. Why the islands up the river had been chosen for the point of crossing was plain enough when, from the tents of headquarters, on the evening of the 29th, I saw the bridges which had been built joining two islands across narrow and sluggish currents. Once arrived on the other bank, the storming party were not in a pocket, as they would have been below Wiju, but had safe breathing space under cover. They could go over in the night and be ready for work in the morning.

### Kuroki's Perfect Preparation

This crossing was used in the war with China, and now again in the war with Russia, because it was the strategically natural one. The simple principles of strategy must remain the same. Upon personnel and execution depend success. In the hour when the faculties are dazed with the mass of incident and the memory crowded with kaleidoscopic scenes, every fresh consideration brings a fresh tribute of praise to this feat of military workmanship. It is clear enough now why the general did not want us to see the ends of his lines, or whether the timbers and the planking for the bridges were borne after they disappeared behind the knolls following the military roads. His line was far shorter than any one had supposed. The river itself protected his flanks. Within a radius of ten miles his whole army was held ready to throw over the river in force, unwearying by marching. His success was his preparation. His fortune was the weather, which made the water in the Yalu low; which gave his gunners clear air; which gave his men dry ground to sleep on and dry clothes to sleep in.

There is a word which has possibly been used in every despatch sent from the front, and that is "precision." No word can take its place. Whether in the arrangement of transport or in the accuracy of gun-fire it expresses the work of this army. We who have seen manoeuvres where hitches if not blunders ever occur are prepared for greater ones in actual battle. The movement of the 29th of April on the banks of the Yalu was like a field manoeuvre (if you can imagine such a thing) where the troops had been taken over the positions beforehand, and every detail rehearsed with the care of a wedding ceremony. From the day that coolies were set to sawing bridge planks far to the rear, and the first outpost was placed and the first sod turned for a road or a gun position, the Japanese army seemed to know precisely what it had to do and just how it was going to do it. From the headquarters with its Japanese smile no information came, and the barrier to inquiry was ever that of Oriental politeness. The contention that a modern army can not keep its secrets and have correspondents in the field was made ridiculous by the Japanese success in this respect. It can never be used again to excuse military incompetency. The years of preparation for a set task made in Tokio (which might mean little in practice) became in application and execution as pattern-like as theory itself.

Of Kuroki, the man who directed operations on the spot, we have had occasional glimpses. He is sturdily built, sinewy, with no spare flesh, and has a clean-shaven square jaw, something like that of Grant. In the days of waiting, when no man knew where or how we were to cross or what forces the Russians had, and he alone knew all—quite all, staff officers knowing only each his part—one saw him walking by himself among the trees of the groves which he and his staff occupied, and again with a telescope on a prominence watching his own troops rather than the positions of the enemy—watching and smoking. One of his absolute prohibitions to the correspondents was the mention either of his name or of the place from which they wrote, for that would have told the location of headquarters.

### Good Work of the Engineers

I have said that fortune favored him. I should have added that nature also favored him. The hills running toward the bluff, which descends sharply to the river, held valleys between their heights which were meant to mask an army's movements. And the Japanese engineers knew how best to make nature serve their purpose. They least of all, in an army which shirks no amount of tedious labor to gain an object, were inclined to spare any pains. Before the troops and the guns advanced, every point of the road where it might have been visible from the Russian side had been screened by fences of cornstalks and of young trees cut near their roots and set in the ground. Where the descent was at right angles to the river itself, aprons of grass and weeds had been hung. You could have driven a battery of artillery the length of the miles of hidden roadway freshly constructed without once showing it to the enemy.

Riding back from headquarters to camp, you left the army behind as abruptly as the walls of a town. Roads, screens, gun positions had served their purpose. The hillsides were swept clean of human occupation. No debris was left behind. There never is in the path of the Japanese. In Wiju, whose houses only the day before had held all the Japanese that could be packed on their floors, open windows and doorways stared at you. The quiet was as intense as the crack of a shrapnel is sharp.

A FEW weeks ago a man said to me: "Send me one hundred of Panetela Cigars. I want the smoke on the golf links and on the doors."

I saw him yesterday morning on a golf course. As he was cutting off the end of his cigar, he turned around and saw me—said "Good morning," and added, "I owe you an apology. This is one of your cigars and is the best I know for steady smoking."

My reply was, "If you will give me your photograph and say that over your signature, on your business letterhead, you will place me under everlasting obligations."

Of course he declined to do so.

This man's business is known wherever civilized men live in the world. He is rich, cultured, and traveled. He lives in a beautiful home, has horses, coachman, and gardeners.

A mutual friend, who knows him well, tells me that he never before knew of him having other than a genuine imported cigar in his house. I wish I dared print his name—without it the story may sound "fishy." It is true, nevertheless.

I find that most of my customers are men who have been paying from \$8 to \$15 per hundred for their cigars, and men who can afford to pay these prices and would, if they didn't get better cigars from me for less money.

Please bear in mind that I do not retail cigars, nor send samples. If you will come to my factory I shall be glad to have you smoke all you will. It costs more to prepare a quarter's worth of cigars for shipment than it does to tie up one hundred; but I do sell at wholesale prices (and there is a wide margin between wholesale and retail prices in cigars), by the hundred, the entire product of my factory direct to the smoker.

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# COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1904

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NOMINATED FOR PRESIDENT AT THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION, CHICAGO, JUNE 23





**W**HY IS MR. ROOSEVELT not only one of our most useful statesmen, but also our most popular and successful politician? Few men in American public life who are so moral in their political methods succeed so brilliantly in the game of politics. The explanation is to be found largely in the President's humanity. He is the active, healthy, honorable American on an enlarged scale. He is not different. He is only larger. Therefore what he does is instinctively understood and approved by this average honest American. The President does not need to put his ear to the ground very often, because by merely following his own nature he follows and leads the country. The German Emperor is a twelfth-rate poet, it has been said, "but because he is a poet at all he knocks to pieces all the first-rate politicians in the war of politics." Poet, in the sense of this quotation, means little more than a man with a full stock

OUR LEADING  
POLITICIAN

of emotions which enable him to comprehend without effort the emotions of other men. "There is one Greek word for 'I do' from which we get the word practical, and another Greek word for 'I do' from which we get the word poet. . . . The two words practical and poetical may mean two subtly different things in that old and subtle language, but they mean the same in English and the same in the long run." To respond to general passions and aspirations, to have the feelings of humanity in all your nerves, is a help and not a hindrance to being practical. We sometimes speak as if a cold, calculating gamester were most likely to succeed in the intricacies of political warfare. It is not true. Nothing helps the President more in popularity than the dash and sincerity of his impulses. He writes a book, reads a book, runs a ranch, works as deputy sheriff, begins his political record in the New York Assembly, goes to Cuba, or fills the Presidency with the same ardent reality, and therefore, primarily, do the people love him.

**W**HEN MR. KNOX WAS CHOSEN to succeed QUAY, there was much rejoicing because of the improvement in Pennsylvania representation, but there was naturally much jeering among the more impetuous busters of the trusts. What Mr. Knox said, that as the President was the real mover against the illegal combinations, a change in his Attorney-General would make small difference, was true. Mr. ROOSEVELT's attitude toward illegal and immoral wealth is judged by the people to be sincere, as it is; and that belief of the people represents the greatest strength of the Republican position in this campaign, for it leaves the Democrats no station of vantage for attack. "The conscienceless stock speculator," says the President, "who acquires wealth by swindling his fellows, by debauching judges and

REPUBLICAN  
VANTAGE  
GROUND

corrupting legislatures, and who ends his days with the reputation of being among the richest men in America, exerts over the minds of the rising generation an influence worse than that of the average murderer or bandit, because his career is even more dazzling in its success." The people believe the President when he says that, and they like to see him, in the next paragraph, speak with equal severity of the "professional labor agitator, with all his reckless incendiarism of speech," and of "the narrow, hard, selfish merchant or manufacturer who deliberately sets himself to keep the laborers he employs in a condition of dependence which will render them helpless to combine against him." Equally a foe to liberty is the man who, as Mr. ROOSEVELT declares, "to catch votes denounces the judiciary and the military because they put down mobs." In their candidate, therefore, we say, the Republicans enter this campaign extremely strong. The various declarations of their platform are of minor consequence.

**W**HEN THEY MEET AT ST. LOUIS the Democratic delegates will have a momentous choice to make. They will hardly hope to win a victory this fall, although they may hope to reduce the Republican ascendancy at Washington. Just three men, we believe, might give to the Republicans something not unlike a scare. Of these three, Mr. FOLK would, we believe, do just what he has said he would do. He would refuse the nomination if it were made, to carry on the work cut out for him in Missouri. Mr. CLEVELAND is hardly likely to have the nomination forced upon him, so bitter is the radical opposition. The nomination of JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS is not likely, although it is possible; for, in spite of all the progress we have made since the Spanish war away from sectional animosity, distrust, and jealousy, there is a singularly

LAST WORDS  
TO THE  
DEMOCRATS

strong prejudice remaining in the North against trusting the Presidency in Southern hands. Moreover, both parties are unduly influenced by the State in which a candidate resides. They figure like so many small mathematicians. They undervalue the general waves of sentiment that extend across the country, and make too much of what is subject to calculation. Putting aside these three, we do not see where the Democrats will find the man to frighten the Republicans. They may, with some man like PARKER, keep the party in respectable condition for the future. They might accomplish that, perhaps, with some darker horse like OLNEY, McCLELLAN, or GRAY. We can hardly believe they are demoralized enough to make any compromise in the ticket or the platform with the Popocrats. "Government paper" and "bi-metallism" are two large branches of the structure of which Mr. BRYAN in his latest utterances is crying, "Woodman, spare that tree." He is still talking about "gold bugs." His threats against the integrity of the courts are sharp and clear. He is honest, as men go, and not a demagogue, like the present noisy tail of the Popocracy, but he has made certain lost issues a part of his personal career, and therefore the Democracy can not safely be influenced by him. The future of the party demands a victory at St. Louis, and not a compromise.

**N**O PEOPLE ARE MORE RELIGIOUS than the Russians; at least no people of the West, no people professing Christianity. The Greek Church has a powerful hold upon the peasants and even upon the other classes. Christianity is taken with little dogma, with intense simplicity, as the law of living. A great teacher with the messages of CHRIST would find nowhere in the world to-day a fitter or more devoted hearer than the Russian peasant. In Japan, on the other hand, no religion has great seriousness. Her leading citizens are willing to become Christians, since Christianity is the religion of the military and commercial powers among whom Japan is now busily establishing her right to be included. Shintoism and Buddhism are still somewhat diffused, but their influence is not enough to make Japan essentially a religious country. This difference is characteristic of the two peoples, one spiritual and almost mediæval, the other adaptable and aggressively modern. The Japanese character contains no ingredient of mysticism, as the Russian does. It is, in its present development, worldly and practical to the last degree. Religious revolutions, it has often been remarked, always begin with the lowest classes. In other words, religion never becomes a real power in a country except when it appeals to the ordinary people. Christianity is making some progress in Japan among the educated. In Russia it is very strong among the ignorant. It probably, therefore, will never be any more than a form in Japan, and will long be a great force in Russia.

CHRISTIANITY  
IN TWO  
COUNTRIES

**A**LL OF US CAN LEARN our own private lessons from the flood of information about the Orient which is being poured in upon us since the war began. Or, if we can not exactly learn our lessons, we can get new lights with which to puzzle ourselves. Most Americans past youth have some digestive trouble to occupy a portion of their thoughts. Constantly food is a topic of absorbing interest. Big meals and little meals, few meals and many meals, are advised, and just now elaborate chewing of limited material is a gospel. On the topic of water, which has been prominent in this country, and on the topic of meat, the Japanese contributions are of interest. As the Japanese are now admitted to be among the healthiest and strongest people, we naturally become attentive to their habits. The common people eat little save steamed or boiled rice, and the richer eat rice, fish, eggs, vegetables, and fruit. Little meat is eaten and few stimulants used save weak tea. The average Japanese is said to drink a gallon of water daily. We can not take the habits of one climate without modification as suitable to another, but on some points the Japanese practice what our doctors preach. They put great stress, for instance, on the deep breathing of fresh air, and such breathing is a part of ordinary training. They give much attention to exercise. Of the diet part of their regimen it may be true that it strengthens them rather by avoiding errors than by its superiority to meat. It is simple and regular. Eating is not treated as an amusement. Cooking is not based upon the desire to divert the palate. Rules of hygiene seem to be actually acceptable to the Japanese, and this difference of spirit in carrying out the rules of health is, we imagine, greater than any difference of opinion among medical

HOMELY LESSONS FROM  
JAPAN





men in the two countries about what is best. The Japanese have no symptoms of degeneracy. The way they go to work to make themselves physically effective is somewhat reminiscent of the ancient Spartans. Will they be able to eat and drink only to live, after they have been long in contact with the West, and have become a great manufacturing nation, with vast private fortunes? Luxury is a habit that is easily acquired.

**WORK AS A GOSPEL** has had a modern vogue, from FRANKLIN and CARLYLE to President ELIOT and Mr. RUSSELL SAGE. Where this gospel began, it were rash to say. According to LAMB, the person who invented work, and thus bound the spirit of rejoicing, was Sabbathless Satan. Satan not only fails to rest on Sunday, but he never takes a two weeks' vacation in the summer, and in this his example is followed by a distinguished American financier who has of late been lecturing the American people. If anybody is fitted to render work odious, the person so endowed is Mr. SAGE. His parsimony has become a byword. His utter deadness to everything but the routine of his desk is an awful parody of beneficent labor. He thinks it immoral for a clerk to take a vacation. That functionary should be so happy over the opportunity to work at all that he should rather offer to work for no pay than to accept pay during two weeks of idleness. Fortunately, the country is too civil-

**VACATION** ized to need answers to such enormities. We may rejoice that the old business machine type is wellnigh extinct. SAGE and ROCKEFELLER are in spirit less typical of to-day than of a day that is past. In our own youth we knew men who deemed slavish labor moral or valuable in itself, like kindness, intelligence, or happiness. To-day we happen to know none so benighted. "Poverty," said old BURTON, "is an odious calling." Men work to get out of it. He who works for money beyond his needs and ideals is mentally enslaved. The lower the animal the more exclusively is it devoted to the labor of subsistence. Those who know the highest happiness in work are those who know the highest happiness in leisure and in play. No nature can be noble which is unable to enjoy those vacations which Uncle RUSSELL so heartily despises. We should publish, with delight, could we procure it, Mr. SAGE's criticism of "The Song of the Shirt."

**AT FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA**, there is soon to be erected a monument to the great democrat of Norway, BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSEN. There are nearly three million Scandinavians in this country, and they have claimed the Northwest, of which Fargo is a centre. The northern part of Michigan, a very large part of Wisconsin, all of Minnesota, much of Iowa, and practically all of the Dakotas were settled by Scandinavians—Norwegians and Swedes. The Norwegians in this country look upon BJÖRNSEN as their ideal. In many a humble home in the Northwestern territory, where Ole and Katrina have set up a little hut in a forty-acre break on the side of some rough hill, the picture of BJÖRNSEN hangs on the wall opposite to the woodcut of either WASHINGTON or LINCOLN, and not infrequently BJÖRNSEN's plays and the Bible are the only books on the bookshelf, and the contents of his books are not unknown to the inmates. This is but an echo of the enthusiasm felt across the water. When BJÖRNSEN reached his seventieth birthday, a year and a half ago, there was a national celebration, not in Norway alone, but all over Scandinavia. It has been said that his name means as much as the Norwegian

**A PROPER MONUMENT**

flag. His statue, with one of ISEN, stands before the National Theatre in Christiania, and it is rather singular that BJÖRNSEN and ISEN, the two prophets of Norway and Sweden, are both dramatists. They are of very different schools and temperaments, however, BJÖRNSEN being as buoyant as ISEN is grim. BJÖRNSEN is the greatest citizen of Norway to-day. He is a leader of the common people and their idol. He is a great preacher and a great teacher, and his principles are all democratic. He is developing Norway as no king has ever done before him, and he is developing it on the line of thought, rather than on the line of military strength and aggrandizement. What Democracy means abroad is partly indicated by the fact that until recently his play, "Beyond Human Power," was kept off the stage in autocratic European governments by the censor for fifteen years. It is significant and commendable that in the heart of our great Northwestern territory there should be erected a monument to this leader and apostle of the people while he is yet living. These Scandinavians of the Northwest make splendid citizens; thrifty, sober, industrious, and conscientious. Their native prophet, who can inspire them to live in our land, and with our ideals, is a man whom we may well honor.

**ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO**, on July 4, 1804, the greatest of American novelists was born. His fame since his death has become ever wider and stronger, and now, in various places connected with his life, particularly in Salem and in Concord, we are holding celebrations of his genius. Concord, by having this date for her HAWTHORNE celebration, connects literary glory with the glory of the nation. Salem, by inviting Englishmen to participate, reminds us that HAWTHORNE is not only the highest reach of fiction in America, but one of the very first novelists who have written in the English language. Although the very soul of New England was in his writings, he needs no historic interest to assure his place. His art is sufficient—the perfectness of his style, the charm of his romance. "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of the Seven Gables" are the only two American novels which have been placed by the criticism of time on a level with the best work of FIELDING, SCOTT, and THACKERAY. Indeed, to speak only of the dead, America has produced no novelist at all, of permanently high reputation, outside of HAWTHORNE and COOPER. COOPER will always live, for the stories that he told, but as an artist he means little. POE, and after him BRET HARTE, are safe among the masters of the short story. HOLMES wrote one famous novel, which is quite overshadowed by his other work. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will always be more important as a document of history than as a piece of literature. It is rather striking that in a century so notable for the expansion of the novel, but one really great novelist should have been born upon our side of the ocean, and it is striking also that the one unmistakably great novelist should have been so profoundly romantic in a century of realism.

**HAWTHORNE CENTENARY**

**JULY FOURTH STILL LEADS US** to thoughts of Independence, its meaning and its worth. Fourth of July oratory is slightly on the wane, although men with resounding voices even now please crowds by gas-blown phrases. The firecracker is with us, as of yore. An occasional war is declared upon it, but it may last as long as the mosquito. As the Fourth approaches we have set our own docile intelligence tramping once more around the figure of Divinest Liberty. We can not do an ode, or any style of appreciation beginning with Hail to Thee. Yet we reflect upon Freedom with emotion. We are not always certain what it means. Historically, for us, it meant the right to have our taxes assessed by Irishmen who had come to this country to live. To our friends the Socialists it means the right to oppress individuals into gray uniformity. To some villagers it means the right to prevent Germans from drinking beer on Sundays. To a boy it may mean the right to stay away from school, or to a man the privilege of doing that to which he is directed by his wife. Seriously, the question which the day is most likely to stir in thoughtful minds relates to popular government and its success. Popular government need not mean the same as freedom. An American, arguing with an English philosopher about the unlimited right of the majority to rule, said that if the majority were to pass a law directing what food he should eat, he would obey. He thought he was upholding free institutions. The philosopher had rather the best of it, when, in his heavy philosophic way, he supposed that his American friend would admit that had he been a negro, and had a planter who bought him and set him to work happened to have his plantation confiscated by the Government, and had the Government, carrying on the planter's business, made him, the negro, work under the lash as before, his slavery would be but slightly mitigated by the thought that instead of being coerced by an individual he was now coerced by the nation. If he is forced to wear clothes of a color preferred not by him, but by the majority, the individual is not free. Some think that liberty in this land of the free is not served by the ownership of Senators by corporations, or by the illegal rebates obtained by great corporations, or by the omnipresent boss. However, in this editorial we are not going to talk politics, and we think that, on the whole, our people are as happy and as free in their pursuit of happiness as any people have ever been. Therefore we willingly ignite the deafening cannon cracker and snap the murderous toy pistol. Here's to Liberty. Our own private muse falters, and we turn to COWPER to observe, that, taking liberty in its deepest and most spiritual sense,

**THE DAY WE CELEBRATE**

"'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower  
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;  
And we are weeds without it."





## ROOSEVELT AND FAIRBANKS

THE Thirteenth National Convention of the Republican Party, which met in Chicago on June 21 and adjourned on June 23, was one of the most remarkable political gatherings in our history. Its whole task was predetermined, and its dominant note was quiet confidence of victory and utmost trust in its national leadership. Never before has there been such party unanimity on the issues and the man. Yet it was a quiet assembly. Republican National Conventions are indeed getting to be tame affairs; since 1888 there has not been one whose choice for President, the most important object of these gatherings, was not known weeks and months before the event. The result has been dignified, quiet Conventions. Unanimity deadens enthusiasm. Only a clear victory won right on the scene itself can bring out the utter riot of cheers. Such a victory means a fight, and there is more heroic yelling power in a gathering where just a little less than half of its membership sit heartsore and crushed under defeat than there is when all are of one resolute mind and purpose.

Theodore Roosevelt has been the choice of party and people for months and months. The moment he tore the coal question from the clutches of the miserable squabblers on both sides, and commanded them to "Mine coal" and relieve the suffering nation and settle their row by judicial proceedings, he cemented to himself the affection and loyalty of the vast mass of the nation. So the delegates came to Chicago instructed not only by the caucuses but by the people. Many of these delegates cared little for Roosevelt. They were machine politicians who, no matter who was the nominee, were pretty certain to represent the party there. Some of them hated him for the very reasons that made him popular. Yet back of them stood the people, who more and more are becoming the absolute dictators. Not even the poor boon of the Vice-Presidential nomination was vouchsafed to speculation. And the platform followed the lines of greatest expectation. The whole affair was a sort of apotheosis of foregone conclusion. It is far better so. Far better that the wishes and will of the people should be so clearly expressed that nothing important is left to the trickery and sophistry of a huge Convention. The event thus loses much in pyrotechnics, surprises and delirium, but it gains vastly in dignity, honesty and truth.

The Coliseum, in which the Convention was held, is an ideal place, just as Chicago is an ideal city. There is no "Wigwain" or temporary nuisance and agony in it,—it is composed of stone and brick and iron and steel, and will be there for ages. It was simply and beautifully decorated, and the scene was truly inspiring. In the opening scenes there were cheers and shouts for well-known leaders, especially this time for Senator Fairbanks, upon whose willing but coy brow the laurel of the Vice-Presidential nomination was to be laid. Henry C. Payne of Wisconsin, Acting Chairman of the National Committee and last of the old guard of politicians in control of the campaign, called the Convention to order and introduced Elihu Root, former Secretary of War, as temporary Chairman. Mr. Root's address was strong and telling, but it was hardly up to the standard he has set in recent remarkable and great speeches, and on that account was disappointing. And, like almost every other speaker, Mr. Root could not be heard excepting in the front rows. There is nothing more pitiable about a great Convention than the sight of the spectators not auditors who sit far back in galleries, leaning forward anxiously for a time to

catch a word here and there and at length settling back in their seats in despair, watching out of listless eyes or with contempt the dumb show on the platform. I am in favor of having the Honorable John M. Thurston of Nebraska make all the speeches at all the National Conventions. His speeches at St. Louis in 1896 and at Philadelphia in 1900 will never be forgotten, because of the great deep tones which with perfect enunciation were borne to every part of the vast buildings. Thousands will ever bless his voice.

The second day's proceedings were more interesting. The hall was again filled to hear Uncle Joe Cannon of Illinois. He was chosen permanent Chairman because of his popularity and ability with the gavel. Thousands of Chicago people heard him then for the first time. His speech was a commonplace partisan harangue suited to a not high level of intelligence, but brightened here and there with flashes of that wit and homely language

rapid-fire utterance, zeal, and intelligence gave him instant recognition. Senator Hopkins of Illinois and General Bingham defended the Rules Committee in plausible addresses, taking the ground that Hawaii's population did not entitle it to more delegates than the dependencies like Porto Rico and the Philippines.

Other brief speeches followed, and the Rules Committee was sustained by the remarkably close vote of 457 to 490. Thus the first roll-call and ripple of the staid Convention and the first great outburst of applause was caused by our tiny island Territory in the great Occidental sea.

The real basis for that decision undoubtedly was a fixed determination on the part of the great leaders to continue the mainland as the seat of political power. In the ordinary old style convention a discussion of a Territory's representation would have been a trivial incident. Here it was not only a refreshing diversion, but an important matter revealing a fixed principle. After the reading of the report of the Resolutions Committee by Senator Lodge of Massachusetts and the adoption of the platform came a most dramatic incident. The despatch sent by Secretary Hay to our Consul at Tangier: "We want either Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead," was read in a magnificent manner by a clerk, and the whole audience leaped to its feet with a wild yell followed by prolonged shouting. It was the voice of militant, strenuous Americanism which dares defend and even fight for American rights anywhere. And it showed the red blood of John Hay as well as of Theodore Roosevelt.

The last day was devoted wholly to nomination oratory. It was a severe test for orators, since the day was hot and the list of speakers was unconscionably long. The nominating address for President by ex-Governor Black of New York was epigrammatic and ornate. That of Senator Beveridge, who made the first seconding speech, was excellent, although a trifle over-rhetorical for the occasion. Indeed, the soporific dominated in the addresses, and the big audience wearied of it. The best speaker of the day was George A. Knight of California. He had terse, meaty, sense-bearing phrases, and his magnificent voice reached every man in the great hall. His first words, "Gentlemen of the Convention," brought ringing cheers from the straining audience. His next sentence was interrupted by a voice from a remote gallery, "Not so loud," and everybody, including Mr. Knight, roared with might. Mr. Knight should stand hereafter with Mr. Thurston in voice attainment. And his speech as a whole was a really great effort—by far the finest of the entire Convention.

The scene when ex-Governor Black finished was the usual thrilling one of all National Conventions. It revealed that there was genuine enthusiasm there, although it did not approach in dramatic effect the scene at the Philadelphia Convention four years ago, when Senator Hanna rushed to the front of the platform with huge flags in his arms and called for men and more cheers for the nominee. But those cheers were for two men, McKinley and Hanna, whose united like we may never see again. But, to repeat, mere enthusiasm does not indicate strength. The Bryan frenzy of 1896 is an example, and I remember the Populist Convention at Omaha in 1892, when the delegates cheered for thirty minutes. Not for a nomination—for a platform.

To return to the Convention. The nomination of Senator Fairbanks for Vice-President by acclamation could not bring out the cheers it deserved. Mr. Fair-



Senator Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana,  
Republican Nominee for Vice-President

which have made him the centre of the country's amused and applauding attention for the past eighteen months. His old-fashioned gestures, the ludicrous way he teters across the platform, carry out well the impression of his language and make a hit on any platform.

The report of the Committee on Credentials came next, seating the Stalwart or anti-La Follette delegates from Wisconsin. Then came the report of the Committee on Rules, which developed the first unscheduled event of the meet. General H. H. Bingham, Representative from Pennsylvania, read that report which gave Hawaii but two votes in the Convention instead of six, which were included in the call of the National Committee. Senator Foraker of Ohio offered an amendment giving that Territory six votes like the other Territories. Governor Carter of Hawaii made a thrilling and impassioned plea for recognition of his people. This was his first appearance on a national stage, and his



Senator Foraker introducing a  
friend to Gov. Herrick of Ohio



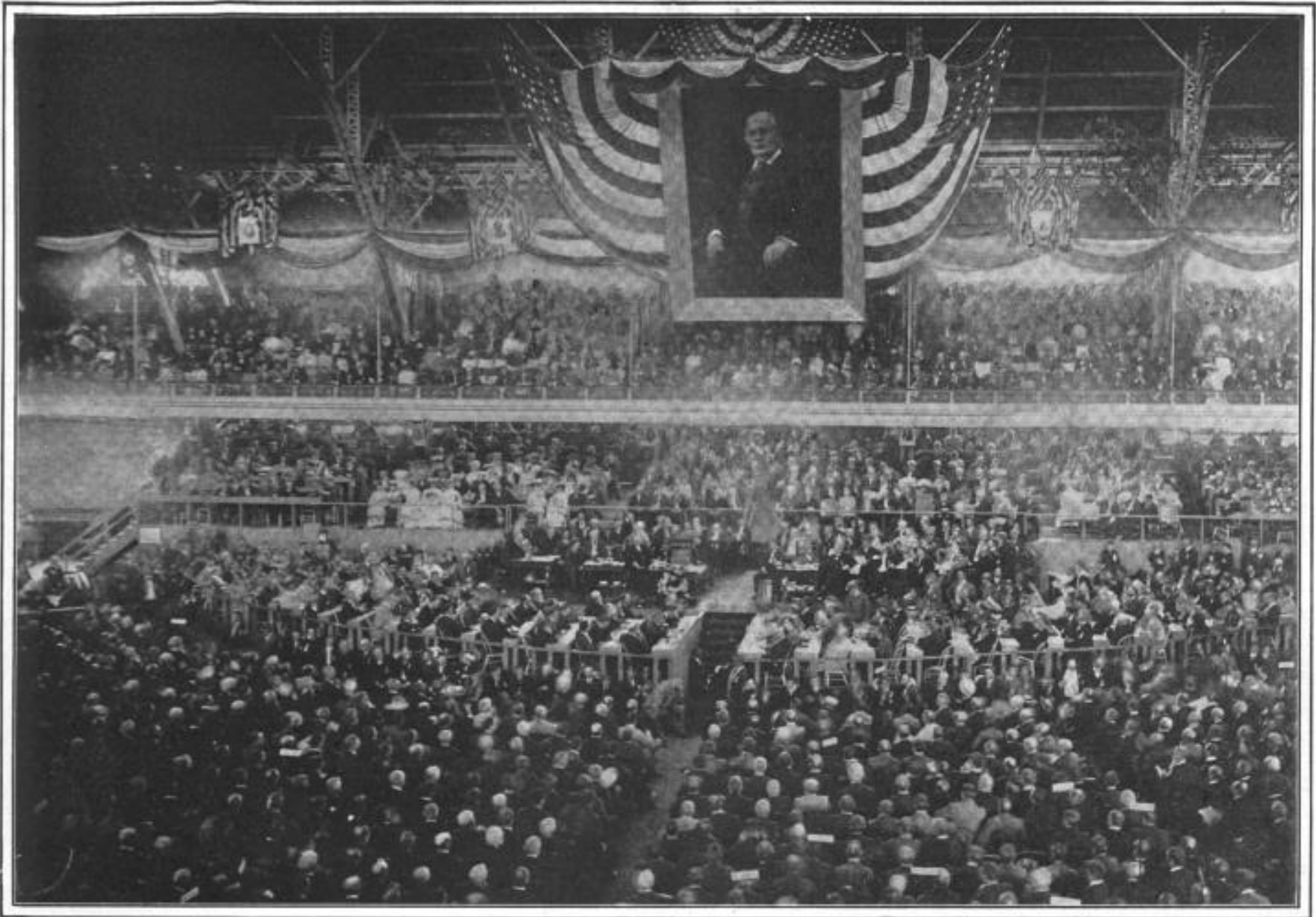
Senator Cullom of Illinois, Chauncey M.  
Depew of New York, and Speaker Cannon



Cornelius N. Bliss of New York  
and Senator Spooner of Wisconsin

EMINENT REPUBLICANS GATHERED AT THE CHICAGO CONVENTION





OPENING OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION IN THE COLISEUM, CHICAGO, JUNE 21

banks is a high-grade man and far above the average of Vice-Presidential nominees, but the effects of bromide rather than those of champagne naturally accompanied the nomination of such a conservative, sedate man. The speeches by Senators Dolliver, Depew, and Foraker were excellent and thoroughly appreciated by the tired crowd, and so the work was done.

Not in the Coliseum, however, were the unsettled problems of the Convention worked out. The important contests occurred elsewhere. They were three in number; the tariff fight in the Committee on Resolutions, the contest over the Wisconsin delegation before the National Committee, and the selection of George B. Cortelyou for chairman of that committee.

A year or two ago the tariff revision idea seemed likely to sweep the party; and it was freely predicted that this Convention would "About-face" on the tariff. But the intensity of the party's protection sentiment became evident as the time for the Convention drew nigh. This high-tariff momentum is too powerful to be withstood, and those delegates who tried to secure any definite step toward revision must feel that their labors were in vain. The "squint toward revision" is so faint that it is imperceptible.

The warfare against Cortelyou had many elements of superficial wisdom, for managing a political campaign is not a novice's task. But Mr. Cortelyou is not a novice in governmental affairs or with politicians, and his quiet reserve force must make him an effective leader. Besides, as President Mellen, of the Consolidated Railroad, said, "The President has more at issue in this campaign than any one else, and the decision of a campaign manager must be left to the man most deeply concerned."

The Wisconsin contest was really the most conspicuous and sensational feature of the Convention, and the report of the Credentials Committee showed that Wisconsin is not the only State where the party is openly split. Indeed, the prevalence of State contests is one of the striking facts of the political situation, and one of the few features menacing Republican success.

This is in marked contrast to the situation four years ago, when Senator Lodge, in his speech as Chairman of the Philadelphia Convention, declared that since the organization of the party such harmony in the various States had not existed. Now the party is quarreling from California to New York. Evidently the President's leadership has not been able to compass the abolition of factionalism. This is indeed a serious situation and will require all of Mr. Cortelyou's power to right it. That so stanch and rock-ribbed a State as Wisconsin should be involved in disputes of so bitter a sort as to estrange families and put the electoral vote in jeopardy is amazing. The National Committee threw out with scant courtesy the delegation headed by Governor La Follette and admitted the Spooner faction, and the Credentials Committee with even scant ceremony took the same action. It is impossible to know which side is right, and it is a proof of some one's bad blundering that a choice had to be made at all. Salisbury said of the Congress of Berlin, many years afterward, "England laid her money

on the wrong horse," and if the Republicans made such a blunder its consequences may be vital. Governor La Follette is one of the most brilliant and sincere leaders and able politicians in the party and Senator Spooner is one of our foremost statesmen. Their quarrel is a calamity to the party, but a source of excitement and sensationalism to the whole country. Indeed, at Chicago it was the "scare head" feature in all the dailies, and at every street corner newsboys hawked out each new chapter in the fray. On Wisconsin this year will be focused the eye political of the nation.

The platform adopted is unusually strong and clear, evincing the superior workmanship and clever phraseology of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, one of the sturdiest fighters and keenest students of affairs in this country. His close relations to the President make it presumable that this platform fully represents the President's views.

Senator Foraker made one rather remarkable statement—viz., that the Republican party had never constructed a platform that it would change to-day. This is rather extravagant and is not even complimentary, for

certainly a successful party must change with the times; but undoubtedly there has been a wonderful consistency between the various Republican platforms. This one has, however, a new plank which may bulk large into national prominence some day. It pledges the party for the first time to investigate the alleged discriminations against the Southern negro in his elective franchise, and, if the reports are found true, to reduce the representation of these Southern States in the Electoral College. This means that the Republican party has given up trying to carry Southern States, will reject the protests of the white Republicans of these States who wish the question let alone, and will cut down the Democratic electoral vote to the extent of the discrimination, "as directed by the Constitution of the United States." This marks an epoch in political history.

Only one plank in the platform is vague and evasive—that relating to trusts. The fact is, not only is the Republican party a mite cautious about offending the trusts, but its leaders wisely recognize that nobody is clear as to just what should be done with them. All men are equally in the dark, and the party has determined to say nothing positive in as graceful a manner as possible. The trust problem certainly has the thoughtful people of to-day guessing. And so the campaign is opened, the Convention is over, and spellbinding will soon begin. What a fascination politics has for the true American! He lives it and breathes it from the day of his birth. Roscoe Conkling used to say, "The public is more interested in baseball and politics than in the second coming of the Messiah."

From what various classes these delegates and visitors were drawn! I looked over that Convention and saw, packed and perspiring in their seats, waving their hats and flags and dancing with excitement and delirium, grave millionaires who at home or in their daily lives would not so excite themselves in a year or suffer their dignity to be disturbed so ruthlessly. No possible interest that they can have in these Conventions can be worth this bear-dancing. Even the Populists will admit that the trust magnates need not come on to the Convention and suffer so in order to secure the enforcement of their demands. Men from California, Massachusetts, and other remote regions went to Chicago, paying out money they could not really afford, all for the love and zest of the political game. When they arrive at home they call themselves fools, just as the golfer does in mid-January when he thinks of his wasted summer; but when the autumn comes and the campaign cry resounds from every stump they will go, after some mild protests, to hear the gospel expounded; they will talk it unceasingly at their firesides, and they will at length take their humble or high part in exercising their political rights. And on that November night they will gather in clubs in the cities, or in the railroad stations in the country, to listen to the magical click of the wire, that they may know and carry home in the early hours of the morning to their waiting households the glorious news that the country is saved again.



Congressman Sereno E. Payne of New York

FRANK B. TRACY.





# THE COMING DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

By FRED A. EMERY



Grover Cleveland  
Of New Jersey  
COPYRIGHT 1904 BY GAY & SANCHEZ



Alton B. Parker  
Of New York  
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Joseph W. Folk  
Of Missouri



Richard Olney  
Of Massachusetts



Francis M. Cockrell  
Of Missouri

THE race for the Presidential nomination at the National Democratic Convention at St. Louis will be a matching of the steel of the party. It will be a fight between the favorite and the field, and there will be a vast deal of "jockeying" for first honors. No candidate for the party honors has acquired in advance even an approximate assurance of the full meed of voting strength required to carry him to victory. St. Louis will be an arena of slate combinations and a scene of the signature of peace concordats between powerful and minor wings. While two names stand out in relief in all the ante-convention calculations—the one seriously and fixedly, the other more in the light of a powerful factor in effecting combinations of voting strength—the political prophets, the wise men of the Democratic fold who separate the wheat from the chaff and who know the inside workings of the various groups of interests throughout the land, are figuring on the possibility of some outside aspirant forging to the front and carrying off the pennant at the last moment. This is the ever-present spectre that stalks the haunts of the President-makers. Strangely enough, the question of Vice-

President has not figured at all, and no name has so far been seriously brought out. The political factotums have been too busy tinkering with Presidential timber, and the tail end of the ticket will hinge on the geographical location of the Presidential nominee's habitat. If an Eastern man is chosen for the higher nomination, a Westerner is apt to land in the lower place. What is needed at this end of the ticket is the "bar," the political vernacular for a man of good party standing who is well off in the world's goods and willing to contribute liberally to defray the campaign expenses. For this reason, Marshall Field of Chicago has been mentioned in this connection. It is felt that this office should go to a debatable State like Illinois or Indiana, both of which States have a plenitude of possibilities in Vice-Presidential timber.

What the net results of the gathering will be has been "anybody's guess." No one has assumed to positively forecast its action. The Republican nominee and the Republican platform had been safely discounted far in advance of the assemblage of the Republican clans. There was then but one nominee contemplated, and there was no division of view as to the statement of party tenets. The Democratic conditions have been in sharp contrast. No man without supernatural endowments of nature could foretell, with any degree of positiveness, the nature of the final conclusions of the St. Louis convention. The fight in New York State between the Tammany organization and the up-State politicians back of the Justice to whom the State is pledged; the threatened anti-Parker combination that loomed on the horizon in the East; the dominance of that powerful Democratic boss, Senator Gorman of Maryland, over a material quarter-section of coveted territory; the dalliance of the Pennsylvania power with sub-surface interests; the internecine strife in Illinois with the overthrow of the cohorts of Mayor Carter H. Harrison of Chicago, and the attitude of the former Presidential nominee, William J. Bryan of Nebraska, who has held his forces in leash while flirting with the Hearst followers: these and other important conditions bade fair to smash any slates made in advance.

The convention will meet July 6, a date chosen in order to follow a time-honored custom of waiting until the party in power has met, made its choice, folded its tents, and, like the proverbial Arab, has stolen away. The interval affords time for study of the fruits of the opposite party's work, and gives an opportunity to the Democrats to meet the issue, to assail the Republican position, and to form the alignment for the fray in November.

There will be 996 delegates occupying seats in the great Coliseum building. This is based on the apportionment of double the representation in Congress, except as to the Territories, which are accorded six votes each and Porto Rico two votes. At the Republican convention a vote of the majority of the delegates wins the day. It is different with the Democratic party, for under their form of popular organization the vote of two-thirds of the delegates is necessary for the choice. This is the great handicap that confronts the Democratic candidate, and but for which

Judge Parker of New York in all probability could carry his banner to victory. It makes 664 the vote necessary for nomination. In other words, any combination that could muster 332 votes could defeat the candidate for the nomination.

Of the total votes "instructed" by State conventions (together with the primary instructions in Florida)—numbering 448 in all—up to within a little over two weeks before the convention, 216 votes were for Parker and 174 for Hearst. These instructed votes follow:

Parker—New York 78, Georgia 26, Indiana 30, Tennessee 24, Connecticut 14, Alaska 6, Arkansas 18, Mississippi 20.

Hearst—Illinois 54, Iowa 26, California 20, Arizona 6, Nevada 6, New Mexico 6, Oregon 8, Rhode Island 8, South Dakota 8, Washington 10, Wyoming 6, Hawaii 6, Idaho 6, Florida 4.

The other instructions were: Olney, Massachusetts 32; Wall, Wisconsin 26. Total instructed vote, 448. Total uninstructed vote, 548.

To-day the surface indications primarily point to Alton B. Parker, with William Randolph Hearst as the open contender, and Gorman and Cleveland and Harmon and Olney and McClellan holding themselves in reserve and keeping a weather eye out on the main chance. The two first named are the men who have led in the race, who have announced their candidacy from the housetops, and whose adherents have been working prodigiously to have the State conventions instruct for their respective candidate when the roll is called for the selection of Presidential nominee. Both are from New York, and each is uncompromisingly opposed to the other. Parker is the Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals of the Empire State, a dignified jurist who loves the repose of his country seat near Kingston; Hearst is enjoying his first term as a Representative in Congress, the proprietor of a string of daily newspapers on both sides, as well as midway, of the continent, the espouser of the cause of the masses, and the son of a late millionaire United States Senator whose name is a household word on the Pacific Coast.

As between these two candidates Parker is the logical choice. His nomination has met with more general favor than any other name suggested. His nomination has been expected by President Roosevelt and the nabobs of the Republican party, already out with its opposition ticket for the coming elections. Hearst stretched his battle lines energetically, and the results have astounded even the shrewdest observers of the outset of his campaign. Hearst's wielding of the cudgels for the laboring element, his fight on the trusts, and his strenuous and oftentimes theatrical championship of "the people" caught the fancy of the industrial communities, and his advocacy of statehood measures brought him the vote of several of the Territories. His alliance with other factions, where neither could have availed alone, will show results on the roll-call, as notably in the case of Illinois.

Left to a majority vote, Parker's nomination would have been a certainty long before the assembling of the cohorts at St. Louis, for the vote he would draw from the great number of uncommitted delegates, and from those who have individually expressed preference for him, doubtless could aggregate the requisite number to fill the gap. The great majority have refused to take the suggestion of Hearst's nomination seriously, though realizing the formidable dimensions of his strength. These people have significantly pointed to him as a powerful factor to be reckoned with in combinations with several such wings of the party as flock about the banners of Bryan, Gorman, et al., and the so-called anti-Parker combine in the East, with Parker's defeat as a common cause. Parker will dominate the Southern vote in the convention. Crowned as he is with a lion's share of the laurels in vital sections of the East and the West and the South, he to-day stands silhouetted against a background in which the other candidates are obscured.

But the real fight is yet to come. A Presidential nominee oftentimes is made in the passing of the night, and the situation may be changed by roll-call. Two candidates may block each other so effectively as to bar all hope for both. Then comes the transfer of whole blocks of votes,

## WHAT THE FIRST BALLOT MAY SHOW

STATES	PARKER	HEARST	OTHERS	UNCERTAIN
Alabama	22	18	10	10
Arkansas	18	18	10	10
California	20	20	10	10
Colorado	14	14	10	10
Connecticut	14	14	10	10
Delaware	6	6	10	10
Florida	4	4	10	10
Georgia	26	26	10	10
Idaho	6	6	10	10
Illinois	54	54	10	10
Indiana	30	30	10	10
Iowa	26	26	10	10
Kansas	18	18	10	10
Kentucky	18	18	10	10
Louisiana	18	18	10	10
Maine	18	18	10	10
Maryland	18	18	10	10
Massachusetts	32	32	10	10
Michigan	26	26	10	10
Minnesota	26	26	10	10
Mississippi	20	20	10	10
Missouri	26	26	10	10
Montana	6	6	10	10
Nebraska	18	18	10	10
Nevada	6	6	10	10
New Jersey	78	78	10	10
New Hampshire	14	14	10	10
New York	78	78	10	10
North Carolina	24	24	10	10
North Dakota	6	6	10	10
Ohio	18	18	10	10
Oregon	8	8	10	10
Pennsylvania	26	26	10	10
Rhode Island	8	8	10	10
South Carolina	18	18	10	10
South Dakota	8	8	10	10
Tennessee	24	24	10	10
Texas	26	26	10	10
Utah	6	6	10	10
Vermont	18	18	10	10
Virginia	24	24	10	10
Washington	10	10	10	10
West Virginia	6	6	10	10
Wisconsin	26	26	10	10
Wyoming	6	6	10	10
Hawaii	6	6	10	10
Arizona	6	6	10	10
New Mexico	6	6	10	10
Oklahoma	6	6	10	10
Indian Territory	6	6	10	10
Alaska	6	6	10	10
District of Columbia	6	6	10	10
Porto Rico	2	2	10	10
Total	406	382	230	278

\* Gray. † Gorman. ‡ Olney.  
§ Cockrell. ¶ Wall. \*\* Pro-Bryan.  
Total vote of delegates, 996. Necessary for nomination, 664. Instructed State Delegations (up to June 19): Parker, 216; Hearst, 174; Olney, 32; Wall, 26. Total instructed vote, 448. Total uninstructed vote, 548. States not instructed, 26. States instructed, 22.



Charles A. Towne  
Of New York



William R. Hearst  
Of New York



John Sharp Williams  
Of Mississippi  
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Arthur P. Gorman  
Of Maryland



George Gray  
Of Delaware





WRECK OF THE "GENERAL SLOCUM" IN THE SHALLOW WATER NEAR HUNT'S POINT



HARBOR POLICE DRAGGING THE RIVER FOR BODIES ON THE DAY AFTER THE CATASTROPHE



IDENTIFYING THE DEAD AT THE IMPROVISED MORGUE ON THE CHARITIES AND CORRECTIONS PIER

## THE "GENERAL SLOCUM" DISASTER

The ill-fated steamboat left her dock in the East River the morning of June 15, crowded with the members—mostly women and children—of a German Lutheran Sunday-school. Fire broke out while she was in midstream, and in less than an hour from the time she sailed nearly 900 of her passengers had been burned to death or drowned.





GENERAL KUROKI AND HIS STAFF ENTERING ANTUNG AFTER THE CROSSING OF THE YALU

The mountain rising back of the town is the one so frequently mentioned in the descriptions of the Yalu battle as the "conical hill." It was here that the Russians had stationed their strongest batteries, but the accuracy and fury of the Japanese fire completely silenced the guns placed here.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. WARD, COLLECTED SPECIAL AND PHOTOGRAPHER ATTACHED TO GENERAL KUROKI'S ARMY OF CHINA. SUPPLIED ONLY BY HOLLAND'S WEEKLY.

and the forcing to the front of some Democrat who has not figured in the limelight of public interest to the same degree as the foremost contenders, and who by qualities more negative than positive is acceptable to the powerful factions. There is room for diplomacy of the highest order in every phase of convention work, and nowhere in the whole gamut of politics is there greater need for wary tactics and shrewd maneuvering than in the corraling of the un-instructed and uncommitted delegates, and the overtures to win over the minor groups who go to the convention as supporters of some unlikely and unfeared candidate.

The fruit of these machinations will be disclosed during the roll-call for Presidential nominee, that all-important convention ceremonial strewn with riotous applause and teeming with tumultuous interest all the way down the long lane of States from Alabama on. Available racers have been quietly groomed to spring on the floor of the convention if a propitious opportunity occurs. Meantime, watch the alert, sagacious Arthur Pue Gorman of Maryland, now aged sixty-five, old in political wisdom, but still young in action, the shrewd manager who began life as a page, cut a wide swath in the Maryland Legislature, and served four terms as United States Senator. Gorman would not permit his name to go before the convention unless assured of sufficient votes to control the situation. He holds Maryland's vote in the palm of his hand; West Virginia, headed by his lifelong friend, former Senator Davis, may be swung by him; he is powerful among the Kentucky delegates; the District of Columbia probably awaits his beck, and he has scattered followings in Virginia and elsewhere. But Gorman has his powerful drawbacks, the entanglements of a machine boss, and even with the combined support of the Bryan-Hearst forces he is too wary a politician to jump into the arena without making a minute survey of the rest of the field. There's Grover Cleveland, the sphinx of the faith. The former President has met the suggestion of his name by dallying with platitudes. He is held up by a no inconsiderable portion of the Democracy of the land as the particular red semaphore on the track of political success, the inspirer of bitter enmities in his own party, yet he is solid in more ways than one, and capable of being a commanding figure in the deliberations of his party, backed by the great financial interests ever ready to dictate a nomination. There's Judge George Gray, formerly United States Senator from Delaware, a power on the commission that adjusted the great anthracite coal strike, a conscientious type that shied from the Bryan element in a stand for the courage of his convictions, unsusceptible to a degree to the corrupt phases of politics, a corporation lawyer, yet the earnest defender of the working-men. Massachusetts has declared for former Secretary Olney, the firm-bitted enunciator of good Democratic doctrine while premier as well as Attorney-General of a Cleveland Administration, and former Attorney-General Harmon, also in Cleveland's Cabinet, is mentioned in the Buckeye State. Out in Wisconsin the State's national committeeman, E. C. Wall, has the complimentary instructions for the Badger State's twenty-six votes; while Cockrell of Missouri, the former Senator,

has similar honors shorn of any outside glory. The nomination of George B. McClellan, who served his apprenticeship at a newspaper desk, broke into Congress, and is now occupying the Mayoralty chair of Greater New York, would confront the party with an issue as to his eligibility to Presidential office, owing to the accident of his birth at Dresden, Saxony, thirty-eight years ago, while his parents were visiting there in the course of a tour of Europe. James R. Williams of Carmi, Illinois, Representative in Congress virtually since the Fifty-first session, lost the instructions of his own State by an adverse vote of the Illinois convention.

The fight between Parker and Hearst at the convention reflects the contest for supremacy of control of the Empire State Democracy between former United States Senator David B. Hill, "the Sage of Wolfert's Roost," and his political lieutenants representing the up-State

Harrison for control of the Democratic machine of the State. The Harrison men will contest their rights to seats as delegates.

On the roll-call Alabama will be the first to respond. Her vote, mustering 22, will start the ball rolling for Parker. This may be the signal for a stampede for Parker. It may be otherwise. The call proceeds down the line of States and Territories. Alaska will vote for Parker, and Arizona for Hearst, each with 6 votes. California's 20 votes will go to Hearst. Colorado is in the uncommitted class, with some of its 10 votes probably Parker's. Connecticut's 14 votes go to Parker; Delaware's 6 to Gray, who protests he advised against instructions and is not a candidate. The District of Columbia's 6 votes are uncommitted, but are susceptible to Gorman influences. Florida may give 4 of her votes to Hearst, and perhaps the balance of 6 more to Parker. Georgia's 26 votes will be cast solidly for Parker. Hawaii and Idaho will follow with 6 each for Hearst. Then come Illinois' big 54 massed solidly for Hearst, against which Indiana will give 30 votes to Parker. Iowa's 26 are pledged to the New York Representative.

Kentucky is still in doubt as to its 20 votes, but Gorman's sphere of influence extends to the Blue Grass borders. Kansas' vote of 20 is anybody's guess. Louisiana, with 18 votes in its lap, flirts with Parker. Maine's 12 votes are uncertain. Maryland, with 16 votes, will swing with Gorman. Massachusetts' 32 are pledged to Olney. Michigan's 28 are un-instructed, with inclinations toward Parker. Missouri will cast a complimentary vote of 36 votes for its "grand old man," Cockrell. Minnesota, with its 22, is in the uncertain class; and Mississippi, where John Sharp Williams' influence is all-powerful, will cast its 20 votes for Parker. Montana, with 6 votes, is uncommitted. Nebraska's 16 votes will go wherever Bryan dictates. Nevada's 6 and 4 of New Hampshire's will go to Parker. New York's 78 will bring wild shouting as the vote is cast for Parker, and North Carolina is likely to follow with 24 more. New Jersey's 24, Ohio's 40, North Dakota's 8, and Pennsylvania's 68 are uncertain. The last named is dominated by Colonel James M. Guffey, the National Committeeman, who is credited with being identified with the anti-Parker machine, but who has guarded his real intentions. As Guffey votes, so do the other delegates. Oregon will give 8 to Hearst, as will Rhode Island and South Dakota. South Carolina, Tennessee, and Texas, with 18, 24, and 36 respectively, will swell the Parker column. Utah is apt to divide honors between Parker and Hearst, giving the former the best of the spoils. Its vote is 6. Vermont's 8 are uncertain. Virginia's 24 bid fair to land in Parker's column, and West Virginia in Gorman's with 14 votes. Wisconsin's 26 go to Wall, while Washington's 10 and Wyoming's 6, with the 6 each of the Territories of Hawaii, Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma, will go to Hearst, and the 6 each of Alaska and Indian Territory to Parker. Porto Rico, whose 2 delegates are expected to be seated, has expressed no preference.

The second ballot doubtless will bring sweeping changes. Meantime, the Democrats hope for harmony, wise action, and subordination of personal sentiment to plans for success of the party at the polls.

## PATRIA

By HENRY VAN DYKE

I WOULD not even ask my heart to say  
If I could love another land as well  
As thee, my country, had I felt the spell  
Of Italy at birth, or learned to obey  
The charm of France, or England's mighty sway;  
I would not be so much an infidel  
As once to dream, or fashion words to tell,  
What land could hold my love from thee away.

For like a law of nature in my blood  
I feel thy sweet and secret sovereignty,  
And like a birthmark on my soul thy sign.  
My life is but a wave, and thou the flood;  
I am a leaf, and thou the mother-tree;  
Nor should I be at all, were I not thine.

element, and Charles F. Murphy, the leader of the powerful Tammany Hall organization. Murphy nourishes a resentment for being trampled on by the machine which Hill dominates; he has a string of grudges to satisfy in seeking the downfall of his State's instructed choice. The anti-Parker interests will point to Parker's refusal to voice his view on tariff, finance, foreign policies, and the other issues which a candidate is usually expected to enunciate when seeking political preferment. New York is generally regarded as the pivotal State, and the fight between its leaders will command attention.

The Illinois situation also is acute. With 54 votes to cast, Illinois' delegates carry instructions for Hearst. The instruction was not because the convention loved Hearst more, but because it loved Mayor Carter H. Harrison of Chicago less. Hearst had allied himself with ex-Mayor John P. Hopkins in the fight against





AMMUNITION CARTS AND THEIR ESCORT PASSING THROUGH ANTUNG ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT



JAPANESE SOLDIERS AT MESS

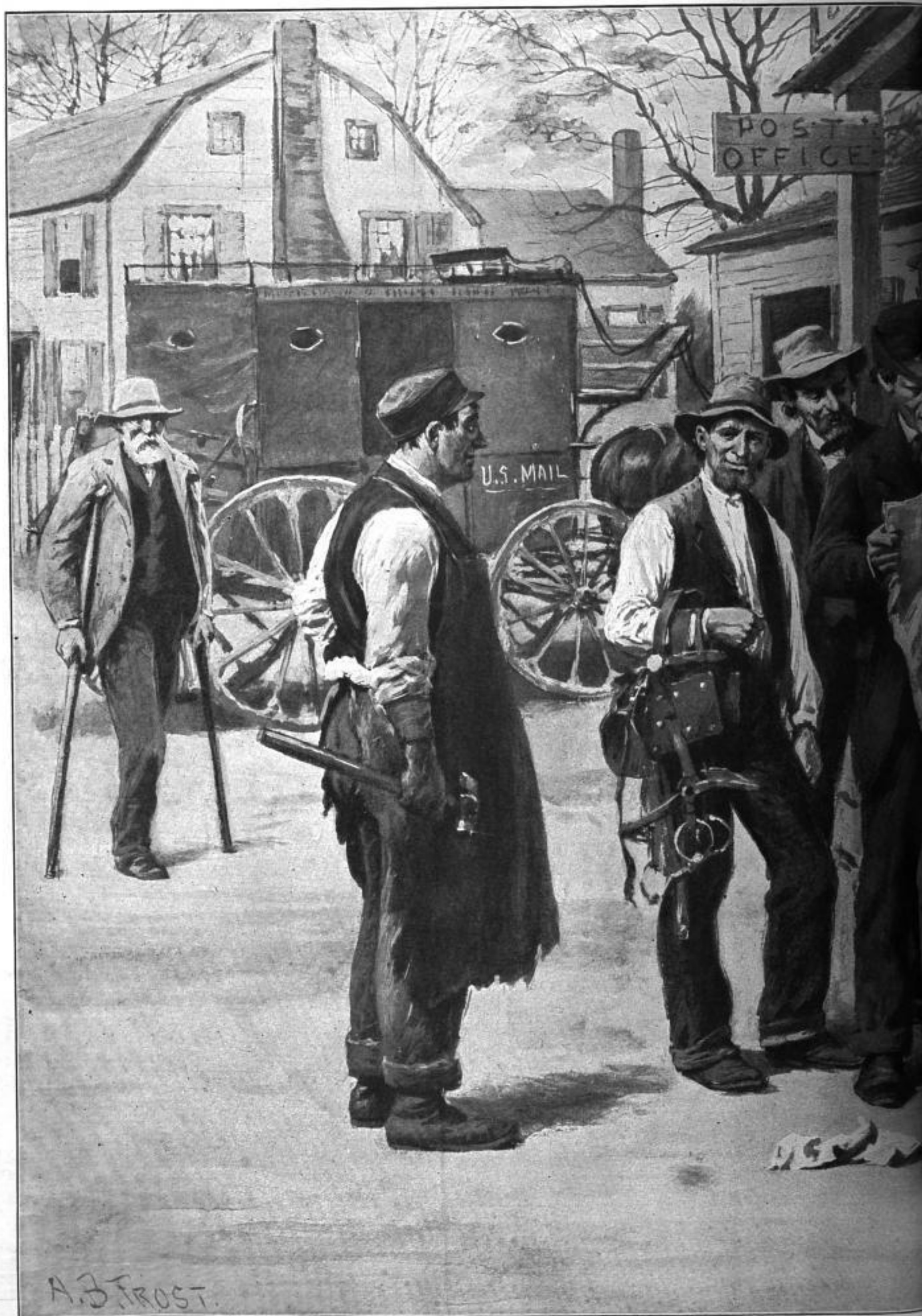
The food of these men consists principally of rice and dried fish, which they eat with chopsticks out of little pannikins made of woven willow

## THE JAPANESE INVASION OF MANCHURIA

After the battle of Chiu-Lien-Cheng and the crossing of the Yalu River the Japanese army established a base at Antung, on the Manchurian shore of the Yalu, and then advanced rapidly northward, driving the Russians ahead of them as far as Feng-Wang-Cheng, forty miles inland and less than one hundred miles from Mukden, General Kuropatkin's headquarters. Since then General Kuroki has been strengthening his position and stretching his lines outward on the Russian flanks, preparatory to a further advance

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARRIS, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER ATTACHED TO GENERAL KUROKI'S ARMY OF INVASION





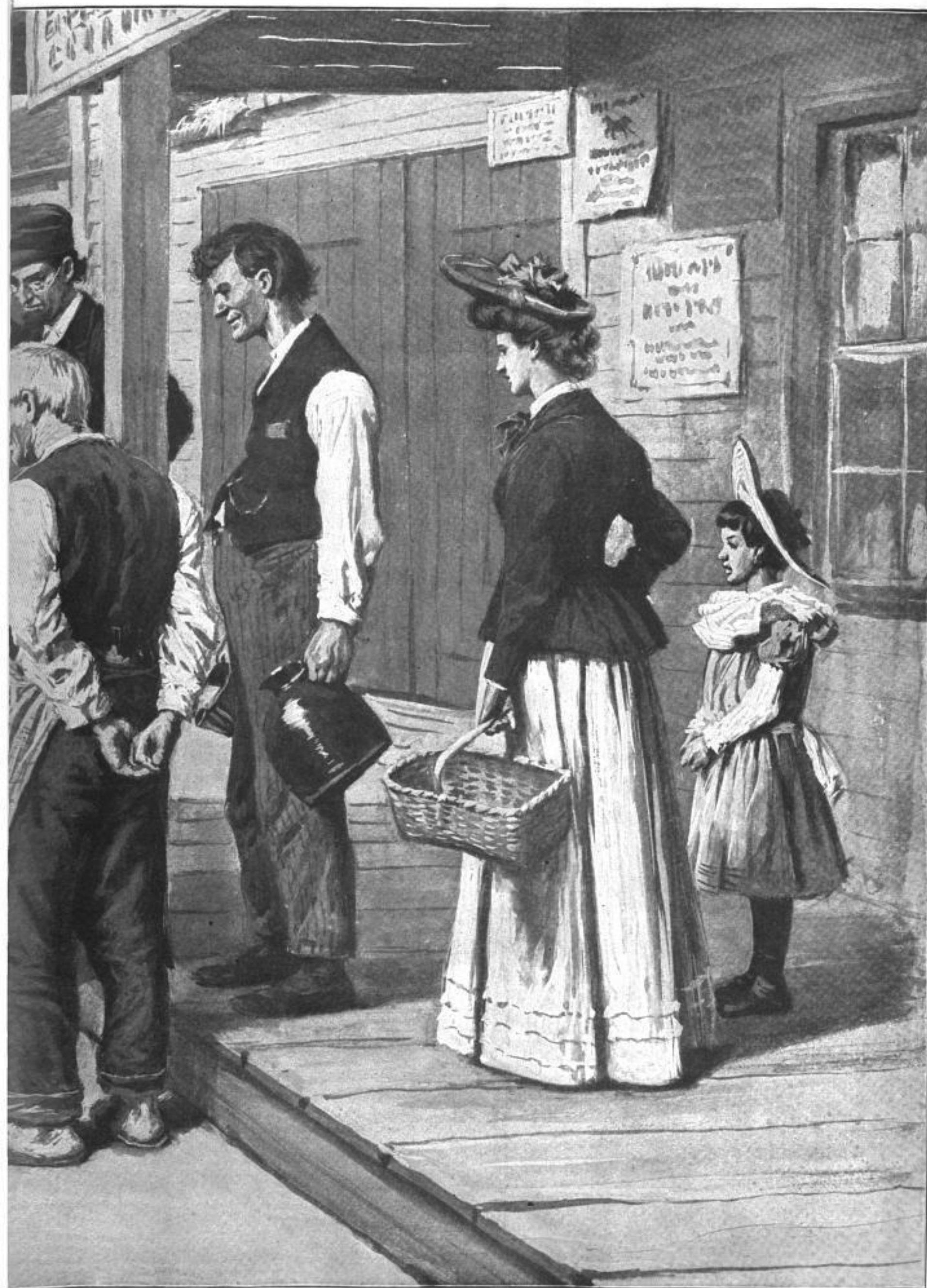
A.B. FROST.

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TALKING

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# PARKER'S FOLLY

By  
W.B. MAXWELL



CLOSING time was approaching, and throughout the huge building the tired attendants were beginning to put things in order for the night. In ten minutes the Universal Metropolitan Emporium would drive its crowd of purchasers out of doors into the foggy night, and for the rest of the evening the small shops of the neighborhood would be free from the overwhelming competition of their gigantic enemy.

At the staircase end of the glove department, on the third floor, an iron curtain had fallen, leaving only a small wicket open to the stream of bargain hunters, and Mr. Dickinson, the superintendent with the fierce black eyebrows, had just reprimanded one of his young ladies for daring to "undress" her six feet of counter without permission. The heat was intense; the exhausted air of the lower floors floated upward, and with it an indescribable murmur of moving feet and raised voices. Beneath the white glare of the lamps the shop-girls looked wan and drooping as they struggled with the mob of ladies who still besieged one end of the long counter devoted to cheap gloves and handkerchiefs. "Only thirty-nine cents and these half a dollar," a salesgirl was saying mechanically. "A very good wearing color, indeed, madam."

She was a slim, auburn-haired girl, with a pretty, delicate face and sad gray eyes, which were fixed on the brass gates behind which the elevator would presently stop. The elevator shaft was empty; a black vault, which told her that the elevator itself was down below. Had it been above, the shiny, noiseless column would have been in view. Suddenly, above all other sounds, she caught the tones of the elevator man's voice, far off, but clear and bell-like, announcing the departments on the floor below.

"Well, madam," she continued, "the more expensive are better quality, but the cheaper are very strong. You'll take the fifty-cent quality? Well, they are worth the difference."

Then the elevator appeared—brilliantly illuminated like a room, and the tall young elevator man snapped open the brass gates and made his declaration:

"Drapery—Antimacassars—Rugs—Linen—Indoor—Nightwear—Garments," in a strong, firm voice, and the salesgirl's pale face was suffused with a sudden blush while she stooped lower over the glove-tray to conceal the gratified smile on her parted lips.

"He calls me 'darling,'" she murmured to herself. "He can see I have a headache and he wants to comfort me, else he would never have dared to say it. How handsome he looks, but I wish he wasn't so rash."

The gates shut again with a sharp click, and the car began to soar upward to floors she had never seen. She watched his legs, in the close-fitting black trousers and the broad gold stripes, until they disappeared, and wondered if the guardsman-viscount of the novel she was now reading had a more attractive uniform.

"Can I show madam anything else?" she inquired. "I have asked you to fetch me some reindeers three times, and now I shall not wait," said the customer, bristling with indignation. "I am not accustomed—"

"I am so sorry, madam. Pray let me—"

Mr. Dickinson was hurrying forward, followed by two ladies, in search of a disengaged saleswoman.

"Miss Thompson!" he called peremptorily.

"Attending, sir," replied the girl.

"That is precisely what you are not doing," said Miss Thompson's offended lady. "If you were attending, you would have heard my request. However, one must make excuses. You have had a long day, no doubt."

"I am a little tired, madam," confessed the girl.

## II

LIFE had seemed almost insupportable to poor, gray-eyed Edith Thompson during her first month's work at the Metropolitan. From the drowsy peace of the dark little country shop to the unceasing tumult of the huge Emporium was a transition so violent that it stunned her. The inexorable routine of each endless day, the long descent down the stone staircase to miserable meals in the black cellars, the toiling up again, breathless and panting, to resume the slave-like task, crushed her into the spiritless submission of the convict condemned for life.

In the midst of the continual crowd she was friendless and alone, for it was a part of the iron discipline of the Metropolitan Society to discourage friendships among its employees, and countless regulations were enforced to further this policy.

Then, gradually, a flower began to bloom in the barren track of her existence; a touch of romance began to color the dead monotony of the heavy hours. Stationed exactly opposite to the brass gates, seeing him pass and pass again, time after time, how could she help thinking about him? Everything concerning him was beautiful, poetical, and thrilling. There was a window in the shaft which she could just see by stooping, and, through it, a patch of sky, across which the clouds raced with dizzying speed when a high wind was blowing. When he came rumbling up from the bowels of the earth and began to soar past, toward the blue sky, darkness literally fell behind him, for the elevator blocked the light from the window. And so he was to her the coming and going light which made the darkness endurable to her.

To other girls he was doubtless nothing more than a handsome, well-dressed man. Tall and elegant, with pale-blue eyes and blond mustache, he must have been admired everywhere. The other girls could see the deference paid him by the public, and could look up to him as one moving easily and gracefully on higher

planes; descending to admit some beautiful dilatory lady, or gravely declining the company of the stateliest old gentleman when the number of his passengers was made up. Such things as this the other girls could see. But Edith could see the soul of the man beneath the mask of official dignity.

He loved her! How sweet was the discovery! With what rapture she first realized that he was making the confession of his love!

His duty was to call out the chief departments on each floor as he reached it, so that travelers might alight at their proper station. But, virtually, he was expected to know the resting-place of every article in the whole building, in order to be able to direct the people who questioned en route exactly where to go. Edith, listening to his varied cries, marveled at the extent of his memory, while her ears drank in the musical tones of his voice.

There was one cry which was constantly recurring, "Ladies' Outfits, Vests, Etcetera." It was generally when the elevator was nearly empty that he uttered these words.

He would say them distinctly, but rather softly, and then one or two ladies would step out, while the softness of his voice and his softer eyes, resting on her for a moment, would fill her with vague contentment. Then there was another cry which was rather frequent, and which he rattled off almost defiantly at times: "Indian Lace, Ottoman Velvet, Eastern Yarns, Oriental Umbrellas."

This list comprised nearly the entire contents of the little long room which led out of the large woollen goods department, and it surprised her to hear how frequently his whole crew had devoted themselves to this one room. Then she remarked that the passengers did not proceed to the Oriental Department. Some went into the "Hats"; others would dive into the "Waterproofs and Mackintoshes" under the big clock. Once or twice nobody at all turned toward the velvets and Eastern yarns. So it was evident that the elevator man had not been announcing their destination according to his wont. What did it mean? What did he mean?

"Indian Lace," she used to invariably repeat, imitating his manner of leaning, as it were, on the first letters of his words. "Last time he said 'Indian Lace' he looked at me, and this time he looked again." There was no customer at her part of the counter, and Mr. Dickinson was at the other end of the department, as she thoughtfully watched the great, shiny column imperceptibly creeping upward. Then she scribbled his cry on a blank form from her black book. "Indian Lace, Ottoman Velvet, Eastern." She blushed and turned pale as she noticed what the initials of the elevator man's words spelled — "I LOVE." Yarns, Oriental Umbrellas — "YOU."

She trembled at the thought that there might be a subtly sweet message in the apparently meaningless departure from his customary declaration. What was the other cry? The soft-toned one whose sounds were like a spiritual caress? Hastily she jotted it down with her grating pencil, "Ladies' Outfits, Vests, Etcetera!" LOVE! It was his whisper of passion to prepare her for his definite confession, and although she had not fathomed its intention, something of its character had mysteriously moved her.

She was reprimanded by Mr. Dickinson for carelessness and

stupidity during the course of that afternoon; for her mind was in a rapturous whirl, and she was serving as though in a dream. She could only wait and long for the coming of the elevator as it rose and fell, with its steady, pulse-like sounds, so out of unison with the wild throbbings of her own heart.

"Sponges, Waterproofs, Elastic Expanders, Tents." He had plunged into the india-rubber goods to call her "SWEET." "Suspenders, Wrappers, Elastic Expanders, Tents, Erasers, Swimming-belts, and Towels." He had ransacked the department to call her "SWEET-EST."

But toward closing time, in the heat and flurry of the last hour, a sense of her folly and presumption calmed her excitement. He was certainly making messages, there could be no doubt of that, but what right had she to suppose that the messages were addressed to her, when there were fifty girls on that floor within hearing of his clarion tones? Or, indeed, why should she imagine that his burning words were addressed to anything but the vitiated air? In the monotony of his upward and downward flight, what more natural than that he should amuse himself by a fanciful play upon the words in the Society's bloated index? He would feel secure from detection, and, if he knew that a foolish girl had penetrated his Sphinx-like riddle, he would simply laugh at her for misinterpreting it.

Yet, he looked at her so often. His blue eyes rested on her, not on space or on other girls, and his eyes were gentle and kind.

In the weeks that followed, she suffered from the violent alternations of doubt and delight. She acquired an extraordinary rapidity in reading his communications. Sometimes he would not speak for days, and then suddenly would make a sweet, abrupt remark and relapse into incoherence. Suppose he were losing heart under the conviction that he had failed to make himself intelligible! This last doubt was dreadful, but it was laid at rest on the afternoon which made her happiness secure.

As he opened the gates he looked straight at her, with an expression of anxious inquiry in his face, and said slowly—there happened to be none but ladies in the car at the moment—"Underwear—Novelties—Dyeless Elastic Ramswool Shirts, Trouserettes, And Night Dresses."—UNDERSTAND?

He was asking her if she understood. She bowed her head in assent, but still he did not seem satisfied. Then, leaning over her glove boxes, she said firmly, "Yes, I understand you perfectly."

"Not so loud, Miss Thompson," said Mr. Dickinson angrily. "You know very well that no conversation is permitted."

He thought she had spoken to the girl next to her. If he had only guessed the truth.

She risked everything by glancing toward the car again. He had heard her. His divine smile told her that he had heard as he soared upward.

## III

"MY NAME is George Parker," said the elevator man shyly. "What is yours, miss?"

"My name is Edith Thompson," and she blushed and gently withdrew her small gloved hand from his.

It was Saturday afternoon and they had met, by appointment. Two days before, during Mr. Dickinson's luncheon hour, Parker, after discharging his passengers, had walked over to Edith's counter and deposited a small cardboard box before her.

"Don't open it till you get home," he whispered. In the box was a letter—a lovely letter, beginning with the assurance of his love, and concluding with an invitation to spend Saturday afternoon in his company.

"How good of you to come," he said. "When you nodded, of course I knew that you meant to, but I have been so afraid that something would prevent it. Where shall we go? Would you care to go to the seashore?"

"Oh, that would be lovely! It is such a treat to get out of the city."

He was not dressed in his uniform. For the last forty-eight hours she had been wondering if he would meet her in uniform or in private clothes. Nothing could have been more elegant than his attire, and he carried himself so beautifully in his silk hat, black overcoat, and dark trousers that she knew everybody could see that he was an officer of some sort! And he was well content with her appearance. From the brown Matador hat, with the new veil, to her neat



An official-looking document



little black shoes, each carefully studied item of her toilet satisfied him. She was instinctively aware of this as his shy, sidelong glance fell upon her. It was odd, but the conversation, as they walked along, seemed difficult to sustain.

Presently, however, they fell to discussing the management of the Metropolitan, and, with this inexhaustible subject in hand, the restraint between them soon began to wear away.

"Can you believe that I did not dare try to discover your name?" he said. "To wait for you outside would have meant either your being moved to the other end of the building or one of us being dismissed from service. Was there ever such tyranny?"

"Why do they do it? It's cruel! I mayn't even sit at meals next the girls at my counter, though five of them dine the same time as me."

"It's their system," explained he. "They live in dread of being robbed, and no doubt they are robbed right and left, for their accountant office has never been worth anything. They won't keep the necessary staff to overlook things properly, and they think if none of the employees are allowed to be friends, that will prevent frauds and counter conspiracies."

"It is a shame!" said Edith. "But you and I couldn't conspire if we wanted to ever so much."

"Ah!" said Parker. "But there's the horrible difference of rank. You know their class divisions, of course, don't you?" and then with much delicacy he explained the Society's regulations with regard to the status of the different orders of its staff. Desk clerks were of a lower rank than office clerks, superintendents and show-women were on a level with department clerks, and so on, and so forth.

"If there were a procession, or a great banquet—which I needn't say is never likely to happen—I suppose I should go in immediately after the head fireman or just before the chief detective," said he apologetically, but with perhaps a suspicion of pride in his voice.

"I don't blame them for maintaining discipline, but why should they try to interfere with our private affairs? Of course, for instance, it would not do for me to carry superintendents, as is often suggested, or for any one no matter how high he stood to have the right to stop me in transit. I am responsible, like the captain of a ship, so it is only fair I should be given the same absolute command as a captain has."

Edith was humiliated to think of the immeasurable drop from his position to hers, but there was nothing in the least snobbish in his manner of stating the case, and the sweet thought that love had bridged the gulf between them reassured her.

Then he talked of his occupation—the grand feeling of power as he pulled the wire rope; the wild upward swing of a nearly empty car, with the hydraulic pressure at its strongest; the sudden drop from the top floor under a heavy cargo, when half the ladies and all the children on board gave little frightened screams; the continual change of society, the succession of pleasant company, never staying long enough to bore one, and the jokes, odd sayings, and queer out-of-the-way bits of information always being picked up from the fragmentary conversations.

"It is a grand life!" said the girl simply. "I seem to imagine it, though I have never ridden in one yet."

"Oh, if I could only take you for your first ride!" said he. "You would never want to walk upstairs again. I pity you so, every day, thinking of you climbing up those awful stairs. Do you know that elevator work—and I have been at it two years; eighteen months at the Mammoth Flats and six here—utterly unfits you for stairs? There are only two flights where I live, but I have to stop three or four times, and I often arrive with the perspiration pouring off me and my heart beating fit to break."

At the seaside there were the usual crowds of people on pleasure bent, but they turned their backs on the sightseers, and sauntered up a hill to a terrace and a great park. Here, in the dull twilight, with the gray mists rising from the valley, where the winding stream glowed red in the dying sunlight, and on the sodden turf, the elevator man began to talk of his love. They had exchanged narratives of their uneventful histories, and seemed now to have known each other for years. He was, like her, an orphan, only he had no relatives that he was aware of, and she had one aunt, the owner of the country shop where she had learned her business.

"When did I first feel like that?" he asked. "Why, from the first day I saw you. There had been a red-haired Scotch girl in your place, and I don't know why she was dismissed, only one day I noticed she was gone. Then, late in the afternoon, I saw your face, so beautiful and so gentle—Mr. Dickinson was lecturing you—and from that moment I was your slave."

Edith was looking straight before her over the indistinct landscape, in which shore and sea were now veiled by the moisture in her eyes, as well as by the curtain of mist. Was it not too beautiful to be true? What was the condescension of the viscounts in her novel compared with his? How poor was their love, and how mean their haw-haw mode of expressing it compared with the sweet reality!

"I knew that you were my fate," he continued. "If I could not win you, life would not be worth living. But you don't know how shy and diffident I am by na-

ture. How could I let you know what my feelings were? How could I find out if you cared for me—one little bit? Other men would have been bolder, suffering what I did—would have risked dismissal to learn the truth. But it would have meant dismissal for you as well as me, and that helped to keep me back, and all the time I was buoyed up by the hope that you did care for me. Is that very conceited? No, it was some mysterious link between us. Providence meant us for one another. It must have, or how would you have read my meaning when at last I had hit on a way of addressing you? Not one girl in a million would have understood me."

They lingered long over a sumptuous meal of ice cream and cakes, and then wandered back to the station, where he purchased an evening paper for them to read together in the train.

"I don't look at a paper from one end of the week to the other," he said, as they unfolded the latest edition on their knees, "for, of course, I hear of everything that's doing, in the elevator."

"I don't care for papers either," said Edith, "except it's the 'Personal' column. That's better than a book sometimes. Let's look at this one. 'Bob. All will be forgiven—Kate.' How silly! 'Lost.' I never read the 'Losts' till the last. Oh! How extraordinary! 'George Parrott Parker!'"

Parker was startled. "How did you know my name was Parrott?" he asked. "I never told you that."

"It's here, I am reading from the paper. 'George Parrott Parker, who was christened at St. Jude's, Barcombe, Devonshire, in the year — and is known to have left that place for New York about three years ago, will hear of something greatly to his advantage if he will communicate with Messrs. Wolcott & Pierce, 32 Nassau Street, City. Or any one giving information which will lead to the discovery of his present where-

also? He did not know her address, and the Society would not send on letters to a discarded salesgirl; but why was he making no effort to communicate with her? The sickness of deferred hope fell on her as the weeks slipped by, and then at last she understood the reason of his desertion.

He had come into an immense fortune. That advertisement in the paper meant that wealth beyond the dreams of everything but avarice was waiting for him to claim it. He was a millionaire, and all at once the newspapers seemed full of his surprising windfall, making very merry over the delicious idea of his being summarily dismissed at the moment of hearing his good luck. How could a millionaire be expected to remember vows sworn to a shopgirl? How could she be angry at his desertion now? He had soared upward to planes on which she had never trod—as in the old days at the stores—and the shadow of a lifelong regret fell behind him.

There were very few customers in the big shop, and one of the girls was furtively reading a newspaper behind the counter, while Edith was vacantly watching the cars as they passed the windows.

She was thinner and more delicate-looking than of old. The pinched features and deadly pallor told her tale of weary days and sleepless nights, and her gray eyes looked larger and sadder than when they used to follow the shiny column in its imperceptible progress.

Presently the girl began to snicker over her newspaper. "Miss Thompson!" she whispered, "just have a look at this advertisement about a baby!"

Edith took a step sidewise and looked down into the drawer where the ink-stained finger pointed to the newspaper. The girl was pointing to the "Personal" column, and Edith shivered as she thought of what one of those advertisements had robbed her.

She read the first advertisement about the baby mechanically, and remained staring at the second advertisement, which was merely a number of incongruous and unpunctuated words—"Indian lace ottoman velvet Eastern yarns etc. etc. etc."

"Oh, don't read that gibberish," said the girl; "that sort of thing has been in every day for the last year."

But Edith had read what was gibberish to all the world except herself, and, with a gasping sob and a wild wave of arms, had fallen behind the counter in a dead faint.

V

MR. AND MRS. PARKER had been married for more than a year and a half. Looking back on those happy eighteen months, Edith could see nothing but unruffled love and sunshine unbroken by the shadow of a cloud. From the moment that she had seen his "Personal" advertisement the darkness had been lifted and the sun had begun to shine.

They had met again. The advertisement had told her that he would be waiting, where he had waited every day during the year of their separation, on the spot where they had first clasped hands. His emotion and delight had been so great

when she appeared that he could not speak. He had handed her into his splendid carriage, the tall footman had jumped up by the fat coachman's side, and the big horses had whirled them along for quite some time before he could find voice to tell her of his rapture.

He was one of the richest, and he had been one of the most miserable, men in America, he told her. He had used every effort to trace her, poured out his new money in wild devices to discover her, and all without avail. His living treasure had disappeared in the immensity of a great city, and in his despair of recovering it he had come absolutely to hate the sordid dross which fate had given him in exchange.

"I hated my old cousin for piling up such a mountain of worthless gold," he told her as they lingered over their luncheon in the hotel. "But now I bless him. Now that I have you to share it with me I revel in the thought of our wealth. What shall we do with it, darling? Think of something wonderful and out of the way. There is nothing that we are not rich enough to do."

They would travel, of course. They would first see all the beauties of strange lands and far-off seas. They would probably buy an ocean-going steamer, or charter it as a yacht. Then they would build a lovely house in the country and would settle down.

"It shall be a palace," said he fondly. "Would you like it to be an exact model of Windsor Castle or Hampton Court? Don't ask for an ordinary house. Think of something startling!"

"I know, dear," said Edith, after thinking deeply. "A bungalow! As big as you like, but only one floor. You know what you told me about not being able to go upstairs, and I hate staircases, too, since those awful stone ones at the Universal. Well, we won't have a single step or stair in our house."

Parker was entranced.

They were surprised to find how slow a business the building of a house can be, and yet there was so much pleasure in the work that they were not inclined to quarrel with their architect or contractors. After looking at half of the best estates in England and America, they had purchased the side of a hill at Barcombe, his native place. They traveled away for a month or two at a time, then returning to superintend operations, and on each return they found more and more work to do. Slowly but surely the long, low house, with its stone bays and tessellated verandas, stretched itself this way and that way. Gradually, an army of navvies and masons built up terrace upon terrace, high walls to shut them in from the prying outside world, granite fish ponds, and carved fountains. (Continued on page 22.)



As he opened the gates he looked straight at her.

abouts will be handsomely rewarded.' Oh! didn't you know this was in the paper?"

"Parrott is a Devonshire name," said he, thoughtfully reading the advertisement. "I was christened after one of my poor mother's family. The reading of this has given me a turn. I feel as if I had run up both flights to my room. What can it mean?"

That evening, when Edith returned to her meanly furnished room in the big barrack where she and dozens of other toilers like herself lodged, there was a letter waiting for her. It was an official-looking document from the Universal Metropolitan Emporium, and her heart sank as she unfolded it.

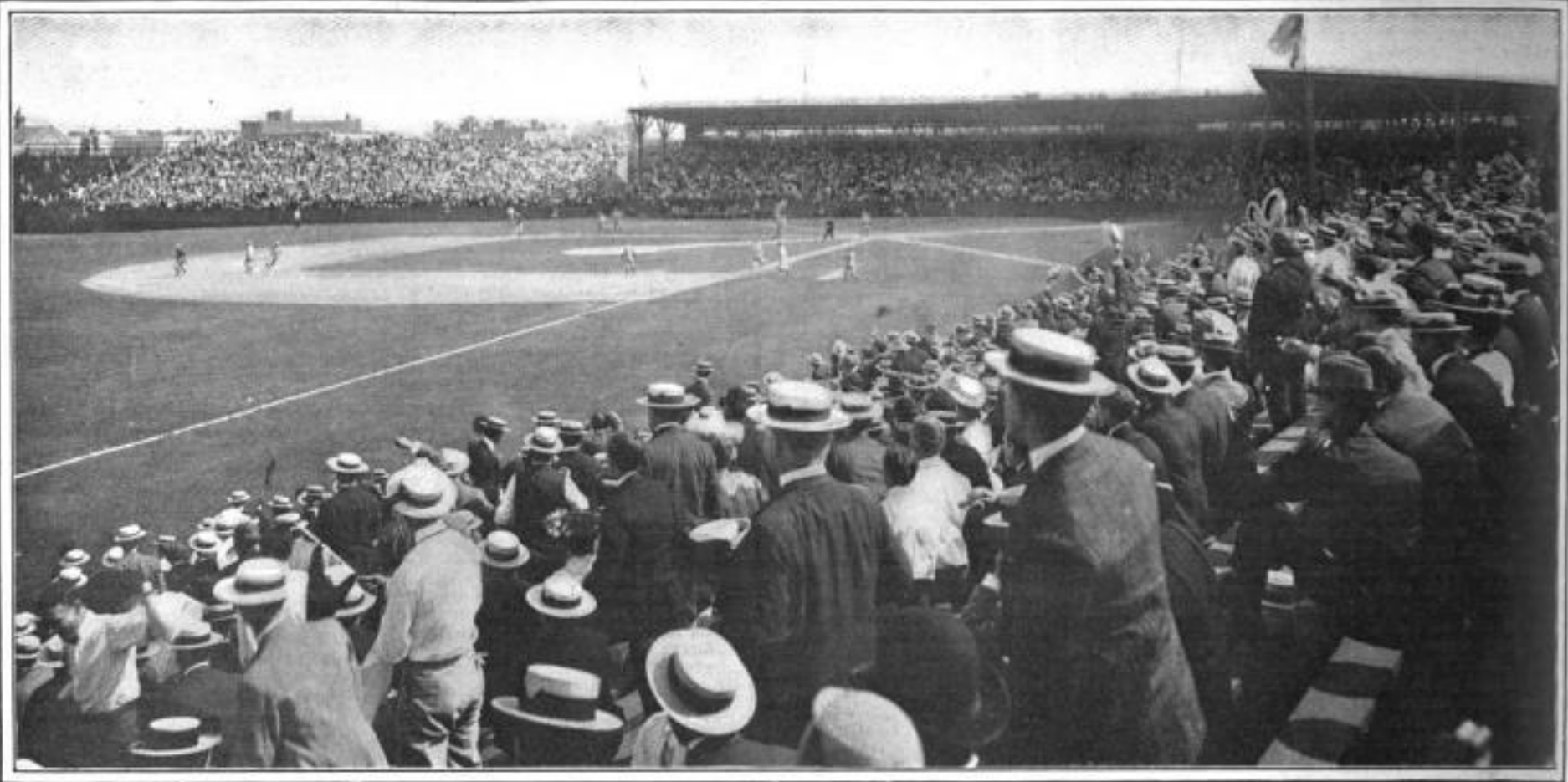
She was dismissed from her employment on account of a breach of Rule 45, which forbade saleswomen to take parcels of any kind whatsoever from clerks, packers, managers, commissaires, firemen, or elevator men, under any circumstances! That was the substance of the communication. She had received her wages on Friday night, and a postal order was now inclosed for her half-day's work on Saturday. She was reminded in a printed postscript of the duly signed covenants of her engagement, which, as she knew, gave the Society power to get rid of her at a moment's notice.

IV

A YEAR had gone by since Edith Thompson's dismissal—a weary length of time, in which she had worked for two hard taskmasters before obtaining her present engagement in an overgrown shop in Harlem.

Twelve long months and never a word, never a sign from the man she worshipped—the man who had said he worshipped her. He had been dismissed at the same time, for the same fault. She discovered so much from one of the girls of her department, whom she had waited for in the street. Why was he not waiting in the street





THE PRINCETON-YALE BASEBALL GAME AT NEW YORK, JUNE 18

Before 18,000 spectators, the largest crowd that ever witnessed a college baseball game, the Princeton nine won the third and deciding game of the Yale-Princeton series by a score of 10 to 4.



CAPTAIN RUST

Of the Harvard team, who won the quarter at the international meet in 1903



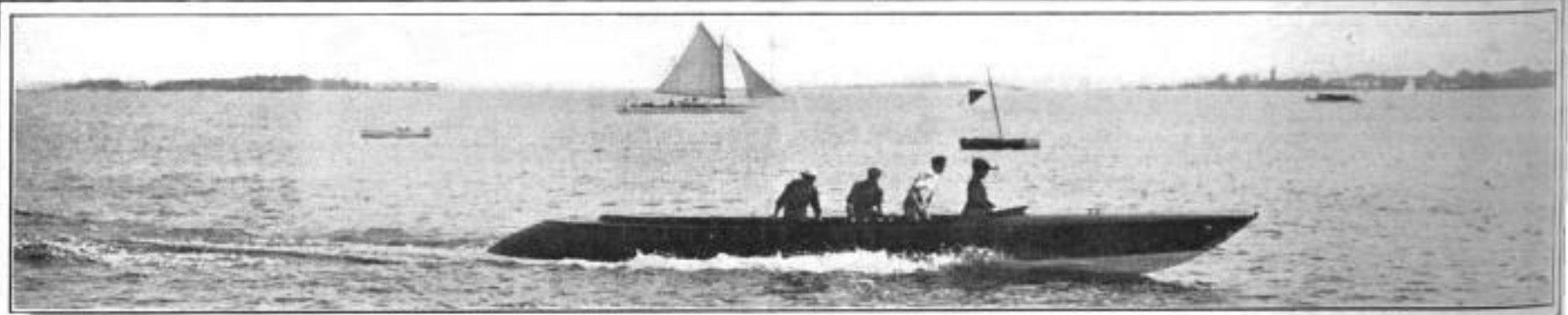
THE YALE TRACK ATHLETIC TEAM WHICH WILL GO TO ENGLAND

	TRAINER MURPHY					
HILL	GLASS	VICTOR	LONG	TORREY		
		PARSONS	CART, CLARK	SHEVLIN	OLCOTT	



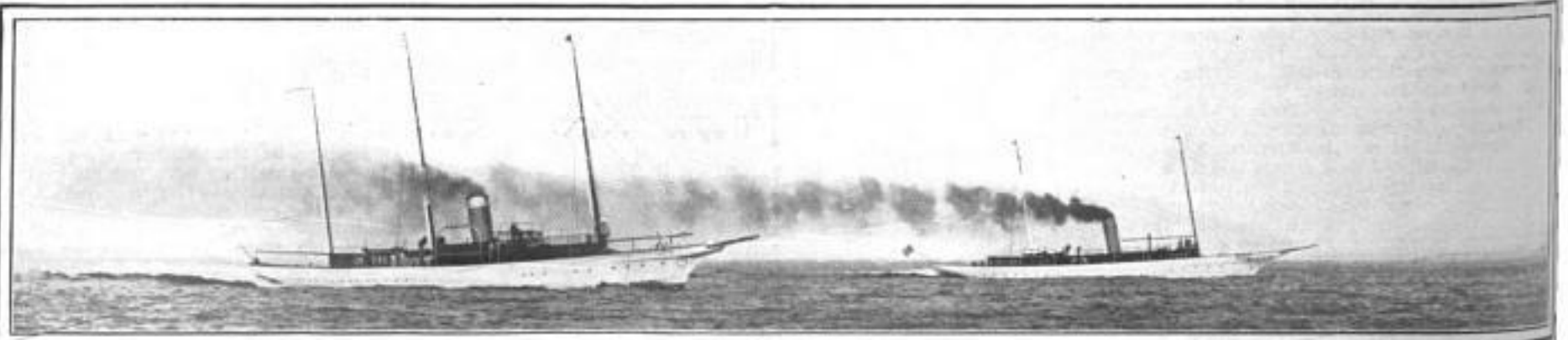
W. A. SCHICK, JR., OF HARVARD

Champion sprinter, who won the hundred at the Intercollegiate



W. K. VANDERBILT'S AUTOBOAT, "THE HARD-BOILED EGG," WITH MRS. VANDERBILT AT THE WHEEL

"The Hard-Boiled Egg" is just crossing the line a winner in a nineteen-mile race held in the Sound, off New Rochelle, June 18. The average speed for the race was 24½ knots



THE RACE FOR THE LYSISTRATA CUP, JUNE 18, BETWEEN H. H. ROGERS'S STEAM YACHT "KANAWHA" AND F. M. SMITH'S "HAUOLI"

The "Kanawha," which won the race last year, was never headed during the whole sixty miles of the run. Her time was 3 hours and 53 seconds, and she won by 3 minutes and 39 seconds. The victory gives her owner absolute possession of the cup offered by Ex-Commodore James Gordon Bennett of the New York Yacht Club





## OUT-OF-DOORS

IN THIS DEPARTMENT, OUTDOOR LIFE—THAT IS, SPORT IN THE BROADER AND MORE GENERAL SENSE—WILL BE DISCUSSED AT FREQUENT INTERVALS DURING THE COMING SUMMER AND AUTUMN

**T**O CARRY the colors, not only of your college, but of your country, over seas, to meet in friendly rivalry the young gentlemen of Oxford and Cambridge on an English field, with the King and our Minister to St. James's and no end of fine folk looking on, to be dined and toasted and entertained at tea on the Terrace—all this is rather pleasant reward for an undergraduate who happens to be able to run a fraction of a second faster or jump an inch or so higher than any number of his friends. That was what happened to the fortunate young men who made up the Harvard-Yale team which was sent abroad in the summer of 1899, and the renewal of this challenge by the two great English universities recalls pleasant recollections of the past and enlivening anticipations of the games that are to come.

### PAST CONTESTS WITH OUR ENGLISH COUSINS

The first track meet between English and American undergraduates was in 1894, when a Yale team met Oxford on the Queen's Club grounds in London and was defeated by a score of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  to  $3\frac{1}{2}$ . In the following year Cambridge University sent a team to this country, which met Yale at New Haven and was defeated by a score of 8 to 3. The Cambridge team, together with a number of London Athletic Club athletes, had already been overwhelmingly defeated by an aggregation of specialists gathered together by the New York Athletic Club, in a meet at which the performances were consistently higher than at any other track meet ever held before or since. In the summer of 1899 the first really representative international college games—the ones we have already mentioned—were held at London between the Oxford-Cambridge and the Harvard-Yale teams, and the Englishmen won by the narrow margin of 5 to 4. On September 25, 1901, Oxford and Cambridge sent a team to this country for a return match with Harvard and Yale. The Americans won by a score of 6 to 3. The three firsts that went to the Englishmen were secured in the three distance runs which those two very interesting runners, Mr. Cockshott of Trinity College, Cambridge, the English amateur champion at that time, and the Rev. H. W. Workman, also a Cantabrigian, captured with ease. To be a clergyman in fact and appearance, as the Rev. Workman was, and to win in the same afternoon the half-mile in 1:55.3-5 and the two miles in 9:50, was a feat calculated to rouse enthusiasm in the most blasé.

### DIFFICULTIES OF ENGLISH CLIMATE

IT WILL be observed that in each of these international meets the home team won—a result in which the effects of the change of climate no doubt had considerable part. It has been indisputably proved by the experience of teams and of individuals that the English climate is to American athletes peculiarly enervating. They lose snap and vigor and, if sprinters, speed; and the longer they stay on the other side the slower they get. Those of our college athletes who have taken graduate work at Oxford or Cambridge, and competed there in the sports at which they had excelled at home, were never able to attain their old form; while specialists, like Arthur Duffey, for instance, who have gone campaigning up and down the length of the British Isles, have deteriorated until, as Duffey himself once said, he "could hardly believe at the end of the season that he had ever been able to do the remarkable times with which he was credited at the beginning of it." This very mildness and moisture which takes the snap out of the high-strung American athlete seems to act as a sort of seasoner and stayer to the native English athlete, and although he can not equal us in the sprints, he is decidedly our superior in the distance runs. It is a fallacy to think that a team of American athletes can be acclimated by a few weeks' training in England. Such an experience is bound to be disastrous, and we hope that the Harvard-Yale team which is to meet Oxford and Cambridge on July 23 will train at home as long as possible, keep their condition as well as may be on shipboard, keep away from the Thames Valley on reaching England, and, after a few days at Brighton, or in some similarly bracing atmosphere on the coast, to get their land legs again, go directly up to London for the games. The meet will be held in London in the latter part of July, and the events will be the same as those contested at the games

in 1899 on the Queen's Club grounds. These events are: The two-mile, one-mile, and half-mile runs; one hundred, and four hundred-and-forty yard dashes; high and broad jumps, high hurdles, and hammer throw. The cutting out of the shot-put deprives the American team of what would undoubtedly be one sure first, as the English collegians are as inferior to ours in the weights as they are superior in the distance runs. This is for the simple reason that with their dilettante methods of training they have never taken the trouble to acquire the footwork and proper handling of the body and the missile which go to make up the difficult technique of these events.

### MAKE-UP OF THE AMERICAN TEAM

SQUADS of ten men were picked at Harvard and at Yale on June 14 and sent to the training table. Out of these twenty men probably sixteen will be taken to England. Among those who will in all probability compete against the Englishmen are W. A. Schick of Harvard, the intercollegiate champion in the sprints; E. T. Clapp of Yale, winner of both the hurdle events at the intercollegiate games; E. B. Parsons of Yale, who equaled the intercollegiate half-mile record of 1 minute 56.4-5 seconds at this year's championship meet, and the following point winners at the intercol-

on the day of the race could scarcely have been improved upon, but the course is full of sharp curves and sudden falls and rises, and it presents enough difficulties to try the nerves of the most reckless of drivers even though such a daredevil speed as a mile a minute were not attempted. There were seven countries represented in the race—France, Germany, England, Belgium, Italy, Austria, and Switzerland, each by a team of three. The start was made at seven o'clock in the morning. Jenatzy, the holder of the trophy, being the first to be sent away. Edge of England followed seven minutes later, and the others were started at similar intervals. All completed the first circuit without trouble, except Opel of the Swiss team, who broke a shaft while passing through the main street of the town of Wehrheim, and was obliged to retire. At the end of the second circuit Théry, the winner, had assumed a lead, and by the end of the third round it was apparent that the race lay between him and Jenatzy. The latter drove his car, a Mercedes, to the limit until the very end, but he could not catch up, and Théry, in an eighty-horsepower Richard-Brasier car, crossed the line a winner in the time for the course of 5 hours 50 minutes and 3 seconds.

The crowd at the finish line was large and brilliant, and the fact that a German champion had been beaten on a German course did not seem to lessen the enthusiasm with which the winner was greeted. Emperor William, who, with the Empress, was a spectator, was the first to congratulate France on capturing the trophy. Baron de Zuylen, president of the French Automobile Club, was sent for and presented to their Majesties in the royal box. Among the royal spectators were Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, Prince Frederick and Prince and Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse.

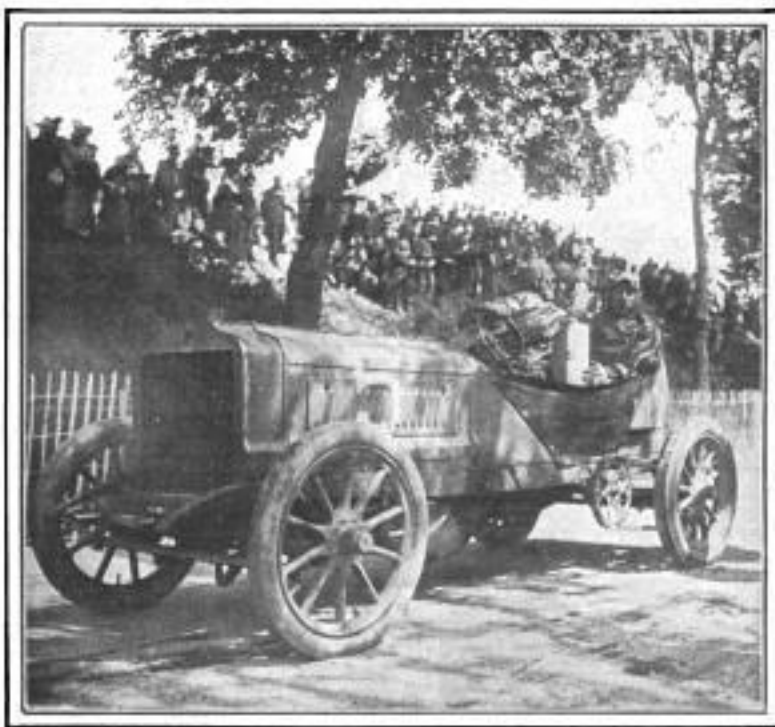
In this country, H. S. Harkness's record run from Boston to New York in less than seven hours is the most interesting bit of fast motor driving that has occurred within the past few weeks. The fastest previous record for this run of 254 miles over ordinary country roads was that of Harry Fosdick of Boston, who made the distance in 10 hours 40 minutes, elapsed time, and 8 hours 54 minutes actual running time. Mr. Harkness's elapsed time was 6 hours 41 minutes, and he lost 27 minutes by making two stops to attend to his tires. He believes that he can cut an hour off this record on another trial. During part of the run, while the road was downhill, Mr. Harkness went, he says, at the rate of 100 miles an hour. At one point, a flying bird struck his goggles, breaking the glass and slightly cutting one of his eyelids.

### GOOD WORK IN THE MIDDLE WEST

THE faculty representatives of the Middle Western colleges included in the "conference" association have taken another step toward doing away with the summer baseball evil and more thoroughly clarifying the amateur spirit by adopting the following rule: "A student shall be ineligible to represent his college in athletic contests who engages in such contests as a representative of any athletic organization not connected with his college, whether in term time or vacation, except by special written permission previously obtained of the proper athletic authorities. Occasional games during vacation on teams which have no permanent organization are not prohibited, provided written permission has been first secured, and further provided that such permission be granted for one team only during any single vacation; and it is expressly understood that no permission will be given to play on a professional or semi-professional team. In the administration of the rule it is expressly understood that a semi-professional team is one any member of which receives remuneration for his services, and proof of this fact shall not devolve on the person giving the permission, but he may accept common report as a basis for action."

### TEXAS IS SOUTHERN CHAMPION

THE DAY is long past when the so-called "Mott Haven" games or Intercollegiate Championships represent anything but a portion of the track athletic interests of the country. It takes just as fast running nowadays to win in games in Michigan or in Iowa as at games at the older colleges of the East, and there



M. Théry, Winner of the International Automobile Race, June 17

legiates in Philadelphia: Bird of Harvard, second in the high hurdles; Cates of Yale, and Bauer of Harvard, second and third respectively in the low hurdles; Victor of Yale, fourth in the high jump; Long of Yale, second in the quarter-mile and fourth in the two-twenty; Olcott of Yale, fourth in the mile; Dives of Harvard, third in the quarter-mile; Shevlin and Glass of Yale, second and fourth respectively in the hammer-throw, Shevlin throwing 158 feet 2½ inches; and Sheffield of Yale, fourth in the broad jump.

### FRANCE WINS IN AUTO RACE

DRIVING his car at the whirlwind rate of a mile a minute for 350 miles, M. Théry, representing France, won the international race at Homburg by 11 minutes and 18 seconds over his nearest competitor. Jenatzy, the German, who won the race last year, was second. In spite of the crowds who witnessed the race and the fearful velocity maintained by the cars, there were no serious mishaps, and no one was injured—a result which speaks strongly both for the management of the event and the construction of the European cars. There were no American cars in the race, although one American, of the name of Marsden, drove an Austrian car.

The Homburg course is roughly circular and 87½ miles in circumference. Four circuits were therefore necessary to complete the total distance of 350 miles. The road was in excellent condition, and the weather





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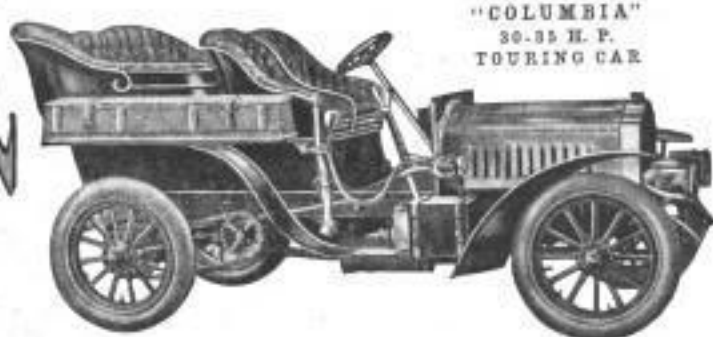
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L. W. Parrish, University of Texas  
Holder of the Southern record in hammer  
throwing: 121 feet 5 1/2 inches

are "intercollegiate" associations of every  
sort from the North Dakota association to  
that of Texas. The Southern Intercollegiate  
A.A. championship was won this spring by the  
University of Texas, whose athletes captured  
eight first places, as against the four firsts  
that went to Vanderbilt University. Bowen  
of Texas tied the Southern record of 10:1-5  
seconds in the hundred; Elam of Texas,  
made a new record of 10 feet 4 inches in the  
pole-vault; Jones of Texas equaled the rec-  
ord of 23:1-5 seconds in the two-twenty, and  
Anderson of Vanderbilt made a new record  
of 16:1-5 seconds in the high hurdles; Parrish,  
whose picture is shown above, set the South-  
ern hammer-throw record at 121 feet 5 1/2  
inches. Texas, has arranged for a football  
game next fall with the University of Chicago.

### A VACATION IN A GUIDE BOAT

THESE are the days when busy folk all over  
the land, who are presently to have a fort-  
night's freedom, are engaged in the pursuit  
of the elusive ideal vacation. It is a rainbow  
that is never found, and many wait until the  
last moment, dash off in despair to some  
tiresome "resort," and learn later to repent.  
One sort of vacation, which combines many  
of the pleasures of "roughing it" with the  
conveniences of civilization and of easy ac-  
cess, may be spent touring in a guide boat.

The Adirondack Mountain region of New  
York State divides naturally into two sec-  
tions, the eastern region of lofty peaks and  
beautiful valleys, and the western plateau,  
high and rolling, with innumerable ponds and  
lakes linked by pretty winding streams. No-  
where in our country is there a chain of lakes  
so well adapted for comfortable touring.  
From whatever point a start is made a circle  
of lakes can be traversed so as to bring the  
tourist back to the starting-point after pass-  
ing new scenery every mile of the way.  
Guides for such trips can be hired, together  
with a boat, for \$3 a day, and their board and  
lodging. Thus equipped, and with no bag-  
gage except, perhaps, a sweater, a few yards  
of rubber sheeting to throw over one in case  
of rain, and the little needed articles of the  
guide's pack basket, you travel from lake to  
lake, rowing or paddling most of the time,  
and now and then going overland on foot and  
with the help of the horse carries.

Starting at such a place, for instance, as  
Blue Mountain Lake, you may travel two  
or three hundred miles in from eight to  
twelve days, with constantly changing rough  
country by day and a comfortable hotel to  
stop in each night. Such a trip—it was on  
one actually taken by Mr. H. C. Barnaby of  
New York City that the accompanying  
photograph was made—would include Long  
Lake, Rackett River to Rackett Falls, Sar-  
anac Lake, Lake Placid, Paul Smith's, St.  
Regis Lake and Lake Clear, Big Tupper  
Lake, Little Tupper Lake, Forked Lake,  
Rackett Lake, Eighth Lake, Fourth Lake,  
Big Moose Lake. To a man's nature, such  
a trip will naturally appeal. Although the  
guides are there to do the work, you should  
have it understood at the outset that you  
are to do all that you can stand; you are  
to row and to carry the boat, if you would  
get the full enjoyment of your trip. You  
certainly will have to carry the pack basket,  
if not the oars, when the guide carries the  
boat. A guide-boat trip is not too strenuous  
an amusement for women, provided there  
are husbands and brothers to do the port-  
aging. And, as trips go, it is not expensive.



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The mighty who were humble, the simple who were great!

They fired no noisy salvos, no gaudy banners flew,  
But silent, sober, solemn, they turned them to the Blue.

When seas were black before them and skies above were black,  
No hand refused its duty, no eye looked longing back.

In stress of tide or tempest, or in the deadly grip  
Of broadside scraping broadside, they sailed and fought the ship;

Nor wasted breath in boasting; when work was there to do  
They held their peace in patience, the only peace they knew.

But peace is hard to conquer, and harder still to hold  
When treasure-laden galleons make skulking pirates bold.

Alone the fathers voyaged; alone they held their way;  
But half a world in convoy looks up to us to-day.

To guard them with our bulwarks when rovers swarm in force;  
To guide them to the haven by Freedom's chart and course;

To share our lot as brothers, till all the world shall know  
From Sea to Sea one people—one flag from Snow to Snow.

**Increasing Our Commerce**  
By **O. P. AUSTIN**  
Chief of United States Bureau of Statistics

THE chief opportunity of the United States for commercial growth will probably be found in manufactures; the chief places for expansion—the Orient, South America, Africa, and the Mediterranean countries. Our chief products are those of agriculture, the mines, the forests, and the factories. While agricultural products now form about 62 per cent of our exports, the fact that our best agricultural area is now under cultivation, and that our growing population is making constantly greater demands upon that area for food, suggests that the surplus of agricultural products available for exportation is not likely to increase rapidly. Besides, the fact that one-half of the material required by our factories is the product of agriculture suggests that our rapidly developing manufactures are demanding year by year an increased supply of the products of the farm. Our mines are capable of great development, but their products, coal excepted, can be much better exported in the form of manufactures than in the natural state, and this is true of the products of the forests. Even in that part of our agricultural products which can be spared after supplying the home demand, it is better policy to turn them into the form required for consumption before sending them abroad, for this plan gives employment to home labor and a profit to the manufacturer as well as to the producer. So our wheat should be turned into flour, our corn into meats, our cotton into cloth, and our iron and copper and wood into manufactures before sending them abroad, and this will, I think, be the future trend of our export trade. That the tendency is largely in this direction is shown by the fact that exports of agricultural products increased only 40 per cent from 1883 to 1903, while exports of manufactures increased over 200 per cent.

The world's annual importation of articles other than manufactures is (exclusive of the United States) about six billions of dollars' value, and of that we supply about one billion, or one-sixth of the total. The world's importation of manufactures is about four billions, and of that we supply about four hundred millions, or about one-tenth. As we are already supplying about one-sixth of the general imports other than manufactures, and only one-tenth of the manufactures, it would appear that a greater opportunity for development exists in the field of manufactures than in that of other products; and as our surplus of manufactures can be more readily developed than our surplus of agricultural products, it seems likely that the principal growth will be in manufactures. The two greatest items of manufactures imported by the world are cotton goods and manufactures of iron and steel. The world's importations of cotton manufactures amount to about five hundred million dollars annually, and those of iron and steel to about eight hundred millions. Of these we now supply about thirty million dollars' worth of cotton goods and one hundred millions of iron and steel, yet we produce three-fourths of the raw cotton of the world, and

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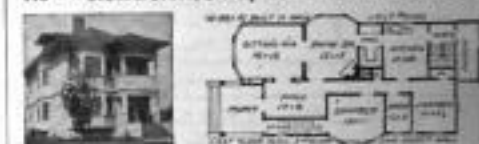
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### Assassination of Governor Bobrikoff, of Finland

AFTER four years of dignified but ineffective passive resistance to the thumbscrew policy decreed for the furtherance of their "Russification," the Finlanders have reached a state bordering on open revolt. Assassination—tyranny's monstrous offspring—has craved its first victim in the person of Governor-General Bobrikoff, the highest representative of the Imperial Government within the Grand Duchy, a man whose appointment in 1898 caused his own daughter to ask "what the Finns had done," and who so industriously served the clique of plotters at St. Petersburg that the rest of Europe named him "The Hangman of Finland." He was shot twice on June 16 while entering the Senate building at Helsingfors, and died the next day from his wounds. His murderer, who, by taking his own life, expiated his crime the moment it was committed, was Eugene Schaumann, a Finnish student belonging to one of the best families in the country, several members of which have suffered persecution on account of their fearless patriotism. Notwithstanding much talk in the Russian press of Finnish conspiracies nursed by Swedish intrigues, the murder must be regarded as the spontaneous action of an individual whose temperamental trend toward fanaticism led him to a deed wholly foreign to the spirit of the nation as a whole. But even when placed in its proper light, it remains a grave indication of the state of mind into which ruthless assaults on their very life as a nation have driven a people naturally conservative, orderly, and submissive to existing authority. In little more than four years the Finns not only have seen every one of their autonomous institutions swept away by imperial pen-strokes, but have found themselves deprived of personal liberty and have become subject to exile or imprisonment without warrant or judicial process. It must be remembered that, while the population is composed of 2,000,000 Ugric Finns and only 300,000 Swedes, the minority includes the wealthy and educated classes. The culture of the country is Scandinavian, not Russian. The leaders in every field are, in sympathy and language, Swedes. This has been used by the enemies of Finnish liberty as the principal excuse for their attacks on the rights of a people that is able to point to achievements in art, in literature, in commerce, in industry, that always equal and often surpass those of their masters. The Finnish Constitution dates back to 1772. It was ratified by Alexander I in 1809, after he had taken the land by force from Sweden, of which it had then formed an integral part for six hundred years. Each succeeding Czar, including Nicholas II, solemnly guaranteed, on his ascension to the throne, to leave the Grand Duchy in undisturbed enjoyment of its national administration and free institutions, its religion, its language, its schools, its freedom of thought and speech. Even the first Nicholas, called the Iron Czar, kept that oath sacred. The appointment of Bobrikoff, who had already won ill-fame by stamping out the national spirit in the Baltic provinces, was a warning to the Finnish people that the long-dreaded storm was breaking. They were kept in suspense till February 15, 1899, when their worst fears became materialized in an imperial ukase abrogating the Constitution, abolishing the National Parliament, and ordering that for the future their land should be administered as a Russian province. Then followed a series of decrees and ukases directed toward the undermining of the existence of the Finnish people as a distinct nation. Their army was dissolved. A new conscription law was forced on them, compelling their youth to serve as recruits in Russian regiments stationed outside the country. The press was almost wiped out. Meetings of any kind were forbidden. One after another the native officials—high and low; executive, legislative, and judicial—were ignominiously discharged, and imported Russians, or—still worse—Finnish renegades, were put in their places. The Russian language was made compulsory in courts and schools and government offices. The final and foulest blow was struck in April, 1903, when the Czar gave Bobrikoff unlimited power to exile, imprison, or deport any Finnish citizen suspected of opposition to the plans of Russia. Since then a reign of terror has prevailed. The gendarme and the Cossack rule. Espionage has become rampant. The searching of the houses of private citizens is a daily occurrence. Hundreds of the best men and women have been driven out of their native land on a few hours' notice. Others have been arrested secretly and sent to distant Russian provinces, while their families were left in complete ignorance of their fate. Millions of dollars have been lifted out of the national treasury into that of the empire, while public property of even greater value has been sequestered as if it belonged to a hostile nation. Until young Schaumann fired his fatal shots against the man whom his countrymen had come to regard as the incarnation of Russian iniquity, the resistance of the oppressed Finns had been confined to refusals to execute or obey unconstitutional decrees. But their patience has been stretched to the snapping point. Resignation is gradually turning into despair. And at the present hour it seems only too likely that the reverberation of those shots may have the effect of an alarm bell, calling the long-suffering nation into armed revolt. The outcome?—Poland gives the answer, it is to be feared.

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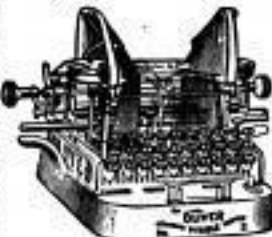
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## PARKER'S FOLLY

(Continued from page 15)

Then the gardeners came upon the scene, and full-grown trees crept, as if by magic, from their old woods, to take up stations in the formal divisions of their new home. The making of the garden delighted husband and wife more than anything else. To be able to create a well-grown paradise in this barren spot, without waiting for flowers, shrubs, and trees until they were an old man and woman, was, perhaps, the first thing that gave them the sense of the power of wealth.

At last, after eighteen months of continued labor, the house was finished. Workmen of every class—upholsterers, painters, decorators, etc.—still hovered about the premises, adding finishing touches, but for all that the house was finished, and they were living in it.

VI

AND now Edith began to learn the vainness of human plans, and to realize that unbroken happiness is not, in the order of nature, continued forever. They had longed for the time when they should be living under their own roof, and now her husband was not happy in his new home. From the first day of their tenancy Edith noticed a change in him. He was ill at ease, and he was not well, though he tried hard to hide this from the loving wife who watched him so anxiously. He was restless and subject to fits of depression. He walked about the long passages, with head down and dejected carriage, or paused, staring at the low carved ceilings, in fits of melancholy abstraction. Then he would rouse himself with a violent effort and hurry out into the garden, or for long rambles over the hills, as if struggling to free himself from his depression by violent and unusual exercise. His rest at night, after those solitary walks, was broken and troubled.

"I assure you I am perfectly well," he said, when his wife questioned him. "I would go to a doctor if there was anything the matter with me, but there is not. Of course, now that the place is finished, our occupation is, in a manner, gone, and I miss it a little."

But such assurances did not quiet Edith in view of the fact that his sleeplessness and nervousness seemed increasing and the depression of his spirits became more and more marked. To oblige her, he consented to call in a Barcombe doctor.

The Barcombe doctor declared that there was nothing wrong with Mr. Parker's health, but strongly advised change of air, and gave the name of a prominent physician in the city, on whom they might call, if a second opinion would give them any satisfaction. The second opinion was the same as the first. There was nothing the matter with Mr. Parker, but he would do well to try a temporary change of surroundings.

A rapid tour in Scotland quickly proved the soundness of the medical advice.

Mr. Parker returned to Barcombe in the highest of spirits and full of schemes for the future enjoyment of his home. Unfortunately, however, the return to Barcombe meant the return of the former and disquieting symptoms. Gradually, and imperceptibly, the old depression and abstraction reappeared and settled with a stronger hold on their victim than before.

Listless and weary, Mr. Parker would wander disconsolately about his wonderful house and its beautiful grounds, dragging himself up the granite steps, from terrace to terrace, or leaning on the balustrades to look with lack-lustre eyes on the waving branches below. Then, after a day or two, Edith would carry him off to the city to seek fresh advice.

What was the matter with Mr. Parker? He only knew that he was ill, that a strange depression weighed him down; that, in spite of his love for his wife, he found his existence a burden. The doctors explained this morbid condition in a dozen different ways and prescribed as many different methods of treatment to get rid of it. But it was love and not science which found a cure.

"My dear lady, I am puzzled, I confess." It was the first of the great city physicians who had made such a confession, and he was talking to Edith alone, after the consultation, while her husband waited, listless and inert, in another room. "Your husband is the victim of a strange nostalgia. You tell me he has not been born and bred on mountains, and is not now living in a plain, or vice versa. He has not been a sailor, an African traveler, an Alpine climber, or an aeronaut. Had he been, I should have said send him back to the sea or up into the clouds again. Let him have his old occupation again for a brief space!"

That very night, while her husband lay gnashing his teeth and muttering in the restless sleep which came to him now so fitfully, Edith dreamed a strange dream.

She dreamed that she was at Barcombe, and architects, contractors, and workmen came to her, as they had come in the past, and said: "It is finished. See for yourself how well we have obeyed you." Then they pointed to the bungalow, from which a white tower sprang upward to an immense height. Almost as deep into the bowels of the earth as the tower itself a hollow shaft descended, and up and down the well a shiny column and a splendid elevator were rising and falling. There was nothing in the tower but the shaft and countless little platforms, guarded by strong brass gates, and connected one with another by ladder-like stairs. Then she thought to herself in her dream: "This will cure him of his melancholy! This will give him the healthy occupation that he has been pining for. He shall take me up and down, and I will pretend to be his passengers. Then I will get out and pretend to be myself in the old days, and he shall come rumbling up and look at me with his dear eyes, and speak to me with his dear voice in those old words—the dearest words a girl ever heard—Indian Lace Ottoman Velvet Etcetera! That will cure him!" And it did.

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# Collier's

St. Louis Convention Extra



JULY 12, 1904  
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Second-Class Matter





Alton Brooks Parker of New York  
Nominated by the Democratic Party for President

# THE GREAT POLITICAL DRAMA AT ST. LOUIS

BY  
WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE



Henry Gassaway Davis of West Virginia  
Nominated by the Democratic Party for Vice-President

A **DRAMATIC FIGURE** is one which, being moved by some strong obvious force outside of itself, yet a force released by characteristics of the dramatic figure itself, hastens before the spectators' eyes to some inevitable doom. Rarely, in the history of recent American politics, has a figure appeared so thoroughly dramatic as that of William J. Bryan at the St. Louis Democratic Convention. He was the hero of the occasion, even though he did not triumph, and even though the sense and judgment of this country, that saw him struggling against the inevitable, was that he should not triumph for his country's good; still he was the hero, and because he made a gallant fight all felt instinctively and irrationally who saw him go down that he was the figure whom the spectators hoped would win. The whole interest of the Convention was centred not on Parker, the man who won the Presidential nomination, but upon the struggling leader being dragged slowly, and yet with tragically irresistible power, down to his pitiable defeat. In the tumult and uproar of the Convention, where ten thousand people saw him during the three intense days of the Convention, Bryan, who was constantly in the limelight, seemed as far from human help as a player on the stage. The situation was almost unreal. The supernumeraries came and went, organizing the Convention, calling its rolls, keeping it moving along a parliamentary course; hands played, and thousands upon thousands of men and women sat row upon row in the great amphitheatre, flicking fans and cheering, mixing in the play as a kind of huge Greek chorus, who passed from spectators to players, and again to players as the situation called them; the plot of the story moved on untraveling in action, as every one knew it would;—but through it all was the fortune of Bryan, the human interest that bound the whole nation, political friends and foes alike, as an audience watching a stage scene.

## The Convention Hall

The stage was set in the big room where McKinley was nominated eight years ago. It is an oblong room where ten thousand people may look down upon a platform projecting into the pit, a kind of peninsula from one long wall of seats. A dingy yellow cloth ceiling hides the iron rafters that hold the high arched roof, and the coats-of-arms of States are set low on this yellow skyline, with much bunting covering the columns and festooning the woodwork everywhere.

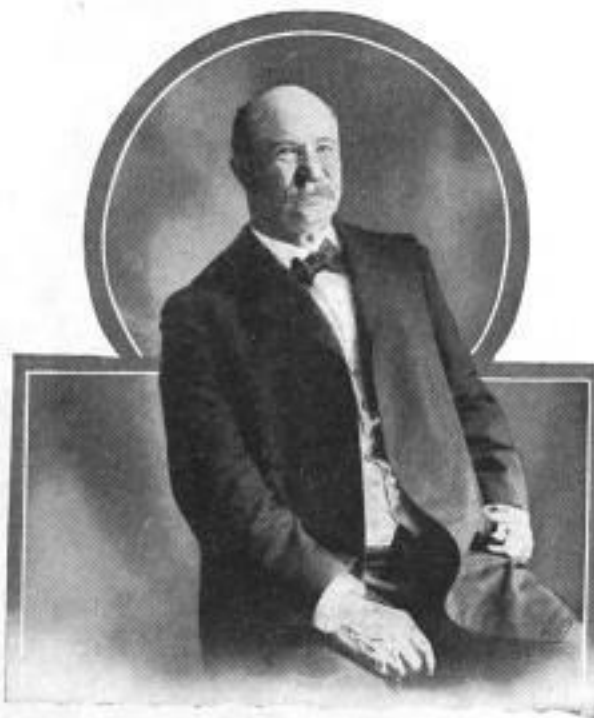
Into this hopper people came pouring Wednesday noon, July the sixth, and while they waited for the nobles and lords and courtly *dramatis personae* to appear, the band, in a box high above the crowd, played tunes grave and gay, "Hail Columbia!" "The Star-Spanned Banner," "Ain't dat a Shame?" "America," "Bedelia," and the like, and the crowd murmured its faint applause, until the band played "Dixie," when a cry of joy swept over the audience and back and over again.

It was a noisy crowd, and given to rudeness. It would not be quiet and listen to Williams, temporary Chairman, speaking. The crowd thought he had a weak voice, and said so, when the truth is that the crowd merely had poor manners. It was all very like the first act in a play, wherein the people keep coming in and drown out the story of the situation which the housemaid is telling to the butler, upon which the whole of the action hinges. The people in the theatre know what to expect, and have heard most of the plot in advance; so the people in the big hall, and in the country at large for that matter, knew what the play was to be and merely showed John Sharp Williams the discourtesy of inattention to his story, though it was the keynote of everything that followed.

## The First Gons of the Battle

But the next day, Thursday, July the seventh, the real action of the play began. Off the stage, during intervals between the acts, the Committees on Credentials and on Resolutions had been holding an all-night session. In the matter before the Credentials Committee Bryan had this interest—he believed that there was fraud in the election of the Illinois delegates, and, perhaps because his friends would be losers by reason of the fraud, he had announced, several days before the Convention assembled, that he would fight the seating of the Hopkins delegation. Also in Chairman Williams'

speech the theory was promulgated that Providence, by increasing the gold supply of the country, had solved the money question and had taken it out of politics. For eight years Bryan has been a figure in politics because he has believed and has constantly contended that Providence has not settled the money question by making a plenty of gold any more than Providence has settled the question of the inequalities of food in the land by giving the country big crops. Bryan, therefore, was known to be fighting the adoption of the Williams idea in the platform; and it was known by all the crowd in the galleries that if the Williams idea was introduced as part of the platform, as every one verily believed it would be introduced, Bryan would appear in the Convention and fight for his life. Also every one knew that there was an overwhelming majority against him.



David Bennett Hill  
The Strategist of the Parker Campaign

This merely whetted the appetite of the people for the show. The fact that the lions would kill the gladiator never diminished the size of the crowd in the Coliseum. The great hall at St. Louis was jammed full an hour before the time set for the assembling of the Convention Thursday morning. The band played and played and played, and the people cheered at "Dixie" again and again. Fans quivered over the dark tiers of people like leaves on the aspen. There was a long delay. The Committee, men said, was not ready to report. That meant that a battle had been going on outside, off the stage, which intensified the dramatic situation in every action. The people did not know which Committee was unready, they did not know which battle was still fighting, but they knew that there was combat in the air.

Ten thousand people in one room waiting to hear from a conflict outside that room and expecting to hear every minute will generate a tremendous psychic force. The band and the screaming at the familiar tunes, the heat and the fanning, only made the people nervous, and the flood of suppressed excitement kept rising. The hero was not there. The Nebraska delegation was assembled, but Bryan was absent. Men, therefore, knew certainly that he was in the fight. The subliminal attention of the vast throng—and ten thousand is a vast throng, such as assembled on the great hills of Germany in days when the savage clans gathered to name their chiefs and make their laws; the cheering at St.

Louis, over a band tune, or a trivial incident happening in the pit beneath the eyes of the crowd, was high-keyed and almost hysterical. The crowd was gradually lapsing, under the spell of suspense, into an earlier state of civilization, the centuries were slipping off the crowd with every five minutes it lasted. The drums and the screaming horns called back to ancient ceremonies, and the thumping rhythm fell upon the nerves of the multitude whose situation was fixed on the battle outside. The underconsciousness of that mob was slowly rising; it was primitive and barbaric.

Suddenly the figure of Bryan appeared in the hall going toward the Nebraska delegation. The man who saw Bryan yelled, and in an instant the vast throng was looking at the pit. It saw Bryan. The savage in men, bent under their humdrum lives for years, stood erect and began to howl. The mob went mad in the twinkling of an eye. The yelling was deafening. One did not think human creatures could make such a fearful sound. There was a bass tone in it, but the body was shrill and frenzied, and big and brutal. Ten thousand decorous American citizens cheering and clapping their hands, pleased and happy—even decorous—is a common thing. Joy may be loud yet decorous, but a mob of ten thousand by waiting wrought to a frenzy, sloughing off civilization and bellowing out all the horrible honks and cries that can come out of the human throat, is another matter. Mount these ten thousand on chairs, set their arms to waving and their bodies to swaying with hints of some almost atrophied passion for a dance, and there is a picture for the sociologist.

## Savage and Frenzied Enthusiasm

Thus the mob in St. Louis roared for Bryan. The epileptic spasm lasted ten long minutes at full flood, rising every minute, until, when it was at its height, the noise was terrifying. High up in his balcony, the band leader was beating the air with his baton; the bandmen were holding their horns to their lips and their puffed cheeks showed they were blaring out sound. But it was as a whisper on the wind. Yet far down in the lashing ocean of sound there was a throbbing beat, as a pulse that one felt rather than heard. It was the beating of the bandman's drum. All else was swallowed in the cataclysm.

After the first passion of the demonstration had passed, men came to their senses and the cheering was followed with hand-clapping, fan-waving, and hat-throwing for half an hour. But it was sane enough. It was merely "a joyful noise before the Lord." When the band played and tried to drown the noise, it rose a little and held its rise a minute or two, but it soon sank to the level of mere pandemonium which one suspected was more manufactured than inspired. Down in the pit the banners of the delegations began to wave. Nebraska waved her pennant and there was another moment of the former madness. In the hubbub a few Western States—desert States in some instances—took their pennants over and placed them beside Nebraska's. But the pennants of the old Southern States and of the East were rigid. The maddest of the cheering had not made these States move. Their delegates were dignified and silent. When the Western pennants moved, amid the deafening cheers of the galleries, New York, Massachusetts, Alabama, and Georgia were stiffly indifferent.

## The Galleries Try to Shout Down the Delegates

Suddenly Georgia unfurled her purple and gold Parker banner and carried it to the platform and put it high above the crowd. Then came New York and New England and the old South; and Vardaman, the long-haired, swarthy, grim-visaged survivor of antebellum Democracy, was cast up from the waves of enthusiasm with his State's banner in his hands. He held it beside Georgia's banner for a moment and then sank out of sight. During this scene there was cheering from the delegates in the gold States. The galleries tried to drown out the Parker spectacle by crying "Bryan!" The storm of noise engulfed the squeaks of the pit as though they were being doused in a tide. The Parker demonstration ended, and then, as a summer rain dies away in the soft patter on eaves and the gurgle of rivulets, the Bryan ebbed gently and there was quiet.

After the emotion had passed, the session of the Convention opened and was matter-of-fact enough for any one. The Resolutions Committee was not ready,





William Jennings Bryan

but Bryan had come in with the Credentials Committee. After an hour of parrying he came forward with the minority report and made his fight. He was an hour before the crowd, which seemed to hang upon his words. The gallery cheered when he made the most trite remarks. The delegates did not cheer at all—not even the delegates who were friendly to Bryan. He put forth his facts and followed them by his arguments. He was more than plausible. He had much decency on his side. His opponents at no time disproved, nor tried to deny, for that matter, much that he contended.

Probably seven-tenths of the delegates agreed with Bryan. Yet, looking at the faces in the pit, the crowd saw that the men there were not in sympathy with the Bryan cause. There was absolutely no spontaneity in the Convention. The most apparent thing, during the entire life of the Convention, was the fact that the delegates had come to St. Louis determined not to be stampeded. They were seemingly sensitive on the subject. They were like men who had been stark mad, and the fear of it coming back was in their hearts, and at any hint of the old delusion they gripped their consciousness tightly and shut their eyes to everything save the path before them. One almost felt that they were willing to accept a new delusion or any fancy rather than let the old mania return. They were never sure when they were exactly sane, and always seemed to be asking themselves if they were entirely safe.

#### Bryan's First Reverse

At the end of the afternoon's debate, the roll call showed that with all his power in the gallery crowd, the delegates were against Bryan by a two-thirds majority. He knew then surely, what he had felt for a year, that his power over the Democratic party was gone. He sat grimly through the roll call, and when the adjournment came and the crowd went out suddenly because that act of the play had been harsh upon its hero, Bryan hurried over to the place where the Resolutions Committee was holding its session and began his fight to get a reaffirmation of silver in the Democratic platform.

He fought like a thoroughbred, but he used bad judgment, if one considers mere winning as his end. Persons who had not regarded Bryan's moral perceptions as of a particularly high grade, whatever they may have thought him intellectually, must concede that in all he did at St. Louis he acted with a moral courage that was good to behold. By refusing to make the fight for the credentials minority report, Bryan might have saved his strength to avail him in his fight against Parker and a gold platform. By covering his fight on Parker, and declaring for Hearst, or for some candidate like Gray or Cockrell, early in summer, Bryan might have defeated Parker and got something to his liking in the platform. But he believed the anti-Hopkins contention was right in the credentials matter. He sacri-

ficed expediency for duty, and went into a losing fight before the Convention and showed his miserable weakness to all the delegates before he needed to do so. With the Parker matter, Bryan boldly denounced Parker and Parkerism, refusing to trade or have anything to do with it. He was honest and was decent in his fight, but a trickier fight might have won more for Bryan against a man like Hill.

#### Bryan's Fight Against Gold

After leaving the Convention Thursday afternoon, when the credentials fight was done, Bryan worked all night with the Resolutions Committee. He was the only one making the silver fight. Hill had been refreshed by Wednesday's sleep while Bryan was fighting for his credentials report; and besides Hill on the Resolutions Committee were a dozen strong gold standard men. Against these came Bryan, weary and beaten after a hard contest in the Convention Thursday night, to fight the platform fight in the committee. Hill threatened a gold plank. Bryan counter-threatened with a free silver plank. All night the wrangling continued. Hill and Bryan and John Sharp Williams were made a sub-committee, and they carried the fight over from the night into the day.

When the Convention met Friday morning, there was nothing to report. It was a short scene soon shifted, and the audience was merely irritated. It cheered for Bryan loudly enough and was insolently rough to others. But the crowd desired action, and would not rest until it came.

When the platform was ready to report, it was more Bryan's platform than Hill's. Bryan's was the tariff plank, and he had had his way about the anti-trust and the money questions. Nothing whatever was said. It was more Bryan's victory than Hill's, for though each lost his position and was without defence, it is Hill's friends who are in charge of the campaign now on; and if that is lost, and if Parker had not spoken, it would have been Bryan who would be able to say, "I told you so," and demand back the reins of the party. As it is, Hill will have to face the Republicans with his lamentable error of having his candidate rebuke the Convention for cowardice. It is not Bryan's worry.

When the curtain went up on the last act of the drama which had held its auditors three days, they were too tired to cheer much; they were mad at the way the story was running, and they were ill-bred in the extreme. The platform was but a few hours old when it came to the Convention, and not a dozen delegates outside of the platform committeemen knew exactly what the platform declared for, and no one cared, for it was known that Bryan had been whipped so far as reaffirming the old silver plank was concerned. Just how he had been whipped no one knew; but with silver out of politics, the people knew Bryan was out of politics. So, when Senator Daniels, Chairman of the Platform Committee, tried to read the platform the crowd roared and sneered and would not hear it. But he stood up beside the Speaker's desk and read the platform to Champ Clark, the Chairman of the Convention, and in the tumult no one else heard it. It was, so far as that Convention was concerned, a confidential communication between those two gentlemen. The Chairman put the motion through a megaphone, and its adoption, amid catcalls, provoked no applause other than a yelp of bad temper from the galleries.

#### The Nominating Begins

The roll of the States was opened on nominations for the Presidency at half-past nine Friday night. By midnight the list had not progressed alphabetically to the I's. Speeches were long, and for the most part stupid; of the old-fashioned sort that hold the name of the candidate until the last word, to create a climax.

The demonstrations of the various candidates, Parker and Hearst and the favorite sons, were painfully perfunctory; the perfunctoriness in the case of Parker and Hearst lasting for exactly thirty-five minutes each, the Hearst people apparently thinking that as soon as they had exactly equalled the Parker noise in volume and extent they had done all that could be asked of them.

As the night dragged wearily on there were "seconding" speeches from the teeth out, long and wooden. One man only of all those who seconded the nominations had any sincere thing to say—Clarence Darrow, of Chicago, who brought the spirit of Robespierre into the place, and made a rabble-rousing speech on plutocracy. The man who nominated Wall of Wisconsin showed the temper of the galleries when he attacked the gold wing of the party, and twitted the Parkerites with having a Palmer and Buckner elector put their candidate before the Convention. Also Champ Clark relieved the tension of the Convention by making a happy, good-natured nominating speech for Cockrell; and at half-past two in the morning the crowd, which was dead tired, sprang into life, and through some prearrangement, which worked admirably, began waving flags for Cockrell. Five thousand flags had been slipped into the galleries for the occasion, and when the time came there was the most beautiful blooming of color all over the house. The cheering was so sincere and the scene so refreshing that it put new life into the leaden hours. When Missouri was passed, and the other letters staggered by under their weight of heavy oratory and an hour droned by, half of the speakers were strangled in their own meshes of rhetoric by the angry galleries, and those who were allowed to proceed only put the crowd to sleep.

#### Not the Bryan of Eight Years Ago

The mob was waiting for Bryan. It knew that his time would come. At half-past four he rose, and for a minute there was again that passionate cry of the savage at his rising. He came to the speakers' stand a rather heavy-set middle-aged man, not the boy orator who, eight years before to a day, had set the Democratic Convention wild with his voice. He stooped a little, for he had not worn his eight years well, and he was broken from loss of sleep. The lines that have bitten deeply into his face since the campaign of '96

were shaded by the white light of the electric lamps that were beginning to sputter for dawn above him. He opened his speech in a low husky voice, and his gestures were those of a weak body. His eyes were dull at first, but they began to glow as his voice cleared out and the passion of his soul began to come out in very sharp gestures. The audience was hushed and still; he might have been speaking in an empty house. It was so quiet, the applause seemed to ring out of the air from nowhere, cut off as with a knife, as the orator resumed his discourse.

What he said men have read, but the way he said it, the art of it all, only those will know who heard it. It must be considered one of the memorable orations of this prosy unromantic day. It has been said that some words are so momentous that they become deeds. Bryan's were such. As he talked, the purple shadows of the coming day were seen through the windows, and before he closed the dawn was gray about him. He stood there surrendering his power, that had come to him in his youth so suddenly. He had carried the banner of social democracy in America further than any other man had carried it. It is not free silver that Bryan stands for, and he knew it, in the breaking day, when his party told him to stand aside.

#### Pleading for a Lost Cause

Bryan has stood for as much of the idea of socialism as the American mind to-day will confess to. He believes that his idea (whether he defines it clearly or not is immaterial) is important to the welfare of his country. Probably he is wrong; but as he stood there sadly appealing to his party for his old cause, which he knew was a lost cause, he seemed bidding farewell—a long farewell—to all the power and glory that has been the breath of his nostrils. He has lived cleanly, and has acted fairly and squarely according to his lights. He is the idol of that party, of his branch of his party, which stood for his ideas. These men live in the Middle West. Thousands of them came many hun-



J. M. Guiley of Pennsylvania and John I. Martin, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Convention

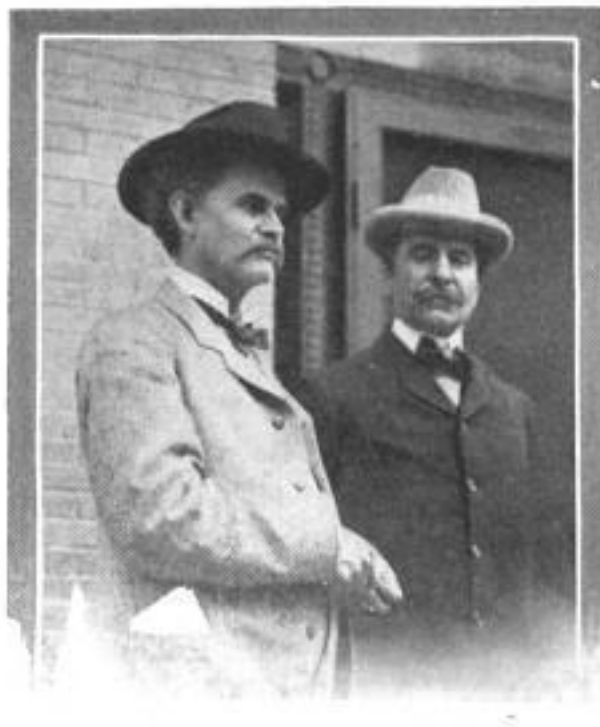
dred miles to see his surrender. He quit like a gentleman, with his colors flying. Whatever his enemies may say of him, they must admire the pluck which he showed at the last. He was strong and self-reliant as he stood there with the electric pencils above him dimmed by the light of a new day. It was a manly spectacle, the fitting tableau of the last act of the drama. And when he said his last line they cheered and cheered him again and again. He turned slowly away from the footlights, and walked into the crowd with heavy footsteps.

#### Parker Nominated at Dawn

When the balloting for President was over—and that took but a few minutes—the new day was abroad. The crowd had thinned out during the balloting as they do toward the close of the last act in a theatre. They knew how it would end. The announcement hardly raised a cheer. There was a great flag above the speakers' stand to be lowered when Parker was announced as the nominee of the new party—the "sane and safe" Democracy. When Parker's name was spoken the wire was snapped to let the flag drop, but it rolled out only a few feet and stopped. The cheering was over and the crowd was half out of the room. Some one tried to loosen the wire and get the flag down to celebrate the victory, but it still stuck.

There was a perfunctory motion to adjourn, and then the crowd filed slowly out into the crisp new cutting air of another day. The play was over. The dramatic figure of Bryan, moved by a force outside himself, which was released by his own powers and weaknesses, had brought him to his inevitable doom.

What happened after the passing of Bryan is immaterial to the story of his fortunes. It was the Convention, not Bryan, that received the shock of Parker's rebuff to Democracy's ostrich act. Bryan was sick in bed, threatened with pneumonia, and it was three hours after the message from Parker came that Bryan appeared in the hall in a thunderclap of applause. But it was a man whose power had been surrendered that came in. The play was over, the climax reached, and he was called before the curtain to read the epilogue.



John Sharp Williams and Perry Belmont





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# THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENT





N IN SESSION AT ST. LOUIS, JULY 6-9, 1904



The majority of the Convention, a two-thirds majority, three times had recorded itself against Bryan, even when, as in the Illinois contest, he was right. There was no reason now to believe that he would affect the majority against him, even if he was right. He was an outsider, passed from his party councils. That feeling was in the air when he came to the hall; and, though the galleries rained their applause down on him, the delegates were colder than ever. It was the galleries that dragged Bryan to the platform, and when he spoke his epilogue it was to the galleries and to the newspapers and the shrinking wing of his party that once had sheltered him. It was a sad business.

All through the debate, which lasted until Sunday

morning, Bryan accepted the situation of a defeated leader trying to put the blame of future party failure upon his conquerors. He granted them every courtesy, gave them every privilege. When they demanded a vote, his last words to New York and to his party were, "Nebraska will vote for New York's candidate for the Vice-Presidency. We will do nothing to jeopardize our success next fall, and if New York thinks it wise to force a vote on the question I shall withdraw my objection." The previous question was carried and the gold standard raised over the fallen silver leader.

By an overwhelming vote the delegates resolved to answer Judge Parker's despatch by sending the following telegram: "The platform adopted by this Conven-

tion is silent on the question of the monetary standard because it is not regarded by us as a possible issue in this campaign, and only campaign issues were mentioned in the platform. Therefore, there is nothing in the views expressed by you in the telegram just received which would preclude a man entertaining them from accepting a nomination on said platform."

At one o'clock Sunday morning, ex-United States Senator Henry G. Davis of West Virginia was unanimously nominated for Vice-President, making Parker and Davis the ticket. It was decided that the National Committee should meet in New York City at a time to be determined later by Senator James K. Jones. At 1:30 A.M. the Convention adjourned.

*The article on the St. Louis Convention by Hon. John Sharp Williams, announced to appear in this Extra, will be published in the regular issue of Collier's, July 23. At the close of the Convention, Mr. Williams telegraphed us that he would be unable to write his article until he had rested forty-eight hours, as he was utterly worn out from loss of sleep and from the unceasing application to his political duties at St. Louis. The articles by William Allen White and Norman Hapgood were telegraphed to Collier's the day the Convention closed, in order that this Extra might be published immediately*

## BEHIND THE SCENES AT ST. LOUIS

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

PEOPLE were packed like sardines, the Coliseum was full of bunting and wood. The exits were few and narrow. A spark might have started a catastrophe compared to which the Iroquois Theatre and the General Slocum conflagrations would have seemed but moderately disastrous. Naturally there was a rule that smoking should not be indulged in at the hazard of above ten thousand lives. Mr. John Sharp Williams, however, is an American; he likes to smoke, and, therefore, smoke he did. When his example was imitated by some small boy, the free-born youth naturally reasoned that if the Chairman of the Convention preferred his own amusement to the safety of thousands, minor persons also were free to ignore the rules. Mr. Williams' behavior was not the only example of American laxity given to the notable assemblage. The interest and privilege of the public were turned into graft. Seats were sold upon the streets. Seized by the national committeemen, even after they had been specially assigned, for business or for pleasure, to members of the public, they were turned over to their friends, and protests were met with insolence. But Mr. Williams' behavior had a peculiar interest for me, because he struck Mr. Roosevelt's lawlessness as the keynote of this campaign. He attacked the President savagely for insufficient deference for law. He who refused to control a habit when it endangered the lives of ten thousand helpless citizens is about to ask the people to refuse to Mr. Roosevelt another term, on the ground that he ignored technicalities in seeking to do right. Mr. Williams, who would not control himself in a matter of real and unmistakable menace, was asking his Convention to condemn the President for lacking self-control. The Convention had to take orders from a man who himself ignored the most vital rule which was supposed to protect the gathering. I saw nothing more wonderful than this. I hold no brief for the President, and have been a great admirer of Mr. Williams, but I am now merely making clear what things of real importance I saw at the Convention, let it injure whom it may.

### The Inside Bryan Story

THAT Mr. Bryan was the protagonist of the drama was obvious to the merest outsider. After the first test vote, when he had shown how much less than one-third of the Convention he personally controlled, people discussed in a friendly way the vast enthusiasm which he inspired. It was a wake, said one. It was the tribute given to the last gallant charge, said another. Even his leading friends believed that he had lost. One day later he emerged, after his speech on Friday, a more absolute leader of the Western Democracy than he had been since 1896, more absolute perhaps than he was in '96. He had yielded to the people's will on the financial fallacy that had alienated the best of the Western radicals, and had asked if they wished him as a leader purged of his favorite error. Their response was unmistakable. Democrats of the type of Tom Johnson and Joseph Folk say with enthusiasm, with devotion, that Mr. Bryan has gone out of St. Louis larger and stronger than he entered it; they say that he has shown teachability, unselfishness, and parliamentary skill; that he is a sincere representative of their ideals; that he is the leader of their cause. This wise class of radicals, whose watchword is unjust privileges, are under no illusions about the present campaign. They are not hypocrites enough to say that Parker is a greater friend to unjust privilege than Roosevelt. They say only that they are in a position now to fight together, year after year, against unjust privileges, whether they be shown in tariff discrimination or the method of taxing great corporations.

### Behind the Scenes With Mr. Folk

MR. BRYAN wished Joseph Folk to consent to be a rallying-point for these ideals of the West; for it is the West, in ideal, against the East and the South. Mr. Bryan was, indeed, grieved and perhaps almost indignant that Mr. Folk refused to serve. I think Mr. Bryan was led astray by his habitual association with a party and the use of the name Democratic as a shibboleth. Cool-headed men of business in St. Louis say that Mr. Folk has done more to awaken consciences in Missouri than any man who ever lived within the State. He is doing with power and probable success in one State what Mr. Bryan and his party are talking about for the nation. He has asked the people of Missouri to make him Governor, in order that the success of this awakening process may be assured. To have yielded to the importunities of the radical national leaders would have been to put a party name above real

progress, to have turned Missouri over to corruption in a vain attempt to defeat a President who, as Mr. Folk knows, has done more against corruption and unjust privilege than anybody who has occupied the chair since those special conditions became conspicuous. Mr. Folk has not won. The machine Democrats, as it looks now, have cleverly created a false scent by getting upon the Folk ticket two men tainted with the evil which Folk is fighting. Sam Cook witnessed the payment of a bribe. He is standing for re-election as Secretary of State. He refuses to get off the ticket for the good of his State. Allen, standing for re-election as Auditor, has railroad associations which make him a bad man to be a member ex-officio of the board which controls taxation. Cook would also be a member of that board. Whether Folk can keep these men off the ticket, when the Convention meets at Jefferson City, July 19, is doubtful. Farmers may go to that Convention armed with shotguns to prevent St. Louis rowdies, or "Indians," from using force. Mr. Folk will run even if this platform and the other candidates should be against him. He will then simply ignore the candidate and his associates before and after the elections.



Martin W. Littleton

Who nominated Judge Parker for President

The honest Democrats of Missouri may be able to keep Cook and Allen off the ticket. If not, the Republicans, meeting July 29, have a great opportunity. They might put Folk at the head of their ticket, with honest men as his associates, and they would win. What they will probably do, however, is to make a juncture with the Democratic boodlers. Butler, the notorious St. Louis boss, three months ago made an agreement with the machine men on both sides by which he names the Circuit-Attorney on both tickets. According to the statements of Cook himself, he was sent for by Harry W. Hawes, Judge Priest, the judge who declared in court that bribery was a conventional crime at most, and Butler, to discuss plans for a deal whereby Folk should be beaten and a corrupt Republican elected. How could Folk give up a fight such as this merely to carry a banner marked Democratic?

### Parker Strategy

IT IS a mistake to conceive of Hill as conducting all branches of the adroit Parker tactics at St. Louis. He built up the organization, to be sure. His was the strategy. But the tactics on the spot were largely those of Sheehan. To him was left the face-to-face diplomacy. He spoke as a plenipotentiary: "I, and I alone, am authorized to speak for Judge Parker," he told the delegates. He met them with such consideration that he made concession easy. The Parker forces, in exterior demeanor, were a fine example of firmness and courtesy combined. They were long and carefully drilled against a stampede; they were told what fools they had made of themselves often before by being swayed by temporary excitement, and they were told to experiment, for a change, on making up their minds in calm and maintaining their decision in any storm. Mr. Bryan met this situation by fighting calmly and moderately step by step. He chose the Illinois situa-

tion as the best opening, and he did wisely; for it is doubtful if one person out of ten, who knew the facts, had any sympathy with the delegation which was seated. Mr. Bryan, therefore, began his efforts before the Convention on an issue which made him the exponent of justice against machine power. The Parker leaders used some threats. Illinois and other States let it be known clearly in private that they could be kept away from Parker for just about one ballot, if Mr. Bryan misbehaved, and of course the first money plank was a club. Bryan met these suggestions with hints about the limits of his own patience, each side carried a stick, but carried it with courtesy, and each side came really prepared for peace. The Parker men kept their ranks solid and unexcited and won most, as their strength was greatest. Mr. Bryan and two or three trusted friends kept their heads and won just about as much as was relative to their strength.

Mr. Bryan was already a hero when he made so astute and dignified a speech on Friday, when he was worn by work and lack of sleep. When he came to the Convention hall on Saturday from his bed of sickness he was of course still more the hero. What he said brought out no new fact, except that Senator Hill undoubtedly told him a lie when he said he did not know Judge Parker's views upon the gold standard. Mr. Bryan's comments on the telegram were taken by the audience as just, and helped him establish himself as a man of very considerable size.

### Roosevelt and the Southerners

WILLIAMS in his skilful way, Hobson in his gross extravagance, and most of the other Southern speakers ranging in ability between the two, waved the negro question and expansion at the President. Williams, Bailey, and the other able Southern leaders are unpopular with all the Western and some of the Eastern Democrats for their strict construction ideas. Only the necessity of being in opposition made the Western delegates take a hostile tone to the Administration's policy as regards expansion. Privately they admit that the President represents them both in this respect better than the spirit of their speeches and platform does. Bankers and similar men of business in the West fear him somewhat, as they get their news from Wall Street, but many a man of popularity and leadership in the West will work this summer in cheerful resignation for Parker, and think in his heart with satisfaction of the prospect of the President's re-election. In this statement I include men of national importance in the Democratic party.

### The Vice-Presidency

SECTIONAL feeling was strong at St. Louis, although a valiant and large-spirited effort was made to keep it down. The rank and file of the delegates showed that they would resent not only giving the Presidency to the South, but even the Vice-Presidency. By going to West Virginia, and selecting Henry G. Davis, they managed to select a Union State, and one that sometimes goes Republican, and yet one that might be counted with the South. They would have refused Missouri, or any other Southern State, but they could accept West Virginia. After Cockrell was out of the race for the Presidential nomination, a strong attempt was made to give him the second place. Harmon was offered by the conservatives and refused by Bryan because he had been in Cleveland's Cabinet. Towne was strong until Parker's selection ruled him out. Davis seemed an easy solution at a time when all were anxious for the end.

### The Most Dramatic Episode

WHEN Parker's telegram was known the most violent excitement prevailed. It was looked upon by many as a trick of Sheehan and Hill arranged in advance, and it took all the skill of Williams, Tillman, Vardaman, Clark, and others, to prevent an eruption. The Southern delegates were the most enraged, and therefore Southerners were put forward to quiet them. Parker belonged to the East, but the South had merely trusted Hill and felt that it had been betrayed. Bryan heard of the situation by accident, and when he left his room the doctor assured him that he was endangering his life. He intended to carry the fight over until Monday, but the immense pressure of fatigue made many, even of his own delegates, unwilling. The session Saturday night was infinitely more exciting even than the longer struggle Friday, because there was hardly a man in the hall who was not filled with a furious indignation, which was controlled merely by the necessities of the situation.



In order to avoid any delay in mailing this week's Collier's to subscribers, we were compelled to go to press before the St. Louis Convention had nominated candidates. An eight-page Convention Extra, containing articles by John Sharp Williams and William Allen White, and illustrated with many photographs, will be issued and mailed to every subscriber before the publication of the next regular number of Collier's

# Collier's

JULY 16

1904





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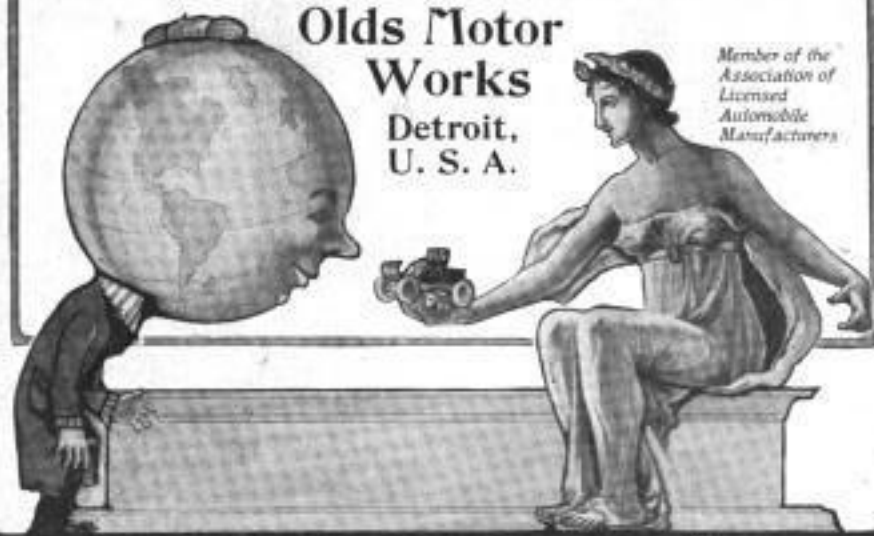
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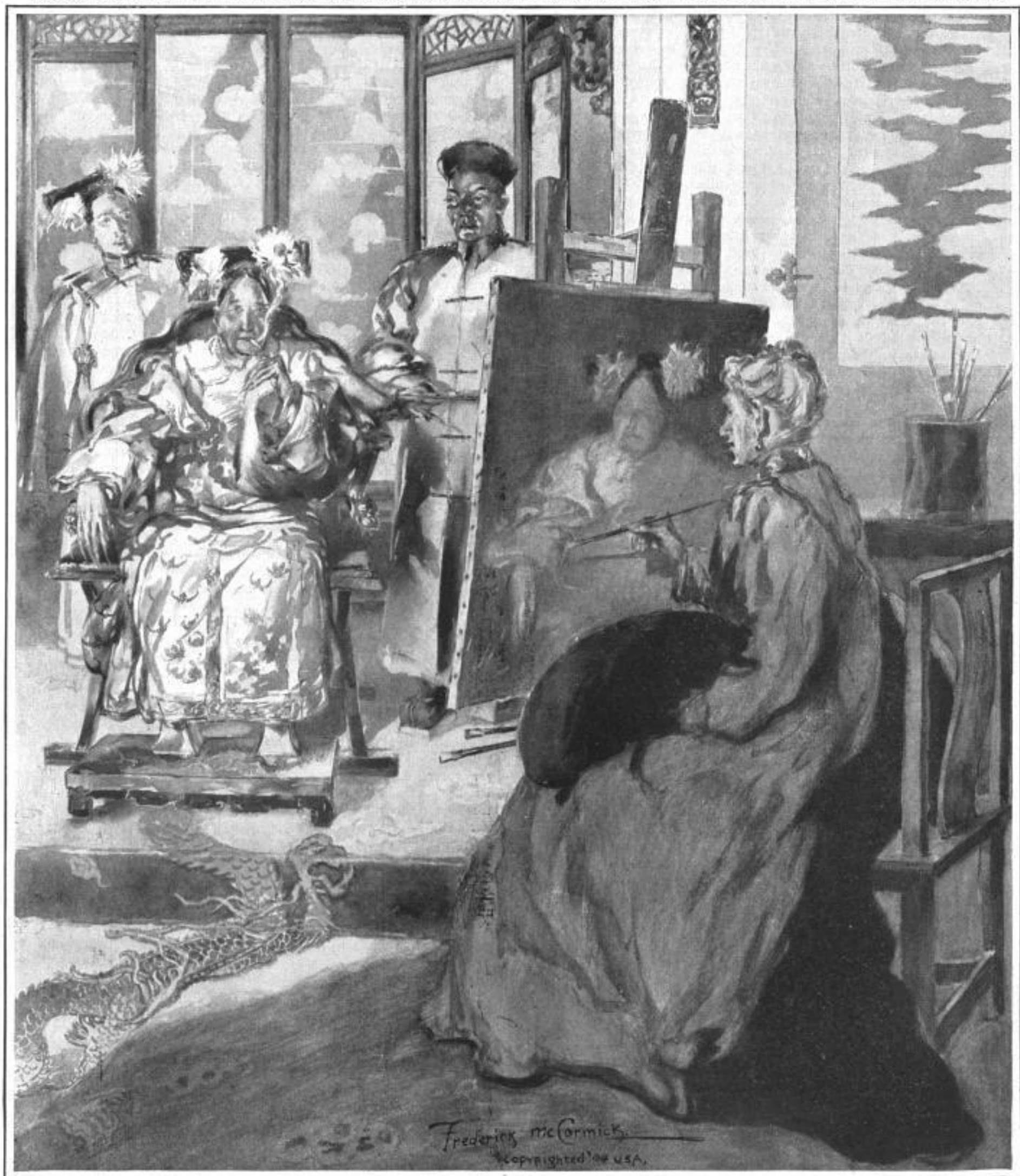
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# COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1904

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## THE EMPRESS OF CHINA POSING FOR AN AMERICAN ARTIST

The first portrait ever painted of the Dowager-Empress Tsi An of China is now on exhibition in the Fine Arts Building at the St. Louis Exposition. It was painted by Miss Kate Augusta Carl, an American artist, who has lived much abroad, and whose brother, Francis E. Carl, was chosen as Vice-Commissioner to represent China at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. It was while staying in China with her brother that Miss Carl enjoyed the unusual experience of meeting the Dowager-Empress at a reception given to the women of the Foreign Legations.

Shortly afterward she was invited to the imperial palace and the arrangements completed for the painting of the portrait. During a number of the sittings the Dowager-Empress and Miss Carl were alone except for the Empress's attendants; at other times Miss Carl sat behind a screen and painted the Empress while the latter was engaged in receiving the members of the Legations or in other social or administrative duties. The portrait is a full-length painting. Later it will be placed in the National Museum of Fine Arts in Washington.





**T**HE FIGHT IN WISCONSIN has at least the merit of making the voters think. Some of our readers send in passionate defences of LA FOLLETTE and others of the SPOONER faction, and such a division, involving questions of political principle, is much more in accord with the basic ideas of representative government than either the harmony of a boss-owned State like Pennsylvania or the discord of a fight with no principles involved, as in the factional contests which have torn both parties in New York. The opponents of Governor LA FOLLETTE impugn his motives, and we do not pretend to read his mind, but we do believe his influence thus far in Wisconsin has been toward liberal thought. Our esteemed contemporary, the Prohibition organ, called "The New Voice," declares that the people have been dreaming for a hundred and fifty years that they govern themselves, but that they do not, and, moreover, that it was never intended by their agents in the formation of the Government that they should govern themselves. "The fathers were not dishonest, but when

FACTIONS IN  
THE STATES

they came to formulate the new conception of liberty into working machinery, from force of education they fell into the error of laying the keel of democracy on lines of only another kind of tyranny, and now, at length, the people find themselves in the contemptible position of being ruled, and robbed, and all but ruined by their own servants. They find themselves unable to frame the issues in their own politics, to secure the enactment of their own laws, or their enforcement, or to select their own officers." A State in which the people most notoriously fail to be represented is Delaware. The President's dilemma in such a dilemma is not an easy one. ADDICKS is stronger than the "Regulars." He bought enough votes to "save Delaware from the Democrats," and for this high deed a certain Republican gratitude is supposed to be due to him. The President might have come out boldly for the weaker and more respectable faction, but such an act would have required a heroic willingness to engage in what would probably be a losing fight, and is, perhaps, more than we have any right to ask.

**W**E OBSERVE CERTAIN SIGNS that the Republican bosses think this an excellent time to force Mr. ROOSEVELT to tie himself up with promises in New York. Governor ODELL is supposed to be interested in a Senatorship himself, yet his personal organ comes out with a vivid explanation of Mr. BLACK's qualifications for that high office. The ex-Governor, who, some weeks ago, aimed a pointed diatribe against the strenuous life, at a dinner where the President was the principal guest, was later chosen for the honor of nominating Mr. ROOSEVELT and

THE REPUB-  
LICANS IN  
NEW YORK

seized the occasion to take back everything he had said in opposition to the spirit which the President embodies. In Washington he spoke against speed. In Chicago he argued for it. In Washington he celebrated judgment and deliberation. In Chicago he was prodigal of tropes decorating the temperament that goes ahead. One oration was for peace, the other celebrated war. The change in Mr. BLACK may be in no way connected with promises about the Federal influence in New York. We hope it is not, and we are quite sure that, with so many conditions in favor of his victory, the best policy for the President will be to hold out boldly against the local gamblers, and trust to entering his second term without incumbrances, supported by a favorable verdict of the people.

**W**HO IS THE LEADING CITIZEN of the United States? It is a question which has value as well as interest, since it clarifies the ideals of those who ask it. In New England, and in highly educated circles elsewhere, the post of honor would frequently be offered to the President of Harvard. If we are to measure a man by the weight and dignity of his personality, proved through a long life in a place of importance and leadership, there could be no better choice than Mr. ELIOT. Others,

OUR FORE-  
MOST CITIZEN

with a vision directed to events of more universal public interest, would select the Sage of Princeton, that "old rhinoceros" whose steady gait, thick skin, and sturdy neck have made him so monumental a part of American political affairs. Some of those to whom literature is the most glorious branch of human expression would offer the first place to him who is at once our largest humorist and our most creative novelist. Looking to pure genius, with a fair view of all the fields, we might well consider the possibility that the name of Edison will often be repeated when statesmen, college presidents, and authors of this day and country are seldom heard.

HERBERT SPENCER thought EDISON the greatest inventor who had ever appeared upon the earth. The four men whom we have mentioned are all old, as it is fitting they should be, for time has caused their size and is the guarantee of their stability.

**T**ALK ABOUT IMPERIALISM BORES US. The subject is important, no doubt, but the talk lacks interest. This may be lamentable, but it is true. A discussion about the exact degree of freedom to be given to the Filipinos in a given space of time is to the average American mind about as exciting as a dispute on SPINOZA's theory of existence. It is too much like a scholastic exercise. They do not agree with Professor JAMES and other eminent thinkers, that a person who knows nothing about the Philippines is better qualified to select the principles of their government than Mr. TAFT, or any one else who knows. The people believe that Mr. TAFT, and others who agree with him, are honest, liberal, and well informed, and they listen to them, rather than to others who merely preach a well-worn sermon used frequently to fit anything, from the Panama Canal to the election laws in Southern States. They know that our Revolution was not fought to establish any of the phrases of THOMAS JEFFERSON, or even of PATRICK HENRY. It was fought on a definite question of taxation. If some competent speaker or writer will show just where we are abusing the Filipinos, as we certainly are in the tariff which we use to cheat them, the people will listen as they will not listen to any declaration about the consent of the governed—so vague that it might apply as well in '60 as in '75, or in Korea as in the Congo. Generalizations glitter most effectively when they are exploited in connection with some substantial fact, which would be impressive in itself even without the glittering appendage. There were no sonorous aphorisms exploded at the signing of Magna Charta, and there are a great many exploded every time a political party concocts a platform or a university celebrates its annual flock of graduates. There is no need of being the creature of a label. We need not be either imperialists or anti-imperialists. We may bring our minds to bear on each case as it arises.

IMPERIALISM  
AS A BORE

**P**LOWING AND SOWING IN THE FIELDS, while two peoples fight for what belongs to him, the Chinese farmer does not look upon himself as inferior to the warlike races. He fights occasionally, to be sure, but only when goaded past endurance, as the laundryman in America once in his sojourn turns upon the foreign devil who worries him. To the philosophic Chinese heathen in his ordinary mood, working madly, sleeping in the open, bridging rivers and carrying rifles and packs, all in order to run the risk of being killed and buried far away from your ancestors, appeals to him as ridiculous. The Chinese usually run away in battle not so much because they are cowardly in their nature, as because they are too reflective in their warfare. They have in mind too emphatically the advantages of remaining alive, and they have not yet been organized so as to make running away more dangerous than standing where they are put. Being killed in battle is neither reasonable nor glorious to the Chinese mind, but rather unprofitable, irrational, and therefore absurd. The American who runs away, at Bull Run or elsewhere, is sympathized with only by an occasional philosopher as humane as LINCOLN, who made use of funny metaphors to excuse the coward, but the Chinaman who is led to war has none of the cohesive power of public sentiment to keep him in the ranks. If it appears to him that he would be safer and better satisfied elsewhere, he is almost free to run. His reasoning, for all that it is archaic, is not without its force and proves nothing against his mind or even against the possibilities of his character, when the world's trend shall force him to encourage martial emotion and take a serious view of scientific slaughter. The allied people, who have been going about their martial duties laughing and chatting, like the small brown men whom CÆSAR led, are probably already having some influence as teachers, or, as an example, to disturb that vast, brooding calm which has been the expression of China's soul.

THE HEATHEN'S  
STANDPOINT

**M**ACAULAY DESCRIBES CHINA and her civilization as having a "tottering, driveling, paralytic longevity," an immortality as depressing as that of the terrible struldbrugs discovered by Lemuel Gulliver. MACAULAY's nature craved extremes in statement, and moreover he had the belief in beneficent change which is essential to the creed of an English Liberal. He speaks





of this unchanging level as "a calamity far more terrible than any of the quick, inflammatory, destroying maladies to which nations are liable;" a life in which for many centuries nothing has been learned and nothing unlearned; where Government, education, the whole system of life, is a ceremony, and etiquette is frivolous pomp; where knowledge forgets to increase and multiply, and schools teach only what has been known for ages. Such a view can be taken of China by the unsympathetic to-day; but when Japan turns herself into an entering wedge, we can hardly believe that China can remain unswervingly loyal to the habits of her centuries. How much social change must be made, even in Japan, at once, may be indicated by the existence of a law, passed in 1899,

PROGRESS IN  
THE ORIENT

which provides that any incitement to strike on account of wages or hours shall be punished by imprisonment of from one to six months; and this law, like others, is executed arbitrarily by the police. It is not, certainly, what we should regard as freedom or as progress. As, however, newspapers in Japan have increased in forty years to six hundred, from none, progress in the social sense, which is its profoundest meaning in the West, may be expected to follow increased efficiency in war, science, and manufacture; and whatever happens in Japan must happen to some extent in China.

FREQUENTLY WE ERR in the choice of topics for this editorial survey of the universe, from China to Peru, and we never used poorer judgment than when we undertook to explain that the word Socialism has not the same connotation in European politics that it has at home. We do not seek trouble for trouble's sake, with no resulting good, and that is what we acquired by this particular experiment. "The old howl of the press," says one appreciative friend, "was that Socialism in Europe was a sort of made-over brand of anarchy, and that we wanted none of it here. The European Socialist was pictured as a roaring lion of bloodshed and bombshells, with a gore-dripping knife in one hand and a miniature Gatling gun in the other. But now that the Socialist movement has grown to goodly proportions here, and is still growing, the European Socialist has turned into a high-browed, thin-shinned, whiter than snow, spectacled, intellectual Bostonian lamb, and the Socialist devil is rampant here at home." Another scolds us for not having published entire a former letter, and, after submitting one of nine pages, he

ONE OF OUR  
MISTAKES

demands a hearing, with the allegation that it costs us nothing. Probably he does not realize that to print his letter somewhat over 500,000 times, and distribute it to the public, would cost us several hundred dollars, to say nothing about the fact that we need the space for our own opinions. To proceed with our mail: "In that same editorial you say, 'Any measure which undertakes to cure everything is on the face of it either an error or fraud.' You had better watch out, young man. The preachers say different, or at least they say that the Bible does. I don't know what your source of information is, but that statement is pretty broad. However, it is in line with your statements regarding Socialism. Get some of the standard works on Socialism, say 'Capital' by MARX, and read up a bit. If you will and will apply yourself diligently it will do you good." Now, such a tone disturbs our feelings, injures our digestion, and leads us nowhere. We have egregiously failed to convert the Socialists, a class of men in whose sincerity and fairness we happen to believe, more than we do in their intelligence, and we hereby declare that it will, in all probability, be some time before we are inveigled back into the discussion from which we have emerged with so little glory.

THE GREAT  
MONOPOLIST

ALTHOUGH RUSSIA HAS TROUBLE ENOUGH with Japan in the East and her dissatisfied subjects at home, from Count Tolstoi and his criticisms to the Finnish patriot and his deed, Mr. ROCKEFELLER has seen fit to attack her in the rear. He, according to the Russian press, has bought up the oil combinations in the Empire of the Czar, in his relentless absorption of the world. "A wise man," said SWIFT, "should have money in his head, but not in his heart," by which definition we fear Mr. ROCKEFELLER is not wise. While he is studying his Bible, and giving the advantage of his research to young and tender minds, he might take up Proverbs xxviii, 26, which assures him that "he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent." Certainly the greatest monopolist on earth can not be innocent. To gain a hundredth part of ROCKEFELLER'S wealth without obliquity would be impossible to the profoundest

business genius. "Money," as FIELDING wittily expressed it, "is the fruit of evil," often, and almost inevitably when it is found in such stupendous masses. In HEINE'S day it was "the god of our time, and ROTHSCHILD its prophet." To-day, of course, the god remains, but ROCKEFELLER is the prophet. He is the most stupendous example of the power and the unworthiness of wealth that any single man affords.

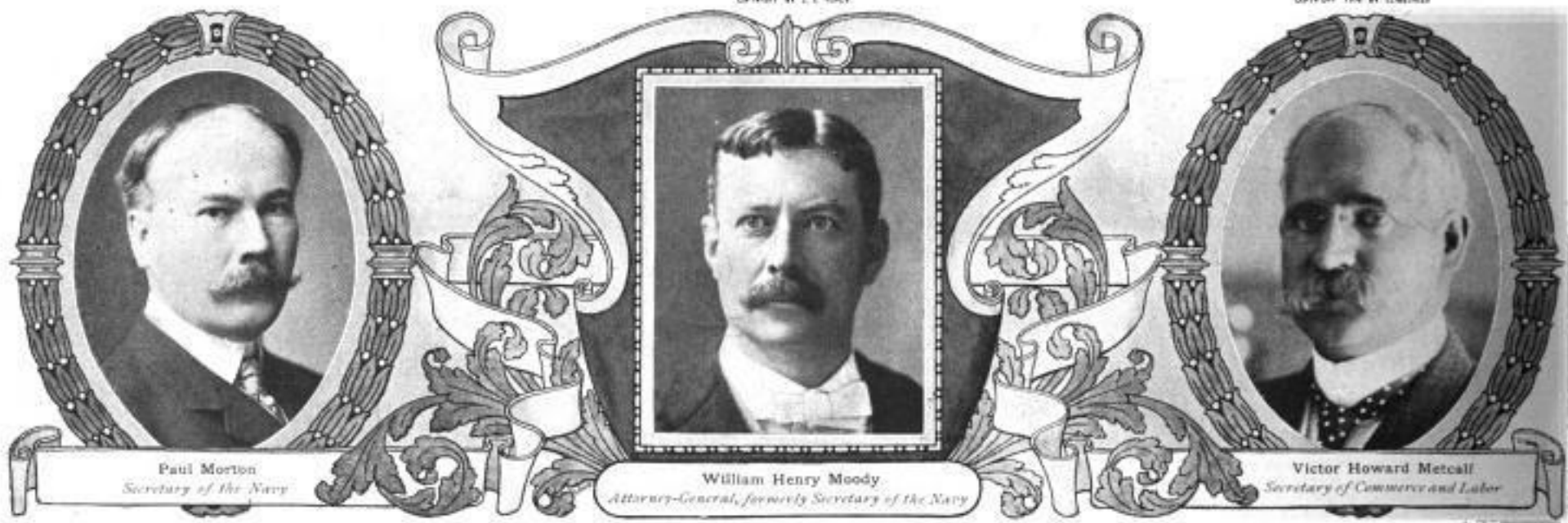
THE PRESIDENT OF BRYN MAWR has made a strong argument against the idea that college education makes for race suicide. Thirty per cent of English-speaking women and girls are not really well, but college-bred women are at least a little stronger than other women, they have slightly larger families, and their children are somewhat more likely to survive. Miss THOMAS puts the situation on an economic basis, there being in her opinion only two classes in which as a rule all women marry—the working class in which the woman is not an expense, but contributes her share in household labor at home or in paid work outside the home, and the wealthy class where the women bring inherited wealth to their husbands. In the large class between, where a woman neither works nor inherits money, only fifty per cent marry, as a wife in that class is a luxury which many men can ill afford. In putting the main stress on work and health, Miss THOMAS is undoubtedly correct; and as a subordinate circumstance under health, can be brought in the part played by the fear of pain and of being kept from social pleasure. In our own experience, college women have been more anxious to have children than women of similar circumstances but inferior education, because their mental discipline has led them to care more for the stable goods and fundamental interests of life, and less for experiment in diversion. Women of the well-to-do class who have not satisfied their intellectual curiosity are less willing to rest their lives on the simple foundations than those who have had their fling in four years at college, and a year or two of groping afterward. A liberal drink of education helps both men and women to the knowledge of themselves.

COLLEGE WOMEN  
AS MOTHERS

THE "CHRISTIAN REGISTER" ASSURES US that we were wrong when we stated recently that nature is not moral. "She is so highly moral," says our critic, "that, whenever any such prejudice has done its perfect work and ceases to be useful, she sets her face against it and calls upon all rational and sympathetic human beings everywhere to set limits to it after it becomes injurious." The "Register" also quotes a phrase in which we said that the "survival of the strongest is not a rule of ethics," and remarks: "True, but the survival of the strongest is not a rule of nature beyond a limit which is easily perceived by all rational thinkers." Now, phrases are dangerous tools to handle, and we should not defend the statement that nature is not moral if it were taken in an exaggerated sense. In its context, it meant that, whereas the "Christian Register," and the very consciously ethical fragment of humanity, would admit hordes of Chinamen, under an application of the Golden Rule, nature would not, and we sided, in that particular instance, with the prejudices of nature against the ethics of our spiritual friends. We do not pretend to be acquainted with "all rational thinkers," but we do see the rule of the strongest playing a considerable rôle in life. Is "From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath" a rule of ethics or a scientific observation of a cruel way which nature has? The principal way, no doubt, to conquer nature is to obey her; to learn a lesson analogous to that so thoroughly grasped at length by Jon; but we may be docile to necessity without attributing ethical quality to the fact that we kill sheep, while the brick, like the sunshine, falls upon the just and the unjust. The Golden Rule is not part of nature; it transcends nature and contradicts it. When CHRIST laid down that rule He spoke as an exhorter to higher laws, but when He described what happens to the unfit He spoke as an observer of nature, like HUXLEY or any other man of science; like GOETHE, when he said that nature had no feeling. Not always does the righteous flourish like the palm tree, or grow like the cedar in Lebanon. Sometimes the little foxes destroy even his vines. The time may come when the kid lies down safely with the leopard, but until that day comes it is for us to choose the moral way because it is good, and not because we imagine we can prove it to be nature's way. Nature, like man, has its good and evil, its folly, its "strange eruptions," and its frequent failures.

NATURE'S  
MORALS





THE THREE NEW MEMBERS OF THE PRESIDENT'S CABINET

## THE OWNER OF THE BATTLEGROUND

By FREDERICK PALMER, Collier's War Correspondent attached to the Japanese General Staff in Manchuria

FENG-WANG-CHENG, May 26

WHEN General Kuroki and his staff approached Feng-Wang-Cheng, the Governor and the local officials came out to offer him the freedom of the city, which had been in the grip of the Japanese army for more than a week. The woven-hair windows of the Governor's chair threw a subdued light on silken robes; the swaggering trot of its bearers, scornful of populations, set off the occupant's languid impassiveness, the absence of which in the Caucasian forms the Oriental's chief source of contempt for us.

In all the essential facts of modern conquest the occupation of Feng-Wang-Cheng was complete. There was not even the saving hope (which buoy's the spirits of most beaten peoples in their humiliation) of legions in the background which might re-form and recover the lost ground. Submission here had no hint of sullen patience; it was signified by receiving the General as if he were a traveling foreigner of distinction. For the Chinese the art of war is the art of making profit out of defeat. The officer and the official had skin of the same tint and a common classic language, whose written characters either could understand. Saying that both were Oriental was the same as saying that both Americans and Abyssinians are Christians.

### Kuroki Enters Antung

Kuroki had ridden in. His blue coat was sprinkled with the dust of the army-traveled road; his credentials were the blow his legions could strike. Otherwise than stepping in and out of his chair the Governor had lifted no finger of effort to bring himself to the meeting; his credentials were the service and the squeeze-money he could command without a gesture. The contrast of these two was pale beside that of the soldiery at their backs. These incarnated a civilization which is the most exclusively martial of any in the world, and those one which has found a means of unparalleled perpetuity in its contempt for arms.

The discipline of the Chinese soldiers was in harmony with the cut of their baggy trousers. They were recruited from the scum of the population—rascals who had a "good job," an easy way of earning a living. The object of their organization was personal protection to the Governor; their number, some test of his importance in the world. From road's end to road's end, to right and to left, wherever the advance extended, were the best blood and best physique of another land where, pay not being the main question, it is a great privilege to carry a rifle for your Emperor. Yet the Chinese would have seen in their Governor's manner of dealing with the situation, and in the Chinese soldiers themselves, a vindication of their race pride. Kuroki's adjuncts of power were not those which the Chinese have held dear for thousands of years. His marching and counter-marching thousands are sheerly ridiculous to the only civilized people which have no respect for the profession of arms.

### The Chinaman is There for Profit

Never has the Chinese had a broader canvas or a better subject for the art of making profit out of the conqueror. He is in a sense the umpire representing civilized opinion as between the two disputants. With the burning of Moscow in mind, superficial consideration might have led one to expect that the Russian would desolate the land through which he retreated. Policy would not permit. Some houses have been burned, but these seem to represent only individual instances

of Cossack outlawry or the spleen of commanding officers whose reputations were sacrificed to the mobility of Japanese columns and the finesse of a General Staff.

Population and granaries at Feng-Wang-Cheng, as at Antung, were left undisturbed. The Russians expect to return. They argue that when they come they will want the corn for food, and the fodder for their horses, and houses in which to billet their soldiers. Any expanding empire must have some conviction that it is easier to rule a people through their indifference and undisturbed economy than by provoking their hatred. The Japanese expect to remain till the Russian cloud has passed. They have the same material objects of sustenance and comfort in view, and, besides, they must give day by day proof of the singleness of their purpose in coming to rescue this people from outside dominion and guarantee a permanent return of sovereignty. They come as friends of the Chinese, who recognize friendship only through actual benefits gained.

Whether it is the house of the Governor, the store-keeper, or the rooms of a temple priest that you occupy, each has the most distinct Oriental felicity in face of personal discomfort—that art of making profit from defeat; of making you feel at home in a way that commands a present at the end of your stay. You comprehend how the Russians were made equally welcome. Does the Chinese distinguish at all between friend and foe? Does he see in either more than inconvenience in return for a market for his produce? I am inclined to think that he would not object to having the war go on indefinitely without prejudice as a business proposition. His preferences are hidden behind a mask which possibly the Japanese, who can read the ideographs, may penetrate. He wants, indeed, to rule no other country and to have no other country rule him. The island Oriental understands him better than the Russian does. If he could fully appreciate that Japanese success means the integrity of China as promised—and that he might go his own hermit way—the big Manchurian might have the patriotism to fight on his own account.

### A Contrast in Civilizations

But the integrity of China is a generality which includes the Chinese who live across the river, and in the next town. What has one to do with them? Do they earn food for you and your family? The Chinese has in common with every other Chinese manners, customs, physiognomy, and industry. Collectivism he does not understand at all, or rather he understands it in his way. If he succeeds in business he will take all his relatives into the establishment and care for them. He will go in numbers to the joss-house to beat gongs to appease mythical animals that make droughts and floods. Foreign invasions belong to the same order of disturbances, and he would meet them in the same way.

To-day we have the most martial and the least martial of civilizations side by side exemplifying by personal examples each its dominating quality. One searches history vainly for a parallel. There is the industrialist gleaming parched grain from the ruins of his house and the patriot who dies for glory alone. It is fair weather for military movements—on the road is the soldier. It is sowing time—in the fields is the Chinese. The man on the road is working slavishly for his country; the man in the field is working slavishly for himself and his family.

The "transporters" better explain the martial marvel

of Japan than the firing line. The "transporters" are always at the rear, and only at the rear—the drudge ants of this army of workers that carry mill and granary with them. They play the same part as our civilian teamsters who receive \$3 a day, while our soldiers themselves receive only one-sixth as much. It is a "good job" for the teamster; it is war for the soldier. For the "transporter" it is neither a "good job" nor war. In the drafting of conscripts in Japan the poorest in physique and general fitness are rejected. Of those accepted, the furthest below the standard are made "transporters." Because he is an inch shorter than his fellows, Nippon Denji may smell powder only when the transport wagons are attacked. At landing places and depots he must bear sacks of rice and sake kegs on his back. On the road, he has to lead by day the ponies that draw the little transportation carts and groom them by night. The ponies go better for leading; if they did not, economy of energy would demand that the "transporter" walk just the same. For those geniuses of quick marches and swift decisive blows—the fighting men—the time required for perfecting strategic plans or bringing up other columns may mean weeks of rest. Not infrequently they must wait for the supply trains, which means all the more haste for carts and ponies.

### The Man Who Does the Work

The "transporter's" work is like that of the excavation of a great mine. There is always more to do. Day in and day out they pass back and forth over the dusty road, no sooner depositing one load than returning for another. Their pay for a month would not buy a day's square meals in New York or Chicago. Yet they smile as they work. Their hearts are in their drudgery. Their smile, their spirit, their eagerness—these are the marvels to the Occidental. They are not forced to toil by a military aristocracy. It is a privilege to serve the Emperor in the field even as a "transporter." A line of braid on the cuff is the bridge between chivalry and labor. When one of our Western regiments would tower over any Japanese regiment like so many elder brothers, the added inch which takes the conscript from the supply train to the firing line has a suggestion of irony to the Occidental.

So it well might to the native. For the Manchu is as big as the Russian. No human exhibition could be more unreasonable to him than that of the "transporters" who do coolies' labor for a pittance. But the Chinese, too, is a creature of sentiment and of self-sacrifice. He works for his family and his ancestral tablets. On the other hand, the "transporter's" family sent him forth, proud that he might endure hardship for a few cents a day.

### China Waits with Solid Patience

Japan is poor; China is rich. If the Chinese should turn their energy toward war—Yes, if—all the people of New York should decide to move into the country to-morrow! Speculation is easy. The Chinese have assimilated many armies, many "transporters." They now rule their old conquerors, the Manchus. They have worked out the only practice—making profit of defeat—that has preserved a people intact while new Empires were born and old ones fell. They started before the Greeks, and the Peking car still goes creaking along their bad roads. Whatever the outcome of the war, they will miss no good bargains, will waste no time in idleness, and will always be fond of their little children, and fonder still of their grandmothers.

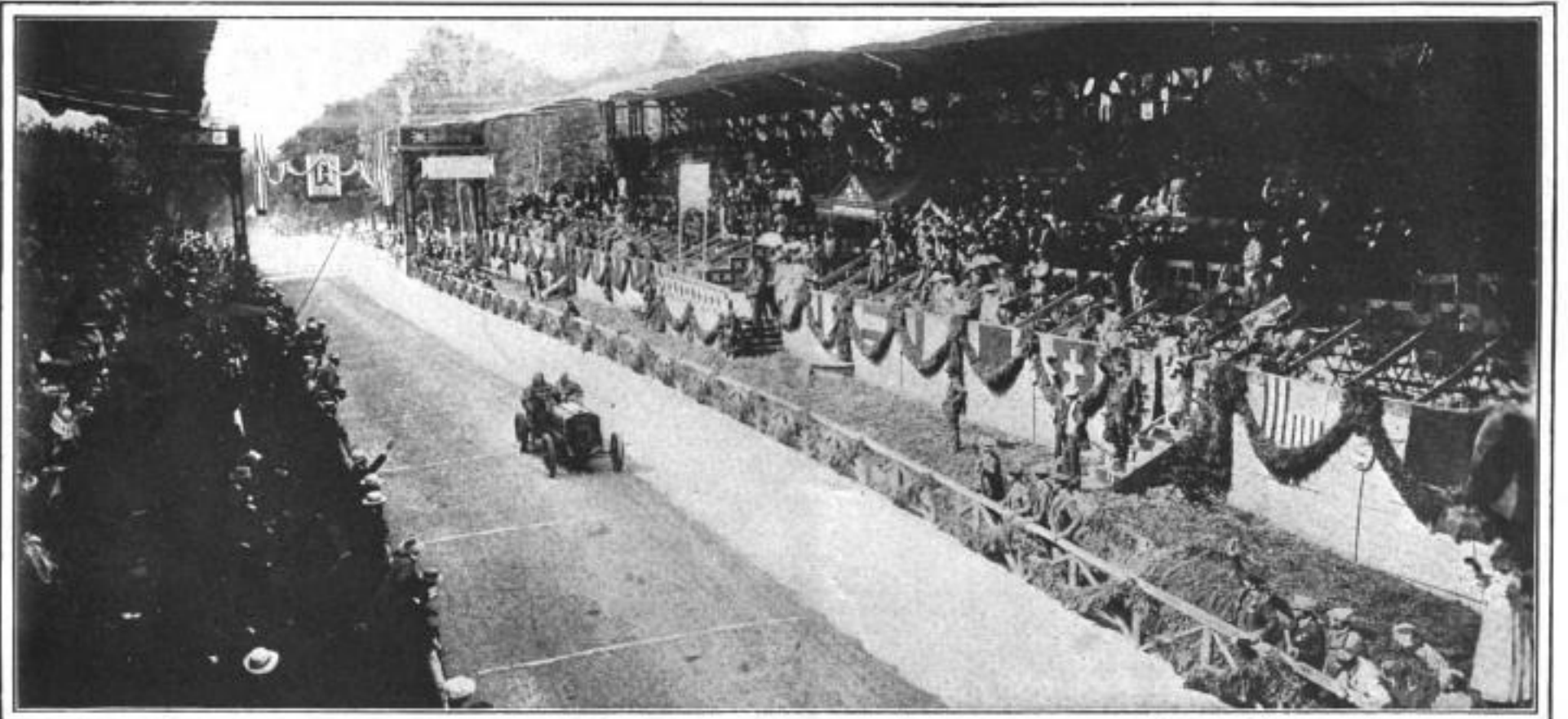




Announcing the Start

Thery being Congratulated at the Finish

Prince Henry, an Interested Spectator



M. Thery, the Winner of the Race, passing the Grand Stands at the Finish



Jenatzy at the Starting Point

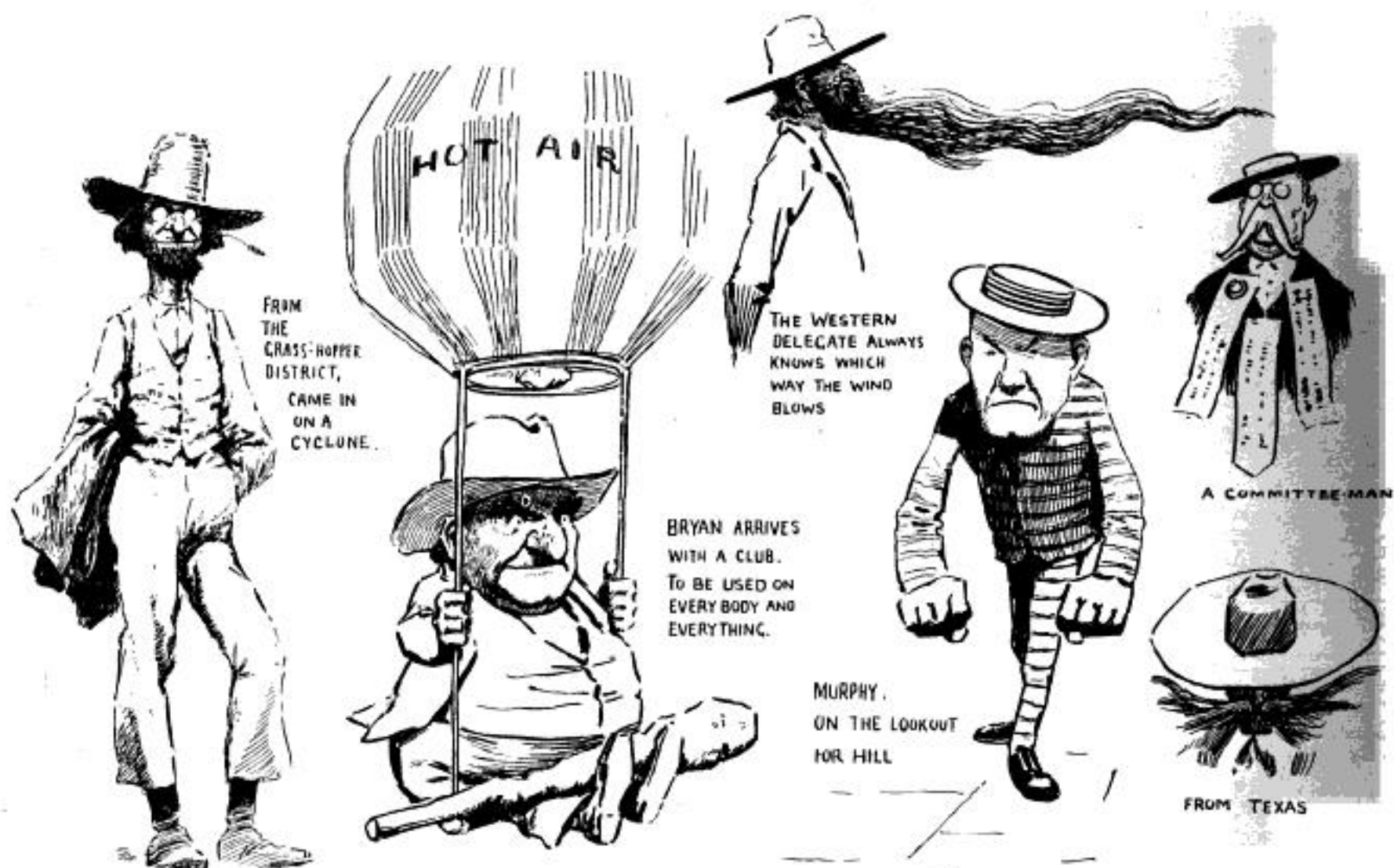
Thery passing through Eschenbau

The Kaiser watching the Race

## THE INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE RACE AT HOMBURG, GERMANY, JUNE 17

The course was 87 1/2 miles in circumference, and had to be covered four times, making the total distance 350 miles. M. Thery, a Frenchman, won by 11 minutes 18 seconds over his nearest competitor. Seven countries were represented, but no American cars took part in the race. The winner's time for the full course was 5 hours 50 minutes 3 seconds.





# SOME DEMOCRATS AT ST. LOUIS

DRAWINGS BY E. W. KEMBLE





THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE PROHIBITION PARTY IN SESSION IN TOMLINSON HALL, INDIANAPOLIS, JUNE 30

# THE PROHIBITION PARTY'S CONVENTION

By JOHN G. WOOLLEY

Editor of "The New Voice" and Presidential Nominee on the Prohibition Ticket in 1900

THE Prohibition National Convention which closed June 30 made a marked impression on itself. The Prohibition movement is in the highest degree patriotic, but the dominant note in it is religious. The effect of great religious meetings on the participants is well known, and this great gathering of the clans of those who fight the principalities and powers of the liquor traffic ran up the party temperature to fever heat.

Indianapolis is perhaps the most convenient of cities for a rally in the interest of the temperance reform. An excellent committee had left nothing undone in the way of provision for the comfort of the visitors. The weather was delightful. The oratory was inspiring, and all things worked together for a good time to those who were bent on it anyway.

The delegates came with great expectations. They believed the Republican party had definitely and finally ceased to inspire confidence in those who place the emphasis of their politics on this greatest and most difficult of moral reforms. They believed the Democratic party had delinquented into mere political material. They believed that the demand for civic betterment, especially in the direction of the cause to which they themselves were devoted, was increasing rapidly. They had no faith whatever in the rampant and dominant statesmanship that administers the government in the interest of big men and big money. They looked for a break in favor of the common people, and the enthronement of home-bred personal ideals in

political life, and the messianic moment of which they had long prophesied seemed at hand, or near.

The impression of the Convention on the public was even more marked. This was important in itself and in the reflex. These national meetings of Prohibitionists are always impressive for cleanness, orderliness, and parliamentary ability; but the public, while quick and generous to show them the honor conceded to be due to earnest men and women in pursuit of a great purpose, has never taken them very seriously as a force or even a threat politically. Probably the average reader of a newspaper understands that a Prohibitionist is simply one who abstains from alcoholic drinks and meddles with the personal liberty of others. But this time it was plainly visible that public interest was aroused beyond the point of mere curiosity, if not to the border-line of apprehension, on the part of the old party press and the old party politician.

The explanation of these improved conditions was the possible candidacy of General Miles. He was known to be a Prohibitionist, and overtures by Prohibition party leaders looking to his nomination for the Presidency in this campaign had not offended him. The rank and file of the delegates took in the new man and the new situation simply, quietly, and unerringly. They knew the record of General Miles and passed him without any shibboleth. There would have been no question as to his being nominated by a nearly unanimous vote of the Convention but for the excessive caution of the national officers.

The South with sparse exceptions was, on second thought, inclined to be satisfied if not enthusiastic, and whatever sectional antagonism had showed itself in the beginning gave place in the end to a broad and prophetic loyalty that had nothing and would have nothing to do with the points of the compass or the hate dial of the Civil War. This final attitude was not hindered by the plain temper of the Miles delegates in favor of Mr. Carroll of Texas for the second place, although no such combination was formed or even suggested by anybody on either side.

The nomination of Dr. Swallow is distinctly gratifying to the party on the score of personal character, personal desert, and personal fitness to represent its ideals. No man within it is abler, braver, cleaner, worthier, but we have paid a staggering price for the harmony which he represents. We have not only lost the leadership of General Miles and the reinforcements he would have brought, in men, and money, and publicity, but what is far more serious, we have lost completely that *esprit de corps* which was the chief element of our strength. There has been many a hot debate in our Conventions, but never until now a corroding and progressive lack of confidence among the workers.

Two-thirds of the delegates were for Miles, but the official opposition was organized on the proposition, "Anything to beat Miles"; and, precisely as in the old parties, the machine was too much for the people.

The opposition was purely technical. The national officers practically made the rule that the nominee should be pledged in advance to accept, whatever the platform might be, or whoever might have charge of

the campaign. But this would not have been enough to defeat the Convention if General Miles had not at the last moment directed the withdrawal of his name.

On the eve of the balloting General Miles was as good as nominated. The machine had done its best to make a platform upon which he would not stand, had organized the new National Committee in mid-convention, had conducted the proceedings, even to the response to the address of welcome and the praying, against him, and as a last resort had planned to put the National Chairman in the field. This was indelicate as well as unfair, and it would have failed, so sound is the heart of the Prohibition party.

The hour for nominations arrived, the claque of the machine was stationed, but the sentiment was plainly and growingly with Miles. Just then a telegram was received from General Miles asking that his name be withheld; and after that it was the work of but a few minutes to come to an agreement with the opposition, and Swallow and Carroll became the ticket. General Miles had been badgered and cross-questioned until in disgust he had forbidden us to consider him; the presence of a "machine" was plainly felt, the best thing in the Prohibition party—the faith of the comrades in each other—was gone, and the greatest opportunity in its history was in ruins.

Then came out the feebleness and pathos of it all. It was moved, seconded, and carried that "the Convention do now stand and be led in a prayer of thanksgiving for the guidance of the divine spirit in its work."



REV. SILAS C. SWALLOW  
*Nominated for President*



GEORGE W. CARROLL  
*Nominated for Vice-President*





# A NAVAL ACTION,

## *A Description of the Incidents and Workings of a Fight at Sea between Two Hostile Fleets*

**T**he action here described is entirely imaginary, but the description is based on facts gathered by an officer in the Far East and the article has special reference to the expected meeting of the Russian Baltic fleet with the Japanese main squadron.

**I**N the cabin aft—stripped of its shining wood and heavy furniture—the captains have met, and, under the Admiral, discussed the plans of the morrow and weighed the possible issues of the battle. The defects and weaknesses of the enemy's ships have been considered. The secretary hands around the memorandum describing the Russian vessels, and the little men scan their papers carefully. As they leave, the Admiral nods a farewell, half friendly, half ceremonious. They file out of the room, saluting the Mikado's portrait hanging in the cabin passage.

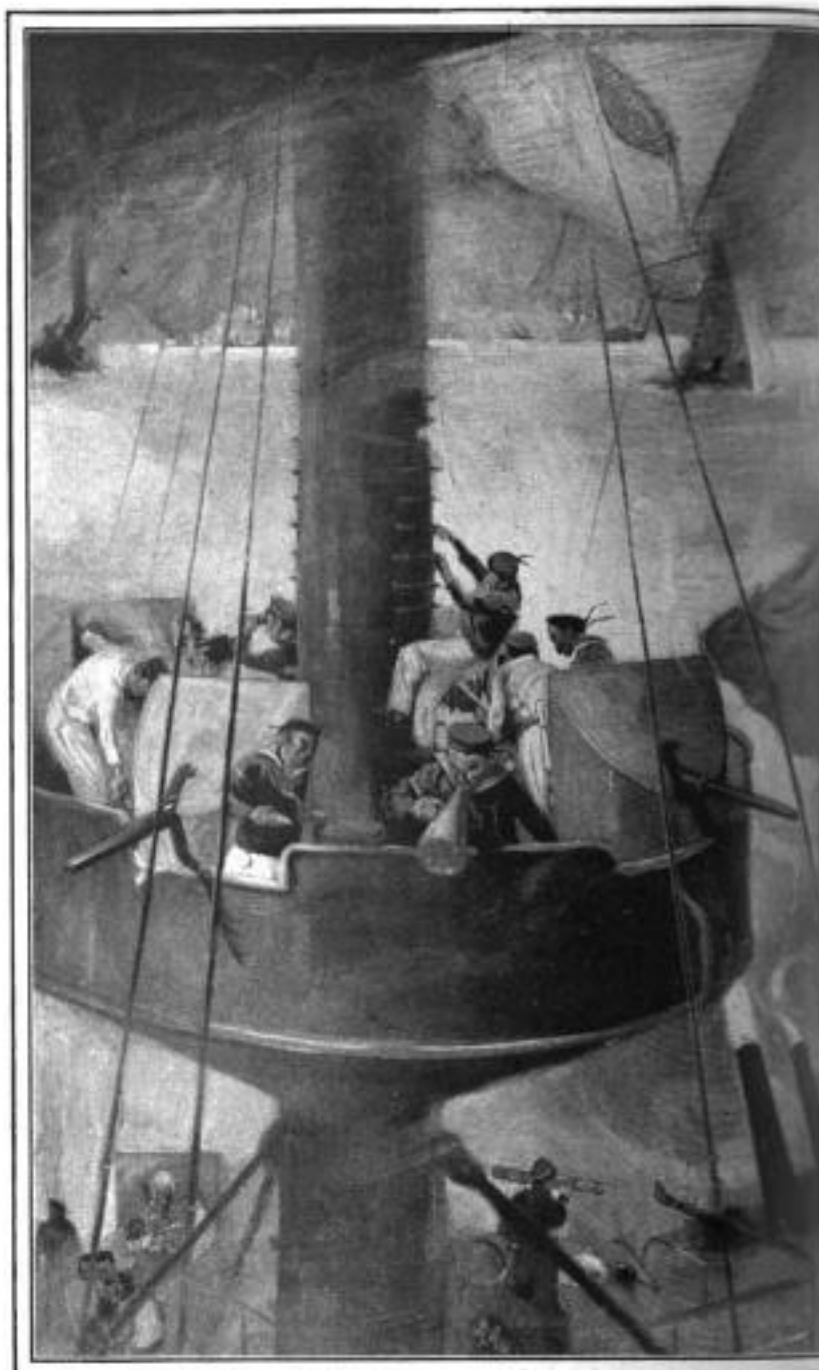
Decks have been sanded, sacks of coal are stacked around the base of the funnels, and mats of chain and rope have been suspended between the 12-pounders in the superstructure to lessen the effects of splinters. In the casemates housing the 6-inch quick-firers the shells are stowed about the guns in brackets, and big piles of cartridges are lying in protected nooks, ready for instant use; for when these guns begin firing at the rate of four shots a minute, and the 12-pounders are pumping some fifteen rounds a minute, the drain on the magazines becomes terrific. It is in order to be prepared against surprise that these dangerous piles of incased powder are kept about the pieces. Underneath the beams of the superstructure a hemp splinter net protects the gun crews from falling fragments, while the few boats—maybe a steam pinnace and a couple of whaleboats—are all covered with wet canvas as protection against fire.

The ship, once so spick and span, is bare and naked; all her yacht-like fittings and the shining brass of the quarter-deck have disappeared. She looks big, grim, and ready. The gay uniforms and the white gloves are missing. Instead, dirty figures in powder-stained clothes walk across the big deck, which has lost its snow-white beauty. The great ship is ready, and when a shrill note from the bugle awakes the figures about the guns, she becomes a living thing—a unit of fighting strength.

In the very bowels of the vessel small, naked men are feeding the furnaces. As the furnace door is thrown open a lurid glare penetrates the fire-room, outlining the maze of pipes and fittings on the bulkhead. The figure of the stoker throws a deep black shadow

on the iron floor as he fills the great fire, while the new coal crackles in the white heat. The coal is heaped in front of the boilers by the coal-passers, whose sole duty it is to keep the pile from diminishing. Bending over the heap, the swelling veins of his forehead mark nervously the terrific strain under which he works. The crash of the falling coal, the noise of dropping shovels, the hot glow on the toiling men, are all a part of this inferno below the level of the sea.

From the fire-rooms between the hot walls of huge boilers, passages lead through watertight doors to the engine-rooms, one on each side of the ship. The heat there is worse than in the fire-rooms. Shut out from air and sunlight, but in the lee of the protective deck, these immense engines breathe a rhythmical chug-chug at the command of bridge and conning tower. Quiet figures, almost nude, glide between the moving parts of pistons and rods, oil cans in hand. The warrant machinist is at the starting gear with one eye on the telegraph dial, which glistens under the glare of the electric light. The gong behind it rings, and before the echo has died the steam is rushing into the great cylinders with a heavy vibration which goes through the entire length of the ship. From the flagship bridge, some sixty feet above the swash that laps the side armor, the Admiral moves his fleet. Near him is the flag lieutenant and the ship's captain. The officer of the deck, the navigator, and the junior officers are at the engine annunciators. They are all on the fore bridge, right over the conning tower, whither the Admiral repairs when he begins. Here the signals are bent or unbent, as the flag lieutenant passes over the orders of the Admiral. It is "hoist" and "haul down," and the flags snap in the breeze in long, strong strings from the yards above. The Admiral, a dignified figure of great mental strength, moves here without noise or turmoil. His orders are uttered in a quiet tone and executed in the same manner—precisely, and without confusion. At the drop of a flag the fleet is again moving, and the black smoke into two columns, flanked by the swift cruisers and destroyers. The screws cut long lanes of white water which melts in the haze behind. Far off on the horizon there is a smudge—it is the smoke of the enemy's scouts. The hoods with their long guns are swinging from starboard to port as if they were seeking prey. The muzzles rise and fall at a touch of a button or a lever from the officer in the sighting



"A BLUEJACKET IS MEGAPHONING THE FALL OF THE SHOTS REPORTED BY THE



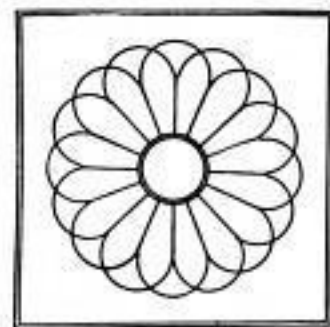
TORPEDO BOATS MAKING A RUSH AT THE ENEMY



1. Foremast  
finder; 4. 15  
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# D WHAT IT MEANS



By H. REUTERDAHL  
Based upon Letters from a  
Naval Officer in the Far East



THE FIGHTING-TOP. . . THROUGH THE MIST THE SHIPS OF THE SQUADRON ARE SEEN"



guns; A. Range-  
5. 1-inch guns;  
inch gun hood;  
my's fleet 10.  
is of the squad-  
"Shikishima";  
hell striking the  
ading projectile

neering the enemy's centre, and on her the hottest fire is directed. A bursting shell striking the bows rips up the deck and throws the anchors into the sea. The gun crew of the forward 12-pounder is instantly destroyed; a cushion of air sweeps by the conning tower, knocking down the messengers near it, who are killed by inhaling the fumes of the bursting charge. Meanwhile the "killers" of the ship are collecting the wounded, bringing them down below. But many hobble their way back to the guns. An intense heat penetrates the batteries, and the gunners are hidden under the smoke. Sinewy hands grip the projectiles and cartridges, and as the breech-blocks close with a snap the gun pointer bends over his sights, and by a press of his fingers the shell leaps ahead, throwing the gun back in recoil.

Through the openings in the smoke the enemy's line looks broken. Their fire is less rapid, but better directed, than before. The shells soar and whirl in the air with the noise of a runaway locomotive. Some of the hulls are almost hidden behind the great jets of water that the spent projectiles raise. Here a mast disappears, with its black fighting-top tumbling down on a torn deck with a smashing thud. As it falls it looks as if a catapult had tossed its crew high into the air. They drop behind the ship and scatter in the water. Funnels split in twain, and behind the jagged edges the smoke shoots upward, forced by the steam of a disabled boiler.

turrets are jammed and useless, and only from amidship there seems to be an effort to answer the fire. The conning tower is one mass of ruin under the collapsed bridge. Some figures stand on the after bridge; one is signalling a signal to a cruiser far astern. The red dot in the flag moves frantically up and down, as if for help. An armored cruiser, her torn sides spitting fire, is the last ship in the column. Of her only can be seen save her white ensign, which is fouled by the broken spar of the wireless. Her fire suddenly ceases; she reels and her guns sway to and fro. As she sinks, the great red bow glistens in the air, down toward the horizon a cruiser is fleeing as fast as her mended steam-pipes permit. The battle is almost over and with that the command of the sea. Outside the conning tower stands a limping man in torn clothes. Officers are leading him over the wreckage of the fallen bridge. His life is wrecked—the concussion from a shell striking the conning tower has paralyzed him. He is without speech, but the battle is his.

is carefully adjusting his sights. Inside the steel walls the crew bend over the shining breech-blocks, and for the hundredth time overlook the electric gear and its connections. The guns are loaded, and the ammunition carriage between them holds the next round of powder and projectile. Big electric fans are placed in the rear of the guns to drive out the smoke and saltpetre. Between them are the telephones to the conning tower and magazines. Should these be shot away, voice-pipes carry the communications. Various electric meters and gauges are parts of the machinery. Big tubs of water are kept underneath the gun, and breech and block are cleaned and cooled with wet sponges.

In the sighting hoods, one to each gun, the gun pointers train their pieces. To them the range of the enemy is sent, or telephoned from the range-finders on the bridges fore and aft, and sometimes in the tops. At the bottom of the 14-inch barbette, which incloses the entire mechanism, and below the protective deck, is the handling-room, from which the charges are sent up from the magazines.

The captain stands beside the slant-eyed quartermaster, who turns the wheel of the steam steering gear. The Admiral is still outside on the platform. The view outside is better; it allows of a stronger grasp on the fleet. Near him is his flag lieutenant with the lead-covered signal book. As the Admiral enters the conning tower he looks down pityingly into the superstructure, where the quick-firer crews are awaiting the signal to commence firing; they are almost without protection.

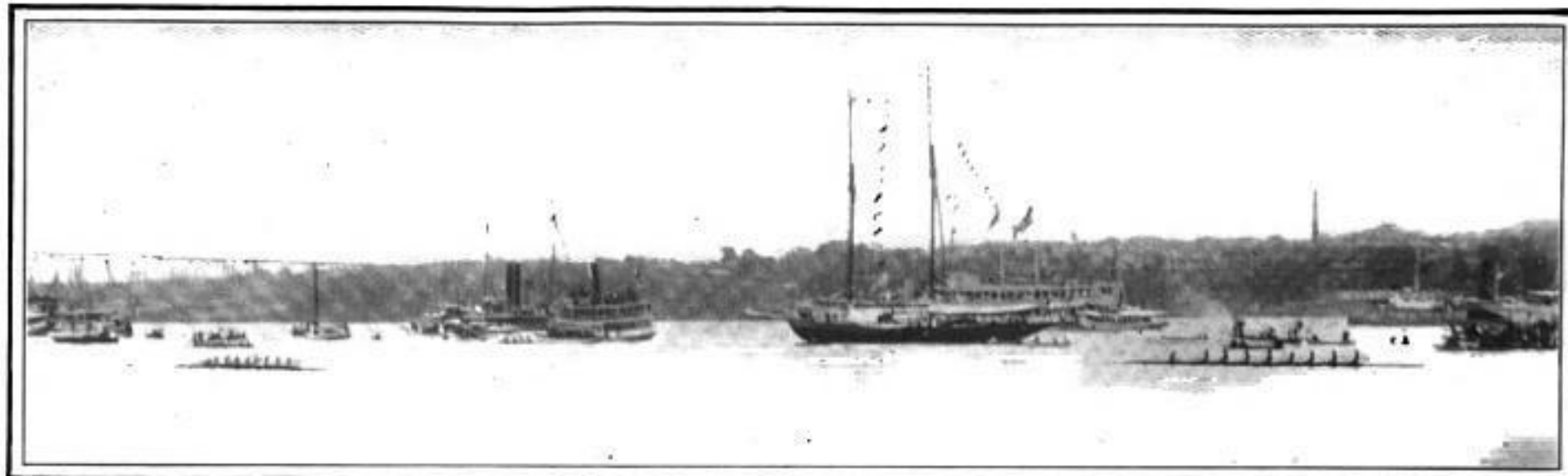
A tongue of flame shoots from the forward 12-inch gun and a black dot curves through the air. With a crackling sound the 6-inch battery blazes over the water, covering it with a green pasty smoke, which soon reaches high above the fighting-tops, which are literally squirting streams of steel into a sneaking torpedo craft. A bluejacket is megaphoning the fall of the shots reported by the midshipman in the fighting-top. There is no shouting, no excitement. The little men move as if part of one machine, and when one falls another steps in to take his place.

The range is decreasing. The range-finders report 4,000 yards, and at that distance the 12-pounders begin their havoc in earnest. The superstructures, the open gun-ports, the men in the tops, are the target for their murderous fire. Through the mist the ships of the squadron are seen like big black blotches, and over the yellow haze great smoke clouds roll out of the funnels. The seas are torn by the shells. Over all hangs a sickly, faint smell of the saltpetre, which stains the faces and uniforms of the men. The flagship is leading and is



RUNNING ALONGSIDE THE FLAGSHIP FOR ORDERS





Cornell

The Syracuse Varsity Crew winning the Intercollegiate Race at Poughkeepsie, June 28

Syracuse

## THE POUGHKEEPSIE AND NEW LONDON BOAT RACES

By ARTHUR RUHL

THE summer of 1904 will long be remembered by the colleges whose crews meet on the Hudson at Poughkeepsie as the year in which Syracuse swept the river. The victory of the Syracuse eight in both the freshman and varsity races over Cornell and the other four crews who hopelessly attempted to compete with them was the most unexpected and most interesting result of the past rowing season. It was a victory as convincing as it was surprising, and as nobly fought for as it was brilliant. When the Syracuse freshman eight, after crossing the line a winner, kept on rowing at top speed for nearly a quarter of a mile, as though they could have kept up the pace for the rest of the afternoon, and when the Syracuse varsity, after rowing such a four-mile race as is rarely seen at Poughkeepsie or New London, and beating Cornell by two lengths, swung their arms and cheered with as much vigor and enthusiasm apparently as the idle spectators in the observation trains who had nothing else to do, it meant not only that Cornell was dethroned, but that in the short space of an hour the crews of the up-State college, where rowing is almost a novelty, had won the right to be reckoned in the same class with those whose rowing traditions stretch back for years and years—meant that Syracuse stands now side by side with Cornell and Harvard and Yale.

The story of the two races is long ere this familiar to all those who follow the work of the college crews. Cornell won the first event of the day—the four-oared race—with ease, and with all that tantalizing dignity which Courtney's slow stroke and "sneaking" recover give to a winning Cornell crew. Cornell caught the water first in the freshman race, led by half a length at the half-mile mark, and to the crowd in the observation trains and dotting the banks of the Hudson all along the course the race seemed all over but the shouting.

Then the Syracuse youngsters began to hit up the stroke. At the five-eighths mark they were only three feet behind; at the mile mark they were half a length ahead. Rowing 32 strokes to the minute, until the last quarter, when they effervesced into 37, the Syracuse eight increased their lead to two lengths, and with that they crossed the line—fresh as paint and scoring for their college her first victory on the river. Pennsylvania and Columbia, soundly beaten, finished respectively about 6 and 16 seconds behind Cornell.

### The Six-Crew Race on the Hudson

There were six eights in the varsity race—Cornell, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Georgetown, Columbia, and Syracuse. The order in which these names are arranged represents approximately the popular impression before the race of what would be the order at the finish. Before the race Syracuse was almost ignored.

At the starting signal, Syracuse caught the water first and she had a lead of nearly a quarter of a length at the end of the first furlong. She was rowing a very long and very fierce stroke—about 32 to the minute. Cornell came next, rowing 30, and the rest were behind. At the mile mark Cornell sprinted, crept up and up, and finally barely lapped the Syracuse shell. Hitting the stroke up to 36, however, Syracuse held her own, and at the mile and a half mark she was once more a quarter of a length ahead. Cornell never got within striking distance again. In the last two miles Syracuse, still rowing her very long and fast stroke, increased her

lead to a good two lengths, by which she won, finishing as fresh as the freshmen did before. Cornell rowed beautifully until the end, but her crew were all out as their shell crossed the finish line, and there was no doubt at all that she was soundly beaten.

The Syracuse stroke, like Yale's, was a long one, both fore and aft, but the noticeable feature of it was the extreme length of the full reach. Packard, the Syracuse stroke oar, reached forward until his shoulders seemed to be almost on a level with the gunwale of the shell. He could not have reached any further. The rest of the crew were only slightly less extreme in this stretching out for the water. Notwithstanding this extreme reach and the long time that the oars were in the water, the stroke was kept up to 32 or faster throughout the whole four miles. It was, in short, a stroke that no crew except one with an unusual amount of strength and vitality, and in the pink of condition, could ever have maintained. That the Syracuse crew did maintain it and finish as freshly as they did is strong testimony not only to their strength but to the masterful manner in which Packard kept them up to their work.

### Syracuse has a Wonderful Crew

Coach Ten Eyck, to whom a good bit of the credit for the Syracuse victory is due, says that in Packard Syracuse has one of the best stroke oars in the country. There is no doubt of it. To those who saw Packard during the first half mile—rowing with that exaggerated reach and tremendous lunge up and back that a stroke might use in the last few hundred yards of a close race—it seemed impossible that he could last out the heartbreaking four miles. He pulled as though he were rowing the boat alone. Packard did last out, and so did the seven men behind him, and they forced the fighting to the last. It was a sight that must have filled the bosom of every son of Syracuse with pride. It certainly stirred the fighting blood of every man who saw it.

Yale did on the Thames what Syracuse had done on the Hudson, and of the three races between the traditional rivals, the four-oar was the only one that Harvard managed to win. Except for the fact that Yale was a two-to-one favorite in the varsity race, the likeness between her contest with Harvard and Syracuse's race with Cornell was extraordinary. In both races the crew which was defeated rowed in as perfect form as the crew which won; indeed, Cornell's body work and general watermanship was plainly superior to that of her victorious rival.

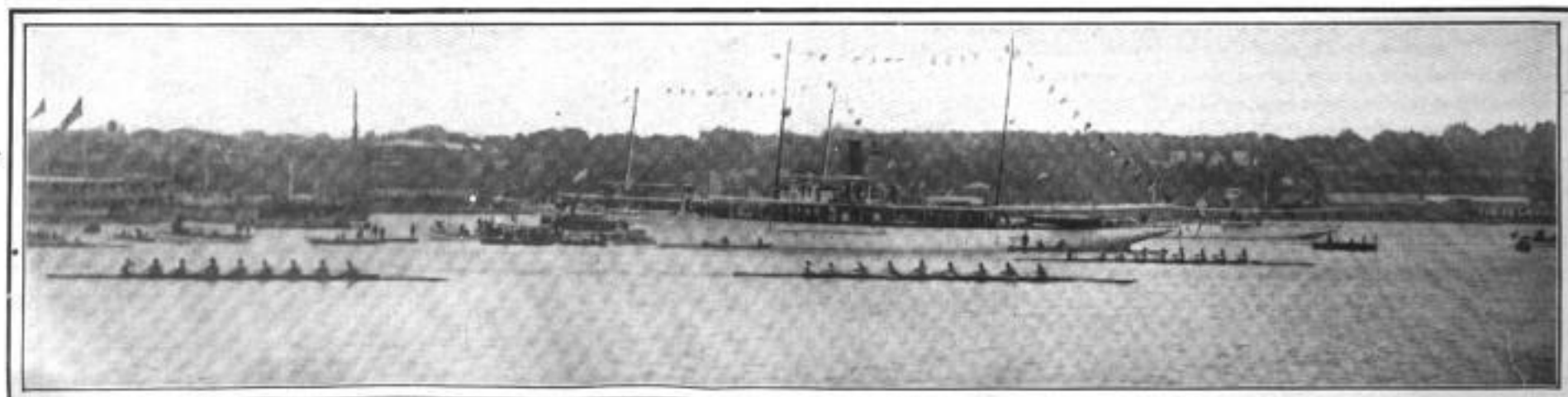
In neither race could defeat be explained by the collapse of any individual oarsman, by any accident, or by any instance of faulty rowing. Both Harvard and Cornell finished out the four miles strong and perfectly. The crews which were defeated both rowed a stroke in which extreme reach and extreme pulling through were subordinated to the task of making the shell run smoothly between strokes. The crews which won both used a more vicious "get-there" stroke in which the finesse of a "sneaking" recover was more or less forgotten in the sheer strength and vim thrown into the rowing. It is easy enough to say that it was

the long swashbuckling stroke that won; but it is hard to get round the fact that the same Courtney stroke which lost this year has won all the aquatic honors of Cornell, and it was while rowing this stroke that a Cornell crew swept over the fastest four miles ever rowed in American waters. The Syracuse and the Yale strokes may or may not have been superior to the strokes used by this year's Cornell and Harvard crews; the thing that won the race at New London and at Poughkeepsie was the aggressive vitality and extraordinary vim and dash which each winning crew had. Yale might have displayed considerably less perfect watermanship and still have won. The Harvard crew had no life and it had displayed none during all its months of training, in spite of its perfect form. This fourth dimension—call it "snap," "vim," "life," or what you will—can not be trained into a crew which does not possess it temperamentally any more than you can train ten-second "speed" into a man who is not a born sprinter. As it was, the race at New London and that at Poughkeepsie were merely contests between two machines, one of which was merely the perfect machine, while the other was the perfect machine plus this fourth dimension.

The story of the Yale-Harvard varsity race is a very simple one. Yale went to the front and remained there. After the first half-mile the race became a procession. The varsity four-oar race was won by Harvard; but as one of the Yale four broke his oarlock in the last quarter-mile and had to stop rowing, the victory was a hollow one. The freshman race the day before was one of the finest races ever seen at New London. The shells were side by side from start to finish, Harvard leading slightly most of the way; and it was not until the last quarter-mile that the Yale freshmen pluckily urged the nose of their boat a scant ten feet beyond that of Harvard. The finish was so close that the crowds on the observation trains did not know who had won until the judges had announced their decision.

### Bad Management at New London

There was rain at Poughkeepsie and rain at New London, and what with wind and rain and mismanagement the greater part of the thousands who had come to see the Yale-Harvard varsity went home disappointed. After a series of delays and postponements the varsity race was postponed just as twilight was falling to the following morning. Had there not been interminable and inexcusable delay in starting the freshman race in the morning of the first day, there would have been no need of even the first postponement. The perfectness of the arrangements at Poughkeepsie was, this year, and always has been, a matter of comfort and satisfaction to those who went as spectators. Every detail was looked after—even the stakeboats were lined up by a surveyor's transit from the shore just before the race. Tradition and sentiment so envelop the annual Yale-Harvard race that it is a rather graceless task to make a fuss about such things as train schedules, stakeboats, and official programmes. And yet when thousands of people are put to such unnecessary discomfort, embarrassment, and disappointment as was endured by this year's audience, it is decidedly obvious that a more intelligent ordering of details and a more responsible executive are needed at New London.



Wisconsin

Georgetown

Columbia

Pennsylvania

The Struggle for Third Place among the Varsity Crews of Pennsylvania, Columbia, Georgetown, and Wisconsin at Poughkeepsie, June 28



# The BLOODING of a GRIFFIN

By W. A. FRASER

Illustrated by MARTIN JUSTICE



**B**RYMNER-SMYTH was Sub-Inspector of Police at Jacobabad, Beluchistan. He was also a Griffin, because youngsters in the service are so called. A Griffin costs his Majesty many sovereigns landed in India, so he is allowed seven major mistakes, and many minor ones, before he is cast from the centres of utility, labeled a "King's bad bargain," and sent away to test climatic influences. And Brymner-Smyth all but rolled his seven major mistakes into one at the time he was tried in the Sibi Desert.

When Killock sent word from Hindiput that the Pathans and coolies were in mutiny, he was sent with six Punjabi police to put matters right.

The military railway, slowly crawling toward the Bolan, had as yet reached but to Jacobabad, so the police and luggage were attached to camels, and Brymner-Smyth rode his Beluchi mare to Hindiput, eighty miles away.

And because he was just a man-boy, inebriated with the elation of his first responsibility, the barren Sibi Desert, that men call a godless waste, was to him that morning a field of cloth of gold. Pathans, and looters, and mutinous coolies held prospect of promotive service. He would be a *Bara Sahib* at Hindiput too—the one in charge.

The way lay over a Dead Sea; the breast of earth was barren and without fruitfulness; the horse's hoofs bit into the soulless sand with a slipping crunch; it was a blaring mirror that reflected in his face the fierce heat his helmet shielded from above. His throat closed utterly, and his lips corrugated into file-like ridges of crinkled parchment; even behind colored glasses his eyes fevered into redness. But these things, one and all, only gave the Griffin joy, for was it not the toil of emancipation?

In the afternoon of the second day he drew into a land beautiful; lakes of blue water, turquoise charms set in tawny gold; swaying palms traced like giant ferns against green hills that held, higher up, purple-hazed valleys; and slow-crawling down from the hills came camel-caravans wending toward a city that must be Hindiput.

Eagerly Brymner-Smyth pushed his lean ewe-necked mare toward the land of promise; but with the coyness of a maiden the vista shrank before his roused desire; and presently, without reason, the wondrous art thing that was a mirage blurred in the trembling heat that quivered in the desert furnace, and he stood at the elbow of Hindiput; there, in a grassless waste, a dozen mud-walled huts, flat-topped by corrugated iron, hot-beds of ophthalmia, was the white-robed city he had seen in the mirage.

At Jacobabad the Griffin's messmates, prolific in unwise humor, had enlarged upon the charms of Hindiput; priming the innocent one with false tales of Rajas' palaces and Trade Bazaars.

The traveler slid from his roach-backed beast, rubbed his eyes inquiringly, and then, in the fulness of his disillusionment, swore softly at the uncertainty of things in India, and the misuse that had been made of his credulity.

Then he passed to a house which rose above the others; this might be a mirage or the habitation of Killock.

As he stood in the door, a large matter of flesh swung itself from a *charpoy* and confronted him. It was Killock. And on Killock were these things—a short-sleeved banian and a pair of voluminous khaki trousers, that, like a ram's horn, chronicled their age by wrinkles.

And the man-boy with the riveted name, which was a caste mark equal to the Brahminical thread, sighed as the final mirage of a social Hindiput curled up and departed before the burly figure that was coffee-brown and huge of chest.

That was the beginning; but progression was worse. It was as though fate had stabled together a thoroughbred and a rhino.

Brymner-Smyth tied a tag of identification to the huge man which read "Navy Killock," and Navy Killock spent a day and a night—for he was sluggish of thought—over his black pipe before he evolved for the Inspector "Lord Bobby." But when the name came there was no doubt about its applicability.

"E puts on airs like a bloomin' lord, an' 'e's nothink but a bloody cop—that's what 'e is. Mister bloomin' Smith-Bounder—Lord Bobby, I'll call 'im." Then he took a swig of gin and it was settled.

It wouldn't have mattered so much had there been anything for the Inspector to do, but there wasn't; his mission was inaction, which is the father of curses in India. The turbulence of the natives was but a fantasy of Killock's gin-heated imagination. He had harked back to his primary condition of life over a work discussion with some Marwari coolies, injudiciously seeking to make the matter clear to their understanding with his fists; they, being men of Marwar, took up the matter with cudgels. That was all there was to it.

Killock had been born in a caul of economy, and he had tortured this virtue till in his case it became a vice. Whatever the Griffin was in the way of verdancy, he was above meanness; and Killock, taking him as legitimate prey, drank his liquor and smoked his cheroots, and ate his provisions, until the boy walked to one side in the desert at night, and lifted up his voice to the sky that was knee-deep in stars: "Hindiput and Killock—Killock and Hindiput! My God! was there ever such a combination!"

In the Navy's bungalow, beside a thermometer, hung a penciled record with a long row of figures running from 100 to 121 in the shade—a temperature which might have set two holy fathers at each other's throats, and the Navy's covetousness and greasiness of thought added five degrees to this Sheol.

Brymner-Smyth's hyphenated name, insignia of all that Killock was not, proved an irritant, a fly-blister of utterance.

"Mister Bloomin' Smith—that's wot 'e is," Killock told his pipe; "it's too bloody 'ot to wear a hovercoat on a bloke's name."

The truth was, Killock couldn't master it at all. "Brimmer-Smith, Captain Brim-Smith"—a dozen such entanglements the Navy landed in when he essayed the real thing. When he was gin-loaded, which was always in the evening, he fell back on plain "Mister Smith."

When the Griffin remonstrated with serious gentleness, Killock retorted: "Wot th' 'ell's the difference in this blowed 'ole? Jus' leave the double-breasted name 'angin' on a peg with yer dress suit at 'eadquarters; it's too 'ot 'ere fer style. Comfort's a heap better'n etiquette, I sez."

But two white men bound together in a sandpit in a desert must foregather, and the Griffin tried cards as likely to render Killock possible at times. But the Navy thumped the table and blew the twang of his rank pipe into the Inspector's face; and, the end of it all, allowed his fat fingers to manipulate the ivory counter past all toleration.

"Heavens! was there ever such a beast!" Brymner-Smyth confided to his *charpoy* as he threw himself on its rope-woven web the night Killock had cheated at whist.

The Inspector had sent a written report to Jacobabad by a Pathan on a fast-riding camel, with the uselessness of his mission at Hindiput enlarged upon; but Major Eustace shoved it into a pigeon-hole of futurity with a little contracting of his grim features.

The Major had a hobnailed liver, and Brymner-Smyth had been just a touch irritating with his climatic desire for endeavor. The India Office had a disconcerting way of sending out shoals of youngsters, as yearlings are sent up to the sales at Newmarket, and it was the duty of wearied elders in the service to deposit them in harmless places. The Major had done fairly well by the Griffin that came his way, in side-tracking him at Hindiput, he thought.

So Brymner-Smyth sat day after day on the bank of earth the coolies had thrown up from the huge tank they were digging, seeking to disentangle from the nebulous skyline a real camel-man bringing him orders of release. And always on the rim of one horizon a ball of white-hot metal shot into the air, and climbed, soul-searing, over their heads for hours and hours till it dropped from sight on the other rim. That was the ever-recurrent form of a day in Hindiput.

Sometimes Navy Killock would come and sit beside the boy, and, oyster-like, open up and vomit forth pearls of thought.

"Wot th' 'ell is the Gov'ment goin' to do with this 'ole in the ground—that's what beats me. They ain't no water 'ere, an' it never rains, an' I'm blowed if I see the good of a tank where there ain't no water."

Brymner-Smyth didn't know, and said so; and Killock, weary with the stupendous, unsolvable mystery, would wind up with "some hoffice bloke's got the hidea as a tank's needed 'ere, I s'pose, an' I reckons if they pays me my bit fer lookin' arter the job, it's no haffair of mine."

The Inspector might have remained marooned on the sands of Hindiput till in desperation he committed harakiri, had not a complication with tribesmen up Dehra way made a sudden call for men on the head office.

So to the waiting one came a blue envelope with orders to report at Dehra on the 20th. Also there was official inkling of stirring service ahead.

That was the 16th. Dehra was in the foothills, two days' march away, which left two days of Killock. No wonder the boy took a handful of cigars to the man who had worn his patience threadbare.

When he told Killock of his going, the Navy's pig eyes closed to a narrow slit. "That's a rum go, Cap'n Smythers. Who's goin' to keep the black *woos* from lootin'? That's wot I ask the Gov'ment. They'll puckerow heverythink, an' if I hinterfere, wot do I git?—a bloomin' butcher-knife shoved hinto my belly."

The Navy swallowed a glass of gin, drew the back of his hand across his mouth, and squinted suspiciously at the Inspector. Had Lord Bobby been playing him double—been writing to get away without consulting him?

And as Brymner-Smyth swung back to his own hut, Killock, watching him going, muttered: "That blowed tof'e wants to get back where there's swells; 'e don't care if I'm killed, an' my ole 'oman an' the kids starve."

Then he looked at the thin penciled line of blood driven from the heart of the thermometer by the fierce heat till it rested atop at 117, and exclaimed, "God! wot a 'ole to fry in!" [Then he went out and hurled strange Hindustani oaths at a Pathan camel-man who understood only *Pushtu*, which was just as well for the Navy.]

The record of Killock's gentle ways would be as useless in this story as the history of a river mugger's existence, were it not that no man could judge the Griffin when he did the thing that he did if Killock's part were left out.

On the next day, the 17th, two natives lay sick in the coolie lines, and Killock, whom the fates had ordained to the misplacement of all things, swore they were malingering.

But Baboo Ramchunder, the Bengali apothecary, diagnosed the cases according to the verbose method of his kind. "The pathology of their sick is vertigo, also prostration of appetite, because they absteme from rice," he said.

This seemed to settle the thing, and Brymner-Smyth thought no more of the sick coolies, because he was on the edge of going away and the things of Hindiput were things to be left behind.

At noon on the 18th his Punjabis left with the luggage-laden camels. They would camp over night at a *serai* on the road, and the Inspector, leaving before daylight next morning, would overtake them.

An hour after the Punjabis had left, the heart of Hindiput stood still with fear. Panic, that speaks all languages, that is as universal as a sob, touched the hearts of the Pathans and the Marwari coolies, the big, flabby heart of Navy Killock, and—and crept a little into the soul of the Griffin.

One man was dead, and the Baboo, who was a doctor out of courtesy of speech, had now discovered it was cholera.

"It is this way with the pestilential affliction; that when patient is defunct diagnosis is absolute, and cholera has smited Ram Baksh and also Dhiloo, who is his brother." Thus he summed up the startling situation.

The Griffin was but a boy, this we must remember. In battle he would have ducked at the screech of the first shell and ducked again until he had been blooded. His face went white, and his soul ducked at the Baboo's patter.

In an hour Hindiput was a deathtrap. The hot air vibrated with fear—the breath of the black scourge seemed in every man's nostrils. The Pathans fled with their camels, and when men sought conveyance they drew long knives and drove them off. Any one might have germs of disease on his person, and those who could get away sought to flee alone; to wander out afoot on the desert was worse than to remain.

The frightened ones had seen Ram Baksh, his blue fingers driven nail-deep into the palms of his watery hands; his bloodless lips festooned with the bubbling froth of death as he lay rigid as steel, his head and knees drawn together.

And the Baboo, great in incapacity, knowing not of the destroying thing, had given jalap, which was as efficacious as the sufferer's invocation to Siva the Destroyer for mercy. And another man was now on his back—either of fear or the scourge—and the natives were sore afraid.



Brymner-Smyth was practically a "casual"; in actuality he had removed himself from the office of custodian in Hindiput; his men were gone, and he was but one who ate and slept within its mud walls.

Sitting in his hut, the boy put this very clearly to himself. Then he passed to other things—to a vine-covered brick cottage in the Surrey Hills where a silver-haired woman prayed every night for his safe home-coming. That was something also proving that he was not of Hindiput now, and should follow out his orders and go.

Yes, he was afraid of the horrible thing; why lie to himself and say he was not? Was there ever any man who quailed not a little before this hydra-headed cobra that struck unseen?

It was like running away, though. Yes, again, why lie—it was.

Then the huge form of Killock darkened his door, and the Navy's voice, unsteady because of fear and gin, took up the boy's line of thought.

"Salaman, Cap'n Smyth—Brym! ain't this jus' orful—bloomin' orful I calls it!" The Navy dropped to a stool and drew his sleeveless arms across the top of his bullet head that was a lake of sweat fountains.

"Why don't y'u go from this 'ole, Cap'n? Wot's the use of yer takin' chances?"

"I don't know what to do—I ought to stay and see the thing through," the boy said with a query in his voice.

Killock tipped his huge body forward on the stool till his alcoholic breath blew a mist in the boy's face; his small eyes were like red beads in a yellow matrix, fear and cunning jostling each other in their narrow holding.

"Look ee 'ere, sir, 'tain't yer hoffer to fight cholera no more'n it's mine. Yer can't do nothink here but get tuk yerself; an' the Guv'ment wouldn't thank y'u if y'u was dead, would they? Y'u shift to-night, d'ye 'ear?"

"I must do my duty whichever way it lies."

The words rang true enough, but Killock's ears were adder's ears, deaf with the poison of fright.

"To 'ell w' dooty! ain't you got no women-folks to 'ome—no mother or sweet-heart waitin' fer you?"

The boy looked curiously at the fat man who was full of unconscious tragedy. Had he misjudged the barbarian—had Killock really a good heart? He was soon answered.

"That's my hidea of hit. My 'ole woman an' the kids, they're a-livin' in a cottage hout Clapham Road w'y, an' there's roses a-bloomin' in the garden, an' marigolds, an' the robins is 'oppin' habout, an' the larks a-singin'—that's wot she sens in a letter. An' be I goin' t' die in this 'ere God-forsaken 'ole, an' git planted like a coolie in th' sand, w' rocks atop to keep the jackals an' hyeners from rootin' me hup? Nex' year I was a goin' 'ome—d'ye 'ear?—a goin' 'ome to th' ol' woman. That's where I wants t' die—in ol' Hengland, where they puts roses an' white flowers on a man's grave!"

The boy held his breath; the dreadful earnestness of the frightened Killock was dramatic.

"It's hin the water wot that pagan Pathan brings in his filthy leather bottles on his camels. That's why I've had me tot o' gin—I knowed it 'ud come. An' a man wot stays 'ere might be took in a hour. An' s'pose I'm took w' it, th' niggers 'll clear hout—not a mother's son of 'em 'll come near a white man when 'e's took, 'cause they're white-livered swine. Y'u take my word fer it, Cap'n, you've got yer horders to go, an' jus' cut aw'y from th' bloody 'ole—it stinks w' th' cholera. An' I'm goin' w' you."

Brymner-Smyth knew—the silk purse was but a sow's ear.

"You've got to stay here—you're in charge," he said deliberately.

"I'm not goin'—'ow d' you make that hout? I hain't got no right t' stay 'ere an' die—I hain't no doctor; the Baboo's doctor 'ere—'e's paid t' take chances."

"But you're in charge of the Baboo; you keep the medicine chest. If you leave, he'll clear out. You're responsible."

"Responsible be blowed! Will the Guv'ment be responsible for my ol' woman an' kids if I die?"

"I don't know anything about that," Brymner-Smyth answered; "but you can't go with me. God, man, it would be deserting your post, and I would be a party to it."

"Desertin'! hain't you desertin'? You're like the *Bara Sahib* at 'eadquarters, 'e'll be at the mess drinkin' 'is liced peg; an' wot does 'e care if I'm 'ere dyin' o' cholera?—no more do you. See 'ere, youngster"—and Killock clutched the boy's jacket—"we'll cut aw'y together. If you st'y 'ere you'll die, sure as 'eaven. We're 'uddled like pigs in a sty, an' wot one's got all 'll get. I'm caught in a trap, I tell you. 'Ow'm I goin' to get a 'undred miles in the desert?—I'd 'ave sunstroke. Take me w' you till we catch hup yer men—I'll pay hanythink you like fer a lift on a camel."

"Go back to your bungalow," Brymner-Smyth answered, "and let me think this horrible thing all out."

Killock obeyed without a word, and the boy went through a process that he called thinking. It was

hardly that—it was more like listening to the bells.

Even Killock had said he ought to go, and that was something; in reality, he was afraid—which was everything.

Panic impregnates the air with germs that poison every living thing that breathes them. So the boy, into whose being these imps of unreason had crept, groping blindly, became possessed of but two ideas: he would go away, it was his duty; and Killock must remain, it was his duty.

When it grew dark, Brymner-Smyth put the saddle on his mare and rode toward Killock's bungalow. He couldn't quite go away without speaking to the Navy; it meant another scene, but he couldn't help it.

The scene was a scene.

When Hindiput was without cholera, Killock drank much gin; now, because of the scourge, he poured it down.

It was little short of a madman that lurched from the bungalow, and learning from the Inspector's lips that he was to remain, called the curses of all gods, Christian and pagan, upon the milk-sustained babe in the saddle.

"I'm took now, I tell you," he said, "my ol' woman'll curse you to her dyin' day. There's gripes in my belly now as 'ud cut th' 'cart out of a ox. You're cuttin' hit—you're a hoffer as runs aw'y an' leaves a Tommy to get shot."

Fear guided the vocabulary of Killock. It veered him as the wind twists a weathercock; one minute the Inspector was to go, the next he was cursed for not remaining.

"I'm sorry, but my staying will do no good; besides, I can't—I've got my orders."

As he spoke the Inspector chirruped to his horse.



At sight of the Inspector, his dull, heavy eyes brightened

With an oath, Killock lurched forward and grasped the snaffle-ring of the bridle.

"Look 'ere, Mister Cop, I goes w' you, or you st'ys w' me. I hain't stickin' alone to th' sinkin' ship—'ear that?"

"Take your hand off the bridle!"

"'Ere, come hout o' the saddle!" and Killock's disengaged hand clawed at the boy's gaiters, fumbling for a fingerhold.

Brymner-Smyth leaned over the pommel, and the butt of his riding-whip landed on the gorilla-like wrist that was dragging the horse's nose to its shoulder. The Navy's arm dropped to his side, where it hung limp as a stocking on a clothesline. The mare swerved at the sudden freeing of her head and plunged forward.

The boy let her go. In his ears the speed-the-guest of Killock: "You 'it me, you swipe! Come back 'ere an' I'll claw yer 'cart out, you cowardly swaggering bobby!"

The mare was galloping, and the passion words came in little puffs, and presently were obliterated by distance; the last sound reaching the boy from the mud walls of pestilence was "coward."

The mare's shoeless hoofs echoed the dismal word from the sunburned crust of the desert—"Cowardly-cowardly-cowardly!" the galloping refrain, and all because the rider was handicapped with a lead-cloth of doubt.

In half a mile the mare shifted her forelegs and slipped into the shuffling trot of the country-bred. The road was a furrow worn by the pad feet of camels, reaching toward the Sulieman's where was Dehra.

The boy's head rested on his chest, thinking, thinking in a blurred way that led to nothing, his eyes seeing not the star-jeweled sky above that was a vast aigrette, almost musical in its brilliancy; below, the desert, gray in the night light, was like smooth waters.

As though he had slept in the saddle, without knowledge of the two hours that had gone, suddenly from the gray waste a blank mud wall confronted him—it was the *serai* wherein the Punjabis were to await his coming.

One of the men took the horse, and the Inspector,

scarce speaking, threw himself on his blankets and tried to shut out the scene that caused his eyes to burn.

Sleep! It passed without claiming from Punjabi to Punjabi, and then mocked him from their faces of content.

Why did his mind wrestle with the problem he had settled—he was obeying orders? Also, he was a coward—some voice that was a lying voice screamed it through a hole in the mud wall, or perhaps it was one of the sleepers had said it, or perhaps it was an echo of the drunken Killock's voice.

Brymner-Smyth rose, turned low the lantern, slipped from the *serai*, and out on the desert; asked the stars—or perhaps it was the Arranger-of-the-Stars—for some sign that would smother to silence the voices of doubt. But in the book of stars is written nothing of Griffins, or cholera, or fear, and on the desert is stamped but Desolation. He went back to his blanket, his mind numbed to uselessness as a guide to right.

At two o'clock the desert trail cast something in at the door. It was a Beluchi camel-man, with a desire to talk of how the black scourge was even then at Hindiput.

Allah! whose name be ever blessed, but he had come near to disaster. He had stopped at the accursed village, and at once a Hindoo dog, a Baboo of animal descent, had besought him for conveyance out of Hindiput. The Sahib, fat, and a wine drinker, had been stricken—perhaps even now he was dead. Yes, the Baboo *hukim* had said the Sahib had cholera, and that he would surely die.

The boy had been asking for a sign from the stars, or out of the desert. It had been given him.

"Quick! saddle the mare!" he commanded.

"Huzoor, if the Captain Sahib goes to Hindiput, this evil thing will come upon the Sahib beyond doubt," his men answered.

"Will any one volunteer to go with me?" Brymner-Smyth asked. "Of the Sirkar's orders, you may go to Dehra; of my asking, will any go back to the saving of lives?"

But the Punjabis answered that they were men of large families—if they died their little babas would starve. Also the Sirkar's orders were to be obeyed, because they ate the salt of the Sirkar.

"Who is at Dehra I know not," the Inspector told his men, "but make report there that I have gone back to Hindiput because of cholera, and will come again to Dehra when—"

The boy stopped to think, and one of his Punjabis carried on the interrupted sentence with, "the Captain Sahib will come to Dehra in the pleasure of Kudah" (God).

Brymner-Smyth mounted his mare and rode back in the camel-rut that was a road, and fear had fallen from him and the panic had passed. He was blooded in cholera, and the problem was settled, and, hard riding, through his set teeth he prayed that he might come, in the way of atonement, to the side of Killock while still he lived.

The light was breaking as the Inspector, coming to the stricken village, met a white-clothed figure puddling along the road. It was the Baboo. The Bengali's jaw dropped in astonished fear when he saw the Sahib.

"Where are you off to?" Brymner-Smyth asked, as he pulled up his mare.

The Baboo blinked his big solemn eyes and wrestled with his wits for an answer.

"Deserting?"

"No, Sahib, taking constitutional."

"Don't lie—you're running away. How is the Sahib—is he dead?"

"Yes, your honor, he is defunct. Coma coming, and, notwithstanding injunction from me, Killock Sahib is taking copious draughts of gin, and then yielded up the ghost."

"And you got scared and cleared out."

"No, your honor. I'm a poor man, not learned with knives and fighting. And coolie mans telling they will kill because I give them bad medicine, they say. Because of that wickedness on the coolie mans' part, I have come out here to summon help."

"You're a great liar, Baboo," Brymner-Smyth answered, "and you ought to be kicked." Already he was forgetting his own fright that had been. "Come with me; we must do what we can," he added.

And as they rounded the end of Killock's bungalow they heard the dead man's voice calling, "Baboo!—Oh, I'm sick! Baboo!"

Brymner-Smyth looked at Ramchunder, and he, shifting uneasily under the glance, said, "Coma has passed, but the Sahib will defunct soon."

They passed into the house. Killock was on his *charpoy*, and the cholera had eaten up the repulsive coarseness of his form until he was gaunt.

At sight of the Inspector, his dull, heavy eyes brightened. "You—you've come back, Cap'n. God be thanked! I'm tuk—I knowed it 'ud come." He burst into tears and sobbed like a babe.

Brymner-Smyth put his hand on the sick man's forehead. "Don't give up, Killock; we'll pull you through all right," he said.



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"I'm done for," the Navy answered plaintively. "God help us; my old woman 'ill—"

Then the sickness doubled him up, and for ten minutes he writhed and was sick.

The Griffin had a strong polo wrist, but he was a babe in the matter of illness.

"Great heavens, Baboo! What do you stand there blinking for? Give the man something—he'll die on our hands."

"Yes, sir, I am cogitate diagnose for proper draught. Best authorities advise chlorodyne. But already, Sahib, I have given plenty big dose, and always the Sahib redelivering back again. Also, he is reproach most blasphemous."

The Baboo poured much medicine down the sick man, who now, subdued by fear, did not curse the physician.

Ignorant though he was of the effects of cholera, Brynner-Smyth fancied that the Navy's bullock-like constitution was making a great fight against the disease; he certainly was not in the state of collapse the Baboo had pictured, and the boy's coming seemed to have lessened the fear that would surely have killed him, had he been left alone.

"Eavens, it burns!" Killock wailed as the liquid scoria singed its way down his throat. "I've suffered awful, sir." He lay still for a little, panting with the pain. The morphia element in the drug soothed him now, and, turning from his immediate fear of dissolution, he harked back to what had gone before.

"I've been a bit rough, Cap'n, an' I begs to 'pologize. All along o' the drink I called y'u a bloody coward, an' 'ere y'u are a 'ero, takin' chances o' th' cholera an' a-nursin' me. I don't want to die wi' no hard feelin'—"

"There, there, don't say anything," the boy interrupted. "You're not going to die—we won't let you. I lost my temper like a young ass, and I want you to forgive me."

"It was a-comin' to me all along o' my swearin'. If—if I pegs hont, y'e'll see that bever'think is done proper, won't y'u; an' you'll send th' papers an' things 'ome to th' ol' woman?"

Then the opiate—the Baboo had administered the dose for an ox—drowsed Killock, and babbling sleepily of roses, and marigolds, and the "ol' woman," he fell asleep, and the boy, taking the Baboo, went to the coolie lines.

The frightened Ramchunder's story of mutinous natives was, like the rest of it, all a lie, engendered by his fear of the Inspector's anger at his desertion.

And the cholera was spreading but slowly; three men stricken since the death of the first patient. With pathetic resignation some of the sick men's relatives still clung to them, while the other coolies were scattered about on the desert beyond the mud walls of the village.

The boy's hour of trial had passed, and now he had no fear. Ashamed of the weakness that had come to him, he was even reckless. More than once the Baboo cautioned him as he did something for the stricken coolies.

As Brynner-Smyth, followed by Ramchunder, passed from one hut to another, he saw a camel swinging up the road from Jacobabad. Well he knew that easy pacing shamble—it was a Bikaner racing camel, carrying some one who came in haste. The long spindly legs wove in and out with the rapidity of urged speed, and in the double saddle, behind the driver, sat a European.

Brynner-Smyth stepped into the shade of a hut, leaned against its mud wall and waited.

The camel raced to where he stood, and at a pull from the nose cord knelt with bubbling remonstrance at his feet. Then the Sahib, whose face was dust-plastered till it was like a terra-cotta mask, flung himself from the saddle, and the boy saw that it was Surgeon Saunders from headquarters. "Abrupt" Saunders, as irreverent India called him.

"Hello! Gad, glad you're here, youngster," the Surgeon cried eagerly, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "Knew you'd got the route, and was afraid you were off to Dehra. Half expected to find no one but dead and dying here—these fellows get panicky when cholera comes."

"How'd you know of it, sir?"

"Camel-man brought Khubber (news) to Jacobabad; s'pose he cleared out from it—I've ridden all night. Is it bad—is it pukka Asiatic cholera, Baboo—many dead? Any of your Punjabis down, Inspector?"

"My men have gone to Dehra," Brynner-Smyth answered, and to himself he answered, "Thank God, I haven't!"

"By Jove, youngster, that's pluck!—sent them out of harm's way and faced the thing yourself, eh? 'Tisn't every Griff' would do that first time of asking."

The boy flushed and squirmed uneasily under the praise.

"It's a wonder you didn't bolt, Baboo."

Then also Ramchunder squirmed and looked apprehensively at the Inspector; but they were both in the same boat, and silence was a jewel-studded ring of gold.

The Surgeon unshipped the medicine case from the camel's back, saying cheerily, "Let's get to work, Baboo—where are the cases?"

"Only three?" he said presently, when he had seen the stricken ones. "That's good; we'll check it. One will die sure, his spleen's the size of a Cheddar cheese; that itself would kill him. We may pull the other two through though."

"Also Killock Sahib is prostrate with this affliction," the Baboo said, when the Surgeon had finished his examination of the three.

"What! a European down? Where is he? Lead the way, Baboo."

"Yes, sir," Ramchunder answered as they made their way to the bungalow. "Inspector Sahib here is nurse Killock Sahib like his own female mother. Already the patient is defunct many times of coma and complication if Inspector Sahib does not preserve his life. All night Inspector Sahib giving medicine and keeping from decease the-sahib who is

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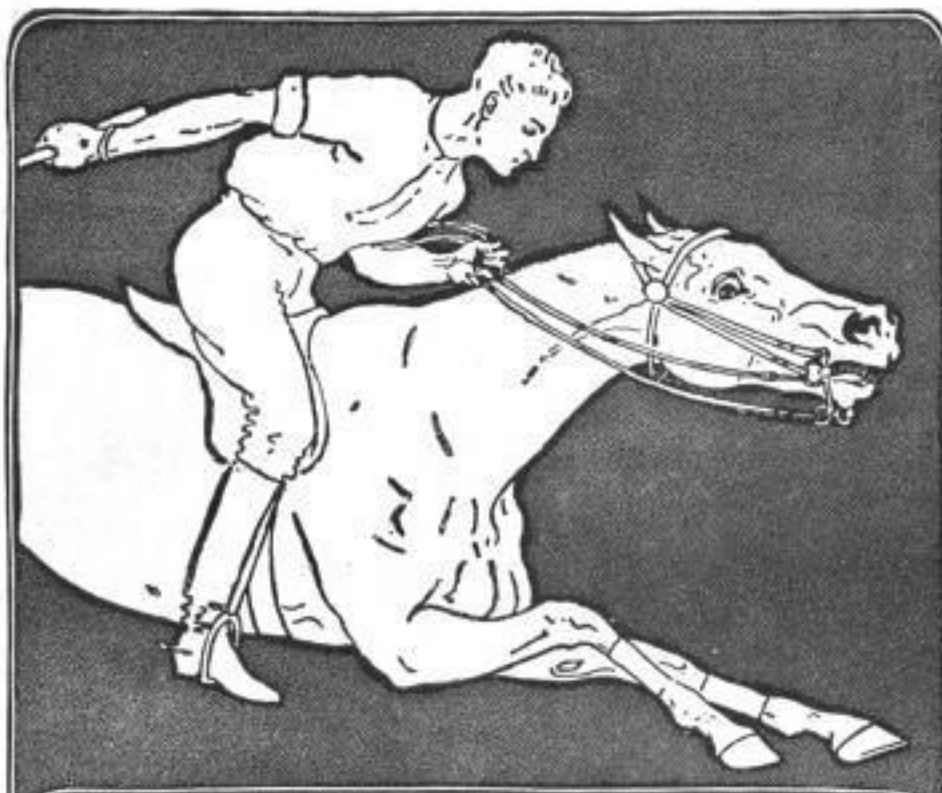
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inoculated with cholera. Also, I am make professional effort to save the patient."

Ramchunder was lying with tortuous facility to the end that Brymner-Smyth might be mollified into silence.

The little Surgeon whisked about and said: "Gad, boy! this affair won't hurt you any in the Service—I'll take care of that in my report. I knew a cub once that acted differently."

The Inspector was in agony. He cried in despair, "Sir, I don't deserve—"

"Tut, tut, man—modest, eh? That won't do in India—not in the Police, anyway. If you'd cleared out you'd have got cashiered. You're here at your post, and that's the way it goes in my report."

"Yes, sir," broke in the Baboo hurriedly, for fear the Inspector would speak again, "also I am retaining official post, and every coolie plenty much afraid, too, your honor."

"In here, is he?"

They were at the door of the bungalow. The Surgeon stalked briskly to the *charpoy*, on which lay Killock.

Brymner-Smyth waited breathlessly, watching the Surgeon's face. For days he had literally loathed this rough man, and now he felt as though a brother's life hung in the balance.

Three minutes of investigation, and then Saunders, facing about, his gray eyes piercing Ramchunder, asked, "Have you been treating this man for cholera, Baboo?"

"Yes, your honor; giving plenty medicine; because of this he is not prematurely deceased."

"Baboo, you're a confounded fool. This man has no more cholera than I have—he's got a bad dose of funk, and has lushed gin till he's nearly in the D. T's."

"What's that, Doctor—be'n't I got cholera?" and Killock, swinging his legs to the floor, sat up and blinked incredulously at the Surgeon.

"No, you haven't, worse luck. You've nearly stopped your heart going with gin and panic."

With a sigh of relief Navy Killock fell back on the bed exclaiming, "God bless yer 'cart, Doctor, my ol' 'oman 'ill be glad."

And in the bungalow Fate had arrayed a safe trinity of silence, Baboo, Navy, and Griffin.

□ □

## THE GOD OF LOVE

By E. NESBIT

It is not gold of rippled hair  
Like corn-fields swept by winds at play,  
It is not cheeks as fresh and fair  
As apple-bloom at dawn of day.

It is not these that sing to Love  
And bid him wake so sure, so soon,  
That set the skies alight above,  
And set him crying for the moon.

It is not heart-gold, pure and bright  
As virgin gold in hidden seams,  
It is not soul as clear and light  
As sunrise in a poet's dreams.

It is not these that give Love food  
And drink—the magic wine and bread,  
That set, amid his solitude,  
The enchanted garland on his head.

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And the god's names are Space and Time  
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"That's the American flag, man. Haven't you ever seen the flag before?"

No, he had never seen a flag of any kind before. He had heard there were such things, and once he had seen a picture of a flag on a poster, but that was a long time ago, and he had almost forgotten about it. He had lived in the woods all his life and had never been more than thirteen miles from home. He wanted to know what the flag meant, and listened in silence when this was explained to him. He did not know how to read or write, and had never heard that the Fourth of July was any different from any other day.

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## GOOD READING FOR SUMMER DAYS

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UNQUESTIONABLY this is an encouraging year in fiction, and one which, happily, is free from transitory fads. There is no dominant type at present, no special vogue of the Colonial novel, or the Zenda novel, or the novel with a purpose. It is an era of individualism in fiction, and if there is any definite tendency, it is a wholesome one, away from the sex problem and the hothouse atmosphere of London drawing-rooms and New York smart sets, and toward the big active interests of life—the world of politics and finance, of corporations and trusts and law courts, the virile outdoor life of the open sea, the woodland trail, the frozen North. Moreover, the fiction of the year bears the hall-mark of many sterling names. Winston Churchill, Charles G. D. Roberts, Ellen Glasgow, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman are only a few of the American writers who find a place in the list. And of the three authors in all England to-day who have admittedly shown the greatest promise, Kipling alone is unrepresented. Conrad and Hewlett have each contributed a characteristic volume—the former another of his splendid and virile sea stories, "Romance"; the latter, the most unique and finely wrought piece of verbal tapestry he has yet produced, "The Queen's Quair" (the Macmillan Company).

Every historical novel is necessarily something of a *tour de force*; but this story of Mr. Hewlett's is unlike any other historical novel ever written. It is unparalleled in its subtle and elusive blending of fact and fancy. He seems to have saturated himself with the contents of old diaries and chronicles and letters, reading clairvoyantly between the lines, and gleaming countless graphic little details that sober historians have somehow missed. He leaves you with the feeling that he has taken those faded, musty old documents, and with the magic art of a glowing phrase, the brilliant coloring of noun and adjective, has turned their yellowed leaves into the exquisite beauty of an illuminated parchment. By some subtle touch he has made the dim figures from vanished centuries, the cracked and faded portraits of long dead lords and ladies, flash into sudden life; he has made them step forth from their antique frames, still clad in their masquerade of old-time garments; but their hearts are the hearts of the men and women of to-day. You can feel their riotous pulse-beats, you can see the rebellious flush of youthful blood. The Mary Stuart he gives us may not be our Mary Stuart—for to many the Queen of Scots is an idealized figure of romance, surrounded with a halo of poetic mystery. Mr. Hewlett replaces the mystery of idealism with the greater mystery of flesh-and-blood, the troublous witchery of sex, the allurements of tangible, physical charm. His Mary is a woman before she is a queen, a frail, wayward woman, moody and changeable; none too sincere, either—she has "the trick of the sidelong look"—yet, on the whole, more sinned against than sinning; a woman, he tells us, with a passionate need of love, yet one who might have ruled right royally had not fate decreed that she should be the toy and the caprice of unworthy men. All the famous characters of the familiar story, Chastelard and Darnley and Rizzio, the bevy of the Queen's Marys, Bothwell and the rest—names whose very sound seems to sing of the romance and the tragedy and the pity of it—pass before us in a glowing pageant; for Mr. Hewlett has wrought over this picture as over a labor of love, with a studied preciousness of word and phrase that has made the resulting volume resemble nothing so much as a delicately embroidered piece of cloth-of-gold.

## A Love Story of the Sea

Among the younger American authors, Mr. J. B. Connolly is making an enviable reputation for himself in his pictures of the life of Gloucester fishermen. "Out of Gloucester," when it appeared a year ago, came as a welcome surprise. It was so full of the salt breath of the ocean, the tingle of wind-driven spray, that you could almost smell the healthful ozone breathing forth from its pages. His new story, "The Seiners" (Scrappers), is a worthy successor to the other volume, and to a certain class of readers, who do not care whether the scene is laid upon land or sea, so long as there is a love interest running through it, it offers the advantage of being a long novel instead of a group of short sketches. The plot, to be sure, is rather tenuous, being merely the rivalry between a handsome young fisherman and his former employer, a shipowner of evil reputation, for the hand of one of the belles of Gloucester. The girl, of course, remains on shore, while the greater part of the story takes place out of sight of land; but the last chapter ends in regulation fashion, with a betrothal. But the reader who loves the sea, the whistle of wind in the cordage, the toss and tumble of waves, will find in Mr. Connolly's book, quite independently of plot, much of that special kind of joy of living which is peculiarly the prerogative of the born sailor.

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**"The Borderland" in Book Form**

PROBABLY no novel of the present season was awaited with so much impatience as "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill (The Macmillan Company), published originally in Collier's as "The Borderland." It would be interesting to know to how many of these it has brought a sense of disappointment. Yet there is no real reason why it should disappoint any one. It has essentially the same qualities and defects as Mr. Churchill's earlier volumes—the same well-bred, scholarly diction, the same careful picturing of character and of scene; and, it may be added, the same suggestion of long months of painstaking research and elaboration. In an "Afterword" the author has explained the meaning of his title as an attempt to express the beginnings of that great movement across the mountains which resulted in the conquest of Kentucky and Tennessee. It is told in the first person by a lad whose earliest distinct recollections are of a meeting with his favorite hero, Daniel Boone, and who lives through many troubles and thrilling scenes, to grow up, love, woo, and marry, presumably to be happy ever after. But it may be confessed that the interest of Davy's career does not hold us with one-tenth the strength of that which we feel for the great historic movement that forms the background. The picture of the brave struggle of the pioneers against hostile Indians, and still more hostile nature, is one well deserving of all the patient industry that Mr. Churchill has expended upon it, and one could only wish that it was a little more spontaneous. There is always a slight suggestion of the midnight oil in Mr. Churchill's books, but in a book which is so wholly and necessarily an outdoor book as is "The Crossing," this smell of the midnight oil is somehow more incongruous than in a story like "Richard Carvel."

**New England Tales by Miss Wilkins**

TO THOSE who appreciate the monochrome, etching-like tints of Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's New England sketches, her latest volume, "The Givers" (Harper & Brothers), ought to give a quiet but very genuine satisfaction. They are thoroughly characteristic, these eight sketches which make up the contents. There is one called "The Reign of the Doll," which tells of two old maiden sisters, hopelessly estranged for years, and living on opposite sides of the village street, their front doors facing each other; yet never speaking, until their desire to dress a doll for a neighbor's child awoke slumbering memories of younger days, and drew them together again. But the best of the collection is the one that gives it its name, "The Givers." There are a young couple, long betrothed, but hopeless of setting their wedding day, because he is a clerk at seven dollars a week and she is wholly dependent on the slender means of an elderly maiden aunt. Yet they have hosts of wealthy friends and cousins, and every Christmas they are overburdened with useless presents, bed-slipper for a man who never smokes, silver card-cases for a girl who has no cards and no leisure to pay calls. But at last, one Christmas, the old aunt, rebelling against the absurdity of the thing, bundles all the useless, expensive presents into a sleigh, and returns them with explanations more lucid than polite. The givers see the justice of her action, and the result is a new series of gifts, of a more practical nature, that render possible an early and very happy wedding.

**A Handbook to Marriage**

A book which is not fiction, yet which many a young woman who looks forward to a romance of her own will read with equal interest, is "When a Maid Marries," by Lavinia Hart (Dodd, Mead & Co.). It is quite problematic to what extent advice of this sort ever becomes profitable. The question, "When a Man is Eligible," becomes to every girl a new and personal question to be decided, not in accordance with any general principles, but in the light of a thousand individual details known only to the girl's own family, perhaps only to the girl's own heart. "How to Keep Husbands Home Nights" is a chapter containing much good advice, yet in practice, the right instinct, the right feeling, the right home atmosphere that comes from mutual love and confidence, are worth whole reams of theorizing. Nevertheless, good advice, although not always followed, is worth having in an accessible form, and these essays of the little trials of courtship and marriage commend themselves for their prevailing spirit of sanity, moderation, and sympathetic understanding.

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### NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

A new filament made of the metal osmium may soon be used for incandescent lamps

**C**ARBON is the classic material for the hairpin-like filament which gives the light in an incandescent electric lamp. Recently attempts have been made to find another material. Refractory earths, which, when hot, become conductors of electricity, have been tried with some degree of success. The metal osmium is now being experimented with and it has given excellent results. Osmium is a metal resembling platinum. The latter was one of the materials used by Edison in his earliest researches in the production of electric light. The osmium filament consumes but half the power per candle of illumination absorbed by the ordinary incandescent lamp, and has very great durability. It gives a steadier light with varying voltage, but droops if the voltage is pushed too high. Apparently it is difficult to make it of as high resistance as is desirable. An interesting feature of osmium is that it gives as much light as carbon, although less intensely heated; its luminescence is higher.

Sodium, with four times the heat energy of gasoline, feasible for automobile batteries

**T**HE modern development of electrical metallurgy has been responsible for the cheap production of metals which but a few years ago were little more than scientific curiosities. Aluminium is now so extensively used that it no longer attracts attention, and metallic sodium has been reduced in price to a little over twenty-five cents a pound in England. If it were practicable to use sodium as the positive element in a primary battery, it might have important results for automobiles. It has been calculated that a pound of sodium has four times the heat energy of a pound of gasoline. As prices go, this would make sodium representing a given amount of heat energy cost about twice as much as gasoline of the same energy. But if a great demand for sodium sprang up, the price would naturally fall, and the sodium primary battery might become available. The automobilist would carry his can of calcium carbide for his lamp, and his cans of sodium for his batteries, both products of the electrical factory, one giving him light and the other giving him power.

Great Britain to supplant its system of weights and measures with the decimal method

**T**HE House of Lords of the English Parliament recently passed unanimously a bill providing for the compulsory use of the metric system of measures. The law is to become effective April 5, 1906, or later, if it be so determined. Professor W. Le Conte Stevens takes the period of duration of a machine as ten years, and holds that this gives a space of time which could be assigned for the change of system. When an English system screw-cutting machine, for instance, had worked for ten years and was in fit condition to be discarded, it could be replaced by one cutting metric threads. As compromises he proposes the following rather ingenious measures. The yard is to be lengthened to the length of a metre. The metre is to be divided into four parts, each of which will be the new foot. The foot is to be divided into ten inches. For the pound the half-kilogram, for the quart the kilogram or litre of water, and for the ton the 1,000 kilogram metric ton are to be used. The difference of these measures from the English system measures is exceedingly small, except for the yard and foot.

The old-fashioned plumbing methods superseded by newly invented electric devices

**T**HE freezing up of a water pipe has lost many of its terrors. A badly frozen pipe used to mean two or more plumbers, the digging up of pipes, the building of fires around the pipes, and all sorts of other troubles. During the cold weather of last winter numerous water pipes froze, but many of the old ills were done away with by means of a very simple device, depending on the heat generated by passing an electric current along a conductor. A wire was connected to the faucet of the frozen pipe, another connection made to a neighboring hydrant or the water pipe of a nearby house, and a current sent through the circuit. Since the iron pipe was a better conductor than the earth, the current passed along the pipe, heating it thereby. A service pipe 75 feet long could be heated to 145° F. by the passage of a current of 275 amperes with about 18 volts. Care was necessary to avoid too powerful currents, which would overheat the pipes and injure them.

The current was supplied from the service wires of electric companies, by storage batteries carried about from place to place, and in some cases by dynamos driven by small engines carried about on wagons. Digging down to the pipes is unnecessary, except in cases where a building is so isolated that hydrants or other pipe connections to the mains are not available. Even when digging must be resorted to no building of fires or other tedious processes are necessary.

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# COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1904

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## TORTURING A CHINESE BANDIT AT MUKDEN

The photograph shows the leader of a band of Chunchuses—sometimes called Hunghuzes, or Red Beards—undergoing torture at the hands of the Chinese authorities at Mukden. His feet are in stocks, his hands are tied, and a rope is bound about his head which is tightened every few minutes, until the skull almost cracks. These Chinese bandits have been making raids on the Russian lines of communication in Manchuria, tearing up the railroad in places

and raiding villages. The Russians claim that their acts are inspired by the Japanese and that the brigands are in many instances organized and led by Japanese officers. No proof of these statements has ever been offered. The Russians have captured a number of these Chunchuses and have brought them into Mukden. Here the brigands are turned over to the Chinese authorities, who first torture them cruelly and then decapitate them





**J**UDGE PARKER'S BEHAVIOR on the money question brought into sharp relief the divergence between the two wings of the Democratic party. It is not a difference mainly between those who believe and those who disbelieve in the free coinage of silver. The silver movement was but a symptom, and it is recognized as a lost cause, in spite of Mr. BRYAN's effort to save his face. The difference is between those who believe in change and those who fear any essential departure. The Western Democrats heartily accept Mr. BRYAN's declaration that the one profound issue is plutocracy. He calls it Democracy *versus* plutocracy, but that is his attempt to hold on to an honored name. Democracy, historically and reasonably, means a number of things, some of which are represented by BRYAN and others by CLEVELAND. On the question of plutocracy, however, it is easy to see why the radical Democrats speak of the Eastern Democrats as Republicans in disguise. If Mr. ROOSEVELT did not happen to be called a Republican he would be supported for the Presidency with enthusiasm by the Western radicals, because they believe that he is against special privileges, for equal opportunity, and the determined foe of that political corruption which enables wealthy corporations to run city, State, or nation. Judge PARKER's haste to reanimate the gold and silver question showed how much he cared for the conservative influences in his own neighborhood, which are so sensitive about pecuniary stability, and how little in sympathy he is with the Democracy of the West, which wished to abandon its dead economic fallacy with a quietness which would leave it united for a fight against unjust and unequal privileges everywhere. He, speaking for the Eastern Democrats, says, "It is not enough that you Western Democrats are soundly beaten out of your currency error. You must eat humble pie." The Western Democrats wished to have a platform limited to the issues on which the whole party could stand, leaving Judge PARKER to state, when the time came, his personal opinions in any way he chose. His action forced the currency question practically into the platform, thus satisfying some traditional Democrats in the East and infuriating thousands in the South, who will vote for him nevertheless, and thousands also in the West, who will vote for ROOSEVELT.

**"I HOPE,"** SAYS MR. HAY, "I am violating neither the confidence of a friend nor the proprieties of an occasion like this when I refer to the ardent and able young statesman who is now and is to be our President, to let you know that in times of doubt and difficulty the thought oftenest in his heart is: 'What, in such a case, would LINCOLN have done?'" There are, we think, a certain number of things that LINCOLN would not have done. We do not believe he would have said, as Mr. HAY does, that the American system of protection was championed by WASHINGTON, for the simple reason that LINCOLN thought it wise to limit political claims to what was both essentially and exactly true. In 1789 WASHINGTON said he "would not force the introduction of manufactures, by extravagant encouragements, and to the prejudice of agriculture," which is the only remark we happen to remember bearing on the principle at all. If WASHINGTON did "champion" the theory on which Republican protection is based, Mr. HAY would do a service to history by giving his authorities. Nor would LINCOLN have said that Mr. ROOSEVELT's advice is sparingly given, or that he has a sense of humor. He would have said many things for our President, but not just those. If the President has a sense of humor, it is never expressed in his written words. LINCOLN would not have said, either, that the war with Spain was carried on without a shadow of corruption. It may have been carried on with a comparatively small amount of corruption, but LINCOLN, in his later years, did not exaggerate. He found the facts sufficient to receive and express all the poetry of his feelings. The longer he lived the more grave and responsible were the opinions which he uttered. Although parties were in those days divided more vitally than they are to-day, he did not sacrifice to party the truth which he owed to mankind. Mr. HAY's brilliant and solid reputation has been fairly earned, and we regret to see him led by the real or fancied requirements of his position into arguments which have a partisan one-sidedness. He, like many other men of distinguished gifts, is at his best when he speaks in public with that same measure, impartiality, and candor which are used by most intelligent men in private. One of the greatest things about LINCOLN was the heart that made him "the North, the South, the East, the West"—the heart that beat for the Southern mother as tenderly as for her sister in the North.

**P**OLITICAL ANIMOSITY, as shown at the Convention, can not be eradicated as long as the South is solid. It must, for its cure, await an issue that will make both parties wooers. Mr. ROOSEVELT has done much, by lack of tact or for personal and party reasons, to postpone the day when Mason and Dixon's Line shall be ancient history. By so doing he has strengthened his party and injured his country, and we hope that he will let the negro question alone if he serves a second term. It is not great statesmanship to solidify one section of the country by the injury of another, and the South was undoubtedly progressing with its negro problem before the President took a hand, with a series of episodes which culminated in the Republican plank in favor of cutting down representation. Senator LODGE is a very poor adviser for Mr. ROOSEVELT. He is a bigoted partisan, and he represents a State and region which are least in sympathy with the South and least understand its difficulties and their solution. The President of the whole people should learn about each section of the country from the wisest and best representatives of that section. To view Mississippi from the standpoint of Massachusetts is to be unjust by failing in that universal sympathy which we have just described as part of LINCOLN's greatness. We recommend to the President a special study of LINCOLN's view of Southern difficulties.

**C**OLONEL WATTERSON IS GOOD ENOUGH, after putting his knife into us, to offer us an opportunity to explain. He declares, with that precision which he mingles with his elegance, that we remind him of a "swan skimming over the surface of a lake, unconscious of the depths below." The ground on which he concludes that in our swan-like motion we fail to see the bottom is that we overestimate the popularity of the President and fail to weigh the dangers of his nature. Colonel WATTERSON is one of those who unfailingly call the President TEDDY, and warn people against the probable destructiveness of this raging lion. Our view is that Mr. ROOSEVELT has a good deal more balance than his love of the big bow-wow would indicate. Colonel WATTERSON proceeds: "In its next issue we should like COLLIER'S WEEKLY to tell us something about ADDICKS of Delaware, about the Machine in Pennsylvania, giving us the while a few extracts from TEDDY's various dissertations on Civic Righteousness and Civil Service Reform. Conceding the President's personal cleanliness, and the beauty and charm of his domestic entourage, in what do the 'morals' of his 'political methods' differ from those of the late Mr. QUAY, or the present Mr. PLATT—or, let us say of Mr. LOU PAVN—except that 'he played it on William and me in a way we despise,' or words to that effect?" Colonel WATTERSON is one of those devoted Democrats who think a Republican is a villain. Naturally he sees the President in a false perspective. The dishonesty or lack of discrimination shown in bunching Mr. ROOSEVELT with PLATT and QUAY and PAVN is too obvious to require elucidation. It is because he has done so much good that Mr. ROOSEVELT's weakenings take such prominence. We do not defend his compromises. LINCOLN, in a situation so easy and prosperous as the President's, would not have made them. But, as some one observed, the Abolitionist exaggerated when he said that the slave-holding GEORGE WASHINGTON was a villain. Colonel WATTERSON would persuade more minds if he added fairness to his brilliancy. Everybody knows that the President is not a villain. Colonel WATTERSON would do better if he could find a juster way of describing Colonel ROOSEVELT's shortcomings. In the next issue of the "Courier-Journal" we hope to see indicated some recognition that, even among Republicans, moral obliquities differ in degree.

**W**HEN LEOPOLD PROPOSED his great scheme for enlightening the Congo natives, and conferring upon them the inestimable blessings of civilization, he also proposed to confer upon the Western States sundry dollars earned by trading with a new and fertile country. He insisted, nevertheless, that he was consumed by philanthropy for the Africans and also most anxious to divide all profits with the other creators of the State. It was a remarkable performance. A new State was created and named "free" on purpose. Declarations about the imminence of self-government were considered, and, although they were abandoned, many an expression reeked with altruism. "Our only programme," said the King of the Belgians, "is the work of moral and material regeneration." BISMARCK spoke of LEOPOLD's noble aspirations. President

WRONGING  
THE SOUTH

THE COLONEL  
ON THE RAMP

THE CONGO  
OUTRAGE





ARTHUR described the purely philanthropic nature of the enterprise, and our Government took the lead in recognizing the manufactured Government. CLEVELAND, as soon as he was in ARTHUR's place, announcing the organization of this new State, observed: "It is fortunate that a benighted region, owing all it has of quickening civilization to the beneficence and philanthropic spirit of this monarch, should have the advantage and security of his benevolent supervision." It has had such supervision, and as a consequence is more cruelly abused than any colony upon earth. The natives are forced to work for the Belgian royal rounder's graft, they are robbed, beaten, imprisoned, women are chained neck to neck, slavery is practically restored, villages are burned, and the people are slain. The testimony is too strong to be received with doubt. The old, frivolous, and dissipated King of the Belgians has done a dishonorable and wicked work, and there ought to be some way of wrenching his talons from the innocent people whom he is abusing.

**IRISH SYMPATHY WITH RUSSIA** has given some fresh life, in this country, to the topic of what Ireland would be satisfied with. Nearly all the most sincere and intelligent Irishmen are Nationalists. A considerable number of them are Separatists, but a good many recognize that for reasons of military safety England would never consent to actual separation. All the movements which now have most vitality in Ireland are connected with the national ideal. The revival of the Gaelic language and Gaelic literature is intended to stimulate this ideal. The religious question is intimately associated with it. Not only does the British Government conduct a Protestant university in a Catholic country, taxing the people specially for its maintenance, but English society uses its really great power always to the disadvantage of persons holding the Catholic religion. Even English Catholics, like the Duke of Norfolk, frown upon the Irish who hold the same religion, because Catholicism and Nationalism are one in Ireland, and the Irish Protestants are more friendly to the British Government. The religious situation, therefore, in relation to patriotism, is just the opposite in Ireland from what it is in Italy, and to a less degree in France.

#### IRISH IDEALS

RAMPOLLA's unpopularity in Ireland was due to his friendliness with the English Catholics and his consequent severity toward the Catholics in Ireland. The Irish priests have been Nationalists almost without exception. History has shown the great willingness of the Irish Catholics to ignore religious differences where they were not connected with contrasting views of patriotism, for most of the great Irish patriots have been Protestants. The Protestants, on the other hand, would hardly follow a Catholic leader. The social, religious, and educational questions are intimately associated with one another, all focusing in the ideal of nationality. They are distinguishable, to a certain extent, from such definite political wrongs as the constabulary and the excessive taxation, which, being more limited in their bearings, ought to be more readily removed. The most intelligent Englishmen are much more liberal in their feelings toward the Irish than the Tory masses are. Such men as Mr. WYNDHAM and Mr. BALFOUR, for instance, will be found voting for enlightened measures which are beaten by huge majorities in the House of Lords.

**MR. FOLK'S HISTORY-MAKING REFORMS** in Missouri are having a vast influence in neighboring States, and nowhere more than in Illinois. Mr. DENEEN, the Republican candidate for Governor, began his career as a good deal of a politician and party man. His development into the kind of official who serves the people only was the effect of a moral atmosphere that is spreading in the West. He is undoubtedly a better man because of the manner in which the corresponding office has been conducted across the river. He must also have been influenced by the sentiment partly reflected in the Voters' League and partly created by it. Although that League does not as a body take part in State affairs, some of its leading spirits did much to cause the nomination of DENEEN. The result was immediate. When they expected YATES or LOWDEN to be the nominee, the Democrats had scheduled the very popular ALTSCHULER for their nominee, because they saw a chance for victory. Immediately upon DENEEN's nomination ALTSCHULER refused to run and selected, in SPRINGER, an unimportant friend who would not object to the minor glory of carrying the Democratic standard to defeat. Many reformers lack experience and the intelligence for facts. When a practical politician like DENEEN sees the advantages and the popularity of integrity in office the results are salient.

#### LESSONS FROM ILLINOIS

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**WENDELL PHILLIPS** SAID that the American people never became intelligent upon any question of national interest until it was put upon the stump and there beaten out into the clear by public debate. There is another side, however. Instead of being altogether a season of intellectual quickening and profitable exchange of ideas, the quadrennial contests serve to befuddle the minds and confuse the consciences of some voters, especially, perhaps, that large, earnest, important but pathetic class grouped as the "foreign vote." The confusion of over-statement and of personalities is likely to play a larger rôle than ever in a campaign like the present, where there is absolutely no great principle or clear-cut policy at issue between the two dominant parties. "Yo' is wastin' yo' time," said a negro at St. Louis, "yo' is jess wastin' yo' time. It's jess foolishness, that's what it is. It's jess foolishness." We do not entirely agree with the negro, but much may be said for his philosophy. An interesting suggestion is made to us by a correspondent. "Let the multitudes," he says, "be summoned to hear the calm discussion of great issues by men of sober minds and disinterested spirit; not in the disputing but in the comparing spirit. The motto of these political congresses might well be, 'Come, let us reason together.' The speakers should be independent minds who have civic pride and no personal axes to grind. The most eminent jurists, editors, ministers, college presidents, and professors, men of differing conclusions, advocates of different conditions, should be invited to give reasons for their positions and indicate the grounds over which they have traveled. Let them have plenty of room for compliment, comparison, and prophecies, but little room for abuse, sarcasm, and dogmatism. These things, of course, could not be wholly avoided; indeed, each speaker would enjoy a free platform with rigid time limits. But the spirit of the place would be unfavorable to such things, and the restriction of good manners, and especially of the truth-seeking spirit, would preserve the dignity of such a platform. The 'foremost citizen' of any community would be glad to preside at such a meeting. He would sometimes be of one party and sometimes of another." We do not see why such a congress might not be convened by the various Chautauquas and summer assemblies, at academic centres, under the auspices of either the students or directors of the institutions, in the churches, and in the public schoolhouses, and especially at the various State and county agricultural fairs. The necessary funds would probably come promptly from the enjoying public and its public spirit. Human brains do not come so high as street parades. Cut out the bass-drum and the red fire, and there will be plenty of money to command talent and intelligence. Many a man whom voters would like to hear, and sometimes to follow, who could not be hired to speak on noisy party platforms, would be glad occasionally to give an earnest crowd an explanation of his ideals.

#### POLITICAL CONGRESSES

**FATE COMPELS US** USUALLY to do our traveling on Eastern lines dominated by VANDERBILT interests, and had we no further experience the distresses of travel on those routes might seem a necessary evil. A trip on the Pennsylvania, however, is, by its contrasting comfort, and consideration for passengers, enough to put one in a mood for drastic public measures. Some investigation also indicates that the consideration for employees is as much superior on the Pennsylvania as consideration for passengers. How much of this difference is due to business policy we do not know. Some business men calculate that it is well, as a mere investment, to please the public and also to please their employees; while others think the safest way is to gouge everybody while they can. Thus the VANDERBILT interests doubtless reason that they can do better for themselves by never making an improvement or an accommodation until they are compelled either by public rage or by competition, and where they behave worst they are free from competition. Another difference is more of personality and of disposition than of business reasoning. Look at any concern, big or little, and you will see the manners and spirit of every employee affected by the manners and spirit at the top. If the executive head is affable and considerate, the whole tone of his establishment will be one of affability and consideration. If he is selfish, boorish, or arbitrary, his hardness or grossness will find imitators all the way down to the bottom. We wish to state once more, with no hope of accomplishing any change, our belief that the VANDERBILT family, or those who represent them, seem to be without the most ordinary or average sympathy, or sense of justice, toward the public which they exploit, and, by the laxity of our laws, are able to oppress.

#### CONSIDERATION FOR THE PUBLIC



# STEADY, DEMOCRATS, STEADY!

**I**F SOMETIMES, during the past week, those most earnestly and prayerfully solicitous for the complete restoration of the Democratic Party to health and sanity have felt depressed by certain Convention incidents relating to the money question, it is certainly now time for them and for all who love true Democracy to calmly survey the situation as it appears since the dust and swelter of Convention controversy have passed away.

Such a survey is full of congratulation and hope. In the first place, it creates the assurance that the National Democracy as an organization has been freed from the financial delusions that have made it weak, and has entered upon a period of old-time vigor and strength. This is too apparent for denial. No action of Democracy's representatives assembled in the late Convention can be construed in any other way than as an acknowledgment of the establishment of the gold standard, and a willing pledge to its maintenance. This condition should of itself be sufficient to so fill our measure of satisfaction as to cause us to forget any fears or trepidation that may have vexed us during the days just past.

I do not overlook the fact that two clear and unimpeached verdicts of the people stand recorded in favor of the gold standard, and that its perpetuity has been secured by Federal enactment; but I insist that, in refusing to indulge any further free silver or double standard vagaries, the Convention did not, on account of existing conditions, merely make a virtue of necessity, but that it voiced, instead, an actual and wholesome change in sentiment among the rank and file of Democracy. Herein is found abundantly sufficient cause for gratitude and congratulation on the part of all those who love true Democracy. I want to go further than this, and to express a reverent belief that certain Convention occurrences, apparently untoward, have worked together for Democracy's good, and that a happy outcome has been reached through a leading wiser and more certain than the wit of man could have devised. Senator Tillman and I have occasionally differed; but I hope he will take no offence if I applaud and give hearty concurrence to his expression of the belief that "Providence has taken kindly hold on our affairs."

Of course, it would have been a matter of great satisfaction to those of us who have always been unyielding and insistent gold standard Democrats if we could have had a declaration in the platform committing our party in distinct terms to the acceptance and constant defence and maintenance of the gold standard—not because of an unexpected increase in gold production, but on grounds of economic wisdom and national honor. As protestations of affection never fatigue, so those who supremely love a safe standard for our people's money can not hear too often that the gold standard is immutably fixed. Nevertheless, as an original proposition, such a platform assurance was not necessary either on sentimental grounds or to make gold standard conditions more certain. They were as unchangeably settled as they could be—with or without platform declaration.

It must be confessed, however, that forbidding portents were seen in the Democratic sky when a platform deliverance intended to pass as a recognition and approval of the gold standard was rejected after discussion in the platform committee, leaving no substituted expression of any kind in its place; and when, thereupon, a platform containing no reference to the gold standard was approved by the Convention.

The trepidation and disappointment which immediately



By GROVER CLEVELAND

supervened among the masses of the expectant Democracy did not arise from the mere absence of any statement concerning the gold standard, but it represented a perfect and perhaps instinctive realization of the confusion and misapprehension caused among themselves and the immense advantage given to their political enemies by proposing, in a fashion, to declare for the gold standard and after discussion refusing to do so.

At this critical moment the sun appeared and scattered every evil portent. In this time of fear and gloom a leader came to the Democratic hosts. A quiet, able, reserved man had been selected as the Democracy's candidate for the Presidency. His sterling and constant adherence to party had been so fully avouched that it was nearly supposed that no action of the organization would provoke his protest. And now, while the Democratic rank and file trembled and waited, the voice of this quiet, reserved, and able man rang out above all Convention clamor, drowning the roysterous hum of Convention diplomacy. In tones of authority and leadership the message went forth:

"I regard the gold standard as firmly and irrevocably established, and shall act accordingly if the action of the Convention to-day shall be ratified by the people. As the platform is silent on the subject, my view should be made known to the Convention, and, if it is proved to be unsatisfactory to the majority, I request you to decline the nomination for me at once, so that another may be nominated before adjournment."

"A. B. PARKER."

Those Democrats who have been impatient of the silence of their party's candidate ought to be satisfied with the effectiveness of his first utterance. It filled the blank in a disabled platform, it gave leadership to the Democratic cause, and rallied supporters by thousands and tens of thousands to the Democratic standard. To these must be added another wonderful accomplishment to which this utterance gave opportunity. When in response to the message of its chosen candidate the Convention proposed to give him assurance that the sentiments of the Convention and the meaning of its platform were in accord with his expression, and in efforts to make his message a part of the platform, a vote on the passage of a resolution embodying these propositions disclosed the fact that out of a total vote of nine hundred and sixty-five only one hundred and ninety-one could be counted in the negative. This vote furnished the best, if not the only, opportunity offered during the continuance of the Convention to demonstrate how overwhelmingly sound its members were in support of the gold standard; and its result can not, I gratefully believe, be otherwise construed than as indicating the elimination of financial error as a disturbing influence in Democratic councils.

The National Democracy enters upon the campaign, not in gloom and fear, but in hope and confidence.

I believe that no man ever did so much for the cause, and in so many directions in so short a time and in so compact a form, as was done by our candidate when he sent his message to the St. Louis Convention. He has reminded all who profess Democratic principles that they also have work to do if they, like him, would do the patriotic political duty the time demands.

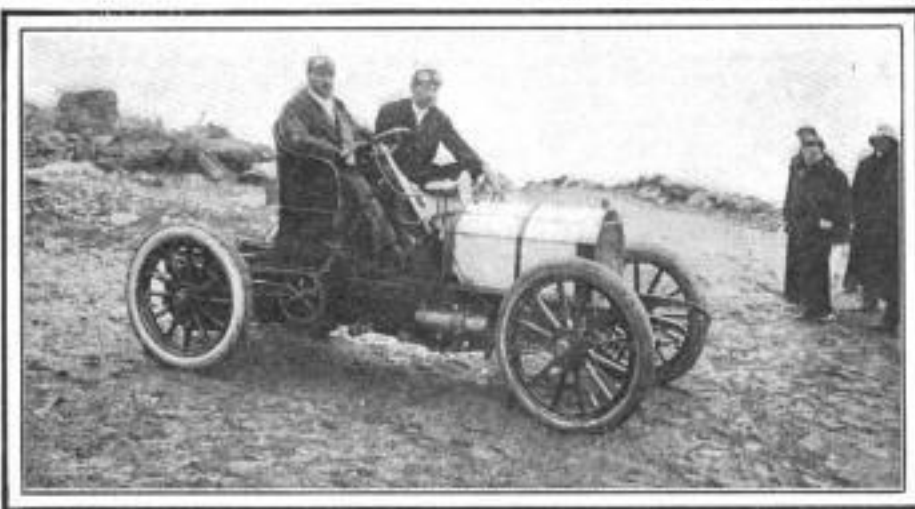
Let the Democratic lines be steadied at every point; and let our splendid leadership be followed with genuine Democratic zeal and stubbornness.







F. E. STANLEY COMING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE AFTER THE CONTEST



JAMES L. BREESE IN HIS 40-H.P. MACHINE



THE ANNOUNCER AT THE SUMMIT



H. E. ROGERS CROSSING THE TAPE AT THE FINISH



F. G. PEABODY, WINNER OF THE LIGHT MACHINE CONTEST



A. E. MORRISON, WINNER IN THE HEAVY MACHINE CONTEST

## THE HILL-CLIMBING CONTEST ON MOUNT WASHINGTON

On July 12 and 13, at Bretton, N. H., a dozen automobiles of different make and motive power were pitted against one another in a race up the eight miles of steep, stony road that leads to the top of Mount Washington. At times the participants were passing through low-hanging clouds that made it impossible to see more than a couple of feet ahead. Add to this the fact that in places the road often runs along the edge of a precipice, and it is easy to understand that the race offered plenty of excitement to those taking part. Some excellent records were made, in spite of all difficulties, and earlier figures were bettered. The winner of the principal honors was H. S. Harkness of New York, who made the ascent in 24 minutes 37 3-5 seconds with a 60-horsepower machine. Another remarkable run was made by F. E. Stanley of Newton, Mass., whose little 6-horsepower steam automobile climbed to the top in 28 minutes 19 2-5 seconds. Other successful contestants were A. E. Morrison of Boston; F. G. Peabody, and James L. Breese of New York.



# THE SPIRIT OF THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION

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By JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS

Temporary Chairman of the Democratic National Convention and Member of the Committee on Resolutions

THE spirit which ruled the hour was in one sentence mutual consideration in seeking concord of action by announcing strongly and affirmatively the opinions of a reunited Democracy on live issues pressing for settlement, and by ignoring differences of opinions on dead or sleeping questions no longer constituting issues. The name of every man who had ever eminently served the party was when mentioned cheered. The temporary chairman having incidentally mentioned the name of Grover Cleveland, and attributed to his dogged persistency and indomitable will the credit or discredit, whichever it might appear to his listeners to be, of the establishment of the gold standard in 1893, by the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act, the Convention broke forth in a roar of applause which lasted so long that the speaker had twice to take his seat before it subsided. Some of this was, as all could see, the work of Tammany, prearranged for the possible event. Tammany, however, with all its resources and noise-making power, could not have produced half of it nor prolonged it one-half so long, unassisted by the hearty good-will and participation of many others.

This spirit was especially indicated again by the manner in which the Convention treated Mr. Bryan. He never appeared without receiving "loud and prolonged applause." It was a tribute by Democrats to their belief in his rectitude of character and honesty of purpose.

On the other hand, however, he never made a motion in the Convention which was not voted down. He made none of any serious importance in the committee that bore upon the salient positions in his career as a Democratic leader which was not likewise voted down.

## The Sentiment Against Silver

This was especially true of his proposition to indorse the Kansas City platform, carrying with it, of course, a reaffirmation of the proposition that the Democratic Party would still contend for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. This was voted down in committee, if my memory serves me right, by a much larger vote than any other serious proposition offered by anybody, and so overwhelmingly was the sentiment against it that neither he nor anybody else afterward indicated the slightest desire to bring the proposition before the Convention, although perhaps two-thirds of the delegates had in two preceding Presidential elections voted for it, and although six and a half millions of American voters in 1896—constituting a majority of the white voters of the United States and a large majority of its native-born white voters—had joined them in that vote. The South held the balance of power both in the applause and voting, and illustrated once more its traditional warmth of heart and soundness of head; the first, as shown in its applause in its personal devotion to the leader of a lost cause; and the second, as shown by its vote, in its quiet acceptance of an accomplished fact. The strategic strength of the delegates was shown in this; that they frankly refused to hold positions found untenable, but concentrated the batteries of the Convention upon positions of the enemy believed to be untenable. It refused to fight either a losing or defensive battle. In this there was no sacrifice of principle—at most a confession of defeat and of the uselessness of further struggle. No good general will sacrifice a battle to a mad desire to hold an escarpment, when he finds changed conditions render further holding the escarpment useless and unwise for the advancement of a great cause. The Convention called on the Democracy to attack extravagance, dishonesty, imperialism, absolutism in government, exploitation of so-called "colonies" for commercial greed, combinations of capital seeking monopoly, and with monopoly the power to raise prices of their finished products to the point of extortion, thereby robbing the consumer; power to bear down the price of the raw material, thereby robbing the producer, and power to regulate and control the price of wages, thereby robbing the laborer, whether by reducing the individual wage-rate, or by reducing the number of individuals employed as wage-earners. It called upon them to attack the extortions and injustices rendered possible by present tariff schedules, and also the discriminations and rebates on the part of common carriers, made possible by the present impotence of the law and the still greater impotence of the tribunal charged by the law with some power and duty in that direction.

## Features of the Platform

It summoned them to withstand attack upon the rights of trial by jury and freedom of speech, and the new-born menace contained in the Republican platform against existing sectional and racial peace by the demoralization of business and labor and race relations in a great section of our common country, at present highly prosperous. It called the attention of the country to the dangerous character of its present Chief Executive; his usurpation of legislative and judicial functions; his jerky disregard of international and constitutional obligations, and it invoked the restoration of that time-honored and sensible foreign policy so distinctively American. It pledged itself to an equal and just treatment of capital and labor, contrary to the opinion seeming to prevail in certain circles that the former is a thing more sacred, and possessed of more inalienable and greater "vested rights" than the latter, which seems indeed frequently accorded only such rights as it may obtain by strike. In a word, the platform was a call to arms for an attack on present evils; for the defence of fundamental rights, the establish-

ment of safe and sound and sane government, and it was, in its expressions and omissions, an agreement to disagree about all questions not now issues, or capable of being made issues, in the present, in the immediate future, or, perhaps, in any future at all. Hence, what has been so much misunderstood in certain quarters—its silence concerning what is popularly called the silver question, or, more accurately, the question of the monetary standard. That cause, right or wrong, had been fought out, and the contention of the organized Democracy with regard to it lost. If that had been all, it would not have constituted a sufficient cause to desert it. But the result sought to be achieved by the contention, to wit, an increase in the volume of metallic or real money, and therefore a decrease in the value of money, a corresponding increase in the prices of other things as measured in money, and the consequent encouragement thereby given to productive enterprise and discouragement to mere hoarding—all conducing to that prosperity which, but for it, could not have been so completely realized nor so long maintained—had been accomplished.

The unparalleled increase in the annual output of gold by the discovery of new mines, and by the improved methods of treating gold ore, was moreover recognized as an output, which, when you consider the two causes for it, and especially the second, is not apt to suffer any material diminution in the term of the natural life of a man now full-grown.

## The Mississippi Plank Not Presented

Some expression of this, in something like these words, was made, and the acknowledgment of its effect in relegating the silver question to the rear was recognized, in what is known as the Mississippi platform, and it or something like it would, if submitted, have been adopted by a majority of the delegates. The plank was, however, never presented by its author to the Convention, nor to the Committee on Resolutions, for the simple reason that before leaving Mississippi he had found that it was not acceptable to either extreme faction and especially not to the extreme gold standard coterie, who wanted in the platform no pretence of a justification even of the votes and political conduct of six and a half millions of their fellow-citizens who had voted for Mr. Bryan, even though this justification, or attempted justification, take it as you will, was followed by an acknowledgment of defeat and an expression of acquiescence in the defeat, as a fact accomplished, for the present, at any rate, and destined to remain accomplished for at least an indeterminate time. You may say they ought to have been overridden. If you have no interest in the welfare of the Democratic Party, and none in the success of the cause aiming to reform great existing abuses of government—in a word, if you are theoretical and not practical, you may well say so. The author found, moreover, that the plank would not be acceptable to the other extreme because, although they knew, and would admit, in conversation, that "free silver was not now an issue," that the gold standard was established by the law as it had been since 1893, and could not at this time be disturbed, they were not willing "to write it down so," not willing to say as much in a platform. This sounds unreasonable, too, to a man of theory only, and he would ask again, "Why not override them?" But to a man practically acquainted with human nature it is not so very strange that one may confess defeat in a duel, his inability to renew the fight, and perhaps even his willingness to "quit talking about it," and yet not desire to have salt rubbed in his wounds. I never met an old Confederate soldier, for example, who wasn't ready to confess that "the war was over"; that, moreover, we had gotten along very well without a separate Southern Confederacy and that the Union was an established fact, not to be disturbed, in his case, now or ever. But I never met a single one of them willing to say that he was whipped, certainly not that he ought to have been whipped. Moreover, I never met a brave man who wanted one of them to say anything of the kind. To keep silence and quit fighting, to

travel onward, looking forward, with the desire to make yet more glorious destinies for a yet greater, because thoroughly reunited, country, was always accounted enough, without any humiliating confession.

The Mississippi platform plank, referred to, or something like it, could easily have been passed and "thrust down the throats" of both extremes, if the great conservative body of the Convention which stood between them had so willed it, and the result would have been perfectly delightful—to a Republican; to any one who did not want present abuses corrected or the present government-drift checked. It would have been pleasant, too, to a small coterie of so-called Democrats, who are really arrogant plutocrats and desire to control the policy of both parties, without becoming members of either. No practical man would have pressed its passage. A practical man would have said what the Convention by its silence virtually said: "In view of all these live, vital, pressing, urgent questions, demanding immediate solution, in the interest of freedom and equality, in the interest of racial peace, and in the interest of the country and humanity, press forward, all of you, and leave this question which some of you say is a sleeping issue, and some of you say is a dead one, but none of you say is a present issue, to finish its nap or bury itself. If it be dead, don't keep the corpse on exhibition, however much you may have loved the soul which formerly inhabited it. If it be in a trance it will not awake until the causes which have thrown it into trance have ceased to operate, and if that ever happen it will awake anyhow, whether you will or whether I will. Indeed, the trance is so deep, owing to the strength of the gold-increase-potion administered, that we all know that it can not awake in four years, nor eight, nor many, many more."

## Judge Parker's Sentiments Were Known

The conservative majority of the Committee on Resolutions concluded, in view of the objections of the two extremes, to act in accord with neither, and to permit neither, on the eve of a battle, to deprive the army of the Democracy of the aid of the other. Now, if the nominee had been a man who had favored the free and unlimited coinage of silver, it would have been necessary that the platform speak for him a change of policy, lest, the platform being silent, his own opinion, conscience, and judgment might have guided him to an agitation not now desired or useful. But we all knew (that is those of us who refused to let either extreme frame the platform) that we were going to nominate Judge Parker, who had never favored free silver as a policy even when it was an issue, and when others of us were battling earnestly for it. There was no fear that in his letter of acceptance, or in his conduct as President, he would fail to recognize "the accomplished fact." He could, in his letter of acceptance or otherwise, if he chose, indicate his views, on a question purely academic, in our opinion, so far as present politics are concerned.

He might, indeed, say a few words on the rights of slavery in the Territory, or the old greenback contention, if he chose. They could do no harm, and might quiet the apprehension of any foolish enough to entertain apprehension from either slavery, greenbacks, or free silver. Silence speaks often fully as loudly as words. The proverb says it speaks louder. Our silence on the silver question was not accidental; it was a silence kept of a set purpose. It was contended for in the committee and finally in the Convention, when Mr. Parker's telegram came to be read and our answer was under consideration, almost in the words I am using in this article. Taken together with the candidate, and the knowledge of the candidate's position in the country and in the Convention, the platform was unmistakable. It was wiser and better in every way than unnecessarily rubbing salt on sores not yet cicatrized. An issue which we had been urging with all our hearts and souls in two successive campaigns we refused to urge again. It could not have been more distinctly dropped; yet, strange to say, Eastern papers, feelingly and frenziedly, dwelt upon our refusal to accept Mr. Hill's gold basis resolution, and forgot, or pretended to have forgotten, that the first motion made and voted down in the committee-room was an amendment offered by Mr. Bryan to the first line of the first clause to the platform being considered—a motion to declare for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one by reindorsing the Kansas City platform.

## Free Silver No Longer an Issue

In a word, we said, by the silence of our platform, to our nominee: "We refuse to declare any further allegiance to free silver. It is in our opinion not an issue, nor to be made one. We are not including in our platform things not issues. We know what you think about it and don't care. You can attach what importance you please to it, and entertain and express what opinions you choose." Mr. Parker did attach some importance to it, or rather some Eastern and one or two Chicago papers did, and this perhaps—or it may be the assertions in the committee-rooms and on the floor of the Convention by one or two men to the effect that "nobody knew how he stood"—may have led him to believe that there might be some doubt in the minds of the delegates who had nominated him, and of the country, as to what the whole transaction accomplished by the Convention, platform, and candidate, coupled together, meant. If so, he owed it to his honor to dissipate that misunderstanding. Therefore, without waiting for the time of his letter of acceptance, in which he



was expected to express any views on the subject, if he thought it advisable, he wired:

HON. W. F. SHEEHAN, *Hotel Jefferson, St. Louis, Mo.:*

I regard the gold standard as firmly and irrevocably established, and shall act accordingly if the action of the Convention to-day shall be ratified by the people. As the platform is silent on the subject, my view should be made known to the Convention, and if it is proved to be unsatisfactory to the majority, I request you to decline the nomination for me at once, so that another may be nominated before adjournment.

A. B. PARKER.

The telegram was, I thought, unnecessary and premature, but then I was on the ground, and he was not. I knew what people were thinking and intending, and what knowledge was guiding their action, and he did not. From his standpoint it was a candid, manly, brave, and even necessary, thing to do. From our standpoint it was useless, and showed either super-sensitiveness to newspaper criticism, or a laudable and chivalric, but somewhat overstrained, sense of propriety about the possibility of being placed in a false position before the delegates and before the country. We saw at once, however, that, with the notion in his mind, he ought to have done just what he did and ought to have done it when he did, instead of waiting for his letter of acceptance. It was the simplest requirement of candor and honesty, if he thought it possible even that he had been nominated under a misapprehension of his views, to wire them, and to direct that the Convention be made acquainted with them before the delegates left St. Louis, so that they might undo anything that the supposed misapprehension had induced them to do.

#### The Convention's Reply to Judge Parker

The Convention, being under no misapprehension, by a vote of 774 to 191, directed that he be wired to that effect, in these words:

The platform adopted by this Convention is silent on the question of the monetary standard. It was not regarded by us as a possible issue in the campaign, and only campaign issues were mentioned. Therefore there is nothing in the views expressed in the telegram received, which would preclude a man entertaining them from accepting the nomination on the said platform.

Of the minority voting against sending this reply, the major part of them were followers of Mr. Hearst and other candidates, who had never had any doubt, because they could not have had, about Judge Parker's position, but who hoped out of the suddenness and disorder of it all to reap a reconsideration of the vote nominating Judge Parker, and a nomination of their candidate. All of them were, so far as I know, men who opposed Judge Parker from the beginning. Many even of those who voted against the nomination voted for the reply to be sent. The telegram from Judge Parker as printed brought great relief to his friends and to the delegates. A purported telegram, which had been printed in what seems to be a somewhat irresponsible St. Louis paper, had caused great flurry, excitement, and intense anger. It was to the effect that

he had "demanded" that a gold standard plank "be put in the platform." They know little of the freedom of action which dominated that Convention, its exemption from boss or machine control of any sort, who can not appreciate the effect of the pretended telegram. "We will stop Rooseveltism in the Democratic Party before it starts," was the cry; "we will receive no dictation; a Democratic candidate must learn that he receives his instructions from the Democracy, and not the Democracy their instructions from him." Judge Parker had been nominated by Southern initiative; if the pretended telegram had been genuine, he would have been taken off the ticket by Southern initiative. Already enough had agreed to do it. When it was found, however, that he was merely expressing his own opinion, and the opinion by which he would be guided if elected President, and supplying the hiatus in the platform, as he had a right to do, the revulsion was sudden and enthusiastic. Men said, "He is demanding nothing and dictating nothing; he is merely being manly and honest." Perhaps no more dramatic scene was ever presented in a Convention than when Judge Parker's telegram was read, together with the proposed reply to it. After the author of this article had completed reading them, and a few remarks in explanation and in advocacy of them, and while Senator Tillman of South Carolina was on his feet, Mr. Bryan came into the hall, lips compressed, gait not too steady, because he had been both sick and overworked. The excitement was so intense that even in that immense hall a whisper might almost have been heard. It was rumored about that he had come for the purpose of opposing the reply suggested to the Convention. He was applauded as he passed through the delegates, but it was noted that the applause was neither so deep, nor so long, nor so loud, as previous outbursts in his honor had been. Some resentment was created by his conduct and by his speeches in opposition to the telegram proposed. The absolute truth of all the statements contained in the telegraphic reply could not be questioned. When one of the speakers from the platform made the statement that before the receipt of Judge Parker's telegram the Convention had already known how he stood and that therefore no one had a right to affect surprise—that utterance was cheered, and when later on he turned to the audience and asked: Is it not true that the gold standard is established, and that it neither is nor can now be made an issue, and that nothing but issues are contained in the platform, and challenged any man who denied that statement if there was even one to rise to his feet, and then when he turned from the body of the Convention to the gentlemen sitting on the platform, and looking directly at Mr. Bryan himself, asked him or anybody else if they did not agree absolutely with the assertion to arise, and then added, "Nobody arises; no, not one"—the feeling became intense and the applause hearty.

The whole thing looked like an untoward circumstance at the time, but, looking back over it all, it seems now fortunate, because if there really had been anybody in the United States fool enough to have said on the stump, in a newspaper, or otherwise, that the action of the party in Convention assembled had been tantamount, directly or by inference, to the reindorse-

ment of free silver as an issue, then even the lips of that man are now sealed, and nobody, not even a fool or an unscrupulous enemy, can now pretend to misunderstand in the slightest degree the position of the party.

The papers were filled with misinformation, generally in the shape of headlines: "Hill Surrendered to Bryan," "Hill Overawed by Bryan," "Hill and Bryan Compromise," "Bryan and Hill Agree, the First to Withdraw the Income Tax Proposition, and the Second the Gold Standard Plank"; "Hill, Williams, and Bryan Appointed a Committee of Three to Agree on a Money Plank"; all this *ad nauseam*. There was no compromise—Bryan was voted down. Hill was voted down. Neither ever surrendered or compromised, unless by surrender or compromise it is meant that both agreed when beaten not to make a minority report to that unable-to-hear Convention.

It was I who offered the income tax provision, and who, on full consideration of the improbability of a Constitutional amendment and the inequity of an income tax exempting rents of land—the only sort that could be valid without an amendment—and for other reasons, later withdrew it. Mr. Bryan renewed it. The reasons which had satisfied me in withdrawing it satisfied a majority of the committee in voting it down. Senator Bailey of Texas did propose a compromise, whereby Hill's gold standard plank and Bryan's income tax plank should both be withdrawn. Hill positively declined. Bryan never assented. Hill, Bryan, and Williams were appointed a sub-committee to agree about certain minor financial questions, but not the question of monetary standard. That sub-committee never met. Hence no minor matters were reported or adopted.

#### Hard Work in Committee

I would not consider it within the limits of propriety to say anything about what occurred in the meetings of the Committee on Resolutions, whose transactions ought to have been considered as if in executive session, were it not that the newspapers have published what purported to be the proceedings of that committee in detail. These reports contain just enough truth to be harmful, if not dangerous, as half truths always are—just enough truth in certain particulars to necessitate telling the whole truth as to the points thus "set down in malice" or in error. Then, too, Mr. Bryan, Senators Carmack and Tillman, on the floor of the Convention, and ex-Senator Hill and others in interviews, have discussed its proceedings with regard to the points referred to by me here. I have referred to nothing which had not become, in one of these several ways, in some sense public. I have never witnessed anything more intense nor more self-contained than the determination of every member of that committee to bring out a unanimous report without the sacrifice of any principle.

There was need in the committee, and need indeed, of sleepless work and ceaseless tact, and of that rare virtue, the courage of self-repression.

All were forthcoming in measure unstinted.

May God crown earnest and patriotic efforts with useful success!

## "WAYS THAT ARE DARK, AND TRICKS THAT ARE VAIN"

By ROBERT L. DUNN, Collier's Staff Photographer

Mr. Dunn, whose excellent photographs of the Japanese army in Korea have been published in Collier's during the past four months, has just returned from Tokio, a victim of the peculiar methods adopted by the Japanese authorities in their relations with the foreign correspondents. Mr. Dunn was fortunate enough to get into Korea before the Tokio authorities could hold him up, but they finally succeeded in turning him back from the front, and forced him to join the hundred or more foreign correspondents who have been "marking time" in Tokio since February. Mr. Dunn was given a pass to go with the so-called "third column," but as, up to the present writing, the "second column" of correspondents is still in Tokio, Mr. Dunn's judgment that there was scant probability of the "third column" ever starting seems to be fairly well vindicated.

IT TOOK me less than twenty-four hours after my landing at Chemulpo together with the vanguard of the Japanese army to discover that I had been nourishing a set of wholly mistaken impressions concerning the Japanese and their qualities—not their qualities as fighters, but as men—as a race.

I was the first of my profession to land on Korean soil, and I thought myself a very lucky man. I was armed with passes, letters, authorizations, and every conceivable kind of document that could serve to smooth my path and open otherwise closed gates. I had started for the seat of war with words of encouragement and well wishes from the officials that speeded my way. My equipment was designed to meet every emergency without ever becoming a burden. If ever man started under auspicious circumstances, I did, and yet I never got further than Sunan, fifty odd miles north of Ping Yang, Korea's old capital. That was the crest of my hill, from which, like the King of France, I simply had to march down again, with my ponies, my baggage, and my passes. All because I had failed to take into account a Japanese quality unknown to me—their smiling evasiveness, which enables them to break a promise as easily as a child breaks a new toy. But, unlike the child, they know very well what they are doing, and they do it because they find it ever so much easier than to tell a man straight to his face that he may not do a certain thing. And in this connection I must tell why: if a combination of words could be imagined that might render the sound of my native language hateful to my ears, it would be this: "I am so very, very sorry for you."

How many times I have heard that phrase pronounced by smirking Oriental lips, each time to let me know that I had been deceived and foiled again!

The first time I heard it was in Chemulpo on the momentous night of February 8, when General Yasutsuma landed the advance column of the First Army. And the general himself was the first one to acquaint me with it. For he began the Korean campaign by playing a trick on the little group of newspaper men who were fortunate enough (as they thought) to be on hand at that early stage of the game.

The landing of troops continued far into the night, and as long as the opportunity lasted I busied myself

taking flashlight pictures. Those were really the only happy and satisfied hours I spent on Korean soil. The scenes I witnessed were weird and picturesque and full of promise of still better things to come. I was warming up to my work, sure of a successful issue, and still undisturbed and undisgusted by that fatuous, incessant, thousand-tongued phrase that poisoned every hour of the days and weeks and months that followed till I gave up the task: "I am so very, very sorry for you!" It was my intention to go right on to Seoul, the capital, that night. There was a train that would take me there. But I had to see the commanding general first, of course—just as a matter of formality, I thought then. General Yasutsuma appeared genuinely pleased to see me. He was politeness incarnate and promised me every possible help that he could render, but he discouraged the idea of starting for Seoul that night. Better wait till next morning, he said. He would leave at six o'clock himself, and I could accompany him. The train would be crowded, but his card would set everything right for me.

#### The Japanese General Equivocates

I was so pleased that I spent all night developing the films that represented the result of my first day's work at the front, until it was too late to think of sleep. The new day had not yet dawned when I betook myself and what was mine to the railroad station.

There was the station, but—I rubbed my eyes. I pinched myself. Yes, I was awake, and the railroad depot was standing in front of me. But the place was dead. Not a soul, civil or military, was to be seen. Nothing happened. The thousands that poured out of the transports the night before had vanished as so many bodiless phantoms. Six o'clock arrived unannounced by bell stroke or trumpet blast. No train, no soldiers, no general!

A few railroad employees and natives were the only ones to make their appearance. Seven o'clock arrived. A train backed up. It was the regular morning train for Seoul. A few passengers boarded it. So did I.

At Seoul I found all the soldiers again. They had undoubtedly been boarding the trains at the very hour I was talking with their commander the night before.

He was at Seoul, too, but I did not attempt to see him. I called on the Japanese Minister instead, and was received with such cordiality that I said to myself, "This chap is nice enough to be an American." If I could go on? Certainly; what was there to prevent me? Didn't I have my passes, etc.? So I went on with my ponies, my baggage, and my passes, Ping Yang, on the road to the Yalu, being my goal.

So far I had at least received alleged, if not actual, information when I asked questions. Now I soon found that the situation had changed. Twenty odd thousand Japanese soldiers had been landed in Korea. They had taken possession of the entire southern part of the Hermit Kingdom. The Russian Minister, M. Pavlov, had been regretfully but firmly hoisted out of the country. The Japanese now threw off the cloak of humility and stood forth in warlike attitude of defiance. Those who were in Korea seemed to carry a chip on their shoulders and to invite the rest of the world to knock it off. I didn't think it was up to me to try it. Nor did I bow down to their new dignity and cringe for favors. But I had to ask for information. What I got was that "I am so very, very sorry for you."

The overland journey from Seoul to Ping Yang proved an exceedingly hard one. Some almost insurmountable obstacles were encountered. But I managed to push on. On the road I was all the time passed and repassed by detachments of Japanese soldiery. They were a quiet, orderly lot, on the whole. One reason for this, it seemed to me, was that they knew no better than to trudge on like so many sheep in the wake of their leader. I have no quarrel with them, anyhow.

But scattered among the weary, footsore soldiers, and disguised to suit their errands, traveled the would-be builders of the new Japan, the men who think that the outcome of the war depends on them, their shrewdness and their so-called "secret service." The one distinguishing accomplishment of all and every one of the members of that element is their ability to "speak English"—a qualification that may imply anything from a simple knowledge of the "I am so very, very sorry for you," up to a very fair command of our tongue. These men belong neither to the very poor nor to the very rich class. They are not educated in our sense; neither are they as ignorant as their brethren in the ranks.



They are shop clerks and waiters, and men of that stamp, who, by their trades, have been brought into contact with foreigners, particularly Englishmen and Americans, and have thus picked up a superficial acquaintance with the English language. It is a most peculiar class, thoroughly characteristic of the new spirit of the race. And if ever their Island Empire should be brought to ruin, I think they and their "smartness" will be largely responsible for the catastrophe.

I reached Ping Yang three days ahead of the main body of the army, and was just preparing myself for further advance when the following note was handed to me:

"JAPANESE CONSULATE, March 9, 1904

"To Mr. Dunn: SIR—I have the honor to inform you by the order that you would stay here until our Land Forces under Major-General Sasaki proceed for the North.

C. SHIMPO,

"Japanese Acting Consul."

The result was that I retraced my steps and sought for an interview with General Sasaki. I got it. He was sorry again, chiefly, it seemed, because I had conceived such an unfortunate idea as to start out ahead of him. I pointed out that I was an American, not a Russian; that I was traveling in a neutral country, and that I was not personally at war with Japan. Those facts had such an effect on the General that he nearly cried. He was an old man, too, and his explanations and arguments seemed as reasonable as they were affable. I almost felt sorry myself—that is, for him. And I could do nothing less than to promise to wait till next morning at ten o'clock and then start for the front in his company. It made the old General seem quite happy and chipper. It even tempted him to announce voluntarily that if a fight became imminent before that hour he would send for me. I thanked him and made up my mind that if he broke faith this time I would never in my life trust the word of a Japanese official again. That night I did some hard thinking and speculating. But what was the use? I had to wait.

#### Fooled Again

To cut a long story short, I was kept waiting next day in front of the wrecked Korean palace, where the General had taken up his quarters, till five o'clock in the afternoon without even being admitted to the commander's presence, and no matter to whom I turned—adjutants, officers, sentries—I got the same answer: "I am so very, very sorry for you."

At five o'clock an order from the General was handed me. It contained an authorization to start. I made use of it without a moment's delay. How many times I was stopped on the road I can not tell, but I managed to make a new start every time. When night fell I was just passing the homes of Christian missionaries outside of the gates of Ping Yang. Further I had not got. There I was overtaken by a messenger who handed me this note, written with a lead pencil and signed in the same way as the one previously quoted:

"Mr. Dunn: SIR—I beg to inform you it was ordered by our Vice-Minister of the War Department that the correspondents of news who have not got a permission of following our army, or while undecided of, even got it, which troop belong to, should not proceed for the North.

"P. S.—Kindly inform the instruction to the other correspondents of your country."

This astounding document, viewed in the light of General Sasaki's evident desire to detain me under false pretensions, revealed to me in all their beauty the methods to which the Japanese resort in order to avoid granting a reasonable but unwelcome request. I did not stop, and thus I got a chance to prove beyond a doubt the true inwardness of another Japanese war institution—the official interpreter.

I had had a half-dozen different ones assigned to me at different times. None could be trusted. All were spies. As I approached Sunan, a Korean coolie was seen hurrying toward me. He carried a letter in his hand, and while still some distance away he cried: "Ah, Ma-Mok-Sa?"

It means, "Are you a Christian?" When I had answered in the affirmative by repetition of the same words, he handed me the note. It was from the missionaries whose homes were near the Yalu River. Knowing what I was up against, I ordered the interpreters and the coolies to stop with the ponies right where we were. I and my traveling companions walked about one thousand feet away to read the note and talk it over in seclusion. We had barely come to a halt when the clatter of hoofs made us turn round. Our interpreters were scampering away in the direction of Sunan, half hidden in a cloud of dust.

#### The Interpreters Were Good Liars, Too

The note warned us that the Russian and Japanese outposts were almost in touch, and that we had better press on as fast as we could, if we wanted to witness the first land skirmish, which might take place any hour. Then I guessed what the interpreters were up to, and I got our party started on the run to overtake them. We found the two culprits seated in front of a vacant house at Sunan. They were so very, very sorry that the cold had compelled them to disobey my orders, and that I had had to ride so hard to overtake them. What they had accomplished soon showed itself, when we were surrounded by the entire detachment of soldiers located at that village. One of them spoke just

enough English to lip out the perennial: "I am so very, very sorry."

Then he added through an interpreter that he would have to communicate with General Sasaki over the military telephone line, which had already been established, and connected headquarters with the foremost outpost. The man also said that we might personally communicate with the General over the wire. But that proved only another Japanese promise.

#### Again the Japanese Are "Very Sorry"

To the little house where the telephone apparatus had been put in we all marched. There we stayed for hours. My impression was and still is that every man of that detachment and the interpreters besides had a private talk with somebody at the other end who was said to be the General. I don't know how much I would have been willing to pay just then for a working knowledge of their language, but I suspect that a few hundred thousand would have seemed cheap. All my excited and eager inquiries elicited was: "Can't tell till we are through."

When they were through at last, one of the interpreters informed me in his most solemn manner that General Sasaki had sent this message: "I have very, very great pity for you."

Well, that was a variation at least. And it was the only satisfaction I could get. I was then escorted to a small filthy one-room mud hut, and there I was de-



DEVELOPING A PHOTOGRAPHIC FILM UNDER DIFFICULTIES

While R. L. Dunn was in Korea with the Japanese advance forces the temperature was near the zero mark most of the time. Frequently the liquid in which he was developing the pictures he had taken during the day would freeze, thus ruining his photographs. He took two Korean boys with him on his journey from Seoul to Ping Yang, and with their assistance was usually able to work fast enough to overcome the difficulties of weather and climate.

tained four days—a prisoner in all but name. I was next taken to Ping Yang, and from there the Japanese Consul—the same one who penned those remarkable notes—hurried me on to Seoul. The trip was even more trying than when I was traveling in the other direction, but I was fortified by the explicit assurance that all that was needed to end further troubles was an interview with the Japanese Minister at Seoul, who had full power to straighten out the matter and give me credentials authorizing me to rejoin the army.

#### Unnecessary Evasion and Deceitfulness

But otherwise had fate, or the Japanese nature, decreed. The Minister was sorry, of course. But there was a hitch somewhere. I had to go all the way back to Tokio to set things right. I fumed and flared—but had to go. And I was speeded by eager admonitions to hurry, as the marching columns were "making up" in preparation for a march to the front.

Here was an instance where deceit was not needed. Only custom, or something still more closely connected with the Japanese nature, prescribed that the old, evasive method be employed. To tell a man plainly that he can not do a certain thing, and to stick to it, has evidently never been dreamed of in Japan. It is so much easier to promise with a smile and break with a shoulder-shrug. At Tokio the game is played hourly—at the War Office, at the telegraph office, at the hotels, everywhere. If the war correspondents whom this conflict have drawn to the Japanese capital for longer or shorter stay should record and publish each petty case of misrepresentation of which they have been made the victims, no book of size hitherto seen would be large enough to hold their tale of woe.

I found more than a hundred of them at Tokio, hustling from morning to night in order to get ready in time, and buying a thousand odd things at war prices, so that their equipments might meet every conceivable emergency. That was in April. The Second Army was being mobilized. Every correspondent was keeping ready to start the very next day. But the starting day never dawned.

Some were still unassigned. They secured permission finally to go with the Third Army, which would depart on the heels of the Second. I was one of those told to be prepared to leave on a moment's notice.

As the long days wore on the correspondents began to worry. Their worry found expression in protests. These served to worry the officials in their turn. To get peace, the latter let it be known that a part of the newspaper men would be taken on a special steamer together with other guests to see "the fall of Port Arthur." A wild scramble for a place on that steamer ensued. Nobody seemed to care any longer for permission to accompany the armies in the field. Once they had got their victims that far, the officials announced that those going on the special Port Arthur junket could not hope to get back in time to take part in the rest of the game. This set the men thinking. Those who had been assigned to the two army corps stuck to what they had. Some still unassigned men were slated for the boat trip. The list of the guests to be taken to Port Arthur was printed every day and once more the other men began to feel doubtful of the wisdom of their choice. Those vacillations of mind helped to pass time—they and the shopping which was going on all the time at a ruinous expense.

Spring changed into summer. Fur-lined sleeping bags and firepots that filled each outfit made the days seem hotter than they were. Soon the men began to buy ice-boxes and netting. The whole winter outfit had to be exchanged for one suited to the almost tropical summer. That was another diversion—but a costly one—and still neither the army correspondents nor those invited to see Port Arthur crumble got one step nearer their goals. On June 1 everything was as it had been at the beginning, the only difference being that some correspondents were contemplating the necessity of acquiring a third outfit designed to meet the exigencies of the rainy season.

And through all those long days of tedious waiting the men remained reasonable—very reasonable. All they asked for was a brief and decisive answer to the question: "Can we go or can we not?"

"Time has not come yet," was the only kind of reply they could obtain. "When it does come we shall be glad to let you go."

#### The Commissary Game

The commissary question was another matter that helped to keep the men worried and guessing. Each correspondent was permitted to select a man as servant, with the approval of the Government. These men, backed by the commissary department of the army, were to charge a certain sum a day for their services, and were furthermore to furnish their masters with three meals a day at a price of about \$6 a day. They were also to cash checks for the correspondents, who had to sign contracts with the men a number of months in advance. In reality, the other party to the contract was the War Department, the servant being designated in each one as "A Japanese." The arrangement proved a sad disappointment. Most of the newspaper men who accompanied the First Army said that often they saw neither their servants nor any commissary wagon for days in succession, and that they never were able to cash a check. To get a new supply of money at the front when the original one had run short was next to an impossibility. Some of the men were compelled even

to leave the army and travel all the distance back to Kobe, Japan, to get the needed funds. The cost of that trip would startle the reader, could it be stated here in dollars and cents. And once in Kobe, the unfortunate correspondents found themselves confronted with a new dilemma. They were unexpectedly told that, having deserted their posts at the front, they could not return. The men protested that they had secured special permits from General Kuroki before they turned back. Sorry, rejoined the War Department officials, but we have changed our minds since the permits were issued. More money was then spent on telegraphing and cabling; more brain-matter on needless and useless worrying. At last the officials relented, and the men were granted leave to return. But they had then lost much almost invaluable time—everything else left aside.

And now I'll go back once more to those that stayed in Tokio, where I had to spend two long, dreary, wasted months. There was one thing that caused even more excitement in our crowd than another broken Japanese promise, and that was the jingling of the little bells carried by the sellers of war extras, or "go-go's." These valuable sources of information were little sheets like handbills, printed in Japanese characters on one side only and sold for a penny. Sometimes they actually contained war news, and the correspondents were able to cable reports (after much troublesome deciphering) straight from the field of battle. And often the same correspondents were summoned to the War Office hours later to receive the selfsame piece of news from the fountain-head of authentic information.

#### Dunn Gives Up In Despair

I was feeling more and more suspicious concerning the final outcome of that long, one-sided game of waiting. Finally I gave up my assignment to the Third Army. But there was still the boat bound for Port Arthur. They told me I would be sorry, and that the boat would certainly leave before June 1. I waited till the tenth day of that month. Then I shook the dust of the Japanese soil from the soles that I had worn thin by tramping between my hotel and the War Office. I went home, happy in the thought of being once more in a land where a promise is meant to be kept, and where a man, if he does not want to do a thing, says so.





## "BETHINK YOURSELVES" : Tolstoi's Cry to a War-Mad Race

*IN the vast prison known as Russia, there is but one free man—Count Lyof Tolstoi. Out of the cloud of darkness hovering over that prison, shines but one star—the genius of Tolstoi. Like one of the great old prophets of Judea, he—a mere writer of novels, and plays, and pamphlets— towers above princes and ministers, and he speaks down as from a supermundane elevation even when addressing the Czar himself, who to him, raised beyond worldly fears and desires, is only "an unfortunate, entangled young man." Taking for his text the warning of Christ, "Bethink yourselves!" he directs a heart-stirring cry, first to his own countrymen and then to the rest of mankind, to open their eyes to the folly, as well as the criminality, of all war. If this appeal had been the work of any other Russian subject, it would probably have cost its author freedom, if not life. But Tolstoi has grown too great for punishment. A blow struck at the venerable seer would hurt the government more than anything else, inside its own borders as well as outside of them. To give our readers an idea of this unique arraignment of the belligerent spirit, still predominating among the most enlightened peoples, a number of excerpts have been chosen and arranged as to present, in concise and connected form, the spirit of the article and its most striking passages, the doom foretold and the hope held out.*

SOMETHING is taking place incomprehensible and impossible in its cruelty, falsehood, and stupidity. The Russian Czar, the same man who exhorted all the nations in the cause of peace, publicly announces that, notwithstanding all his efforts to maintain the peace so dear to his heart (efforts which express themselves in the seizing of other people's lands and in the strengthening of armies for the defence of these stolen lands), he, owing to the attack of the Japanese, commands that the same shall be done to the Japanese as they had commenced doing to the Russians—i.e., that they should be slaughtered; and in announcing this call to murder he mentions God, asking the Divine blessing on the most dreadful crime in the world.

This unfortunate, entangled young man, recognized as the leader of 130,000,000 of people, continually deceived and compelled to contradict himself, confidently thanks and blesses the troops whom he calls his own for murder in defence of lands which with yet less right he also calls his own.

Stupefied by prayers, sermons, exhortations, by processions, pictures, and newspapers, the cannon's flash, hundreds of thousands of men, uniformly dressed, carrying divers deadly weapons, leaving their parents, wives, children, with hearts of agony, but with artificial sprightliness, go where they, risking their own lives, will commit the most dreadful act of killing men whom they do not know and who have done them no harm. Those who remain at home are gladdened by news of the murder of men, and when they learn that many Japanese have been killed they thank some one whom they call God.

### *The Symptoms of Guilt*

All the unnatural, feverish, hot-headed, insane excitement which has now seized the idle upper ranks of Russian society is merely the symptom of their recognition of the criminality of the work which is being done. All these insolent, mendacious speeches about devotion to and worship of the monarch, about readiness to sacrifice life (or one should say other people's lives, and not one's own); all these promises to defend with one's breast land which does not belong to one; all these senseless benedictions of each other with various banners and monstrous ikons; all these Te Deums; all these preparations of blankets and bandages; all these detachments of nurses; all these contributions to the fleet and to the Red Cross presented to the Government; all this dreadful, desperate, newspaper mendacity, which, being universal, does not fear exposure; all this stupefaction and brutalization which has now taken hold of Russian society, and which is being transmitted by degrees also to the masses; all this is only a symptom of the guilty consciousness of that dreadful act which is being accomplished.

### *Let Every Man Consider*

Jesus said, "Bethink yourself"—i.e., "Let every man interrupt the work he has begun and ask himself: Who am I? From whence have I appeared, and in what consists my destination? And having answered these questions, according to the answer decide whether that which thou doest is in conformity with thy destination." And every man of our

world and time, that is, being acquainted with the essence of the Christian teaching, needs only for a minute to interrupt his activity, to forget the capacity in which he is regarded by men, be it of emperor, soldier, minister, or journalist, and seriously ask himself who he is and what is his destination—in order to begin to doubt the utility, lawfulness, and reasonableness of his actions. "Before I am emperor, soldier, minister, or journalist," must say to himself every man of our time and of the Christian world, "before any of these I am a man—i.e., an organic being sent by the Higher Will into a universe endless in time and space in order, after staying in it for an instant, to die—i.e., to disappear from it. And, therefore, all those personal, social, and even universal human aims I may place before myself and which are placed before me by men, are all insignificant, owing to the shortness of my life as well as to the boundlessness of the life of the universe, and should be subordinated to that higher aim for the attainment of which I am sent into the world. This ultimate aim, owing to my limitations, is inaccessible to me, but it does exist (as there must be a purpose in all that exists), and my business is that of being its tool—i.e., my destination is that of being a workman of God, of fulfilling His work." And having understood this destination, every man of our world and time, from emperor to soldier, can not but regard differently those duties which he has taken upon himself or other men have imposed upon him.

### *War is a Self-Inflicted Calamity to Men*

And the moment the head of the State will cease to direct war, the soldier to fight, the minister to prepare means for war, the journalist to incite thereto—then, without any new institutions, adaptations, balance of power, tribunals, there will of itself be destroyed that hopeless position in which men have placed themselves, not only in relation to war, but also to all other ca-

lamities which they themselves inflict upon themselves. So that, however strange this may appear, the most effective and certain deliverance of men from all the calamities which they inflict upon themselves and from the most dreadful of all—war—is attainable, not by any external general measures, but merely by that simple appeal to the consciousness of each separate man which, 1,900 years ago, was proposed by Jesus—that every man bethink himself and ask himself, Who is he, why he lives, and what he should and should not do.

### *Fifty Thousand Men Must Die*

I had finished this article when news came of the destruction of 600 innocent lives opposite Port Arthur. It would seem that the useless suffering and death of these unfortunate deluded men who have needlessly and so dreadfully perished ought to disabuse those who were the cause of this destruction.

In order not to let the Japanese into Manchuria and to expel them from Korea, not ten thousand, but fifty and more thousands, will, according to all probability, be necessary. I do not know whether Nicholas II and Kuropatkin say, like Diebitsch [at the time of the invasion of Poland by Russia], in so many words, that not more than 50,000 lives will be necessary for this on the Russian side alone, only and only that; but they think it, they can not but think it, because the work they are doing speaks for itself; that ceaseless stream of unfortunate deluded Russian peasants now being transported by thousands to the Far East—these are those same—not more than 50,000 live Russian men whom Nicholas Romanoff and Alexis Kuropatkin have decided they may get killed and who will be killed in support of those stupidities, robberies, and every kind of abomination which were accomplished in China and Korea by immoral ambitious men now sitting peacefully in their palaces and expecting new glory and new advantage and profit from the slaughter of these 50,000 unfortunate defrauded Russian workmen guilty of nothing and gaining nothing by their sufferings and death. For other people's land, to which the Russians have no right, which has been criminally seized from its legitimate owners and which in reality is not even necessary to the Russians—and also for certain dark dealings by speculators, who in Korea wished to gain money out of other people's forests—many millions of money are spent—i.e., a great part of the labor of the whole of the Russian people, while the future generations of this people are bound by debts, its best workmen are withdrawn from labor, and scores of thousands of its sons are mercilessly doomed to death. And the destruction of these unfortunate men is already begun.

### *How Escape from Fighting?*

More than this, the war is being managed by those who have hatched it so badly, so negligently, all is so unexpected, so unprepared, that, as one paper admits, Russia's chief chance of success lies in the fact that it possesses inexhaustible human material. It is upon this that rely those who send to death scores of thousands of Russian men!

Yesterday I met a Reservist soldier accompanied by his mother and wife. All three were riding in a cart. He turned to me:

"Good-by to thee! Lyof Nikolaevitch, off to the Far East."

"Well, art thou going to fight?"

"Well, some one has to fight!"

"No one need fight!"

He reflected for a moment. "But what is one to do, where can one escape?"

### *A Sham and Hollow Glory*

I saw that he had understood me, had understood that the work to which he was being sent was an evil work.

"Where can one escape?" That is the precise expression of that mental condition, which in the official and journalistic world is translated into the words—"For the Faith, the Czar, and the Fatherland." Those who, abandoning their hungry families, go to suffering, to death, say as they feel: "Where can one escape?" Whereas those who sit in safety in their luxurious palaces say that all Russian men are ready to sacrifice their lives for their adored monarch and for the glory and greatness of Russia.

## WAR

By ROBERT BRIDGES

### And this is War!

The vengeful spirit of an ancient race,  
Clad in brave armor, wounded in its pride;  
The joy of battle in its mailed face,—  
Driving its foemen, like a rising tide  
That swirls the sea-folk on the curving beach  
And leaves them stranded there to rot and bleach.

### And this is War!

A peaceful highway on a sunny hill,  
A file of busy ants that bravely toil  
Until they meet their fellows—stop to kill—  
And then march onward with the robber spoil;  
When from the clouds a sudden, driving rain  
Sweeps them, unheeding, to the flooded plain.

### And this is War!

An eddy in the dust, a troubled pool,  
A pebble in the river's mighty flow—  
Man's feeble effort, like the painted fool,  
To prove that he is master of the show;  
While laws immutable uplift the clod  
And mould him to the purposes of God!

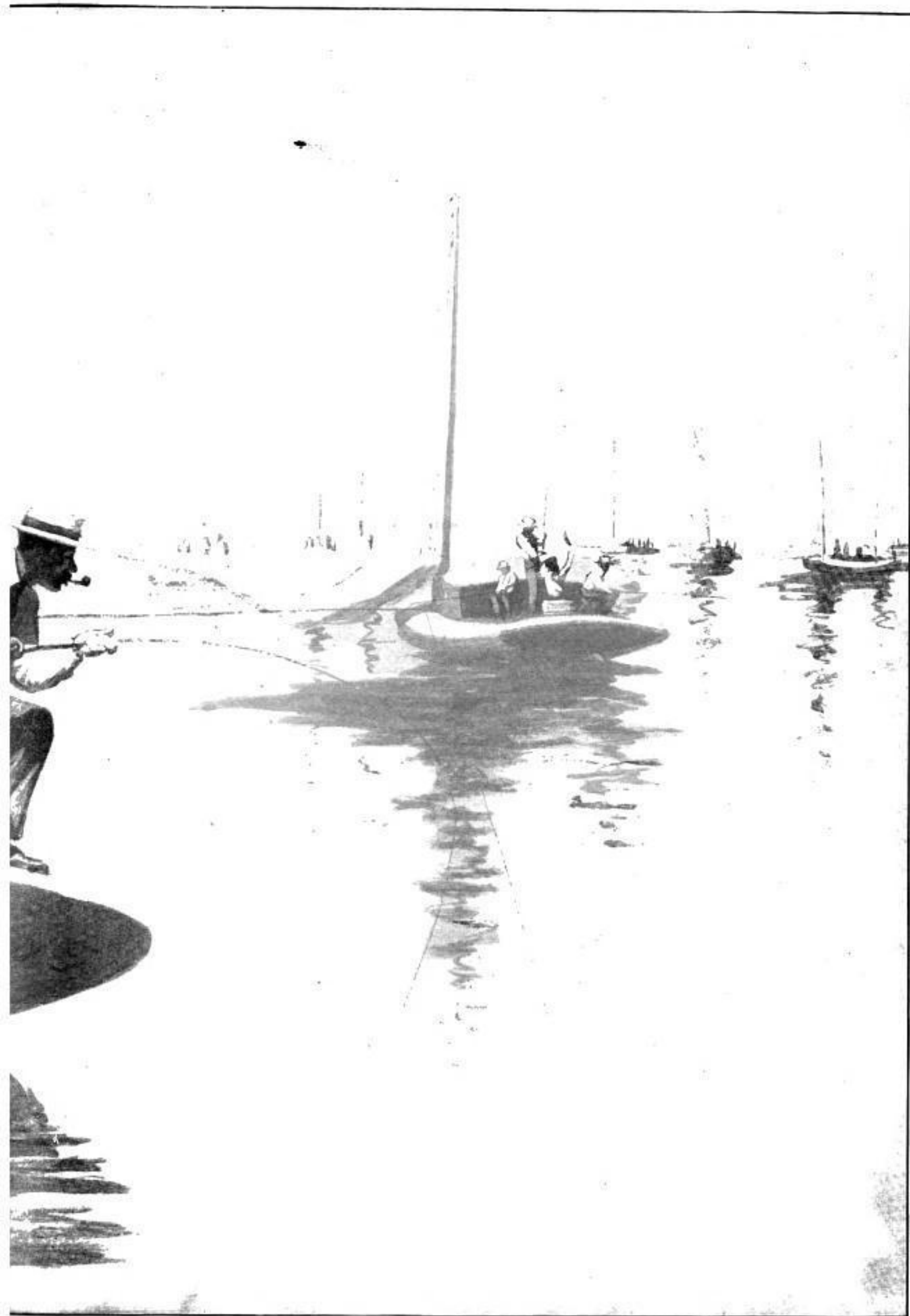




“FISHIN’ OF

DRAWN





LONG P'INT"

FROST



# MATT: MAN OF AFFAIRS

*By Nathaniel Hamilton Maxwell... Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele*



THE lull of the early afternoon had fallen upon the office. The distant pounding of the machines overhead, the droning of the typewriters, mingled lazily with the street noise below and seemed bent on putting the office force to sleep.

In the inner office, which was inclosed by a wooden railing from the rest of the big room, the General Superintendent in his shirtsleeves stood propped against his desk, resting over a cigar. The Assistant Superintendent nearby, with half his earlier energy, was laboring with the agent of an out-of-town concern and was apparently in trouble. Just beyond the railing, a clerk lolled on his elbows reading a newspaper. The morning seemed to have worn every one out.

A boy appeared at the far end of the office, walked deliberately by several clerks who called out to ask what he wanted, opened the gate of the inner office and slid into a chair.

The Superintendent looked at him inquiringly, but he neither offered explanation nor removed his cap. His clothes had been cut down to fit him. He was like a diminutive man, a drayman reduced to boy's size. The face was keen and thoughtful, but over it spread so worn a look that he seemed the impersonation of fatigue.

After a minute he glanced up from under straggling locks of hair with big, gray eyes.

"Mister, I'm lookin' fer a job."

He pulled off his cap and smiled.

The Superintendent had been watching him closely. The boy was unusual, even if his story was an old one.

"There don't seem to be no demand fer me. I begun lookin' at five this mornin'." One duck says to me, "Get out, before I kick yer."

A droll look overspread the jaded face.

"What's your name?" the Superintendent asked.

"Matthew Matthews is my real name; and some calls me by my first name, and some by my second, but everybody calls me 'Matt.'"

"Matt Matthews or Matthew Matt," remarked the Superintendent reflectively.

"Yes, sir."

"What can you do, Matt—everything?"

"Naw, sir."

The Superintendent noted a difference between former applicants and this one.

"That's queer. I thought fellows like you always could."

"My mother says nobody kin do everything," said Matt, standing up. "But if you'll give me something to do, I kin do it."

The Assistant Superintendent had overheard the last few sentences.

"Matt says he can do anything, but not everything," he remarked to the agent. "That's one on the Superintendent."

He passed the cigarettes and both began to smoke and to grin approval.

"If I gave you a job, Matt, would you get a hair-cut out of the first day's wages?"

The boy ran his fingers through his hair and cast a tired smile about the office.

"I kin get it clipped wid the horse-clippers at the fire-engine house an' save my first day's wages."

"What if there was a fire?"

"Like one kid," said Matt. "He had a black crop

on him, and the firemen said that oughtn't to run loose, an' they cut an alley like, down the middle of his head, when ding-a-lang-a-lang the bell rung an' the firemen dropped the clippers and swung on j. It as the engine was goin' out, an' the other kids yelled at him, an' his mammy was goin' to get the firemen arrested, only it was a false alarm, and they was back an' finished it before she could get a warrant swore out."

"He must have been a sight!" put in the assistant encouragingly.

"I got a hair-cut over there not long ago, but it grewed awful long like, pretty quick."

Matt ran his fingers through his hair again, this time very slowly.

"Maybe looking for a job makes your hair grow," suggested the Superintendent.

"That's what I'm thinkin' myself," said Matt. "I see in the penny paper that nearly all of them millionaires is baldheaded."

The Superintendent felt the top of his head hastily, then pointed at his assistant with a warning laugh.

"Do you hear that, Charley?"

The assistant had seen what was coming and was looking the other way, much absorbed.

"Matt says, Charley, that if you millionaires spent more time looking for work there would be fewer of you baldheaded."

"Do you smoke, Matt?" asked Charley, passing the cigarettes.

Matt had sunk into the chair again. He declined with sleepy thanks.

The agent picked up his hat to go, saying, as he did so: "You can take our order at the terms you last named." He turned to the Superintendent, "I wish you could see your way clear to give that boy a place. I recommend him."

The Superintendent had made up his mind already.

"Matt, you can come to work to-morrow morning at three dollars a week. Now go home and go to bed. Here's a dime to ride on the cars with."

Matt pulled his cap over his eyes, said "Thank-ye" feebly, stumbled through the gate, and passed out to the street—tired, but "a fellow with a job."

II

WHEN the janitor came next morning he found Matt waiting at the door. The boy was not tired now, and had succeeded in getting his hair cut without the distressing complications sometimes caused by fires.

Matt said he was there to work, so the janitor divided his labors with him. When the engineer came, Matt introduced himself with the same words and was promptly despatched to the hardware store on urgent business.

Everybody heard, on arriving that morning, that Matt was there to work, so by the time the Superintendent came there were general demands for the boy's services.

The engineer and the janitor elbowed up to the railing and waited on the Superintendent. Charley completed the group.

"I can use him, sir, and in fact I'm needin' him in the injine-room," said the engineer with a bad frown.

The Superintendent gestured negatively with the flat of his hand.

"A boy's what I been astin fer over a year, sir," averred the janitor with an argumentative thump on the railing.

The Superintendent shut his eyes. "No, no! No, no!"

"Why not put Matt in uniform for the President's office?" suggested Charley with the air of a discoverer.

The Superintendent had heard Charley say, the night before, that they would not have got that out-of-town order had it not been for Matt, so he had decided to keep him near at hand as a mascot. He motioned them away.

"You millionaires go about your business," he exclaimed, "or you'll all be baldheaded before your time. Leave Matt to me." Whereupon the meeting dispersed and the Superintendent addressed himself to Matt, who just then came in from the last of his early morning errands. "Matt, do you know where the Standard Paper Company is?"

"Naw, sir."

"Well, take that package there, will you, and get back right away. Here's six cents carfare."

Matt put the package on his shoulder and started out. "Hey, there," said the Superintendent. "What car are you going to take?"

"Green Line."

"Thought you didn't know where the place was!"

"Ain't that the only three-cent line in town?"

"Believe it is, Matt," he chuckled. "Go ahead."

He began work on a pile of papers. Before he was half through he was interrupted by Matt, who had returned.

"What's the matter? Where's the package?"

"I give it to the girl."

"What girl?"

"At the Standard Paper Company."

"At the Standard Paper Company?" the Superintendent asked incredulously.

"Yes, sir; a woolly-headed girl wid a silly grin."

"Sounds like it!" Charley put in from a distance.

"What's her name? Mollie, Kittie, no, Katie, that's it!"

"Kittie's her name," said Matt. "A big tall duck wid a satchel give her a box of candy wid 'Miss Kittie McGreg' written on the top. Then you ought to see the grin."

The Superintendent was a brief time at the telephone.

"Kittie says it is there," he announced doubtfully.

"Matt, how in the name of common-sense did you get back so quickly? That's a terrible distance."

Matt fumbled in his hat and produced three cents which he laid on the table.

"I seen a duck with red socks and goggles out there at the end of the car line waitin' wid a automobile. I

says to him, was he goin' to the Standard, and when he seen the size of the package I was wid, he says, 'Yes, get in.' Gee! but them people make time. Soon I seen a yellow brick,

wid 'Standard Paper Company' written on it, and a light brick next, and a big shed across the street, and I says to him,

'What's that light brick and the shed?' and he says, 'Them's the Standard Paper Company's,' and I says, 'Why ain't they got the name up?'

Then he grinned like and didn't say nothing, and I says to him, 'That ain't no way to run business, is it? wid people goin' by in the trains thinkin' it's a powder-mill.'

Then he says to me, would I hurry, he was ridin' downtown and I could go wid him. I seen them callin' him 'Jerry' at the shop, so I called him that. He's some duck. Gee! but his machine kin travel."

The Superintendent and Charley exchanged significant glances. They recognized the description of the speeding treasurer of the Standard.

The Superintendent put the three cents back in the drawer.

His position required him to look well



His position required him to look well

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"There don't seem to be no demand fer me"



Matt smiled again and redoubled his energies.

"You'll die young that way, sure."

"I'm dead already and back again," Matt confided.

"What did it look like?" asked the Bore.

Matt cast a glance at Charley for leave to continue the conversation.

"Big white dome, all lit up; fellow takin' tickets at the gate."

"Indeed!" grinned the Bore. "Price of admission reasonable, I hope."

"Aw, you couldn't buy in. That gag wouldn't work. One obligation wid badges tried that. They went back countin' their money and kickin'."

Matt winked at his chief with the off side of his face.

"I suppose they had overcharged customers in the former life," insinuated the Bore.

"They was wid a bum Company," Matt explained.

"I suppose, then, you got in all right."

"I give 'em the firm's cable address, and the fellow says, real quick like, 'Front seat and scorecard; mineral water free!'"

Matt dodged an imaginary kick and disappeared out the gate.

"I guess you people must be all right!" the Bore chuckled to Charley.

"I guess so," he answered rather flatly.

"Suppose, then, we call it a go!"

"Very well," said Charley.

"Sorry to take so much of your valuable time, sir."

"Don't mention it."

Charley had proved himself the man for an emergency. The Bore shook hands with him and departed. Charley waited to let him get well out of the building, then took up his hat and left.

The Superintendent, who had been away all morning, suddenly came stamping into the office. Something had gone wrong.

Matt said, "Good-morning," inquiringly, and became the first available object of his wrath.

"Sorry you have decided to leave us, Matt," he said dryly.

"How's that?" A look of blank amazement overspread the boyish face. Could it be possible?

Ordinarily the Superintendent would have repented of his joke immediately.

"Me leave yez?" Matt's gray eyes were blinking rapidly.

"I saw you talking to the preacher yesterday on the street, and from the way you were dressed up and giving him the right-hand gesture on the left-hand side, I thought you must be going into the preaching business and were practicing a sermon. And I say, we are sorry to lose you."

Matt was too much alarmed to see the joke.

"Oh, no! I'm goin' to stick to the business wid yez."

The voice was very much strained, and the Superintendent saw, for the first time, that he had wounded.

"Well, what were you having such a thundering big time with the minister about?" he asked, half apologetically.

Matt swallowed.

"Well, this was how it is. We had one of them Indian missionaries teachin' us at Sunny-school and he gives us a letter, and that, wid pictures of Buffalo Bill's Custer's massacre, and then again the Indians all sittin' around dressed up."

"Then he gives us, 'Every little helps,' and that; and some said they can give a dime, and some fifteen, and one duck wid paten' leather shoes, and that, says he could give a quarter, and when they comes to me, I feels sorry for the Indians and I says, 'Put me down for a quarter, too.'"

"Then they all give me the laugh, thinkin' I couldn't get it, and the fellow wid the paten' leathers let on as if his jaw was comin' off, from laughin'."

But the missionary says to us, 'Bring over your money to-night, and we'll send it all at once.' And when I went home, I ast my mother to give me one of my quarters, and she commenced to cry, and that, and she says that the doctor comin' to see my little sister, wanted his money and she give it to him. Then I says she done right. But I kept thinkin' of 'em givin' me the laugh when they seen me again."

"Then I kept lettin' on to myself I knowed what to do, and so after a while I goes down to Granny Griggs's on the first floor—I'm always goin' to the grocery for her, and that. She's got religion. And I says, did I hear her say the family Bible was too big for her to read, now she was gettin' old? And when she says, 'Yes,' I asks her, could I sell her a nice handy Bible for a quarter, and she says to me, 'Sure.' And I says, 'The trouble is, I haven't got the Bible yet,' and she says, 'When you get it, bring it in, and I'll have a quarter.'"

"Then I goes to my Sunny-school teacher, and I says to him, did I hear him say he was giving Bibles to them as learned the Catechism, and he says to me, 'Yes,' and I says to him, 'Trouble is, I want it right away,' that I was earnin' it for an old lady that might die, and she couldn't hold the big family Bible any more."

"Then my Sunny-school teacher says, 'Tell the preacher I say you'll learn it all right, and for him to give you the Bible right away.'"

"And the preacher didn't know what I was tryin' to do to him till I told him, and that's when you seen me."

"Then he give me the Bible, and I took it to Granny Griggs, and she says, 'My! that's too cheap, I'll pay you thirty-five cents.' So when the time come, the fellow wid the paten' leathers, and that, says he could give thirty-five cents, too, if his allowance wasn't all gone. Gee! But there's some jaw-breakers in that Catechism. My mother couldn't think why I was readin' it so bad."

The Superintendent's face was a study.

"Don't worry, Matt," he exclaimed. "You can stay with us."

Matt evinced his relief with one of his finest smiles, and went back to his work.

When he left the office a few moments later the Superintendent called the bookkeeper.

"Harry!"

"Yes."

"Did you hear that?"

"Yes."

"What did you think of it?"

"I think we had better put him in charge of our banking business."

"Well, Harry, the thing is just this: if ever I say,



"When he seen the size of the package I was wid, he says, 'Yes, get in'."

"Matt, here's fifteen cents carfare; throw this paper-weight into the English Channel—why, let the Allied Powers look out for a splash."

#### IV

The anniversary of Matt's first appearance in the business world was always celebrated at the office.

Upon the day that marked the turning of the first year, he appeared with a new tie and with a rose in his buttonhole.

"Married?" inquired the Superintendent.

"Naw, sir. I'm here a year."

"What, is it a year to-day?"

The Superintendent made a brief survey of the lad. He had grown in physique and had advanced in usefulness. There was general improvement, extending, perhaps, even to his grammar.

"You have had one raise in salary, Matt, haven't you? When was it?"

"That was the Monday you thought I was goin' to be a preacher."

"Oh!" answered the Superintendent thoughtfully.

"Well, Matt, I believe we shall have to give you another advance in honor of the occasion. You can count on us for an increase of a dollar per week."

Matt was much affected, but recovered in time to reply fittingly:

"Thank you; I'm much obliged. A fellow here can feel himself expandin' with the business."

Another year passed. As on the first anniversary, Matt was decorated with a rose. His headgear had now advanced from the old cap to a broad-brimmed hat, for he considered that his position as assistant collector and second assistant banking man (when there was no one else there) required him to look as well as possible. On this occasion he was again honored with an advance in salary.

The toasts followed and good-fellowship reigned in the office.

The ceremony over, the Superintendent proceeded to business.

"Here are two bills for collection," he said. "One for twelve dollars and eighty-five cents and the other for nineteen dollars. Get the money, and when you have finished that"

(he handed Matt a check) "go to the Traders' Bank and draw this check."

"One hundred and ten dollars," Matt read aloud, "Rider & Company, Traders' Bank."

"Do you know the teller at that bank, Matt?"

"Williams is his name," he answered. "He's married to that Jerry's sister at the Standard Paper Company's—fellow that run over a street piano wid his automobile."

"Married, is he? Well, if you say so, Matt. Now, there will be one hundred and forty-one dollars and eighty-five cents—the most you have ever carried in cash. That's in honor of the day."

"One hundred and forty-one—eighty-five," Matt repeated as he folded the papers in his pocketbook.

The Superintendent began work upon a pile of opened letters spread in front of him. A half-hour later he

looked up suddenly. Matt was coming toward him, his face working nervously, his fingers clutching the rim of his hat. The conclusion was inevitable.

"Lost!" exclaimed the Superintendent; "how much?"

Matt handed him a roll of bills and two dimes. "Not all, thank fortune," the Superintendent said as he took them. He counted aloud rapidly. "Twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, hundred, ten, twenty, thirty! One hundred and thirty dollars and twenty cents. Eleven dollars sixty-five cents missing. Where is it?"

Matt's face was its own answer.

The Superintendent laid down the money with a gesture of impatience. "If you fellows that are so anxious to advance would take better care of money you are carrying, we should all get rich quicker. The money is gone, I suppose; if so, the incident is closed. Be more careful next time, that's all."

Matt spoke. "I guess I done wrong. But if I lost it—it wasn't no kerlessness."

The Superintendent looked up inquiringly.

"If you have anything to say, Matt, speak up!"

"What happened was this: I went down to make my first collection, the twelve-eighty-five one, and while they was countin' out the money, and that, I hears some duck say to a fat fellow wid a diamond pin, 'You don't mean Rider & Company?' as if he was surprised, and then I seen that the fat fellow stuttered like, 'S-S-Strait tip!' he says, 'R-Rider & Company e-can't pay. K-keep that to yourself,' he says like. Then I says to myself right away, 'Rider & Company are the people this check is from, maybe I'd better hurry to bank; I might get there ahead of somebody else.' And then is when I disobeyed orders, because you says collect the two bills first and then go to bank."

The Superintendent's mood had changed to one of attention.

"But I says, 'If I go to collect first I might lose out,' so I goes straight to bank, and when the payer—that's Williams—looks at the size of the check, he commences to kid me right away, because I know him, and, givin' the other payer the wink like, he says to me, 'You must be goin' into the bankin' business yourself!'"

"What's there in bankin' for a fellow fixed like me?" I says, and all that time he was countin' the money about four times, and he picks it up and throws it down again in front of him, like as if he was thinkin', and I says to him I was in a hurry, I wasn't talkin' to my girl. 'Wait a minute,' he says, and then he calls through the wires to the bookkeeper, and he asts him real quiet-like, how Rider & Company's account stands. Then I seen it was up to the bookkeeper, and I steps over to the window where he was. 'Ninety-eight-thirty-five,' he says to Williams real soft. Then Williams talks to the receiver and cashier a while, and he comes and hands me back the check and says it ain't good. 'Why ain't it good?' I says. 'They haven't got the money in bank,' he says. 'Quit kiddin' me,' I says, 'and pay your debts!'"

"Then he laughs kind of funny and says that I don't believe him but it's so, and he says to come around again in a little while, probably Rider & Company would be in and make a big deposit."

"Not from what I heard," I thought to myself. Then I walks over to the desk, where the people write their checks and things, and I thought to myself, 'Ninety-eight-thirty-five,' the bookkeeper says to Williams they've got in bank, that leaves eleven dollars and sixty-five cents, and I makes out a deposit slip, eleven dollars and sixty-five cents to the credit of Rider & Company."

"Deposit slip!" the Superintendent exclaimed.

"Yes, I made it out just like you showed me that day, for our firm, and I takes the money out of what I collected, and I deposits it and then I goes to the payer—that's Williams—and I gives him the check again."

"Then he gets kind of mad and says how long does it take some people to get an idea through their heads, and I says, 'The check's all right now. Somebody just made a deposit for Rider & Company.' And then he goes to the receiving teller and to the bookkeeper and the cashier and they was all gesturin' wid one another, and finally the payer—that's Williams—walks back, picks up the hundred and ten dollars where it was lyin' and hands it out. And that's how I am eleven dollars sixty-five cents short. I put it in the bank, so I could get the other out, and I says to myself, 'From what I heard we might not get anything. This way we get ninety-eight dollars thirty-five cents.' Then I made the other collection—nineteen dollars—and if I done wrong you can take what I put in bank, eleven dollars sixty-five cents, out of my wages."

A boy appeared at the railing. "Extry, sir? All about the heavy failure?"

The Superintendent glanced at the headlines, "Rider & Company Fail, Will Pay Fifteen Cents on the Dollar."

He had read halfway down the column when he was interrupted by an altercation between Matt and the newsboy.

"What's the matter here?" he demanded.

"I guess this kid is waitin' on the money for his paper," Matt explained. "I told him to come back tomorrow, you were busy readin' now."

"Oh!" the Superintendent exclaimed absently. "Here's a nickel." He plunged again into the details of the failure.

"You can lay the three cents change on the table," Matt suggested to the boy. "Please call again."



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## THE LIFE OF THE CROWDED WAY

By SEWELL FORD, Author of "Horses Nine," Etc.

ONE begins, of course, on a farm. It may be a very ordinary sort of farm, where they raise hogs and corn as well as horses, a farm where you are broken and trained by a Danish-born ex-herring fisherman, for example. Or it may be that you start on a fancy stock farm, where they breed to the line, where they give you as much care as if you were an heir to a throne, where there are box stalls, velvety paddocks, Yankee trainers, Cockney grooms, balanced rations, and all that.

But start any way you may, if you come up fit, if you are the cream of the get, the chances are nine to one that, when you are two, or three, or four, you will leave the pasture with its sweet grass and soft brook water, you will quit forever the yielding dirt roads of the country, and you will be sent to do your work in the crowded ways of the city.

Your nerves will be tested and your temper tried before you are city broken; but if you come to it young, if the thing is done properly, and if you've any sense of your own, it will soon be over with.

True, it is tough, at times. If you are, for instance, a high-strung coach, fresh from a Michigan stud farm, and find yourself with your tail sewed up in red flannel and a tag on your bridle, abruptly shunted out, car sick and nervous, into the din and clamor of the crowded ways, you will probably make a mess of things. You will hear whirring sounds, clangs of gongs, shouts of men. You will dodge and rear and try to squat on your haunches. Then, just as likely as not, some fool car hostler will slap you across the face with a rope halter or kick you in the ribs. That will be his way of teaching you manners. It's a poor way, of course. Your head will buzz, your bones will ache, and you will be on the verge of panic. You will wish in vain that you were safely back in paddock or pasture, kicking the turf and practicing your colt antics.

Almost before you know it, however, you will be in the hands of men who understand you and know what you need. Then, before you have had time to eat your head off, you will be set to work doing some one of the thousands of things still left for horses to do.

For a week or so you will have a tremendously uncomfortable time of it. You will worry your driver a lot, and you will be of precious little use to any one. Then, gradually, you will learn many things. You will come to know that the strange devices which move about the streets are not designed expressly to do you harm. Those terrifying red and black affairs with fat low wheels and big, glaring eyes, things which go pop-pop-pop and occasionally snort weirdly, they will do you no injury, in spite of their ferocious aspect and the fantastic garb of the folks who ride in them. At first you will start and prance when they shoot past, but you will be surprised to see how quickly you will get over that. Other horses, you will notice, pay them no heed. Your mate, if you are working double, will give them not even a glance.



At the sales stable



The big city express wagon

to know the ring of a cable-car gong, the rattle of an ambulance, the overhead roar of the elevated cars, the shrill whirr of the trolley wire, and the other major notes that go to make up the thundering chorus of the city streets. You will be able to distinguish—but this will only come in time—the warning clang-clang of fire apparatus, and you will hug the curb when you hear it.

Your first trip across a big bridge will make you prick your ears and set your danks a quiver. One moment you are on solid pavement, with the thronged sidewalks and towering buildings shutting in on either hand; a moment later, and your hoofs are stamping hollow notes from splintered planks, which seem to give and sway and vibrate in a most alarming fashion. Peering out beyond the blinders, you see that you are up in the air. With ears pointed, nostrils blowing, you turn and look.

You crowd against the pole and dance a bit. But you get over safe, and when you have crossed half a dozen times you forget all your fears. It is much the same in traveling on ferryboats.

In the end you come to see that you have your place in all this tangle and din, to feel that you have certain rights of way, and that you need have no care other than to keep your head and handle your feet. This last is no easy thing to learn. You know this after you have barked your knees over manhole covers and strained your thighs with side slips on flat car rails or greasy asphalt. You plant your caulks with care, and you acquire the knack of finding a toe hold. You learn to throw your weight on the collar when you see a sharply tilted ferry bridgeway, and to settle on the backing straps when a helmeted policeman grabs your bits in the thick of a street jam.

Such wisdom as this, and much more besides, you must get before you are city broken. But when you have it, when you know the rules of the road, then you go about in the crowded ways, doing as best you can the thing which you were bred to do.

Perhaps you are a big ton-weight Percheron from out Iowa way. Then your business will be the heavy haul. You will wear a Boston backing-hitch rig, with brass-tipped hame irons and half-inch leather traces that an elephant couldn't break. You may go out single on a Custom House truck, but the chances are that you'll do your work in double harness; or, it may be, in a triple-breast team with a brewer's wagon, or a beef or flour truck, behind you. Long hours will be your lot. You will be hooked up at five or six in the morning, and you'll not stable until six or seven o'clock at night. You will need all your weight, too, for they do pile the freight on those big trucks. Cold weather you'll not mind a bit. There'll be exercise enough to keep you warm. But you'll sweat when August comes, and at all seasons there will be plenty of work for your big muscles to do.

Yet they'll treat you well in the heavy draught service. They'll feed from eighteen to twenty-four quarts of good oats a day, you'll always find a lump of rock salt in your manger, they will curry you good, look sharply after your feet, doctor a shoulder gall the minute it shows, and give you two days' resting swing a week. Kind of them? Not a bit. It's business. You cost a lot, you do, and you earn your keep a dozen times over.

If you stand only fifteen two or three, if you're blockily built, with a banged tail and plenty of spring in knees and hock, then there's an entirely different lot of work cut out for you. You'll be

mated and hitched to something light and shiny, something with rubber-tired wheels and broadcloth cushions. It may be a brougham or a park carriage. Or, if you're big enough, you will work single in a jiggly, two-wheeled trap or a private hansom with nickel gig lamps. You'll wear quarter blankets with somebody's monogram or crest in the corner. You may be overworked, but the chances are that you'll be stall-weary oftener than harness-tired.

Most likely you'll live on the second or third floor of a big boarding stable along with two or three hundred other horses. If they feed you full rations, and the hostlers don't beat you with shovels, you'll be lucky. Make friends with the hostlers if you can. They're a cheap lot, those you find in boarding stables, and often they're wicked ugly on the sly. If you must kick one, kick him hard. But don't bite. Nothing gives a horse a bad name quicker, and besides it isn't manners.

You'll look rather gay in your silver-mounted harness, with perhaps a liveried driver and footman on the box, and you'll have a lot of fun jingling your pole-chains and stepping high along the avenues and park drives. But three or four years of this will take the ginger out of you. You'll lose form and action. Your knees and hocks will grow stiff from the long waits in the cold and the sudden starts from the curb. Then you will begin your visits to the sales stable. You will not wear monogrammed quarter blankets and crested rosettes after that. You'll pull public hacks and grocers' carts and milk wagons.

Now, with a stepper it's different. They are the real horse aristocrats. They come to town in style, traveling in palace stock cars—padded box stalls, you know—with their own stable grooms sleeping at their heels. Those are the ones that have registered sires—out of Wild Fire by Sir Brandon (2.10 1/4). At the big Garden sales you may see them. They'll have their names, pedigree, and owner's statement printed in a book, and the bidding will start at two hundred with fifty-a-clip better until the hammer falls. And you'll hear the auctioneer saying things like this: "There, gentlemen, there's as promising a little mare as you'd wish to draw rein over. As you see by our catalogue, she's a Directum. Looks it, too, don't she? A Directum, gentlemen? Couldn't ask for any better blood than that, could you? Now, if you want something for matinee use or Speedway brushes, here she is. Mouth like a kid glove, disposition as sweet as new milk, clean legs, and dead game, I'll promise you. Trainer, just let out a few links of chain lightning around the cinder track, will you?

That's it! Give her room, gentlemen. Stand back at the turn! How's that for action? Clean and clear, eh? No boots, you notice. There! Now she warms up to it. Hi! hi! Clear track! But you should see her step a mile straight away. Gentlemen, if that little mare can't knock splints off fifteen I—I'll eat her harness. She's a Directum, remember, and her blood sister has a record of eleven and a half. Whoa! That'll do. Now, what am I offered? Two hundred? Fifty? Three hundred, I have. And a quarter, now? I



In the public service



Poor treatment from Uncle Sam



The king of the road



am bid three hundred and a quarter, gentlemen! Who'll make it—Ah, fifty! Thank you. Three fifty, gentlemen!"

That's the way it goes when you're from Palo Alto or Columbus, or Terre Haute, or Lexington, Kentucky, and promise speed. Suppose you make good? Then you're in clover. You become the pet of somebody at once. You go to a private stable—steam-heated, electric-lighted, composition floors, sanitary plumbing, and braided straw mats for your boxstall. You'll eat selected oats and fancy hay. You'll be exercised in double blankets and hood, and two or three times a week, when the stock market's not too lively, you'll be taken out to a sixty-pound spider-wheeled road wagon for a jog up the Speedway or out on the Lake drive. You'll win a brush or two, and you'll feel so cocky that you'd go to the post with Lou Dillon or any other record-smasher as quick as you would tackle a country trotter. And the man in driving coat and dust goggles will be just as bad. He'll begin looking up events and talking knowingly with trainers, and at the club he will throw out hints to the effect that he might like to meet some one on a track somewhere—oh, quite privately, you know—for a little purse.

No, there's nothing much better than being in the Gentlemen's Driving Class. But, really, those swells have little to do with the great work of the crowded ways—no more than have the hunters, who come to town during show week, or the saddle horses, that live a sort of hothouse existence in the riding academies and on the park bridle-paths.

It's the common, every-day light draught, such as are sold in carload lots at the Chicago and Buffalo markets, that do the real work of the city. They come in from the West and East and South. They are shipped in from Canada. They haven't a number in any stud book. They boast no registered sires. They are of any and all breeds. They never see the inside of the Garden. They are to be found at the sales stables about the Bull's Head, where their destinies are shuffled carelessly at the rate of two to the minute on busy days.

When they are young and sound and well mated they are gobbled up by the big concerns. The express companies use a lot of them. You're well taken care of in an express stable, but the drivers get out all that's in you. They want tight traces and a lively pace, with

a ton or two on the axles. Wait until you've been through the holiday rush and you'll know what work is. You'll be all right, though, so long as your hoofs stand the pounding; but the moment your feet go bad back you travel to the sales stable. Then there's trouble ahead. If you are lucky you'll go out of town with some farmer, and six months of dirt roads will put you in shape again. But you're most liable to stay in the city as a cheap horse. A delivery wagon is the most probable thing. It's not a pleasant prospect—scatter-brained youngsters for drivers, third-class boarding stables, long hours, poor feed, and the least possible care.

At this period you may expect almost any kind of work, from general carting to pulling a Fifth Avenue stage. If you're real skinny, have a spavined leg, and look fit for crow bait, then you may be enlisted into the service of Uncle Sam and haul a mail wagon through the city. But, perhaps, some self-respecting junk collector or fruit vender will buy you. He will feed you enough to work on, at least. Or you may be hooked up with another relic to a moving van.

To be sure, there are a few snug berths, even for mongrel light draughts in good condition. There's the Fire Department. If you happen to get on an engine or hose wagon or ladder-truck team, and if your nerves are sound, you are, barring accidents, well fixed for years to come. It's a matter of nerves, however. If you've got too many you'll not last in that business. If you get in the habit of listening for the jigger, and fussing every time you're run under the collar, you'll fret the fat off your ribs in no time at all. Then they'll ship you back. But if you take things easy in the house, put your last pound on the traces when you get the word, and don't get excited when bricks and

rider who will treat you as you would like to be treated. During most of your tour of duty you'll do nothing save stand on a park roadway watching the high-topped rigs go by, but once in a while you'll have a chance to show your speed in rounding up a runaway.

You may start high or you may start low, but mainly you will finish about the same. There may be a few



Sorry nags that haul the mails

homes for aged and disabled horses—actually, there are such places—but their capacity is limited, and for the great majority there awaits the three-dollar knock-down with a ride in White's hansom as an end to all things.

You reach the three-dollar mark after you've been through a lot, which it is not nice to think about. You hobble up to the block with sprung knees, sunken eyes, obvious ribs, and stiffened hocks.

"Here's a frame for you, gents, an elegant frame," shouts the auctioneer, and the buyer's smile at the ancient jibe. "Who wants the old skate? He's warranted to stand without hitching, gents." The "gents" laugh, and when the bidder gets his three-dollar prize they roar.

That's your last sale, however. Somewhere, perhaps on the very corner where you once gave a driver an anxious moment as you danced about and tried to tear things loose, you drop. They take off the harness and leave you. A policeman telephones to White—White of the Dead Horse Dock. Then you ride in the hansom. It isn't a hansom, of course. It's a low-swung, four-wheeled, covered box with a windlass that hauls you in.

But you're past caring. What if they do take you to Barren Island? What if your bones are worked up into toothbrush handles, your hair into mattress stuffing, and the rest of you into glue and fertilizer? It's all in the running. You have done your share of the city's endless toiling. It has used you up and you have been cast aside. Well, the city does that with men, too. But you have lived the life of the crowded way—lived it from top to bottom—and if that isn't worth while, what is?



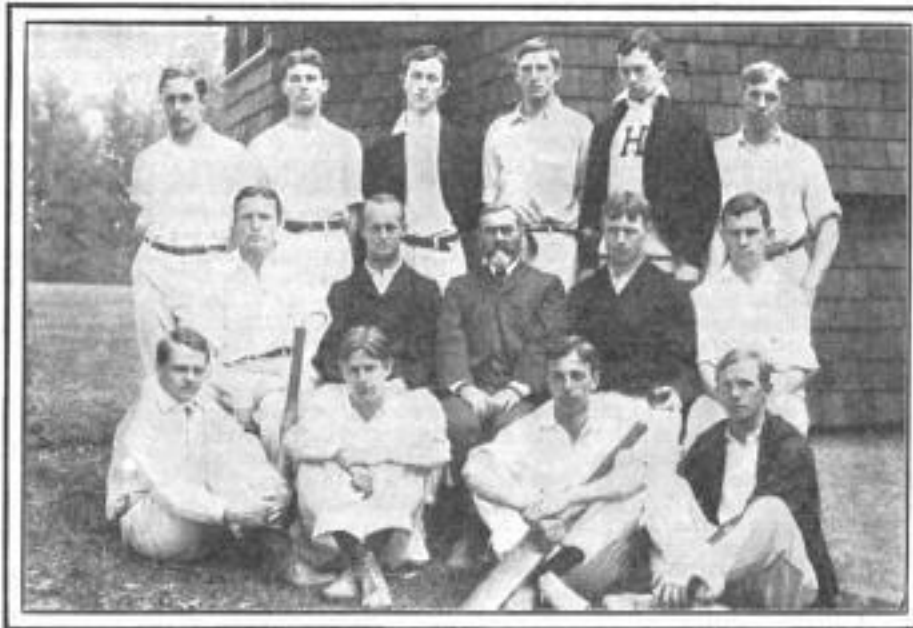
Very near the three-dollar mark

copings fall about you, you'll be taken as good care of as a Speedway crack, and you'll last as long as it is good for a horse to stay in harness.

If you have clean legs, good wind, and strong loins, there's one chance in a thousand that you'll be picked out for service with the mounted police. Then you'll wear a yellow-trimmed saddle blanket, and carry a



R. T. Lowry



The Haverford College Cricket Team of 1904



C. C. Morris, Captain

## AMERICAN CRICKET PLAYERS VICTORIOUS IN ENGLAND

WHEN the Harvard-Yale track team, which is soon to meet the Oxford-Cambridge team, arrived at Queenstown the other day they had the pleasure of reading in that evening's English papers that another team of Americans, who had been playing cricket up at Winchester all that day and the day before, had met their English cousins at their own game, and after the pluckiest sort of work had pulled themselves out of what seemed pretty certain defeat. It is always pleasant to see Americans meeting Englishmen on field or river, and it is particularly pleasant and gratifying to see a team of American cricketers play the ancient and honorable English game well enough to compete on even terms with those who play it in its home.

This is the third visit of the Haverford cricketers to England and the seventh American cricket team to compete in the mother country. The "Gentlemen of Philadelphia" first went over in 1884, played eighteen games, won eight, lost five, and made a draw of five. The Philadelphia cricketers went abroad again in 1889, 1897, and in 1903. Haverford, the only American college team to attempt play in England, first sent a team over in 1896. Fifteen games were played, of which four were won, four lost, and seven were draws. In 1900, Haverford again sent a team to England, which ended

its visit with the same result, except that one less game was played and one less was won.

The Haverford cricketers have met, or will yet meet before they leave England, all of the famous English teams, including those of Oxford and Cambridge, of Eton, Harrow, and Rugby, and a team chosen from the famous Marylebone Club, which numbers among its members nearly every cricketer of repute in England. The team's first match was with Rugby School—for an American team to meet an English school cricket team is, of course, quite a different thing from the meeting between American college and school teams in such games as football or baseball—and it resulted in a very even draw.

Haverford met her first Waterloo at Malvern College on June 30 and July 1, in a two-days' match. She was very easily beaten, although Captain Morris made a "century," the first for the visiting team during their tour. The entire Malvern team batted like veterans, and Haverford was beaten by over two hundred runs. The next day, however, saw a reverse. Haverford easily disposed of the Clifton College team, and won their game by a good margin; and, by way of celebrating the Fourth, Haverford won from Marlborough College in a two-days' match by 114 runs.

On July 7 the Americans had the pleasure of playing

at Lord's, the "home" of cricket in England, and of meeting and defeating a team from the crack Marylebone Cricket Club. It is the custom of this famous club to gauge as nearly as possible the ability of an opposing team, and then to put in a team just good enough to make a close match and, generally, to win. Of course, were Marylebone to put her strongest players against an American team, the result would be so nearly anticipated as to destroy much of the interest in the match. Playing in this generous and sportsmanlike fashion, therefore, Marylebone was beaten, though it must be said that the American eleven put up a game that they could well be proud of. No less a personage than Sir Arthur Conan Doyle played for Marylebone—and played very excellent cricket too—and the audience was large and brilliant. The score was Haverford 247, Marylebone 144. The game with Winchester College was played on July 11 and 12. The "Wykehamists" declared their innings closed on the second morning with a total of 422, expecting to win with an inning to spare. But Captain Morris of the American team resisted the attack of the Winchester bowlers so pluckily and cleverly that he was still in with 147 runs to his credit when stumps were drawn. The final score was Winchester 422, Haverford 178 (first inning) and 252 for nine wickets.



# THE THOUGHT OF THE NATION

## AN OPEN FORUM OF INDIVIDUAL OPINION

### A New Corporation Policy Needed

By Hon. Peter S. Grosscup

The name of Judge Grosscup of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals has been familiar to the public ever since his famous injunction against Debs helped to break up the Chicago railroad strike in 1894.

UNDER our system of separate national and State Governments it sometimes happens that the policy of the State may not be the policy of the nation; and that as citizens of the nation we may be in conflict with ourselves as citizens of the State. In this double character of government is to be found the explanation of the peculiar corporation policy which we, as a nation, have not consciously adopted, but into which we, as a people, have unconsciously drifted.

When the original line between the State and national powers was run, the power to create and deal with corporations was left practically to the States. At that period, corporations were few and their relative importance small; for the property of the country was owned and managed almost entirely by individuals. To-day we are compelled, whether we wish it or not, to live at each other's elbow, and from each other's hands. Isolation is gone. The corporation is here to stay. Honestly organized and managed, it is civilization's way of making masses of men and their accumulations effective.

But under prevailing policies, almost any enterprise, exempt from inquiry into either the reason or the basis of its organization, can obtain a charter from some State. This kind of license is called industrial liberty. To promote and enlarge that character of liberty, States have raced with States, old Massachusetts only recently joining in the dash, until the resulting corporation policy of the country may be summed up as a free field and go-as-you-please for every kind of corporate organization that human ingenuity can contrive. As the laws now stand, five men can meet in a room in any State of the Union, and, laying a silver dollar upon the table, prepare papers that incorporate an enterprise purporting to have assets of a million dollars; then, having impressed upon this transaction the State's great seal, repocket the dollar, and call themselves a million-dollar corporation. Of course, corporations thus organized can not live. They are born bankrupt. It only remains for time to break the seal that certified their solvency and thus unmask their bankruptcy.

Honest men have organized honest corporations, that deal honestly with the public, with the shareholders, and with their employees. These enterprises are bright stars in that quarter of the firmament toward which our national destiny swings. I have found them in every part of the country, and in almost every industry. I honor them. Posterity will honor them as the examples that helped to save. But under the prevailing public policy, dishonest men, launching dishonest corporations—and, what in the long run is the same thing, visionaries launching enterprises so loaded down that no fate remains but to sink—have equal access to the great seal of government. Already our pathway is strewn with the wrecks of the structures thus set up, and all about them bleach the bones of the victims who gave them their confidence. These men and their works I have said repeatedly I hate. They bring nothing to humanity but suffering, and leave nothing to mankind but disgrace. To lend them the seal of government, to do with as they will, is to deliberately incorporate dishonesty.

### The Trust Danger Exaggerated

By Edward Sherwood Meade

Prof. Meade is instructor in commerce and industry at the Wharton School of Finance and Economy, University of Pennsylvania, and the author of numerous books and articles on the important financial problems of our day.

WITH the general decline in their stocks wholesale condemnation of the trusts has largely disappeared. The conviction everywhere deepens that the earlier apprehensions, that the public would be injured by monopolistic extortions, were much exaggerated. When one industrial after another passes its dividends, when the greatest trust of all does little more than earn its interest and depreciation charges, the results of trade monopoly are not much in evidence. The capitalization of the trusts was based upon the assumption that monopoly profits would be earned. The phrase "economies of combination" was generally interpreted as the elimination of competition. If the trusts had proven a financial success, the achievement of monopoly in many lines would have been a natural inference. Now that they have proven a financial failure, the persistence of competition may be inferred.

Financially considered, most of the trusts can not be looked upon in any other light than as schemes for making money at the expense of the public, which have inflicted incalculable injury upon the persons who had anything to do with the securities. The recent passing of the dividend on United States Steel common stock offers a forcible illustration of the folly of those who put their trust in princes, magnates, and captains of

industry. The financial losses of the trust movement, however, should not blind us to the industrial benefits which the nation will derive from the era of consolidation.

The trusts have proven the advantages of fostering the export trade. They have shown intelligence and a spirit of moderation in dealing with their employees. They have illustrated the profitableness of the integration of industry, the uniting of all stages of production under a single ownership. They have concentrated production at the points of highest advantage. They have, generally, maintained stable prices, and have corrected some of the most flagrant abuses of the competitive system, such as indeterminate contracts and special prices to large consumers. They have, in the last place, shown much enterprise in developing trade, by liberal advertising, by improving the quality of the products, and by enlarging their foreign markets. In a word, the trusts have set a high standard of business policy, below which it is unlikely that their competitors can successfully fall.

So far as present indications point the way to a conclusion, it is that the so-called "trust problem" will, in a few years, cease to be a problem. When the people see that the dangers of monopoly have been much exaggerated, when the water has been squeezed out of the trust stocks, and after the investor has taken over the control of these companies, it is probable that the agitation against the trusts will die away, and public attention will be directed to other matters.

### Equal Guardianship of Children

By Susan B. Anthony

As the foremost living representative in this country of the women's emancipation movement, to which she has devoted the better part of a long life, Miss Anthony has rare qualifications for the discussion of this subject.

WHEN I read the statement so frequently and flip-pantly made that "the laws are as just to women as to men," many instances to the contrary fill my mind. I recall how for seven years—from 1853 to 1860—myself and a number of other New York women trudged from door to door with our petitions asking property rights for wives and equal guardianship for mothers. And I remember distinctly how women shut the door in our faces with the assertion that they "had all the rights they wanted." And this, although the husband was legally entitled to the wages earned by the wife and the father was the sole custodian of the persons, education, earnings, and estates of minor children, could apprentice them without the mother's consent, and dispose of them by will to her entire exclusion!

Our petitions, which increased to over twenty thousand names, were received by the Legislature with indifference and contempt, some members in violent speeches branding us as "unsexed women," "homewreckers," and "infidels." A sense of justice finally prevailed, however, and in 1860, while Mrs. Stanton and I were in Albany, that splendid law was enacted which gave to the wife absolute control of her wages and property, and equal guardianship with the father over the children. But two years later, when the women, devoting all their energies to the heavy demands of the Civil War, were unsuspecting and off guard, the Legislature, without any provocation or excuse whatever, quietly repealed the Guardianship Law and took away from the mother every vestige of control over her children. Thus it remained for over thirty years, until in 1893 the former law was re-enacted.

The women of Massachusetts labored thirty years with the Legislature of that State before securing the Equal Guardianship Law of 1902. And now, after fifty years of agitation for a measure so just that it seems incredible a voice could be raised in opposition, just nine States and the District of Columbia grant to mothers the same guardianship as to fathers. On this roll are Colorado, Connecticut, Illinois, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New York, and Washington. In all other States the father is the absolute owner of the minor children.

This unjust law is based on the assumption that by providing for the financial support of the children, the father is entitled to their absolute guardianship, and that the mother's ceaseless care and labor in the home for their welfare possess no adequate value. Nor is any account made of the risk to her life with every child that is born; nor of the greater constancy and devotion of mothers, as proved by the records of neglect, ill-treatment, and desertion by fathers in every State. This is but one of many instances which might be cited in answer to the assertion that the laws are as just to women as to men. If the latter chose to take advantage of the power which they legally possess, there would soon be an uprising of women and a revolution of public sentiment that would cause them to be wiped off the statute books, but usually some flagrant case must occur before their existence becomes known. The customs of the United States allow so much freedom to women that in general they are not aware of the rope which is firmly tethered to the statutes and may be tightened at any time.

### In Defence of Partisanship

By Hon. Frank S. Black

The words of ex-Gov. Black of New York have peculiar appropriateness just now when the echoes of his speech nominating President Roosevelt at the Chicago convention are still ringing in the ears of the American voter.

THE true significance of things must not be lost. Wars were never won except by blood. Principles were never planted except by sacrifice. Deeds that are written across the sky were not achieved by men reclining in the shade. The secrets of the ocean and the exultation of discovery never came to him who only wrote his name in the puddles that follow a summer's rain. These things should never be forgotten. The realities of the world should never stand aside for phrases. The things that are should hold the waking eye, and visions should be kept for sleep. Gratitude should keep its index-finger on the man who did, and not upon the one who said. Sophistry is a pleasing companion but a dangerous guide. A promise of a smaller favor yet to come will sometimes obscure the memory of a greater deed already done. All these things are true in every avenue we tread. And Politics, which at times is crude and soiled, but which at best is queen of all the sciences, is no exception to this rule. If Politics is sometimes the scorn of sober minds, she owes her degradation no more to those who have befouled her with the roughness of assault than to those who, by claiming virtues they never had, have gained her favor.

No contest can be long maintained except by those whose souls are in it, and no principle ever settled deep in a human heart that did not make of him a partisan. Partisanship is nothing but conviction, and without conviction man wanders with neither star nor compass. He puts to sea without a rudder and lands on any shore where the natives are kind and the climate is serene. The politician who is not guided by a firm belief will join any cause that offers him promotion and reward.

I never believed in a man who did not himself believe in a cause. I never trusted a politician whose creed was so humane that he embraced under it all men and all opinions. Whoever repudiates in small things the principles he professes in larger ones proves his insincerity in all.

The training of the Church is a sham unless it pervades the community and the home. A belief in a party is a sham if a man throws it away upon the first offer of advantage to himself.

Every great chapter in the world was written by a partisan. Every great deed which courage and devotion could perform, the partisan has done. Every crisis that has raised a front so terrible and threatening that only the best and bravest could hope to win, the partisan has met. Every great cause which called for hopeless years of suffering and demanded men whose struggles ended only with the grave, has enlisted only partisans. Out across the vast and never-ending plain of human sacrifice the marks that will be visible as long as men shall come this way, are the footprints of the partisan; and the imperishable monuments to liberty and truth are built upon his bones.

### The Republic of Canada

By Frank B. Tracy

A journalist by profession, and a student of modern social and political phenomena, Mr. Tracy has paid special attention to the Canadian question, which long residence near the border gave him excellent chance to study.

OUR neighbor on the north is having her usual share of the perplexities of this world. The opening of the Canadian Northwest by Americans has introduced the problem of the future political temper and economic impulse of the new settlers, and the Tories are confronted with the apparition of a disloyal and seceding half of the Dominion. The Alaska boundary award has caused profound dissatisfaction and a well-nigh universal suspicion that Canada's rights have been made a votive offering on the altar of Anglo-American friendship. The Chamberlain preferential tariff scheme is a two-edged sword, and, while it seems framed to benefit the colonies, it places Canada in a position of such close relation to England as to constitute dependence, a condition which every stout Liberal in the present Government, especially the Premier, has vowed again and again he would not endure. Canada's answer to Chamberlain can not be long delayed, for the approaching general elections will force it from the reluctant Laurier. These embarrassments of Canada are peculiar. Indeed they are unique. While Canada has many rights and privileges of an independent nation and pays no tribute to England, she is hampered by the knowledge that she is ruled from London after all. This is a condition which can not long be endured by a really great people. And the Alaska award has brought before Canadians one especially humiliating fact: on the question of her right to her own territory, one of the most dearly prized rights of a nation, she has not the deciding voice! Thus she realizes how far removed is she from real independence. The discon-



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tent consequent upon these conditions is broad and deep, Ottawa officialdom to the contrary notwithstanding; but the real source of the hurt lies not so much in to-day's questions as in the country's peculiar geographical position and the international intricacies which that position involves. Canada is the only dependency in the world which lies alongside a great, civilized, alien power. America is right here; England is far away. The Republic is forever a load-stone for the best of Canada. It is this contiguity of our great democracy to the nearby colonies which has alienated them from their mother countries. It cost Spain Cuba and Mexico, and it is a source of sedition to every colony in this hemisphere. Of course, Canadians are not disloyal to Great Britain, but one can not read the debates in the Ottawa Parliament or hear the conversation of intelligent Canadians without realizing that colonialism with all its privileges has been a fetter. Those who combat the prediction of the ultimate absorption of Canada into the United States with the assertion that Canada is becoming a nation, that there is a growing national spirit, and that the new settlers consider that they have become Canadians, not British subjects, are only showing how strong is the spirit of resentment at London rule.

Canada is a vast, a great country. Her people are full of energy, strength, intelligence, and honest zeal. Her institutions are admirable, worthy of our imitation in some instances, and in respect for law and order she probably surpasses us. But she can not reach her highest development so long as she feels that she is not free, as free as the greater land to the south.

### The City's Allurement

By Hamlin Garland

Mr. Garland spent his youth on a farm in Iowa and afterward tramped over the greater part of America and temporarily resided in nearly all of the great social centres.

It is of no avail to cry out, "Back to the farm, young man," so long as the city offers more of what youth calls civilization. On the farm is toil—monotonous, treadmill toil—with scant, infrequent social intercourse. In the city is companionship, the swift and dramatic movement of men, alluring glances of strange women, theatres, and daily news of the world—everything that makes up life. All the possibilities are there. Something happens every hour, every minute. The street is a perpetual play.

On the farm is a surer living, with plenty of food, and a certain serenity, but in the great centres of population are the glittering chances—the potentialities. The century's marvels dwell therein. They go to the city poor and unknown, and come back rich and famous to buy the old farm as a toy. The youth who is ambitious to be a master goes naturally to the town. The farm for him is a blank space—the city teems with plots and plans. The son who remains on his father's farm must elect to be a farmer and nothing more, but the one who goes to the city has a thousand possible trades and arts to choose from. He can decide to be a merchant, artisan, artist, or professional man. He may master electricity or invent vast systems of transportation, or make himself a power through the press. On every side the old masters are dying, and the men from the country must be ready to take their places. The possibilities—the imaginable possibilities—there form the city's irresistible lure.

It is of no value to say to these ambitious, these foolish young men, "The chances are against you—only one in a thousand succeeds." They answer—each with a proud lift of the head—"I am the one," and who of us in the city can not be silenced by that look in the eyes of youth? And so they come—the majority to disappointment and bitterness and defeat—the few to win glittering success.

The only way to keep boys on the farm is to rear them in ignorance of the great forces which centre in the city. To send them to college is fatal. To permit the daily papers, will undo all your teaching. Biographical dictionaries must be kept out of their reach; then when they are reduced to the mental level of the peasant they will remain on the soil, content and spiritless.

To judge from tendencies well in evidence to-day this movement of the bright boys and girls from the country will go on until only the newly imported European peasants will be left on the ancestral acres—till in the cities (or zones immediately surrounding the cities) will be found the remnants of the native New York, New England, and Virginia strains—living by craft and living as always in the light of power.

I say zones, for there is already a counter movement setting in—a return to the land is about to be made. But do not be deceived. It does not mean a return to the ancestral acres—it is in fact only a return to picturesque country seats within commuting distance of the office and the theatres. Important and beautiful as this movement is, it will not check in the slightest degree the stream of ambitious young men and women ceaselessly pouring into the city in search of a larger life—a closer contact with their fellows and the curious centres of the world.

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## FACTS AND FANCIES

### A Considerate Parent

*Algernon:* "Have you any idea, darling, what your father would say if I asked him for your hand?"

*Arabella:* "No, I haven't. He never uses that kind of language before his family."

□ □

### A Great Occasion

VON BLUMER came into his wife's room rubbing his hands, a glow of satisfaction on his usually calm face.

"Let's celebrate," he repeated. "Come, my dear, put on your glad rags and we'll go off and have a real good time. First a nice little dinner at the restaurant you like so well, then an evening at the theatre. How long will it take you to get ready?"

Mrs. Von Blumer gazed at her husband in surprise.

"Can we afford it?" she asked doubtfully. "Afford it! Why, of course, we can. Do you suppose I would make the suggestion if we couldn't afford it?"

"But it was only yesterday you were pleading poverty. What has happened?"

"Happened!" exclaimed Von Blumer. "Why, I'll tell you what has happened. You know that old, last summer's suit of mine. Well, just now, as I was going through the pockets, I'll be hanged if I didn't find a dollar bill."

□ □

### THE DRIVING CLOUD

By Harold Melbourne

"O PRITHEE note the driving cloud,

'Tis up there in the sky."

"Why driving?" "'Cause it holds the rains,

And that's the reason why!"

□ □

### At St. Louis

THE St. Louis Exposition is doing very well, but at present it is incomplete, and it is understood that, in the near future, in order to bring it up to the usual standard of honorable and upright expositions, the following additions will be made:

Japan will send on her latest collection of Russian battleships.

Boston will exhibit a complete showcase of her newest religions.

Alfred Austin will be put up in Machinery Hall in a glass case and will write war odes during the morning hours.

Mrs. Nation will mix drinks in the Aquarium.

Four custom-house officials, in the act of stripping an American citizen and ripping open his baggage, will give daily matinees.

Andrew Carnegie will give away libraries on a special platform on the Pike.

John D. Rockefeller Jr.'s Bible Class will have a vaudeville performance every evening at eight.

One of the newest features will be a New York restaurant in full action, reproducing to life the table manners of each guest, and showing how it is possible to put thirty cents' worth of adulterated food on a table and have it changed into three dollars in thirty minutes.

In Financial Hall, J. Pierpont Morgan will make mergers while the crowd looks on.

Russell Sage will exhibit himself daily in the act of saving money.

□ □

### An Undesirable Quality

*Customer:* "I want to look at some samples of a good quality of carpet."

*Salesman:* "Here is something I think you will like. It can't be beat."

*Customer:* "Well, I don't want that kind."

*Salesman:* "Don't want that kind? Why not?"

*Customer:* "I want something that can be beat."

□ □

### "Per Month and Found"

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"Horace, put things down in your expense account for what they are; if it is for a drink say so—call tobacco tobacco, and washing washing."

Thus admonished, Stearns would start on his journeying and charge up his daily expenditures until the final accounting at Dan-

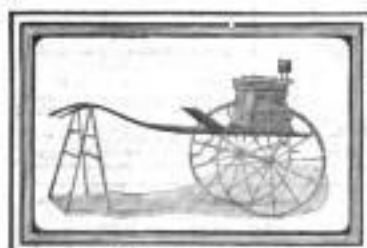
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bury. One season the spring was backward  
and cold, and Horace Stearns found that his  
system required a considerable amount of  
stimulus to guard him against the unusual  
and untimely rigors. Coming upon the  
charges growing out of the austerity of the  
weather, Bailey quoted with assumed stern-  
ness and emphasis on the rum:

"Rum, tobacco, rum, rum, rum, and rum  
and rum," and so on for several pages, with  
similar entries mixed in with telegrams, ex-  
press charges, stage fares, etc. Horace  
Stearns winced a little, not observing his em-  
ployer's sly wink to his partner. The honest  
but confused programmer cut off the recita-  
tion of items with the request: "Let me look  
at the book a minute, Mr. Bailey."

Stearns ran over the criticised entries and re-  
turned the memorandum with the triumphant  
vindication: "I'll agree, Mr. Bailey, there's  
considerable rum an' terbacker charged, but  
I want you to particularly observe that there's  
no washing down for two weeks."

□ □

#### Hard Pulling

Henderson: "Didn't one of your sons go  
through college?"

Anderson: "Oh, yes. He's a dentist now."

Henderson: "How is he getting along?"

Anderson: "Only making a hand to mouth  
living."

□ □

#### Last, but Not Least

THREE boys started out in life together.  
Said one of them: "I'll work only when  
I have to. I'll make a great show, and sit up  
nights thinking how I will get ahead of the  
firm."

At the end of twenty years he had a nice  
little business of his own.

The second boy took the other tack. "I,"  
he said, "will be ever faithful to my employ-  
er's interest. I'll work hard day and night,  
and will not attempt to push myself forward  
unduly. I believe that in the long run honest  
effort must tell."

And at the end of twenty years he, too, had  
a nice little business of his own.

One day the first boy and the second boy  
were sitting together, congratulating them-  
selves on their success, when the third boy  
entered.

"He never did amount to much," said the  
first boy.

"That's so," said the second boy. "I won-  
der what he has been doing all this time?"

"Gentlemen," said the third boy, "you'll  
have to shut up shop. I'm glad to know  
what you've been at all these years, because  
each in his own way has been working for  
me."

"And what have you been doing?" said the  
other boys anxiously.

"Forming a trust," said the third boy.

□ □

#### IF LOVE BE BLIND

By Reynolds Smith Pickering

If Love be blind, If Love be blind, I say,

Why do his arrows never go astray?

Why is his aim, unerring, ever true?

Why does he always pierce the target through?

'Tis wonderful such marksmanship to find

In one so blind.

□ □

#### The Same Old Difference

TWO flies stood close together on a screen.  
"It's pleasant weather," said the first fly.  
"I'm glad you think so," buzzed the second  
fly. "It's well enough, I suppose, but it looks  
like rain."

"Let her rain," said the first fly. "Who  
cares? I believe in making the best of things.  
What's the use of kicking all the time?"

"I admit," said the second fly, "that there's  
no use in kicking, but if you don't kick there's  
little else to do. I tell you this is a hard  
world. I see mighty little in it. I'm dis-  
gusted with the whole affair."

"The trouble with you is," said the first  
fly, "that you are a pessimist and I'm an op-  
timist. I naturally look on the bright side of  
things and you look on the dark. It's a ques-  
tion of temperament. I can't help being  
happy, and you can't help being unhappy.  
We were born so. It's fate, pure and simple.  
That, my friend, is the difference between  
us."

The second fly buzzed satirically.

"That's where you're 'way off," he replied.

"As a matter of fact, the difference between  
us is simply this: I'm on the outside, and  
you're on the inside, of this screen."

□ □

#### The Real Cause

"PAPA, what makes a man give a ring to  
a woman when they are engaged?"

"The woman."

□ □

#### A Soap and Water Holiday

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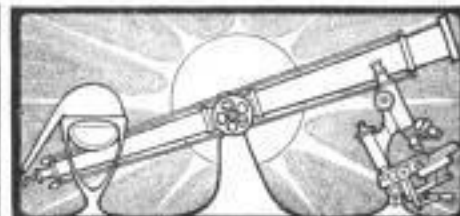
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## IF IN HASTE TAKE THE NEW YORK CENTRAL



### THE WHEELING GALAXY

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

A RECENT discussion by the British Astronomical Association has brought out more clearly than it has before been presented one of the grandest conceptions that astronomy offers to the mind of the thinker or the poet. The same discussion has also shown how inextricably the consequences of the incessant motions taking place in all parts of the universe are interlinked, so that each of them has to be studied in its relations to all the others.

The great conception referred to is that of the rotation of the Galaxy, or Milky Way, as if it were an immense glowing hoop surrounding the heavens, and kept continually rolling in one direction. The fact that the Galaxy is composed of multitudes of stars, millions upon millions of them, too faint on account of their vast distance from us to be individually visible, but so crowded in perspective that they present the appearance of a luminous cloud, is known, of course, to all intelligent readers. But the suggestion that they may all be in motion together, forming a gigantic procession, which travels round and round in a circle, is more novel.

It can not be said that this idea is, at present, more than a suggestion. A very extended series of observations would be required to establish it as an incontestable fact. Yet it is inevitable that the stars of the Galaxy must be in motion—the law of gravitation demands that—and if in motion, they can hardly be supposed to move in a haphazard fashion. It is much more reasonable to assume that they share a common movement in the same general direction, just as the multitudes of separately indistinguishable bodies which compose the rings of Saturn revolve all one way around their master planet.

#### Almost the Boundaries of Space

The Galaxy includes, or incloses, the whole visible universe. It can not be imagined as touching the boundaries of infinite space, for infinity has no bounds. This vast starry system, thrown into the form of a floating wreath, may well be imagined as appearing to the Creator to be relatively less important than one of the innumerable smoke rings which drift from the lips of a dreaming *Aw yawn* after his dinner. And the period of its existence, seeming like eternity to our time sense, may be, in reality, as ephemeral as its physical dimensions are insignificant.

A few words, now, about the bearing of the theory that the stars of the Galaxy are all wheeling together in one direction, around the empty space within their circle, upon a great and important astronomical problem whose solution involves the ultimate destiny of our Solar System. It was this aspect of the question which brought on the discussion by astronomers referred to at the beginning. The Solar System—i.e., the sun and his small company of planets, of which the earth is one—happens, at present, to be somewhere near the centre of the open space within the Galaxy. The sun is one of the scattered or wandering stars spoken of above, a few of which exist inside the great ring or spiral. He is moving swiftly toward a point near the northern side of the galactic circle.

#### A Nice Mathematical Problem

Now, this motion of the Solar System presents one of the most difficult problems of astronomy, and its difficulty is increased if we accept the rotation of the Galaxy as an actual fact. The only way in which astronomers are able to learn anything about the speed and the direction of the solar motion is through observation of the slowly changing positions of the stars. They constitute the only points of reference, and such points we must have, because as the earth moves through space we can not employ a log-line to determine its rate of speed as a ship can do when the sun and the stars are hidden.

But, unfortunately for the ready solution of this problem, the points of reference used by the astronomer are themselves all in motion. The nearer stars, which wander with the sun inside the galactic circle, are going in all directions, each independent of the others. Now, if the more distant stars constituting the Galaxy itself are moving like a current, all one way, then, since that current completely encircles the heavens, the effect is very much as if the earth were a ship crossing a circular body of water whose shores were in continual revolution. The point on the shore toward which the ship's bow is directed at any particular moment may not be the point which will ultimately be reached, even if the course be absolutely straight, because, before the ship can touch the shore, the point referred to will have moved along out of line, and some other point will have taken its place.

Thus, so far as we can now tell, the direction of the Solar System's flight is toward that part of the Galaxy where the constellation of the Northern Cross seems to float in the luminous stream, and the brilliant Harp lies near the shore.

It may be asked, "Why is it difficult to say whether the Galaxy is rotating or not?" The reply is that the stars of the Galaxy are so distant from us that even if they move a million miles a day, the effects of the motion are too slight to be measured with certainty except after the lapse of many years.

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Settled the Case With Her

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"When taking dinner with a friend one day she said she had a new drink which turned out to be Postum and I liked it so well I told her I thought I would stop coffee for awhile and use it, which I did."

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#### MR. BRYAN'S FUTURE

burdens and opportunities, Governor LA FOLLETTE and President ROOSEVELT are much more Democratic than the leaders of the PARKER wing. Mr. BRYAN will, we hope, be wise enough to drop from his programme all his stupid and incompetent reasoning about currency, and his threats to pack the United States Supreme Court, and thereby put himself upon safe ground as the leader of those Democrats who are working for a more real liberty.

**THAT PEACE HAS HER VICTORIES** is one of the lines of type that a newspaper may safely keep set up, ready for constant use, along with force as a last resort and letting loose the dogs of war. England has concluded with Germany a treaty of arbitration the same in scope as the one which followed the visit of Edward to France. The French treaty, however, was received in England with enthusiasm and the German treaty with disgust, except by the small group of Liberals who are always for peace, or peace talk, at any price, at least while they are out of office, like the Democrats in America. The French treaty of arbitration coincided with a belief among thinking men of both nations that there were no essential conflicts of interest facing the former enemies. The German treaty comes at a time when nearly all England sees in Germany the power which is dissatisfied with

#### THE MARCH OF ARBITRATION

her present possessions and is looking about for any commotion which will enable her to emerge with increase of territory. Germany it is that causes the constant and very rapid increase of navies throughout the world. The English do not object to arbitrating the legal points provided for in the new treaty. They merely wish it understood that, whereas the treaty with France expresses a far-reaching desire for peace on the part of both Governments, the treaty with Germany means no more than the narrow field it covers. We believe, however, that the English people take too severe a view; not unnaturally, since nobody does so much as the Kaiser to keep war talk alive. Yet any arbitration treaty has its psychologic influence, and the mere fact of the existence of such an agreement will tend to lessen the distrust which has existed between Germany and England ever since Mr. CHAMBERLAIN brought the truth to general attention by his declaration that Germany should be watched.

**A RUSSIAN PRINCE**, interviewed in St. Petersburg, gives humorously the confidence which KUROPATKIN, CASSINI, and others express with a seriousness which renders them ridiculous. "I will give you—what you call it?—a tip, my friend. Yes, a tip. It is a mistake of Europe to go to Russia as one would go to France, to England, to the Quirinal. One should go to Russia in the same way, with the same care, and the same means, as to China. Then, ah, then, you begin to talk!" In other words, he thinks that in dealing with the Russian we should ignore the Slav and look for the Mongol underneath. The peasant is Oriental. The governing class is Oriental. "Me, too; all the same old lot—all pitched with the same brush. We are Easterns underneath, and it is tommy-rot to try to put the salt of the West on the tail of the East." Most of the Russian declarations have had a peculiarly displeasing absurdity, but our friend the Prince

#### OUR FRIEND THE PRINCE

has some of the humor of Bardolph and Nym, and withal a certain quietude that suggests possibilities of truth. "You must take a rest, you must let up; and because the *Petropavlovsk* is immersed, and Port Arthur will chuck a sponge, it is not to think that all is going to rip at that. No! Not a bit of it! It will take a little bit more yet to give Russia—all the Russia of the people—a veritable scratch, and then there will be a Tartar to be caught which will not keep off the grass for the Geneva convention. The Japanese, the more they make war the more they are European. But we, the longer we fight the more we are Easterns, and some day we will be—how is it?—seriously annoyed. These etiquettes of fighting, these punctilios of making dead people, they cramp our style. But when we get our shirt out, as Rudyard Shakespeare says, then there will be a high old kettle of fish." The Prince sees Russia fighting all Europe, killing wounded, hanging prisoners, torturing spies and poisoning water.

"It is the real thing, but uneasy to do." A great nation of Easterns fighting for their very life will stop at nothing. Long after Port Arthur has ceased to awaken the Russian, when worse things have happened, "we shall be busy, and there will be wigs on the lawn." We hope that Mr. PERCEVAL GIBBON was literal in transmitting these views. We would not, for some money, have missed acquaintance with this Prince. Although he overrates the efficiency of Eastern savagery and Eastern guile, he does it with a gracefulness that carries us back to CHARLES II and his light-mannered warriors.

**OF COURSE**, BOOKER WASHINGTON was misquoted by Captain HOBSON, and it did not take him long to say so. Captain HOBSON is fond of the dramatic. In his search for subjects he took a try at BOOKER WASHINGTON, endeavoring to show that the Republicans and Mr. ROOSEVELT had demoralized not only the South but the great negro leader. Captain HOBSON alleged that Mr. WASHINGTON had spoken in favor of having negroes and whites attend the same schools and churches in the South. BOOKER WASHINGTON replied mildly that Captain HOBSON must have misread his speech, as he had not mentioned the subject. The South has been grossly wronged by the President and his party, and the border States will rightly go Democratic; but the South is also wronged by mere injudicious fire-eaters like young HOBSON. He ought to be made a CARNEGIE Hero, on his kissing record, and retired from public life. BOOKER WASHINGTON, on the other hand, is about as wise a man as the country owns—wiser on the negro question than any fire-eater, South, North, or in the White House—and we hardly expect a slip from him at this late day.

WASHINGTON  
AND HOBSON

**ONE OF THE WORST MISTAKES** connected with the very interesting Exposition at St. Louis is the Sunday closing. Nobody loses more by it than the champions of real religion, for nothing could do more to cool a people toward religion than an act so out of accord with the feelings of the time. How the error came to be made nobody seems to know. The provision was made a condition of the National Government's contribution, several years ago, but what influences led the Government to make the provision we have been unable to learn. It may have been merely the idiosyncrasy of some one Congressman. We have heard, with scepticism, that brewing influences were behind it. Certainly the brewers, the St. Louis restaurants, and the keepers of billiard halls are the only gainers, and especially the brewers, for the crowds which would have been having refining pleasure at the Exposition grounds now have a somewhat less refining pleasure drinking beer by thousands in the resorts with which St. Louis is surrounded. It would be a good thing if the forces which caused this mistake at Washington could be uncovered.

SUNDAY AT  
ST. LOUIS

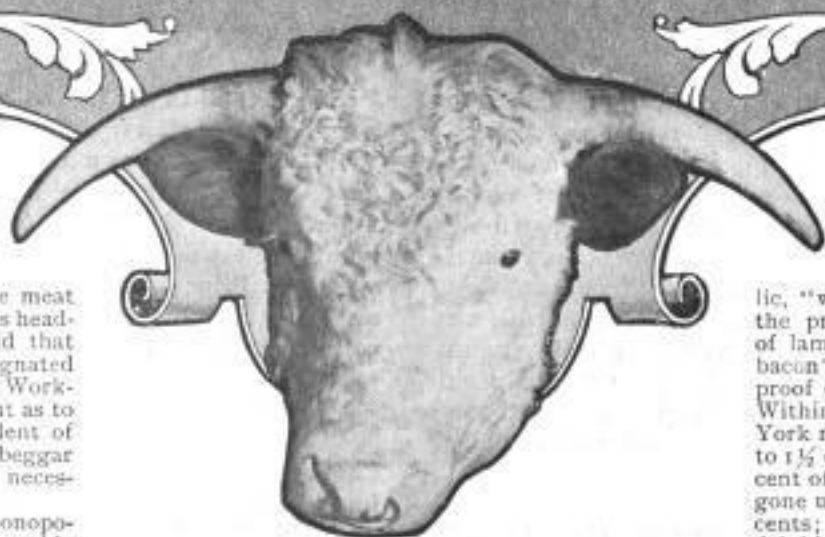
**PICTURES OF PRETTY WOMEN** are the most popular attraction extant to-day. A portrait of a woman by a great painter sells for twice the sum paid for a portrait of a man by the same artist. Advertisements, no matter what substance they recommend, decorate themselves with feminine beauty, and hundreds of girls make a good living posing for photographers. The women themselves, in this country, care more for beauty in women than in men; or at least they study it more and talk more about it. This interest is faithfully reflected by the newspapers, especially the yellow ones, which describe every murderess as beautiful. Women of society are now more widely known in feature than ever before in history, because their photographs are so constantly reproduced. It is a kind of fame, and they can not resist it, even those who are inclined to think it vulgar. Perhaps it is vulgar, but that matters little, if it spreads charm around the world. Dandelions are vulgar, according to the ordinary judgment, and even poets do not celebrate them; and daisies, to the farmer, are a peculiarly vicious weed. Moral standards are often equally conventional and erroneous. The present tendency to exhibit a pretty woman's face everywhere—with poem, story, essay, advertisement, society news, stage gossip, or with no excuse at all, may not prove so much that our taste is vulgar as that we are frankly indulging ourselves in the love of beauty which we can appreciate, and this indulgence may lead us to the appreciation of other kinds.

VULGARITY  
AND CHARM



# MEAT: A Problem for the Public

By Samuel Hopkins Adams



WHEN trusts fall out, the public foots the bills. Repeated instances have impressed that lesson on the general consciousness. The coal strike of two winters ago was a notable example. Now it is meat. The association of wholesale meat packers, known as the Beef Trust, which from its headquarters in Chicago controls this industry, and that branch of the labor trust which is officially designated as the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America, have had a disagreement as to wage-scale, in consequence of which every resident of the United States who is not a vegetarian or a beggar is paying more than it is worth for one of the necessities of life.

Both parties to the strike are, in purpose, monopolies. The Beef Trust, by virtue of extra-favorable agreements with the railroads and by an established system of crushing competition, controls more than nine-tenths of the supply of this commodity. The labor union undertakes to say that no non-member shall do the work of converting cattle into meat, and in defence of this monopolistic principle is prepared to use all its organized power in "tying up" rebellious plants. The two crossed swords when, a month ago, several hundred unskilled laborers in the Chicago stockyards, known as butchers' helpers, decided that they were not getting enough pay. By an agreement with Armour & Co., Nelson Morris & Co., Swift & Co., and others of the great packers who constitute the Trust, wages had been paid at the rate of 18½ cents an hour. At the expiration of the agreement, the packers proposed to reduce the tariff to 17½ cents an hour, on two grounds: First, that they could get all the labor they wanted at that rate from the thousands of unemployed applying for work every week; second, that general economic conditions in and out of the trade no longer warranted the higher rate. To this the laborers refused to accede. They would not accept the lesser wage. Rather, they would strike. Arbitration was suggested, and each side promptly charged the other with the responsibility for its non-adoption. The strike was called and the butchers' helpers in the Trust's Chicago plants quit work.

Up to this point the matter presents a purely local aspect. It concerns—quite deeply, it is true, but not in a manner to convulse the nation—the local employers and their employees. And to this it might well have been limited to the end of the chapter had the commodity affected been buttons, for instance, or tin whistles. In such event we should have contrived to supply the new garments from the old or to fortify them with string while possessing our souls in patience for the end to come; or our musical thirst could be assuaged by the toy horn and the corner band. But meat, so we have come to think, we must have every day. Both parties to the strike proceeded to read the public an object-lesson in meat. Both sides undertook to enlist public interest: the packers by hastily raising the wholesale price to the trade; the strikers by using the ingenious and popular device of the sympathetic strike to cut off the supply. Then and there the Chicago strike ceased to be a local issue. All over the country laborers went out, prices went up, and the public went hungry or paid its money. Before the strike had been on a week fifty thousand men were out, there was a strong probability that as many more would go out, 90 per cent of the plants were crippled, and every city in the nation was facing the possibility of a meat famine. Whether this famine shall come to pass or not—and at the present writing it seems more than probable—the issue exemplifies one important fact—that a dispute between two comparatively small bodies of men over a question which is, primarily, of import only to the disputants, can and does put the fear of hunger upon the United States of America. It is a situation hardly calculated to fill Americans with a high national pride—not to mention the fact that it is costing us money.

The strike came on July 12. President Donnelly called out the butchers, cutters, carvers, slaughterers, drivers, and helpers in such principal meat centres of the country as Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, St. Joseph, Fort Worth, New York, St. Paul, and Sioux City. In none of these cities did any of the classes above listed except the helpers allege any grievance; the others were purely sympathetic strikers. By July 13 every important centre of the industry except Cin-

cinnati and Milwaukee, which are not controlled by the Beef Trust, was reduced to an insignificant output. Clerks, bookkeepers, and stenographers were set to hard manual labor. Members of the firms affected wielded the cleaver, the axe, and the saw. A general manager in Chicago undertaking to slaughter a union steer with a union axe by non-union methods was run out of his own shop by the outraged animal. Some outside labor was brought in, but it was of little avail.

Comparative Prices of Meat

	Before the strike	End of first week of strike
Prime Beef . . . . .	18 cents	23 to 26 cents
Porterhouse Steak . . . . .	26 cents	30 to 34 cents
Sirloin Steak . . . . .	18 cents	26 cents
Mutton . . . . .	13 cents	15 to 16 cents
Veal . . . . .	19 cents	21 to 22 cents
Lamb . . . . .	16 cents	21 to 22 cents

The strikers were pleased. They were attaining their object: to secure public attention by making the public suffer and to put the blame upon the Beef Trust. Said H. L. Bichelberger, general organizer of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of New York City, in an interview regarding the New York situation: "There will not be a pound of meat for sale in this city in three days. [A prophecy by no means fulfilled.] We have every branch so thoroughly organized that the firms can not help themselves. There

clination to carry out their own forecast. The advance was prompt and general.

"The strike was not two hours old," announced an association of Chicago reform dealers in a formal statement to the public, "when every packing house in this city raised the price of beef by the carcass 2½ cents a pound, of lamb 4 cents, of pork loin 2 cents, of hams and bacon 1½ cents, and of rounds of beef 2 cents." In proof of which they referred to their own invoices. Within two days after the beginning of the strike New York reported a rise in the wholesale price of beef of 1 to 1½ cents a pound. Pittsburgh announced that 90 per cent of its supply had been cut off and the price had gone up 3 cents a pound. Omaha reported a rise of 2 cents; New Haven, 4 cents; Cleveland, ½ cent; Philadelphia, from 1 to 2 cents; St. Paul and Milwaukee, the same; Portland, Maine, 3 cents, and Boston from 2 to 3 cents. Naturally the retail prices went up by a higher percentage than the wholesale. The accompanying table shows the tariff for the few days following the strike in the nation's greatest meat-consuming centre, New York City.

Representatives of the Trust criticised the retail dealers for raising prices so high. While the best class of butcher shops kept their rates to regular customers down as long as they could, others undoubtedly made hay while the sun shone. Not only beef, but veal, mutton, pork, and even poultry, eggs, and canned meats, went up. In New York City the advance in veal and mutton prices would seem to be unjustified since only a small percentage of these meats comes from the Trust, most of the supply coming from local firms. The poor were hit hardest. The harpies who make every famine a source of profit sent the prices ballooning on the very class of meat which is least affected by the shortage—the poorer and cheaper cuts. On the crowded East Side of New York in particular the rates became exorbitant. But the East Side has its own way of dealing with these problems.

"By this time to-morrow you'll be glad enough to give away your meat and escape with your hide," said a Hester Street Jewess to the meat-shop proprietor who had just charged her two prices for a chuck steak. And another told her butcher: "You won't live long enough to sell me any more meat after this robbery."

A large number of East Side butchers, after sounding the temper of their patrons, closed down. Their defence for advanced prices is that the wholesalers doubled prices on them. Accusations and counter-accusations have been rife. The wholesalers charged the increased cost of meat upon the retailers. The retailers say that the independent non-Trust packers have put rates far up. Other retailers blame the Trust. One thing is certain: The Trust has raised prices, and it has raised them before there was any necessity of it to cover itself against loss. With meat to sell and with operating expenses greatly decreased, it is charging more than the normal price for all its products. "The law of supply and demand" is the explanation given.

Suspicion has been publicly expressed that there is collusion between the Beef Trust and the Labor Trust to clear off at high prices an overstock of low-grade meats. Those who take this view support it by pointing out that both parties have from the first appeared to be agreed upon a rise, and prophecy that after the strike is settled the cost to the public will be kept up for some time at a fine profit to the Trust. Furthermore, they say that for some time after the strike was declared the Trust made no great effort to slaughter cattle. This theory presupposes of course the venality on the part of some of the strike leaders, since the workingmen have nothing to gain and their wages to lose by quitting work. However this may be, if the results of the coal strike

are any criterion, the Trust is less likely to lose than to gain in the long run.

Arbitration was, of course, a repeated suggestion early in the trouble. But there was a serious obstacle here in the attitude of the labor union officials, who wanted, apparently, arbitration of their own brand or none at all. Said President Donnelly on July 15: "We are willing to submit our wage scale to arbitration, but with the understanding that no award shall be made involving a reduction in wages. We believe in fair arbitration at all times." Later he said that this demand would have been withdrawn had the packers

John Horsch, Secretary of the Butchers' Union

Michael Donnelly, President of the Amalgamated Butchers' Union

George W. Perkins, President of the Organized Union



J. W. Sterling, Vice-President of the Butchers' Union

Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor

Thomas L. Kidd, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor

Officers of Several of the Unions Involved in the Butcher Workmen's Strike in Chicago

will be a meat famine all over the country. We did our best to avoid a strike, and now the responsibility is up to the employers."

For a parallel to this threat—for it must be regarded as such—a representative of the Beef Trust forecast, on the same date, a prompt raise of the price of meat because of the strike, adding, "The trouble was not of our choosing." On the other hand, such firms as Nelson Morris & Co., Armour & Co., and Swift & Co. declared at first that there was a plentiful supply of fresh meat on hand, and stated there would be no advance in prices. But they lacked either the power or the in-





A Striker at the Pay Window



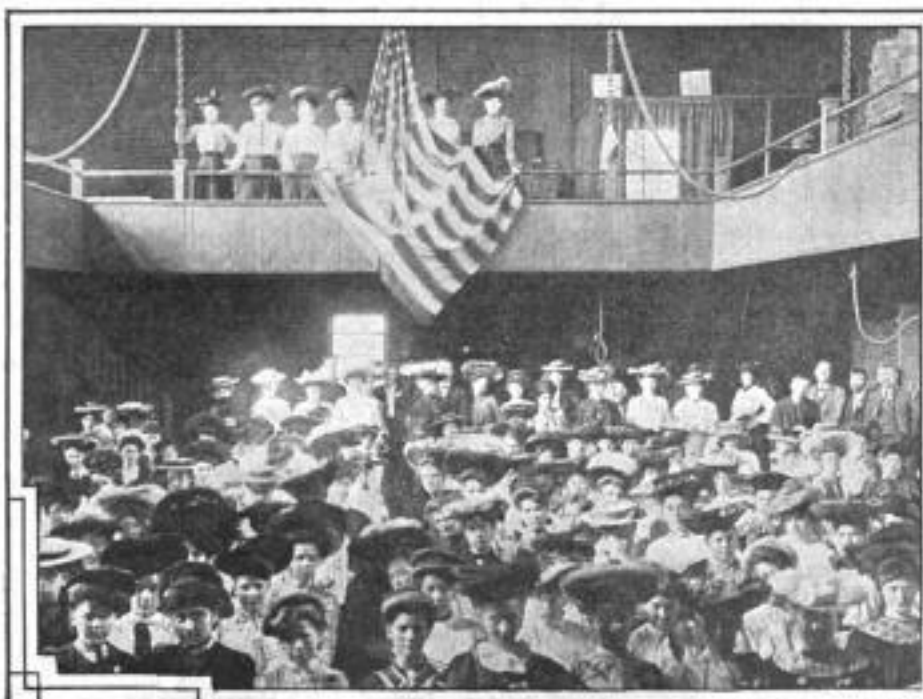
Girl Strikers Going to a Meeting of their Union



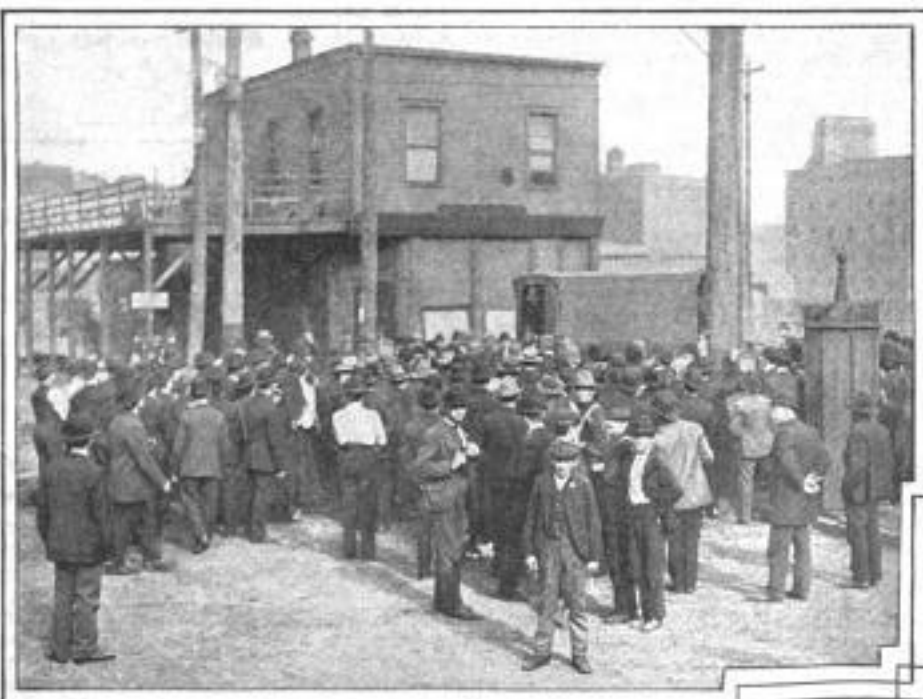
Strikers' Wives Laying in Supplies



A CURBSTONE ORATOR ADDRESSING THE STRIKERS IN FRONT OF THEIR HEADQUARTERS



A MASS-MEETING OF GIRL STRIKERS



ARREST OF RIOTERS ON ASHLAND AVENUE

# THE STRIKE OF THE BUTCHER WORKMEN IN CHICAGO



evinced an inclination to give way on another point; viz., that the packers should take back promptly all the striking employees. This they refused to do, and up to the present writing all attempts to refer the question to arbitration have been abortive, because of this split. Probably the strike might have been much better timed, so far as the strikers are concerned. A strike on a falling market is severely handicapped. The labor market is distinctly a falling one. Except for harvest work—to which, by the way, some of the Chicago strikers have turned their attention—there is less of demand by employers than of supply of the unemployed. On the other hand, the packers have an unpleasant problem in the activity of the independent plants, which are working night and day upon many more orders than they can fill. Most of these are conducted by Jews, and the operators are exemplifying in the present crisis the active business virtues of a race beneath whose feet vegetation attains no advanced growth. In Denver, where the independent packers have been fighting a hard battle against the price-cutting of the trust, there are strong prospects that they may establish themselves firmly throughout the far Western field. Then, too, the New York butchers already have under way large abattoirs where they can do their own killing independent of the Trust's troubles. All these matters menace the continued supremacy of the monopoly and will be a much more potent factor in impelling the packers to end the strike than the necessity of curtailing their output.

Judging from the early conduct of the strikers' cam-

paign, violence was to play little part. A few outbreaks there were, but any important attacks on the plants or on "scab" workmen were conspicuous by absence. It must be remembered that in these labor crises, brawls and street riots, which in reality have little or nothing to do with the strike itself, are sometimes turned to good account by the employers in securing the aid of the militia. Backed by an armed force, "scab" workmen will take jobs which they would not consider were the police their only guardians. Therefore the smallest pretext is pressed for the calling out of the National Guard, ostensibly to protect property, but practically as a strike breaker. This should be considered in estimating the importance of sporadic violence. Certain it is that President Donnelly of the union is a strong opponent of the "slugging" method, and the "entertainment committee" policy, as advocated by the late Sam Parks.

Many of the important strikes have brought forward notable figures in the labor world. Michael Donnelly is the man of the meat strike. Ten years ago he was blacklisted for his prominence in a futile butchers' strike in Kansas City. He was then thirty years old. As in other cases, the blacklist proved a boomerang to its operators. Inhibited from his trade as a sheep butcher, Donnelly came to Chicago and began to exercise his talent for organization. At first he had but 25 men; now he leads an army of 60,000, which he has himself created. An army it is, in efficiency and discipline. For, in Donnelly's theory, discipline is the keystone of successful organization.

He believes in peaceful methods. In the present difficulty those men under his immediate influence not only left their work peacefully and quietly, but before their departure they so disposed of the meat on hand that it would not spoil. From the first he bade them keep out of saloons, preserve the peace, and respect property. Later he got out placards and dodgers announcing that the union would protect no member who was guilty of rioting and violence. At times his men have accused him of being too easy-going in his attitude toward the employers, because he has several times held them back from striking, but no serious opposition to him has ever developed. When the strike did come, however, his attitude toward the employers seems to have been as demanding as the most radical of his followers could wish.

The latest prospects, at the time of going to press, are that the entire meat-packing industry will be tied up; that the firemen will probably go out, leaving thousands of tons of meat, which the public needs, to spoil, and even that the independent packers will be affected, the better to drive the lesson home. For if the workmen now getting union wages or better from the plants outside of the Trust could be prevailed on to quit, then would come meat famine indeed. What withholds the strikers from this step, which has been under advisement for some time, is the danger of arousing the public wrath by a too obvious endeavor to starve the consumers out. And the meat-consuming public has nothing to do but look on. What is to be the outcome?

## ANIMALS À LA MODE: I.—The Adventure of Monsieur Beau

By HARRISON RHODES : Illustrated by EDWARD PENFIELD

**AUTHOR'S NOTE.**—Why should so many tales of stirring adventure or of sprightly romance still be told of the human race? To a sincere lover of animals and an admiring reader of modern dog stories, it is a constant wonder that the editors of our magazines allow so large a part of their space to be monopolized by fiction that deals only with men and women, or by animal stories of writers who, like Mr. Jack London, seem to delight in emphasizing the animal side of their subjects. A beginning has however been made. At least a third of all the stories in the periodicals are of animals who are exactly like human beings. Why not all, however? Why will literary men stick to the hackneyed conventional methods? Why does Mr. Winston Churchill continue to exploit American history? Has America produced no race of dogs worthy of his chronicling? Why does Mr. Dunne write of Dooley? Are there not Irish terriers? Can not all follow along the literary path blazed by Mr. Richard Harding Davis in "The Bar Sinister"? There are dog stories enough to go round, something to suit each talent. If we grant to one man the undisputed position of master of the modern bench show, may we not be permitted to imagine with delight how another hand might have described that famous show which the great master of cerponies organized more than a century ago to please the wits and belles of Bath?—H. R.

**B**ATH was agog with the new excitement. The card tables had lost half their votaries, who might be seen at unusual hours exercising their canine pets. Many a beau's cravat was carelessly tied, and many a lovely lady's rouge too hastily put on, because valets and tiding-women, whose business was usually with periwigs and with pomades, were now engaged in bathing, in brushing, in curling, and in scenting the darling dogs. Nothing that Nash had ever invented had so stirred the world of fashion as did the great Bench Show.

It was even rumored that the new French Ambassador, who was coming straight to the famous spa, only stopping in London for the necessary formal visits, was bringing with him to exhibit a dog of that most famous, but least known, breed, of that strain of blood so valued by the kings of France, that none outside the royal family was ever allowed to possess a puppy of the Versailles Kennels, one of the marvelous Ponto or Curly dogs. It was said that the influence of St. James's Palace itself had been needed before Versailles would consent to allow Monsieur Beau, of the fiftieth generation of the pure Ponto blood, to cross the Channel. When the carriage of Monsieur the Duc d'Avrillege arrived in Bath, it was fairly mobbed by women of quality who hoped to see, not his Excellency, but the dog, descend.

Monsieur d'Avrillege, however, came alone, and to any inquiries concerning dogs he responded by a diplomatic shrug and a smile. But the gossips of the Pump Room did not lack explanations. Some said that the dog remained in London, and that a certain Great Personage was determined to retain him, even at the cost of a war with France. Others alleged that the priceless animal had escaped from the coach on the Great Bath Road, and that the Duc did not dare offer a reward for its recapture, lest the news should reach Paris and cause his recall. But it was whispered that a score of men were scouring Somerset and Oxfordshire, and that a thousand guineas would be paid to whoever should bring back the dog. The Pontos were like their royal masters, it was said, and such an escapade would probably please Monsieur Beau as much as it might have pleased the Duc d'Orleans, that dare-devil of the French court. But in the Pump Room darker and stranger stories were afloat. It was said that Monsieur d'Avrillege, playing late at cards on his one night in London, had made a singular wager with Lord Harry Dash Johnston. If he lost, Monsieur Beau was not to be shown; if Lord Harry failed to win, Carlisle Mary, the most famous of English terriers, was to be withdrawn. Such a story probably arose from the fact that all Bath knew that to one of these two animals must the first prize fall. [In this early bench show there were no classes, only five prizes for general competition.]

However, for the moment this little tale deals only with a poor Irish lad in the Dash Johnston stables, and with an unhappy stray dog he took in out of the cold. Patrick was rough in manner, but any one who had seen him with his mother and his young sister would have known that he would be kind to animals.

One blustery night as Patrick was reeling home—but we forgive such faults in a true dog-lover—he stumbled and almost fell over a poor cold shivering object, almost unrecognizable as a dog, from the caked mud upon his coat and the burrs matted in his hair. Pat's heart was touched, and that night the miserable beast slept upon the poor Irish lad's bed. The next day when washed, the stranger seemed to take heart; but, indeed, he needed to do so when he was turned into the yard, where Lord Harry's dogs took their exercise. The kennels greeted the queer-looking intruder with open scorn or derisive kindness or sly ridicule, as suited their taste. Nothing with such silly curly hair had ever been seen, no such strange mongrel ever trodden English turf. "Tramp," for so Pat had named him, seemed at first confused, as if he did not understand such treatment. Then proudly he raised his head, while mocking laughter rang around him. Slowly he crossed the yard toward the further corner, where he caught a glimpse of an opening. Surely, he thought, suffering and freedom were better than degradation of this sort. Then he saw Carlisle Mary and stopped. Who can guess what was in his heart?

The famous terrier looked at him, and derisive barks broke out around the yard. Was it likely that she would tolerate the presence of this mongrel stranger?



Tense in every limb, the flawless Ponto faced them

"Tramp" sank in courtly fashion to the ground, murmuring a compliment. An exchange of courtesies followed, in which it was noted that the stranger spoke with a lightness of manner uncommon in wails and strays.

"These vulgar creatures often hang around kennels until they even try to imitate good manners," sneered Whitson Bompers, a haughty and overbearing bull-dog.

"It must comfort you," flashed back the highbred terrier, "to know that you are safe from such imitation."

Thus "Tramp" was tolerated about Lord Harry Dash Johnston's kennels, for Carlisle Mary's glistening teeth were feared, and she greeted the stranger each day most courteously. Patrick grew fonder of his dog, and finally began to talk of exhibiting him at the show. At this the smouldering enmity of the kennels burst out again into flame. When "Tramp" appeared on the promenade near the water trough, he faced a battery of mocking glances and murmured innuendo. But only the bull-dog spoke.

"It would interest us to know," he sneered, "your own opinion of your chances for a prize."

"I do not know," replied "Tramp" with dignity, "whether I shall be shown or not. But it would not be impossible that I should be found of as good blood as any English bull-dog."

Whitson Bompers sprang forward, but Carlisle Mary stood between.

"I believe that the stranger dog is of kennel-blood," she said. "And there will be no fighting," she added deliberately, delicately wrinkling her upper lip and displaying an ivory fang.

At this moment Lord Harry lounged across the lawn, and the good Patrick humbly sought of him permission to enter his pet in the show.

"Let's see him," cried his Lordship jovially, and the inhabitants of the kennels gathered round while the Irish lad brought "Tramp" across the yard.

Lord Harry paled, so close observers noted; but perhaps it was only the noon-day heat. Quickly he recovered himself.

"That riff-raff!" he laughed. "No, keep him close, Patrick. I should like to see him again. But exhibit him? Never. I know the breed well."

He paused. All eyes were fixed on the terrier, who a moment before had guaranteed the stranger's words as to his gentle blood.

"I know them," continued Lord Harry, "they have musk-rat blood!"

"Tramp" wriggled protestingly in Patrick's arms. But Carlisle Mary haughtily turned her back upon the scene without a word. It was noticed that during the rest of the day she was more tolerant of Whitson Bompers.

Nothing but the yelping of dogs was heard in the Great Hall. In ten minutes Mr. Nash and Monsieur le Duc d'Avrillege were to enter and declare the show open. Only a few kennel servants hurried to and fro, busy with the final preparations. On a wide platform near the centre stood Carlisle Mary; across from her Whitson Bompers. Suddenly Patrick came down the aisle, looking furtively from side to side. Pausing by the terrier's platform, he opened his coat and disclosed "Tramp." The poor boy had not been able to bear it that his dog should not be shown. But would Carlisle Mary share her platform, the only one in the show large enough for two? Hesitatingly he put "Tramp" down. For one instant the terrier hesitated and her chest heaved, then as she heard the bull-dog opposite give a bark of scorn, she licked the stranger's nose. A tear rose to "Tramp's" eye as Patrick hurriedly fastened him and ran away.

Down the Great Hall came Mr. Nash and the Ambassador, and close behind them Lord Harry Dash Johnston. Suddenly Lord Harry sprang forward, seized upon "Tramp," and, hauling at his chain, broke into a storm of oaths.

"What is this mongrel doing here?" he cried. Then the Ambassador of the French King spoke, his voice ringing clearly through the Hall.

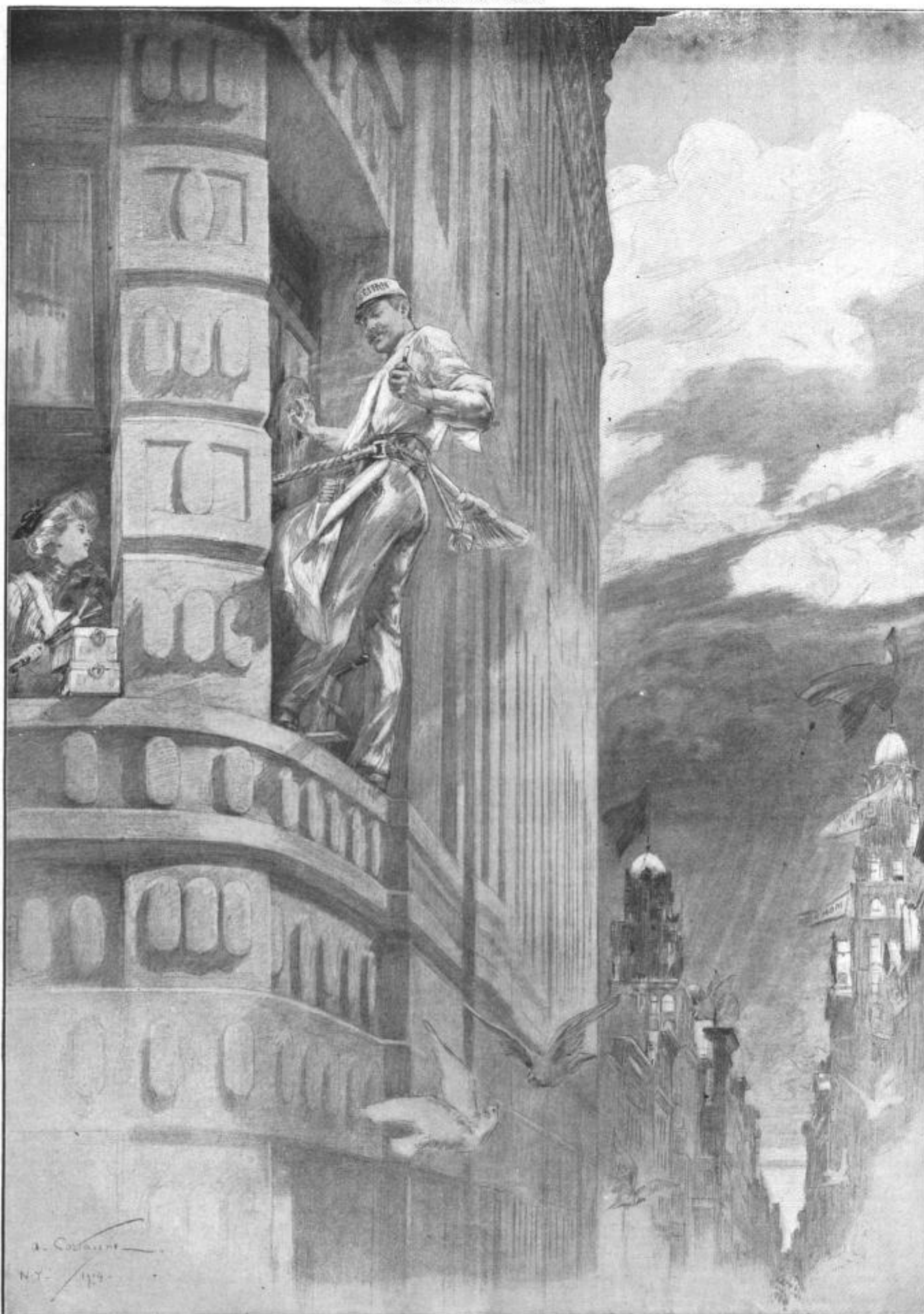
"Back, Lord Harry! Gentlemen, this is the lost dog. This is Monsieur Beau, of the blood of the Royal Pontos or Curly Dogs, sired by Philibert of Burgundy, whose mother was Blanche of Touraine, and whose grandsire was Clovis of Versailles. Beau, champion of Versailles, Fontainebleau, and St. Germain. Back, Lord Harry!"

Tense in every limb, the flawless Ponto faced them, his head proudly raised. Then he moved and stood by Carlisle Mary's side.

"Surely, gentlemen," said Mr. Nash, "we need go no further. Here is our champion dog."

When Monsieur d'Avrillege returned to Paris he took with him an English terrier, a present to his royal master. Indeed, Lord Harry saw no other way to save his honor. The story was the ten days' wonder of Bath. Even now those who possess in their kennels an Anglo-Pontine terrier may be interested in the tale.





DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

## THE PERILOUS SIDE OF A PROSAIC CALLING

A WINDOW WASHER AT WORK TWO HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE SIDEWALK

In some of the large office buildings of New York City as many as a dozen men are regularly employed as window washers, and their time is devoted entirely to this duty. When a man is washing the outside of a window he wears a broad belt, lined with rings, through which runs a rope that is hooked to the window casing on either side. Thus it is possible for him to step from side to side along the window sill while he works, and at the same time he is protected from falling should his foot slip or should he lose his balance.



# The International Council of Women

By IDA HUSTED HARPER



BERLIN, June 28, 1904

**W**HAT is this International Council of Women which for several weeks has kept the staid city of Berlin on the *qui vive* and aroused the interest of all Germany? It is the largest, most comprehensive, and most progressive organization of women in existence, and represents several million members. Twenty countries, extending around the globe, have National Councils composed of various associations, which include practically all lines of activity in which women are engaged—religious, philanthropic, industrial, patriotic, political, etc. These Councils stand for no one propaganda more than another, but at intervals the Council of each country brings representatives from all its branches together in convention, for an interchange of ideas which will be of benefit to themselves and of interest to the public. All of these national bodies are united in this International Council that meets once every five years, and holds a great congress to which speakers are invited from all parts of the world.

The Council was organized in Washington, in 1885, under the auspices of Miss Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mrs. Mary Wright Sewall, and other prominent American women. Its first Congress was held in Chicago during the World's Fair of 1893, its second in London, and the third has just finished its meeting in Berlin. At Chicago, ten thousand women daily poured into the big Art Building on the lake shore. In London, four different halls were crowded to their capacity twice a day for two weeks, the delegates and speakers were invited by Queen Victoria to a "tea" in Windsor Castle, by the Lord Bishop of London and by the head of the great Rothschild house to garden parties, and by various members of the nobility to afternoon and evening receptions where they met the most eminent men and women in England. And now the Berlin Congress has eclipsed all the rest!

The present meeting has been a revelation—to Berlin itself, which never before had the faintest conception of the tremendous possibilities of womanhood, and which, at the first, looking upon the proposed congress with amusement and good-natured tolerance, at the last regarded it with astonishment and admiration; to the German women who had it in charge and who at the beginning scarcely dared hope that it might meet with the favor of the Government, the press, and the people; but, above all, has it been a revelation to the visitors from other countries, and especially from the United States. We have always considered Germany the stronghold of conservatism in all matters of women's progress; tourists have brought back stories of their degraded position, the despatches have told how their meetings were broken up by the police, and the Emperor has been represented as ready with heel and spur for the woman who ventured outside of the kitchen, the nursery, and the parlor. We were almost afraid to set foot on German soil, we wrote our speeches in conciliatory language, and we agreed among ourselves that we would carefully refrain from doing or saying anything which would make trouble for the German women who were managing the Congress.

## A Dauntless Convention

How absurd it all seems now as we look back over those two wonderful weeks! Never in all history was there a convention of women where such bold, radical, and independent utterances were made from the platform, and made, too, with a fire, intensity, and eloquence which we have seldom if ever seen equaled in our own country. Never were audiences more free and fearless in expressing their approval, and never was there more of enthusiasm and appreciation. It was evident that a strong Socialistic element was present at all the meetings, and women Socialists were allowed a fair representation among the speakers; but it was shown many times, when a division of sentiment was manifested by the audience, that they were considerably in the minority, and they had no part in the management of the Congress. This was perfect, and these German women, whom we always have thought of as confined exclusively to domestic life, displayed an organizing power which could not have been

exceeded by men who were veterans in managing conventions.

Frau Marie Stritt of Dresden, president of the German Council and just elected vice-president-at-large of the International, is a woman of remarkable beauty and oratorical power. All of these women must have used the greatest tact and discretion to achieve so triumphant a success for the Congress in this conservative city with its rigid adherence to customs and traditions, and especially to reach the climax of official recognition by the Government. The latter was expressed in three ways: The reception of the international officers and the Council presidents of each country by the Empress in the Royal Palace of Berlin; the garden party given by Count von Bülow, Imperial Chancellor, and Count von Posadowsky, Minister of the Interior; the banquet in the Rath-Haus, or town hall, by the Bürgermeister and Municipal Councilors, or Board of Aldermen.

## Official Recognition

It was indeed a remarkable occasion, this official welcome by one of the largest cities in the world to a congress of women, and made still more so by the speeches of the Bürgermeister and the president of the board, who expressed their belief in complete equality of rights for women, and their hope that ultimately this might be attained. The reception was an official recognition never before extended to women by any

and the changes on it were rung over and over during the Congress in pleas for solidarity of action in all lines of the world's work. Two days after its close, the Emperor, in his address at Cuxhaven, expressed his delight at "the growing progress of the feeling of solidarity among the cultured nations," and said: "This solidarity goes on unnoticed but irresistible. It finds its way not only into the programme of leaders of State, but also into the thoughts of self-governing free citizens. This solidarity is nurtured in different ways, in serious political councils, in congresses, in sports."

This expression, whether consciously or unconsciously, of the very soul of the International Council of Women, by one of the most powerful rulers of the age, and following immediately the close of its meeting in his own domain, affords the keenest gratification to those who have participated in its proceedings. One can not make even the briefest and most superficial observation of affairs in Germany without a strong impression of new and vital forces which are carrying it forward with unprecedented speed. In this modern thought and action the Emperor leads. Open to criticism as he is in many respects, his vigor, activity, progressiveness, and ambition for the Empire permeate the nation like a current of electricity. "The Germans are a contented people," we are constantly told; "they are stolid, indifferent, and slow to protest against existing conditions." How then is one to explain three million Socialist votes? It is this very Socialist party which spurs the Imperial Government to reforms, and no one more fully understands the wisdom of a partial concession to its demands than does Emperor William. Intelligent Americans residing here believe the party is diminishing in power. However this may be, the new régime which it has been so strong a factor in inaugurating will have no retrogression, and in the near future Germany will take the same front rank in all modern, progressive movements that through her universities she long has held in the intellectual life of the Eastern Continent.

It is true that most of the conservative papers had ponderous editorials to prove that the Empire was founded on force, that it always must be maintained by force, and therefore women never must have any part in its government; it is also true that the Socialist press denounced it as a movement of the aristocracy; but the fact remains that officially and by the people at large the recognition was all that could be desired. It was indeed the original intention to grant the use of the Reichstag for the meetings, but its sessions did not adjourn in time. They were held in The Philharmonie, one of the largest music halls in the world, where are given during the season the many splendid concerts for which Berlin is famous. It contains under one roof four great audience rooms, all rich in decorations, and here four departments of the Congress were in progress at the same time. These included Education, Philanthropies, Arts and Sciences, Industries and Professions, Horticulture, Domestic Economy, Legal Relations of Women, Temperance, Prison Reform, Literature, Social Settlements, and many other subjects in which women are interested.

## Unanimous on the Suffrage Question

By far the largest meetings were those for Peace and Arbitration, and for Woman Suffrage, the latter indeed arousing much more interest than all of the others combined. Although women were present from all parts of the world, there seemed to be no division of opinion on this question, and the International Council unanimously adopted it as one of the principal objects for which it would work during the next five years. This is perhaps the most important action ever taken toward the enfranchisement of women, and it indicates unmistakably

that in all kinds of work and in all countries they find themselves at a disadvantage without the suffrage.

The influence of this International Congress will remain in Germany as an education to the people in the possibilities of womanhood, while women and their work will be placed henceforth on a distinctly higher plane, and both will command a greater respect.



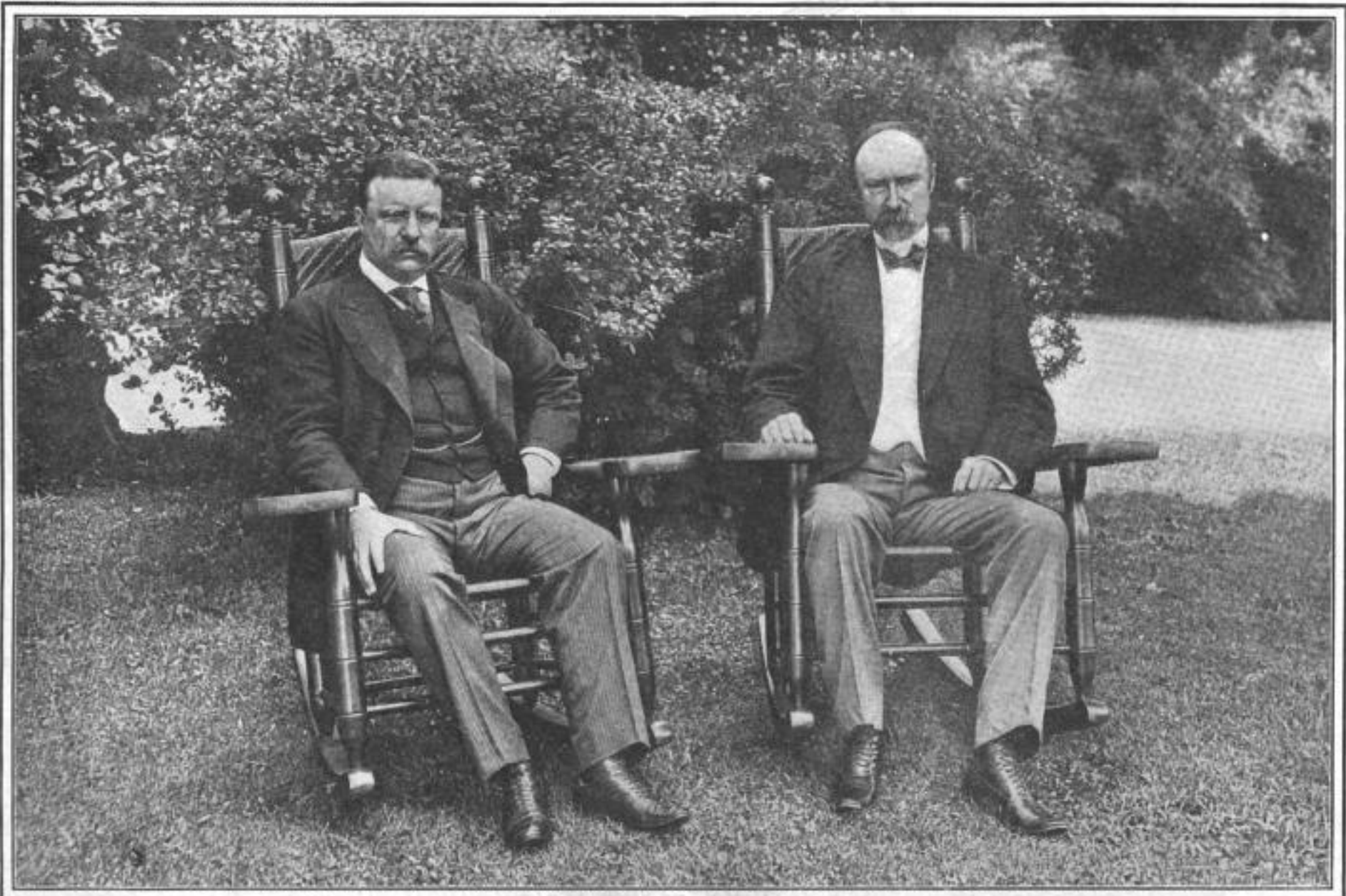
Rev. Anna Howard Shaw and Miss Susan B. Anthony, American delegates to the Berlin International Council of Women; German delegates in the background

municipality, and that it should be initiated by a German city is a significant circumstance over which Great Britain and the United States may well ponder.

It seems, too, as if there was a peculiar significance in the speech of Emperor William on the occasion of the regatta at Kiel. The one dominating note of the International Council has always been expressed by the word "solidarity"—it is in fact "the Council idea"—



THE STEREOGRAPH PHOTOGRAPH BY UNCLE TOM'S PHOTOGRAPHY



THE PRESIDENT AND SENATOR CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT



KING EDWARD'S VISIT TO KIEL

The King of England and Emperor William of Germany coming ashore from the British royal yacht "Victoria and Albert" to review the guard of honor



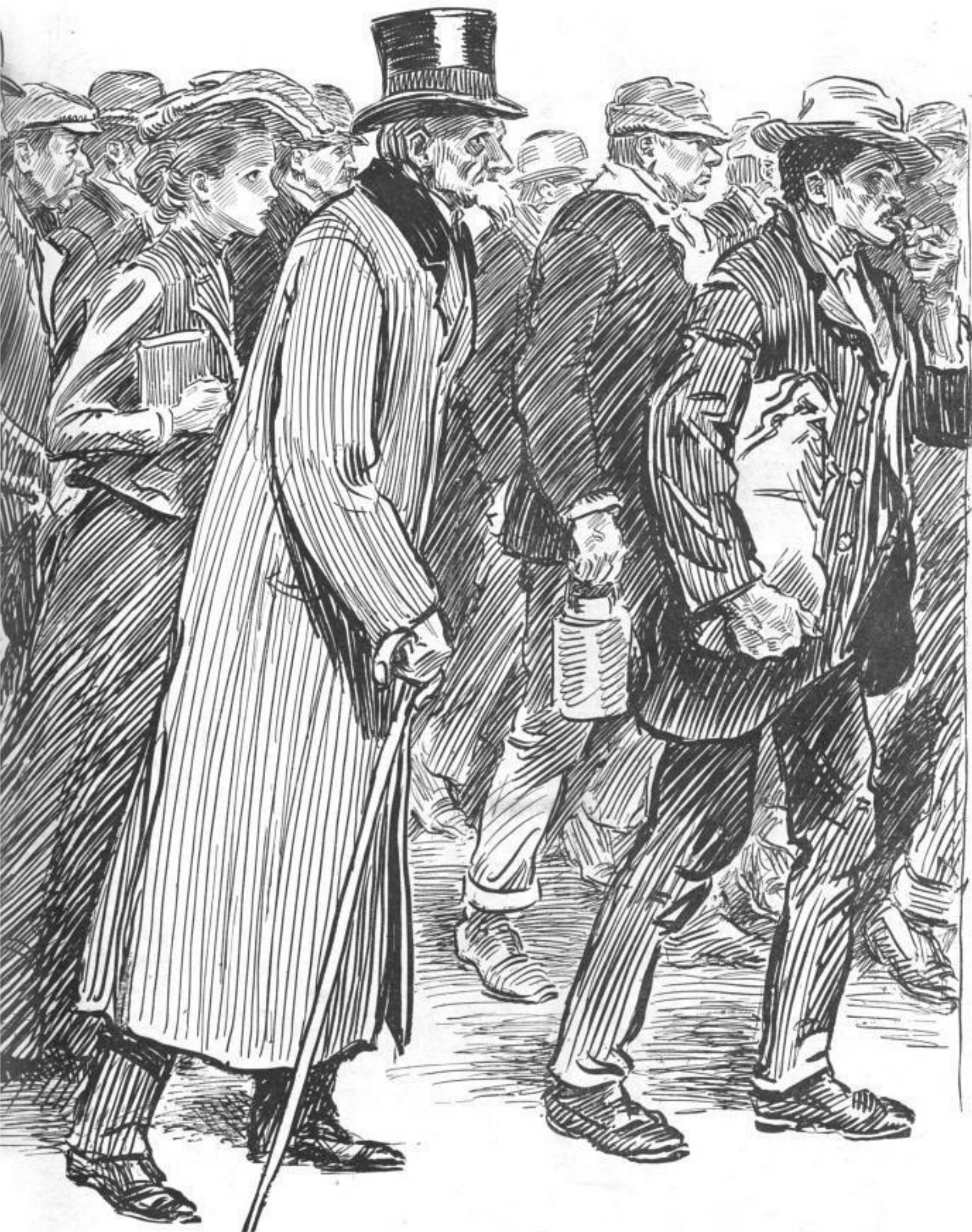


## LITTLE SERMONS IN PEN AND INK.—No. 1

The second of these "little sermons" will be published in the Household Number for September, under the title of "From the Bartender's Point of View"; the third, and last, in the Household Number for October, under the title of "When the Old Folks Come to Town"

T H





ARMY OF WORK

TO EMPLOYERS OF CHILD LABOR

BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

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Illustrations by B. Cory Kilvert.

# FIVE LITTLE MEN

By W. A. FRASER

*This is the third story of a series of six tales dealing with the adventures of Aleck, Taddy, Cyril, Jimmy, and Stewart, five youngsters who devote their entire time and attention to looking for trouble. In this quest they are peculiarly successful, as is shown by these recitals of their adventures. The present tale deals with an encounter with a strange animal. The previous stories appeared in the June and July Household Numbers. The others will be published in successive Household Numbers under the following titles: "Patent Fog Signals," "The Awakening of Rustus," and "A Gandy Combat."*

## III. TIGE: A Story with Atmosphere

IT WAS SATURDAY—day replete with renderings of joy to all boys unshateathed of the schoolhouse—and three weeks after the demolition of the blue-glass St. Peter who had gazed for years with unbroken serenity upon the good people of Tona, from his casement-setting in the Presbyterian Church. Because of this sacrilegious act, Master Ted Rivers's airgun had rested under lock and key during these three weeks. But this Saturday he had become possessed of it once more, promising most faithfully not to go gunning within the village limits. News of the weapon's redemption went swiftly abroad, and as crows flock to a newly planted cornfield, so Ted's companions—little Jimmie, Brownie Cyril, Stewart Drummond, and Aleck—took their way to the general meeting-place in the vacant lot opposite Cyril Baker's home.

Joy realized! Ted was present with the cherished arm of precision. Also he had a dog—such a dog! Crosses beyond count had mingled in his little non-descript body until he was not even of any discernible color; he was just a shade—drab. There was nothing in the world of interest attaching to his existence beyond that the boys knew him.

"You got Tige now, have you, Stubs?" Aleck asked.

"Nope," replied Teddy indignantly, "he don't live to our house. I coaxed him 'long 'cause I'm goin' shootin' rabbits."

"Bet Tige ain't no good fer rabbits," objected Stewart. "I seen Gubbins's Tom make him squeal like anything onct."

"Oh, cats is diff'rent," answered Teddy. "Pa Gubbins's Tom'll lick most any dog in Tona. Tige's part cocker, and cockers're bully rabbit dogs. He's part hound, too."

"Bet you I could get a dog what'll hunt rabbits," Stewart continued.

"Can you, Tootie?" queried Cyril. "Get him, will you?"

"Let me shoot at a rabbit, Stubs, if I get an awful good dog?" bargained Tootie. "Dunno—I'll see; guess I will. What dog'll you get?"

"Bert French's Pat. He's a setter, an'll fetch the rabbits when we shoot 'em."

"The big red one that runs with the bus?" asked Aleck.

"Yep, he knows me, 'cause he don't nip me when I hang on the bus. I've give him lots of bones; bet you I can coax him away."

"Hurry up then, Tootie," ordered Ted. "You get Pat, an' we'll take Tige an' meet you at the White Bridge."

Tootie acquired Pat, and, having joined the others, they sallied forth up the railroad track, and took their way to the fringe of tree-land that bordered the farms, abutting the seventh concession.

The little men, eager in the hunt, expected to find a rabbit behind every stump.

"There's one, Ted!" yelled Brownie;

but it was only a stock of dockweed rustling its thick gray-green leaves in a little tangle of elderberry.

"Sh-h-h! Shut yer mouth, you blamed little goat!" admonished Aleck, "you'll scare the rabbits—that's why we ain't seen' none yet."

"You fellers's got to go off to one side," commanded Teddy, "an' when you see a rabbit make a noise like a bird; go caw! caw!—that won't scare 'em, an' I'll know what you mean. That's how the Injuns hunt in the woods."

Pat, the Irish setter, was weaving back and forth, back and forth through a grove of maple, and elm, and beech. Tige was doing a proper mongrel act, yapping and sniffing and puddling about; scurrying over the leaves here, splashing into a water-hole after frogs there, and hurrying back to shake the muddy fluid his long-haired coat had acquired over the boys.

"Git out, you blamed fool!" Teddy cried in exasperation, as the fondling cur clawed half-way up his back in exultant happiness.

"Didn't I say he wasn't no good?—bet you he'll chase all the rabbits over into Cook's swamp," said Tootie. "Pat's sniffin' 'em up; soon's you see him point with his tail, he's got a rabbit."

Pat was most certainly sniffing up something; he

was working with the rhythmic monotony of a horizontal engine.

The spirit of the woods was over the boys; all the Indian forest stories they had read or heard became revived in their souls. They slipped from tree to tree, from stump to stump; they were scouting, stalking; pitting their cunning against the wariness of the wood denizens.

"Don't break a twig," Aleck advised Brownie, who was near him. Aleck had read Indian stories.

Presently Pat took a few cautious steps, then stood like a beautiful statue in terra-cotta, one foreleg raised as though he had halted mid-step, his head low-hung, and his beautiful feathered tail straight out.

"Sh-h-h-h!" hissed Teddy, as, carrying his airgun at the "ready," he crept stealthily forward.

Tige, scurrying back from the chase of a fragment of wind, his long red tongue lolling from his mouth, and big, loose cocker-descended ears flopping like rag dolls, projected his unwholesome body upon the field of strategy. His crazy eye fell upon Pat. One of his many strains conveyed the information that there was something of life beyond the other dog. With a whine of eagerness the drab creature scuttled away, on past the terra-cotta statue, over a dead log, and the next instant was prancing about a beech tree up the trunk of which scrambled a red squirrel.

But Pat had not been at fault. The hullabaloo startled the cotton-tail he had been marking down, and the boys saw bunny frisk blithely away to disappear in his warren.

Tige was happy, if Teddy was not. He had discovered, treed, the very thing they had come all the way from Tona for.

"Shoot the blame little fool, Stubs," pleaded Aleck in disgust.

Even the squirrel jeered at Tige derisively. Cocking his palpitating tail over an arched back, he sneered, "Chur-r-rh, chur-r-rh! chuck—chuck—chuck—chuck! ghur-r-rh, chuck!"

"Yih, yih, yih!" yapped the cur, jumping at the tree-trunk, and hopping up and down in excited eagerness.

"Guess I'll shoot the squirrel," remarked Teddy, "then we'll go and dig the rabbit out."

But little redcoat was of a restless way of life—he made an exceedingly bad target. He even seemed to know which of the boys was most to be feared, and waltzed around the tree, generally keeping the trunk of it between the gunner and himself. Perhaps this was because Teddy kept pointing the something at him.

"If the blame thing would only keep still for a minute I'd pip him," grunted Ted.

So the squirrel thought; and he indulged in motions. Up one limb and down another he raced; from branch to branch he skipped, his big bushy tail a veritable wing as he took great leaps. And though Teddy fired many pellets, the squirrel finally landed safe through his own front door, a rent in a lofty, lightning-shattered elm.

Even at the spreading roots of this giant of the forest, Tige, with idiotic yap, incited the boys to slay the game he had unearthed. Redcoat's disappearance brought well-merited retribution to the dog's unhappy ribs. Ted's foot landed there with moving force.

"Git out, you blame fool dog!" the kicker said.

"Serves him right," approved Aleck. "Let's drive him home, Stubs, or we won't shoot nothin'."



The boys circled about and closed in, Teddy calling, "Sic 'im, Tige!"



"I said he wasn't no good," Tootie reminded them. Aleck's suggestion met with quick approval; sticks and exclamations of disapprobation were hurled at the drab outcast, and he was harried about the bush to his very great astonishment. He had done his level best, and this was all he got for his pains. Never having had a home, naturally enough it did not come into his mind to seek one when persecuted; so he tenaciously clung to the boys, dodging the sticks, drooping his tail at their words of wrath, and just keeping beyond range.

"Let's tie him up, an' we'll get him when we come back," suggested Cyril.

"Golly! that's a good idea, Brownie," Aleck approved. "Who's got a string?"

"I got one," said Jimmie cheerfully, producing a shoestring from his pocket.

"That ain't no good," objected Ted; "it would cut his neck. 'Tain't long enough anyhow."

"Well, we won't get no rabbits," growled Tootie. "Here, fellers, tie him up with my braces," said Aleck; "they ain't no good anyhow."

Graham's description of his braces was fairly accurate. Having lost a buckle with its button straps, that side of the brace was attached to his pants by a wire nail; where they had parted the original juncture at the back, he had united them with a knot. "I got a best pair at home anyway," Aleck added, "an' I jes' put this pair on when I'm goin' huntin', or lacrosse, or somethin'."

Then Tige was coaxed; the fusillade of sticks and recrimination gave way to honeyed words, the patting of fat little legs. "Good dog, Tige! Poor old feller! Here Tige, Tige, Tige!" From the disruption of his rabbit point, Pat had stood and sat dejectedly about, expressing hurt dignity.

Finally Tige was entrapped and snared to a sapling. Then the boys trailed into the deeper forest with Pat.

"We'll get lots of rabbits now," opined Tootie; "bet you ef I had a gun I'd shoot seven."

For half an hour they skirmished the woods, and at the end of that time, Pat, who had forgotten his injury and had been most industrious, was again seen to locate a quarry just on the edge of a ravine they were approaching.

"I know that place, fellers," confided Brownie; "I've been here shootin' rabbits with Dad. It's Crowley's Creek, an' it's jus' full of rabbits—bet you there's more'n a hundred got their nests in it."

"Keep back, boys; shut yer mouth, Brownie, an' give Stubs a chance to sneak up on him," commanded Aleck.

As before, Teddy crept cautiously toward Pat's discovery. He had not gone ten yards when, to the boys' horror, Tige's unmistakable whining yap came up out of the ravine. "Gol darn the whiny thing!" grunted Aleck; "bet he's bust my braces."

At that moment Pat lowered his fan-like tail, and sneaked back, showing unmistakable evidence of fear. Then a little black and brown body, white streaked on the back, came over the brow of the bank on a slow trot, followed by Tige; Aleck's broken brace dangling from the scraggy neck of the dog.

"Blame if he ain't broke 'em!" lamented Aleck. "Gee! if Pat ain't 'fraid," cried Cyril. "No, he ain't, neither, Brownie," disputed Tootie; "he's bringin' the rabbit for Ted to shoot him. He's a setter—setters always do that."

"That ain't a rabbit, Tootie," declared Cyril. Pat was bringing him closer, and in the rear of this procession Tige was barking at a safe distance.

The small, white-striped animal seemed very little disturbed, and somehow rather self-reliant. "That's a woodchuck, I bet," said Aleck. "Rabbits has got long ears."

"Woodchucks always go in their holes soon's you see 'em," declared Cyril. "p'raps it's a coon."

"That's just what it is, bet you anything," affirmed Ted; "coons is striped all down the back—an' they go fishin' fer frogs in the creeks—Jack Woolley said so."

"Shoot him, Teddy," pleaded little Jimmie; "he might bite us."

"Say, fellers!" broke in Aleck, "let's ketch him alive—he's only a young one—an' put him in a box, same as Si Dorkins had one last summer."

"Oh, boys! that's just what we'll do. Let's ketch

him alive," joined in Cyril. "Let's get 'round him and hem him in."

Pat had brought him some more—backing up and snarling, the gayly decorated animal trotting nonchalantly along, sometimes stopping to show his small white teeth to Tige, who was pestering him with little bluff runs.

The boys circled about and closed in, Teddy calling to the bearer of Aleck's broken brace: "Sic 'im, Tige! sic 'im, Tige!" and from the other side of the circle Tootie was encouraging the obviously nervous setter, clapping his hands, and repeating Ted's cry of "Sic 'im—sic 'im, Pat!" But Pat was disinclined to sic the intruder to any great extent.

Tige, devoid of sense as he was, encouraged by Ted's "Sic 'im!" plucked up courage, and, taking advantage of a little gallop the hunted one was indulging in, scuttled to close quarters and snapped.

Confusion! There was a whisk of the bushy tail carried so jauntily over the white-striped back, and in an

hand landed on his ribs he slunk back to the livery stable and crawled into the bus that rested there between trips to the railway station. The bus was thrown out of commission for a month after he had occupied it.

Tige, hobo that he was, carried his house on his back, his home was wherever he happened to be, so he clung to the boys as tenaciously as he had when they sought to dispense with his services earlier in the day. He had outwitted them then, stupid and all as they thought him, keeping out of sight and working up through the bush until his evil genius had drawn him to the pert little owner of the noxious defence.

Following Aleck's advice, they made straight for the railroad, guarding their rear from the assaults of Tige. Disconsolately they journeyed over the ties almost silently. Once Tootie rose to remark that he "knewed it was a skunk all the time, only he forgot"—what-ever he meant by that.

"He was so blamed purty that he fooled me," explained Aleck; "I thought skunks was ugly things—wonder if we stink of—Hello! I find—" and he made a dart for the rail.

"What you got, Aleck?" asked Brownie.

"Somethin' fell off the engine, I guess."

It was a fog signal he had detached from the rail, and none of the boys had ever seen one, never heard of one even.

"Looks like a box of black'nin'," hazarded Teddy, examining it critically—"Get out, you beast!" and he reached for a stone; for Tige, seeing the conference on, had sneaked up to the boys.

"P'raps it's a tin of somethin' to eat," Tootie suggested; "an' dropped from the train—might be sardines. See if it opens, Aleck."

Aleck tried it, but if it contained fish or pickles, or something to eat, it was hermetically sealed.

"Wonder what the tangly legs is for?" queried Tootie—"p'raps them's for openin' it."

"Say, fellers," cried Aleck exultantly, "won't it make a jim-dandy wrist watch?" He stuck the explosive torpedo on his wrist, bending the leaden lugs about his arm.

"Come on, fellers," pleaded Ted, "let's try an' get away from that stinky dog; b'lieve I'm feelin' sort a sick."

As they came to the White Bridge, where they should have turned off to the village, the boys saw a great crowd of people at the railway station, half a mile beyond.

"Say, fellers!" cried Cyril, "bet you there's been another smash-up—let's go an' see."

Cyril's explanation of the crowd was more logical than appears, for there was a junction at the station, and for some unknown reason accidents were happening at that point with alarming frequency.

The suggestion was acted upon at once. The boys continued along the high embankment to the station with its concourse of men—so did Tige. In fact, the new excitement lending speed to their little limbs, they went so fast that the dog with his evil perfume was forgotten.

The wreck of a freight train had taken place shortly before, and the fog signal that Aleck had found, and that was even then strapped beneath his sleeve, had been attached to the rail as an auxiliary to the semaphore in warning trains, for it was a fierce down grade from above the White Bridge to Tona station.

A hard-headed freight engine patiently waiting on a sidetrack for the right of way had been rudely butted out of all semblance to a thing of use by a brother hauler of heavy cars. Huge iron wheels were everywhere; because of their fierce velocity they had scurried here and there, carrying disrupted trucks and broken axles with them. It was a wreck of intense interest, inducing unlimited calculation as to how this got there and how that was not there at all. A hundred hogs lay as silent as though they had never been hungry in their lives, and a thousand dozen eggs had festooned, like lurid yellow paint, the acre of debris.

It was a chance for youthful enthusiasm. Curiosity might have been sustained at boiling pitch for hours—if it had not been for Tige; not even a headlong collision could subdue the obduracy of his obnoxious presence. Driven from one boy he took refuge with another, until finally the whole party of huntsmen were outbacked with expressions of disapprobation.

## In • Dust • Of • Yesterday



By Theodosia Garrison

THERE was a certain man in London town  
What time the second Henry held the throne—  
Gilbert a Becket (father of that one)  
Who afterward set England in a flame).  
Who turned true knight to cast the heathen down  
And win Jerusalem in Christ's fair name.

He, in that land of blood and sand and heat,  
Was taken captive by a Saracen;—  
A noble lord withal, with justice meet,  
Who had one daughter; and the Christian knight  
Was young and strong, and she was dusk and sweet,  
And these two laughed and loved in Fate's despite.

Then came a day—when, even by her hand,  
He broke the bonds that held him, and straightway  
Took ship and sailed again to his own land.  
Though his heart yearned for her he left behind,  
Yet home and freedom, like a king's command,  
Brought him a homing eagle to his kind.

Yet all day long his heart was full of her,  
And all day long he mourned in London town,  
A sorer man than ever prisoner.  
And one year and another year dragged by,  
Winter and Spring and Summer, sweet as myrrh,  
Yet ever sad he walked with memory.

See then (so ran the tale), how great a thing  
Is love; for this sweet lady, on a day,  
Stole from her father's house, and perishing, [shore,  
Spent, famished, reached at last the sea's wide  
And thence the English ships, for gaud and ring,  
Bore her to England for that grief she wore.

And when at last the storm-swept voyage was through,  
Alone she made her way to London town.  
"London" and "Gilbert," these two names she knew,  
And through the city streets all day she wore,  
Crying his name. Oh, pitiful and true,  
"Gilbert" and "Gilbert," and save this no more.

And to the wondering crowd she gave no heed;  
Naught to their churlishness or courtesies;  
Only her heart went crying for her need.  
And lo! her voice above the city's drone  
Reached one who, careless now of knightly deed,  
Mused in his dismal chamber, all alone.

And straight (the story runs) one cry he gave,  
And hoping, fearing, praying, gained her side,  
And swept the people back as some great wave;  
And as she fell, half fainting, at his feet,  
Through his man's tears at loyalty so brave,  
He raised and kissed her in the London street.

instant the summer air was sprayed with a noxious gas that threatened to asphyxiate the five huntsmen. The rabbit, the groundhog, the coon, had materialized into a skunk—an aggravated skunk.

The boys fled indiscriminately, blindly; head-first over logs, pell-mell against branches with their bare faces—fled, seeking a purer atmosphere.

Tige, the agent of their misfortune, rolled on the earth in agony; then tottering to his feet, scrambled after the boys. Even Pat shed his dignity and raced beside the evil-smelling outcast. In fact, he had not escaped contamination himself; for the prospects of a scrap had thrown him off his guard, and as the smaller dog rushed at the skunk, he had closed in only to affiliate in a receptive way.

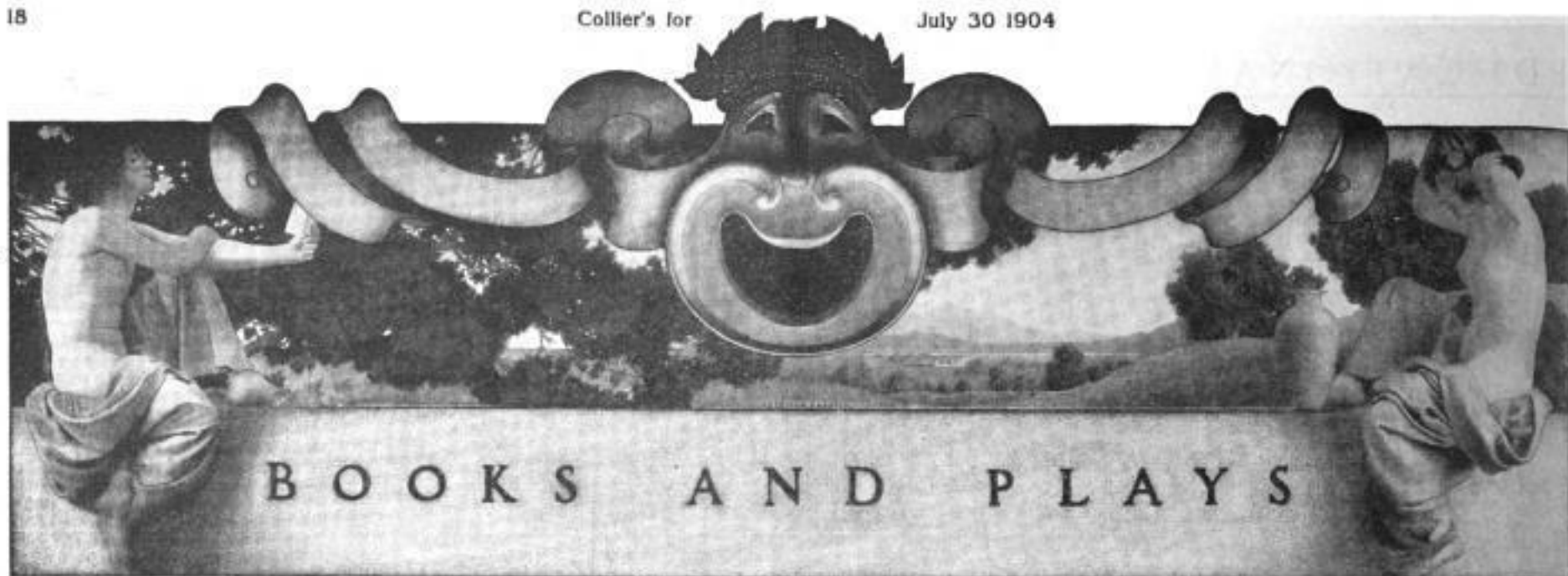
The boys, soon pumped from running, were forced to make a stand, warding off the two dogs with sticks. Jimmie was coughing. "I near choked," he lamented. "Why didn't you say it was a skunk, Brownie, and I'd 'a' run?"

"Wonder if we stink of it?" asked Aleck. "We'll hev to bury our clothes if we do."

"It's the blame dogs stinks," declared Ted; "let's drive 'em home—we can't shoot no more rabbits to-day anyway."

This was possible with Pat. He was thoroughly disgusted with the hunt, and when a stick from Brownie's





HEADPIECE BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

PORTRAITS BY KERNON COE

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

## An Argument with Congress

THIS month's topics illustrate felicitously the need of a phrasing more suited to an elastic view of all the arts, since the aesthetic happenings which have interested me most, in the thirty days from which I take this sediment, are neither in books nor in plays, but in the so-called plastic arts. The editorial policy of COLLIER'S has been venomously attacked in newspapers for its bearing on national protection and encouragement of art; for many editors share the aesthetic emotions of Uncle Joe Cannon and think the ordinary man, especially if he is a deserving friend in need, a much better person to represent the nation in the realm of beauty than any distinguished painter, architect, or sculptor. Many plain and very honest souls, especially in the more newly settled regions, look upon the more refined and gifted artists much as, socially, they regard people who wear frockcoats or stovepipe hats. They regard a claim to see things in art which are invisible to them as a sort of snobbery, just as the House and its Speaker do.

The American School of Architecture in Rome was founded in 1894 by a number of artists who had been engaged together upon the World's Fair at Chicago. In 1897 sculpture and painting were included, and the name was changed to the American Academy in Rome. This is the body to which Uncle Joe refused to allow incorporation, after the Senate had acted favorably, for fear it might some time ask for money. Mr. Cannon expressed contempt for young fellows who go to Europe anyway. Mr. Cannon is a giant, like Goliath of old, and like him a Philistine. Art in this country is still as weak comparatively as David, although the persons who wished to be incorporated in the District of Columbia included many persons of standing and judgment. Of the names on the list the following comprise about one-half: Edwin A. Abbey, Charles Francis Adams, James W. Alexander, James B. Angell, Glenn Brown, Edwin H. Blashfield, Daniel H. Burnham, Nicholas Murray Butler, John L. Cadwallader, Charles W. Eliot, Marshall Field, Daniel Chester French, Lyman J. Gage, Richard Watson Gilder, Daniel Coit Gilman, Arthur P. Gorman, Arthur T. Hadley, John Hay, Thomas Hastings, Henry L. Higginson, Charles L. Hutchinson, John La Farge, George B. McClellan, Charles F. McKim, William C. McMillan, Frederic Macmonnies, William Rutherford Mead, Francis D. Millet, S. Weir Mitchell, Charles Moore, J. Pierpont Morgan, H. Siddons Mowbray, Francis G. Newlands, Frederick Law Olmstead, Jr., Francis L. Patton, Robert Swain

Peabody, George B. Post, Herbert Putnam, Frederick W. Rhineland, Elihu Root, F. Augustus Schermerhorn, Carl Schurz, James Stillman, Waldo Story, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, John Q. A. Ward, George Peabody Wetmore, Henry White, Stanford White, and Egerton L. Winthrop. It is a varied list—politicians, sculptors, architects, painters, college presidents, and business men—but it can't fool your Uncle Joseph.

As this contest may be renewed when Congress meets again, it is well for the people to understand the objects for which the American Academy exists. Its ultimate purpose is not special opportunity for a few, but rather the raising of the whole art standard of the country. The Academy argues that, as the great national competition in France for the grand prix de Rome has made the École des Beaux Arts in Paris the first art school of the world, so will the national competitions instituted by the American Academy increase the efficiency of the universities and art schools in our country.

Students of art in every part of the country will demand an education and training that will fit them to compete, not alone with the graduates of American art schools, but also with those of their countrymen who have been trained in the École des Beaux Arts and other foreign schools.

The United States (according to the official argument which I am mixing up with my own), with its great resources, offers unrivaled opportunities to its artists. The best work will be demanded and will be appreciated.

At Chicago, in 1893, and later at Buffalo, the builders of these exhibitions were guided in their work, not by the passing tastes and fancies of the period, but by the principles of art common to all ages. Their work was appreciated and admired, and regret was universal that it could not be perpetuated. Unhappily the idea of size has played too large a part at St. Louis, and the architectural standard is not what it ought to be.

The country is now engaged in building in marble, at its capital, a city that will be filled with monuments far exceeding in grandeur and beauty the perishable ones of St. Louis, Chicago, and Buffalo. The work was begun—and well begun—by the founders of the Government, Washington, Jefferson, and their fellow-statesmen. They believed that they were laying the foundations of the "Capital City of a nation that should be as great and as enduring as Rome." They took as models those works of antiquity that had stood the test of time. They believed they had no right to use the resources of the nation to inflict upon posterity their personal idiosyncrasies or the fashions of the moment. Jefferson lived in the hope that a day would come when the capital would be finished in a style "worthy of the first temple dedicated to the sovereignty of the people, embellishing with Athenian taste the course of a nation looking far beyond the range of Athenian destinies." In another department this newspaper has already regretted that Mr. Roosevelt has not stood firmly upon the ground taken by Washington, Jefferson, and many of their successors. Perhaps in his next Administration he will add to his excellent record by doing what he can for taste and permanent beauty against Uncle Joe and his host of Philistine warriors.

## American Architecture Assailed

AN ARCHITECT of Washington, who is secretary of the International Society of State and Municipal Building Commissioners and Inspectors, writes as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR—The proverb, adage, or whatever it is that says, 'The prayers of the evil avail not,' or words to that effect, may, I suppose, be paraphrased into 'The praise of the insignificant doesn't count.' Nevertheless, and notwithstanding, I wish to vigorously applaud and highly commend your editorial in COLLIER'S about Senator Clark's monstrosity on Fifth Avenue.

"Whenever the weekly or the daily press, the popular press, says anything in any way connected with matters of architectural taste, it is usually as a result of some discussion by experts or comments upon what has already appeared in the technical press, but to have a really good 'jacking-up' administered upon such a subject by a journal of the character of yours, as an initiatory movement and emanating from no other source, is so refreshingly novel that it calls for more than passing notice.

"Public attention is too seldom directed to this kind of matter. Editors rail at political shortcomings, wisely direct public attention to matters of finance, religion, what-not,

but things purely artistic are, I am afraid, usually considered beneath the notice of those who sit upon the editorial thrones, the really mighty ones of the earth. Yet there are few things that have as potent an influence upon our actions, our mode of thinking, our ways of doing as this very matter of architectural taste. It is not generally so recognized, but the architecture of our cities is about as good a barometer of our education, our ideas, our rank in the classes of civilization, as there is; nay, it has a most potent influence upon those very things, and is not only an index of where we stand, but actually goes very far toward putting us in that particular place and condition.

"Senator Clark, however, is not the only sinner in this respect. In our residences, our public buildings, all our architecture, may be noted a most deplorable decadence, a tawdriness, a mere display of great wealth, but of true artistic skill and dignity we are putting forth mighty little these days.

"Note in our St. Louis Exposition, for instance. They had more money and a better opportunity to make an artistic display in their buildings than was given the architects at Chicago in 1893; the results indicate, in most places, that the work was done by adolescents, while in that other grand



Maxfield Parrish

exposition it bore the marks of the handiwork of masters. We need a very severe shaking up, and that COLLIER'S has started the ball rolling is a presage that now the lesser lights may follow suit, and in the end result in some salutary effect. Very truly yours,

F. W. FITZPATRICK.

I think that Mr. Fitzpatrick overstates his case. Elsewhere he tries to prove that architecture is decadent in America by comparing St. Louis with Buffalo and Chicago, but an error made by the St. Louis management does not prove much about the state of architecture. That art, instead of being decadent in the United States, is progressive. Most of the men who made the buildings at Buffalo and Chicago are alive and creating something every year. "Europeans," according to Mr. Fitzpatrick, "call us a nation of engineers, not architects." Our engineering skill and originality are not a bad foundation for architecture, and I am sure that most competent judges who remember the buildings of half a century ago in this country will say that, in domestic and public architecture alike, our progress has been rapid—much greater than we have made in any other art, or than any other country has made in architecture.

## Our Sculptors also Attacked

AN American sculptor, writing in an Italian newspaper, pays the tribute to our Italian immigrants: "Generations of contact with an artistic atmosphere have developed a wonderful human feeling in all their acts. So touching is this quality that one is at a loss to realize that the Italian emigrant is a grown-up man. But look deeper, and one finds a great philosophical truth; what seems ease and indolence on their



Augustus Saint-Gaudens



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part is sound sense, the conservation of energy. They take time to eat, time to enjoy, time to rest, and time to be kind to each other as a general rule. This example is of value to Americans who have never lived under favorable climatic influences or been surrounded by beautiful, intellectual ideals in art.

How does Mr. Elwell explain the horrors of contemporary art in Italy? Why compare America to-day with Italy in a great age of art? Compare us in sculpture, painting, or architecture, with what Italy is doing to-day, and the decision must favor us. Indeed, taking the plastic arts together, we stand second to France. The Italian sculptor Biondi has attacked our sculpture viciously, because we rejected his Saturnalia, not from prudishness but from taste. Biondi, in the rage of injured egotism, says we have but four sculptors. Saint-Gaudens is not only the foremost sculptor in this country, but he divides opinion with Rodin for first place in the world, so it is not superlatively generous for Biondi to admit him. Macmonnies also comes in as a matter of course. Borghum is admitted; and, judging from what little he has theretofore done, American sculptors would support Biondi's favorable opinion. The fourth is Mr. Elwell, who is admitted merely as Biondi's friend and supporter. We might not count our first two sculptors, Saint-Gaudens and Macmonnies, and yet, with French, Ward, Adams, and Barnard, take a place ahead of contemporary Italy. Biondi's ability as a critic may be judged by his opinion that, compared with Sargent's frescoes at Boston, his best portraits are on an inferior plane.

### Next Year's Drama

THE outlook for our theatres in 1904-5 is promising. Mr. Bryan's "Commoner," which is a very moral paper, upholds the following ideal: "The so-called 'problem plays' succeed for a time, but are soon forgotten, while plays that breathe high morals and deal with life in its virtuous phases survive season after season. Has any one of Clyde Fitch's inane 'dramas' dealing with



"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,  
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread, and Thou  
Beside me, singing in the Wilderness,  
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow."

subjects tabooed in Christian homes survived more than one or two seasons? Has any one of the 'sex' dramas ever rounded out three or four successful seasons? Not one of them. But dramas that breathe love and virtue—plays like "Shore Acres" and "The Old Homestead"—plays that touch the heart's tenderest emotions, like "Rip Van Winkle"—live year after year and never lose their charm.

Mr. Bryan, or some associate, does not seem quite to exhaust the subject when he treats the theatre as a branch of ethics. Singularly enough the text for the "Commoner's" moralizing was some remarks made by Frederick Warde, who failed during the past season to make money out of Shakespeare. Nat Goodwin also failed, in the "Midsummer-Night's Dream." But so many succeeded that next year promises an epidemic of the poet. Edward Sothorn and Julia Marlowe will play him entirely for three seasons, and Mr. Sothorn declares that he will never again play any one else. He is bored by success in current plays where no great standards urge him upward. Ada Rehan plays Shakespeare next year. Viola Allen plays "The Winter's Tale," and plenty more Shakespeare will crop up when this season opens.

A reader offers me \$25 to write five hundred words in praise of Ibsen. As that great dramatist will have a prominent place next season in the repertory of Mrs. Fiske's stock company at the Manhattan Theatre, the turning of these twenty-five hundred honest pennies is postponed until the autumn.

### The Title of This Department

THE several hundred titles suggested for this department have given food for thought, and later said thought will be revealed. A few readers have asked what stanza Mr. Parrish had in mind when he made his headpiece. At the risk of offending the literary, who know already, we repeat the familiar lines, from Fitzgerald's "Omar," under the illustration in this column.

## EDUCATIONAL



AGASSIZ BOYS ON SKIS GOING TO WINTER CAMP

toward health, self-reliance and manliness. The school is in the cool, breezing pine forest and deciduous fruit belt, 5000 feet above sea level. The school prepares for the best colleges and universities. The five teachers take a personal interest in the welfare of each boy. The life at the school is distinctly a home life. The number of boys accommodated is fifteen. Each must be recommended. Each has a separate bedroom, although the boys sleep out-of-doors most of the year. Invalids will not be taken, though boys of not robust health have been much benefited by the climate and the life at the school. On holidays they go on camping, hunting and natural history trips. They have explored the Ganyons of the Colorado to the Gulf, they have hunted in Mexico, and have visited the high Sierras in the deep snows of winter. The fifth year opens Sept. 15th, 1904. Catalogue and photographs on request. The Headmaster, William W. Price, M.A., will be in St. Louis in August. Address, California Building. One of the Masters, Harry I. Cross, B.S., July and August, at Saybrook, Conn., will meet parents or pupils.

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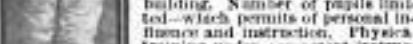
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### PAUL KRÜGER

Late President of the Transvaal Republic

Died July 14, 1904

A RATHER grim and in some ways grotesque but for all that genuinely great figure has disappeared from the world's stage with the passing of Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, ex-President of the South African Republic and known to friend and foe as "Oom Paul." He had lived seventy-nine years. Death was declared to be due to senile pneumonia. It could no longer be the occasion for more than passing regret. But many a super, playing a nameless part in life's drama, while gloating over the triumphs of the star actors may have felt rather sorry that the Stage Manager who regulates all entries and exits did not make so much of a concession to what from his limited viewpoint seemed "the eternal fitness of things" as to let the "Great Old Man of Africa" die in his own Pretoria before that October day in 1900 when the final annexation of the Republic to the British Empire was proclaimed. Yet Mr. Kruger's career ought to satisfy the most ardent lover of the sensational dramatic, even though its last scene be laid in the little Swiss town of Clarens, thousands of miles away from the "veldt," from the scenes of his struggles and victories, and from the grave of his beloved life-companion—the homely, frugal, gold-hearted "Tante Sanna." The tragedy of his later life would fit an Aeschylean drama. His fate was conditioned by the very qualities that had carried him to leadership and greatness. His last battle was lost because it was fought not against men but against the growing force of a new spirit. Of this spirit he recognized and took into account only the most sordid manifestations. Thus his defeat was made more certain.

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and policy of his compatriots, which, in an unlettered community, fulfilled every essential of education. For the post of law-maker to the Uitlander population, he was unsuited by reason of a national prejudice which had been intensified by the accidents of his career; by reason of a sensitiveness which became sullen opposition under the lash of hostile criticism; and by reason of a profound ignorance of the political conditions which obtain in all progressive communities." He was intensely, although narrowly, religious, and the Bible was once said to be his political handbook as well as spiritual guide. This and the patriarchal simplicity of his home life, even after he had become President and the cynosure of the civilized world, helped to make him popular in this country; and he did not become less so on account of the spirit which prompted him to answer a delegation of Uitlanders that happened to employ the word "insist" several times: "What's the sense of insisting?—I have the guns." His decline began the day he left Pretoria for Europe, but neither exile nor age and sorrow could rob him of his peculiar inborn dignity. This is the impression he made on an admiring lady who was granted an interview at The Hague in 1901: "Uncouth of feature, deaf, half blind, ungainly of body, cursed by all the conscious awkwardness of the uncultured, ineloquent, stumbling in harsh gutturals through a bastard 'taal', his personality, his ego, triumphs over the commonplace flesh, the slopshop clothes and the offending spittoon at his side." The English Government has granted him a last resting-place in African soil by the side of his wife's grave.



## TALES OF THE DAY

Tolling the Meal

THE cloak rooms of the Capitol, the smoking parlors of the Senate and House, are the clearing house for the yarns gathered by the solons in their peregrinations through the country. During a lull in the exchange of campaign reminiscences a story was told of Yankee thrift up among the mountains of Vermont. In the little hamlet of Tunbridge, a sturdy settler that nestles between granite-ribbed hills in Orange County, dwell some twelve hundred intelligent, God-fearing citizens who give measure for measure and ask odds of no one. But down at the fork of the roads in the village is an old grist-mill, and up on the hillside the tillers of the soil protested that the miller, one Cushman by name, exacted more grist as his commission than tradition allowed. Instead of taking cash, millers commonly retain a portion of the cornmeal or other grist as their payment. Now Cushman had three sons who helped in the mill. When a farmer backed up to the antiquated structure, left his corn, posted off to the village store, and an hour later returned to the mill for his meal, the miller, so the story goes, paused in his work, and shouted to his son, Azel:

"Azel, did you toll that meal?"  
"Yes, father," answered the youth.  
The miller proposed to take no chances on losing his commission, and concluded that his son might be mistaken. He called to his second son:

"Eph," he called out, "how about that meal? Did you toll it?"  
"Yes, father, I attended to it."  
The farmer tapped his boot against the whistock while he wondered how many more times the same grist would have to yield the miller's commission. The miller was not yet satisfied, and sought final proof that his interests had been guarded. He thought of his third son. "Joe," he called out, "did you toll that meal?"

Once more the son interpreted the father's mind from afar off and answered: "Yes, father, I tolled that meal."  
The miller was about to throw the meal-bag into the wagon, but suddenly paused. "Well," he ejaculated, as he turned to his eldest son, "you're all such pesky liars I'm dinged if I don't toll it myself to make sure." And, suiting the action to the words, the miller himself extracted the commission that the farmers say had been exacted thrice before.

Gossip after Church

THAT phase of Southern politics known as the "Lily White" sentiment breeds some interesting and amusing incidents. The Lily Whites would relegate the negro elective franchise and negro office-holding to the rear of the caravan. Colonel Youngblood, who represents on the Republican National Committee the fifty-two thousand odd square miles of terra firma that constitute the State of Alabama, is a foremost exponent of the Lily White movement, and tells a story in this connection.

There was a minister walking along the streets of Birmingham one day, when he espied a pickaninny sitting on the curbstone. "What are you doing?" he queried of the boy.  
"Jus' waitin' ter do sumfin or go somewhere, sah."  
"What's your name?"  
"Sam, sah."  
"Waiting to run errands, eh?"  
"Yes, sah. Ah kin run anywhar fo' yo'—fetch anythin' fo' yo' fo' a nickel."  
"Ever go to church, Sam?"  
"Yes, sah, Ah goes to Sunday."

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school, and Ah goes to church, too, sometimes."

"What do they do there?" asked the preacher curiously, sceptical of the boy's veracity.

"Oh, they jus' talks 'ligion in th' church and a-goin' an' comin'."

"Is that all they talk about?"

"Yes, sah, jus' talks 'ligion."

"But what do these church people do during the week?"

"Huh! 'Ceptin' at church them folks don't talk 'bout nuffin else but some ol' Miss Lillian White, sah!"

#### Guarded in his Language

THE minority leader of the House, Representative John Sharp Williams, tells a story about the "fix" of his old friend "Uncle Marlin Stubblefield," of his district. The story was designed to illustrate the cautious reproach administered to Congress by Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow, because of the undue influence of statesmen in the machinery of the departments. One day, quoth Williams, "Uncle Marlin" spoke of a certain family of people up in the northern part of the county as being fellows with tusks, a family that "rooted in the ground," ate acorns, wore no clothes and "warn't no folks, sah." Soon after that a "great, big, strapping" son of the head of the family put in an appearance with two six-shooters. "I understand, sir," he said to Uncle Marlin, "that you have said my father was a hog." The old man measured up the six-shooters, sized up the fellow who had accosted him, and concluded to shift his language a bit. Then Uncle Marlin replied: "Whoever told you that is a liar. All I said was this: 'That your father had tusks, that he rooted in the ground, that he didn't wear no clothes, and that he warn't no folks.' Now you can make the most of that, if you choose, but I'll swear I never said he was a hog."

"Now," added Williams, "Mr. Bristow has given you all the descriptions of a hog, by which descriptions every man would know a hog if he saw him, but he declines to say *in hac verba* that you really are hogs."

#### A Just Rebuke

AT a dinner at "The Lambs" one evening there was an Englishman—one of the funny paper type. He believed everything he heard, and laughed heartily when the rest of the company did, although it was perfectly evident that he had not caught the least bit of the joke. At this dinner also was an actor who is quite as well known for his caustic and relentless tongue as he is for his excellent histrionic ability. Quickly realizing that the English guest was a capital target for his wit, he began telling him absurd things of America and the Americans, and incidentally getting off subtle little gibes, which at first were amusing to the crowd. But it was not long until the actor had gone too far, and instead of thinking him entertaining, the other men began to feel that he was lacking in good taste and hospitality. Although made a little uncomfortable by the actor's scathing railery, no one seemed inclined to cross swords with him and put a stop to all this sort of thing. At last there was a pause, and another guest of the club, a Westerner, took it upon himself to speak.

"I don't know how you feel about things in New York," he said, addressing the actor in deliberate tones, "but in my part of the country it is considered most unsportsmanlike to shoot mackerel in a barrel!"

#### Establishing His Identity

AN experience once befell Representative Holliday of Indiana which illustrated the amusing side of speechmaking in sections of Congressional districts remote from the usual haunts of the candidate for political preferment. He had been scheduled as the leading speaker at a political meeting in a backwoods town of Indiana. He found the affair in charge of zealots of his party with whom he was not acquainted.

A native who knew more about the quick application of handcuffs to county prisoners than of playing the rôle of chairman, presided over the gathering.

"I guess," drawled this functionary, "that we will hear from the Congressman first. Is he here?"

Holliday climbed on the platform and bowed to the presiding officer.

"Are you the Congressman?" asked the chairman dubiously.

"Yes," answered Holliday.

"Well, by gosh you don't look like it, but I guess you are."

Holliday paused, but only for a minute. Then he rallied and delivered a brilliant address, which appealed to the critical audience of strangers. When he finished, the chairman no longer doubted the speaker's identity and the latter had "made good" with the town.

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X. Seek, and carefully keep up, an alliance with Austria; acquiesce, apparently, in her ideas of dominating over Germany; at the same time clandestinely exciting against her the jealousy of the neighboring provinces. Endeavor that the aid of Russia should be called for by one and the other, so that, by exercising a kind of guardianship over the country, you prepare a way for governing hereafter.

XI. Give the House of Austria an interest for joining in banishing the Turks from Europe; defraud her of her share of the booty, at the conquest of Constantinople, either by raising a war for her with the ancient states of Europe, or by giving her a position, which you will take back at a future period.

XII. Attach to yourselves, and assemble around you, all the united Greeks, as also the disunited or schismatic, which are scattered either in Hungary, Turkey, or the south of Poland. Make yourselves their centres, their chief support, and lay the foundation for universal supremacy by establishing a kind of royalty or sacerdotal government. The Slavonic Greeks will be so many friends that you will have scattered among your enemies.

XIII. Sweden severed, Persia and Turkey conquered, Poland subjugated, our armies reunited, the Black and the Baltic seas guarded by our vessels, you must make propositions separately and discreetly, first to the court of Versailles, then to that of Vienna, to share with them the empire of the universe. If one of them accept—and it can not be otherwise, so as you flatter their pride and ambition—make use of it to crush the other; then crush, in its turn, the surviving one, by engaging with it in a death-struggle, the issue of which can not be doubtful, Russia possessing already all the east and a great part of Europe!

XIV. If—which is not likely—both refuse the propositions of Russia, you must manage to raise quarrels for them, and make them exhaust one another; then, profiting by a decisive moment, Russia will bring down her assembled troops on Germany; at the same time two considerable fleets will set out—the one from the Sea of Azov, the other from the port of Archangel—loaded with Asiatic hordes, under the convoy of the armed fleets from the Black Sea and the Baltic. Advancing by the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Ocean, they will invade France on one side, while Germany will already have been invaded on the other. These countries conquered, the rest of Europe will easily pass under the yoke, without striking a single blow.

XV. Thus Europe can and ought to be subdued.

PETER I.

Autocrat of All the Russia.

The world at large first heard of this document in 1811, when it was included by the French historian Lesur in a work meant to point out the danger of Russia's increasing power. It stirred up a great sensation, not on account of its world-embracing plans, which in those days still were regarded as chimerical, or its derivation from Peter the Great, real or supposed, but because it was at once said to have sprung from the pen of Napoleon, who meant it to serve as a justification of his impending attack on the Czarism. The disputes that followed, the arguments for and against—on internal and external evidence—may be passed over at this time, when it has been established beyond reasonable doubt how the document became known outside of the private archives of the Russian rulers.

#### The Finding of the Document

Among the secret agents despatched by Louis XV of France to various courts, who communicated their discoveries only to the king himself and to his foreign minister, Abbé de Bernis, was the Chevalier D'Eon de Beaumont, a handsome young jurist, whose almost feminine gracefulness of appearance is said to have enabled him to pursue his innumerable love affairs under the protecting guise of female attire. He went to St. Petersburg in 1756 or 1757, really as a sort of high-class spy, but ostensibly for the purpose of gathering material for the history of Peter the Great, which Voltaire had contracted to write for Catherine I at a price of 50,000 francs. Chevalier D'Eon, as he is generally called, became a great favorite with the Dowager Empress, and was granted unrestricted admission to the Imperial archives. While at work in the most secret part of these—the private archives of the Czarina at Peterhof—he ran across a series of pencil notes, which comparisons with other documents proved to be in the handwriting of the late Czar. Realizing the immense audacity and the world-wide importance of the scheme outlined in those notes, D'Eon took a verbatim copy of them, heading it: "Plan to Secure Russian Supremacy in Europe." This copy he forwarded with greatest possible speed to Abbé de Bernis. Reference to its receipt at the Department of Foreign Affairs is made by Count de Choiseul in a letter to D'Eon dated 1770. This seems to dispose once for all of the reported Napoleonic authorship. But the French Government failed to see

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the document in the same light as their secret agent. It is to be feared that the French king and his minister laughed at it as a fine piece of rodomontade. D'Eon wrote urgent but vain letters to several of the leading men at court, trying to convince them of the folly of their diffidence, and particularly to warn them of Russia's plans against Poland. In 1778 he complained that not a single step had resulted from his warnings. He was then able to point back to the first partition of Poland in 1772 and the taking of the Crimea from Turkey as proofs that the policy outlined in the "will" was gradually being carried out.

Poor D'Eon later went to London as secretary to the French Legation, cut a very wide swath in the English world of fashion, added considerably to his Don Juanic reputation, and was finally caught masquerading in female dress again while following up an intrigue said to have for its other party a member of the royal family of England. Then he was recalled in disgrace, and the report has it that his punishment took the form of an order to continue his pose as a member of the other sex for the rest of his life. He died in 1810, and the likelihood is that the finding of a duplicate copy of the "will" among his papers led to the publication of the document by Lesur. Ever since that day Russian historians have denied its authenticity, while savants of other nationalities have come to agree on it.

And the fact remains indisputable that a large number of the encroachments foreshadowed in the "will" have since been carried out, while the checkmating of others, still more far-reaching, has helped to blanch the heads and shorten the lives of European statesmen. There was only one future event which even the prophetic mind of Peter the Great could not foretell in order to take it into account. It proved the one event likely to upset the further materialization of Russia's Titanic conspiracy—it was the birth of the great North American Republic.



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## UNCLE SAM,—NURSEMAID



By WALLACE IRWIN

**URGED** by motives nowise harmful—Beneficial, if you will—Uncle Samuel's got an armful Of republics infantile Uncle hates their constant riot, But he has the knowledge grim That he's got to keep 'em quiet, For they all depend on him. So he sings in accents gritty This enthusiastic ditty:

"Bye-low, Cuba, mind your Pa!  
Bye-bye, baby Panama!  
Quit your scrappin',  
Fall to nappin',  
I'm your Uncle—there you are.  
Never mind the naughty gringo—  
Hush-a-bye, there—sh-h-h—by jingo,  
What's the matter, San Domingo?"

Added to your Uncle's worry Come from many a tropic zone Fledglings revolutionary Which he has to call his own. Kith, by right of war related, Uncle tries to keep them good, Since they've been assimilated In the Nation's sisterhood. Still his tone is rather peevish As he rocks his foundlings thievish:

"Bye-bye, Jolo, Luzon, Guam,  
Porto Rico—please be calm!  
Bye-low, Sulu,  
Honolulu,  
Don't be scared, you're free from harm.  
I can't talk your heathen lingo,  
But I'll do my best—by jingo,  
Stop that fightin', San Domingo!"

Uncle's troubles are prolific. Since his first paternal thought Every brat of the Pacific Flies to him—or else is brought. Kids with names beyond pronouncing Cling to him and prattle for Just one good, old-fashioned trouncing—Then they're his for evermore. Weighed by more than he can trundle, Uncle lifts the white man's bundle.

"Bye-low, bye, my Tagalese,  
Chino baby and Bornese.  
Drop those Mausers—  
Here are trousers  
Which you'll wear, if you would please.  
Speak the lingo of the gringo—  
Say, I'll wring your neck, by jingo,  
You young nuisance, San Domingo!"



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## NEW YORK CENTRAL'S GRAND CENTRAL STATION, CENTER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK



# COLLIER'S

AUGUST FICTION NUMBER



## THE NOTIFICATION OF THE PRESIDENT AT SAGAMORE HILL

Among those grouped about the President are many of the men most prominent in the councils of the Republican party. Governor Odell of New York stands at the President's left, and Cornelius N. Bliss at his right. Next to Mr. Bliss is George B. Cortelyou, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, and next to Governor Odell is ex-Governor Black, who made the speech nominating Theodore Roosevelt at the Republican Convention. Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives, who made the address of notification, stands just behind Mr. Bliss. The ceremony took place on

July 27, on the veranda of the President's home at Oyster Bay. The guests were grouped about or looking on from the lawn. The scene was quiet, homelike, and informal, and there was no demonstration from the delegates present except a little polite handclapping. After the ceremony an informal luncheon was served, the President's younger children and their young cousins passing the good things round; then everybody shook hands with the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. The Notification Committee was composed of a representative from each one of the States and Territories





**M**R. DOOLEY SAYS CLEVERLY that "after all, th' gr-reat issue before th' American people nex' November will be 'Ar-re there more raypublicans thin dimmy-crats, or ar-re there not?'" The mere division into party names is always the factor of largest bearing on the outcome. A number of Eastern Democrats who bolted Mr. BRYAN twice are delighted to be relieved of the unwelcome duty of voting under an emblem which has never been wholly theirs. Democratic newspapers are glad to get back to the good old familiar phrases and ringing diatribes against the enemy and his habit of robbing the dead and poisoning wells. About Judge PARKER as a man, apart from the fact that he is a strong party Democrat, thus far little can be known. He was put upon the Bench by HILL, and has been a sensible and well-thought-of Judge. He expressed no ideas on politics until he received the nomination, when he sent his gold telegram and put the case where it would have been had HILL been victorious at St. Louis over the opposite extreme, led by BRYAN, and over the philosophic Democrats, like WILLIAMS, who wished to discuss live ideals and to stop talking about a dead currency problem. He is supposed to have voted twice for Mr. BRYAN, which makes him very "regular." He has had considerable practical political experience. When Mr. HILL was a candidate for Governor of New York State in 1885, Judge PARKER, as Chairman of the Democratic Committee, managed HILL's campaign. The twenty years that have passed since then have added to his knowledge of the ways and means of politics as practiced in the Empire State. Indeed, Judge PARKER, aided by such strategists as Mr. HILL, AUGUST BELMONT, Senator MCCARREN, and Mr. SHEEHAN, each of whom has some particular knowledge of New York politics, can make a strong fight on that important ground. The Democrats will have far more campaign money, certainly, than they had in the BRYAN campaigns. Most of the shrewdest Democratic party politicians, East and South, will work hard for Judge PARKER, whereas Mr. ROOSEVELT sees most Republican partisan leaders, as well as most financial organizers, ready to knife him if they receive a favorable opportunity. The New York "Sun" has said that a campaign between ROOSEVELT and PARKER would resemble a race between a centipede and an Edam cheese. We shall see. It will be easier to prophesy when the country knows something about Judge PARKER except the names of his political associates. At present, we are inclined to think the "Sun" exaggerated. There will probably be a fight at least close enough to keep us well awake.

**PARTY LINES** HAD MEANING between the Revolution and the Civil War. The party of JEFFERSON and the party of HAMILTON stood for different ideals of civilization; so did the party of WEBSTER and the party of CALHOUN. Since the war there have been some half-hearted differences of opinion about the tariff, a sharp currency issue, and a number of perfunctory topics of debate. Before the war a man's party was the expression of his principles. Now it is merely a name under which he exercises his pugnacity,—as a crowd of boys divide to play ball or fight. All serious men were partisans in 1859. A good minority of young intelligent men wear party trappings lightly in 1904. Such men will be ready to put on party harness again when it becomes the part of intelligence and duty, but not while the greatest difference between two factions is that one is in and the other is out. "A nation," says GOLDWIN SMITH, "which deliberately gives itself up to government by faction signs its own doom. . . . The Republican and Democratic parties in the United States are now two standing machines, waging everlasting war for the Presidency and an immense patronage. Platforms are made up when a Presidential election impends simply with a view to carrying that election." This historian habitually exaggerates; it is true, nevertheless, that intense party feeling when no great principles are represented is unhealthy. In this campaign men who are capable of thinking ought to laugh at party loyalty. Their decision ought to be made on a calculation of what has been done by Mr. ROOSEVELT as President and by his Cabinet, compared with what would be likely to be done by Judge PARKER and his Cabinet. Have Mr. ROOSEVELT, Mr. ROOT, Mr. HAY, Judge TAFT, and Mr. KNOX done as well, on the whole, for the country, as Judge PARKER and his friends would probably do, or have they not? The people ought to demand considerable evidence, during the next three months, from the party on whom lies the burden of proof.

**"IT IS NOT THE NUMBER** of a people that makes a nation great," said DISRAELI. "A great nation is a nation which produces great men." The United States of America was founded not for the purpose of producing men of genius to rival the glories of Italy, Greece, or England. It was established for an economic purpose, to give the ordinary man a more comfortable life than other systems permitted. Whether the principles of our Democracy have had anything to do with the paucity of genius in this country it is impossible to tell. We would not abandon those principles, which secure the welfare of the many, for any glory of the few. A happy nation is a nation without a history, in the old sense of history, but not in the new sense, in which history deals more with how the people live, and less with war, literature, and great names. Nevertheless, we are always eager to see men of really superior gifts brought forward, more than they have been, on the average, in American life. We should not care to go far enough to call ELIHU ROOT a great man. Nothing done by him as yet shows greatness of spirit. But he is a man of great ability, and that is something. We hope very much that he will be the Republican nominee for Governor of New York, not only because he would probably make a good Governor, but because the prominence of so able a man in our politics helps on the change from the old routine inferior brand of politician to men of larger mold. Governor ODELL and ex-Governor BLACK are types of what has made our politics depressing and unworthy. Both, after sufficient tests, have proved themselves commonplace, narrowly partisan, of cheap ideals, and slender outlook. Either would continue the disgraceful record of New York in Governors and Senators. Mr. ROOT might be expected to bring to the State the honor of as brilliant service as he gave the National Administration in his short career as Secretary of War, and, although he has stated his unwillingness to run, a really sincere demand from the "machine" might persuade him. The President wishes him, and so do the people.

**NOBODY IS REALLY SORRY**, as WALTER BAGEHOT said, when a political economist dies. For similar reasons, it is hard to find many among your friends who are excited about the tariff. Although General HANCOCK was in error when he helped defeat himself by declaring the tariff a local issue, he was not half so foolish as he was made to seem. It is, in this country, to-day, a conglomeration of particular interests. Each beneficiary gets something out of it on condition of not opposing what the others get. Hence the impossibility of tinkering with it, even to remove such a byword of absurdity as the tax on works of art. The people at large do not take a hand because they do not clearly understand financial principles. The whole subject bores them. They know that economic theories are important, but they find personalities more entertaining. If a voter sees with precision where a dollar is being taken out of his pocket to be put into the pockets of the rich, he will be angry, but it is hard to get him to think persistently about anything involving economic theory. Governor LA FOLLETTE is an educator in this respect. He is making exciting issues out of economic questions. The small parties are more likely to take up these subjects seriously than the great ones. The Prohibitionists now have a plank which favors placing the tariff question in the hands of a commission. It is not at all impossible that some aspect of these economic questions may get more notice at this election than present apathy would imply. Perhaps before November the public, subject as it is to waves of emotion, may tire of talk wholly devoted to the candidates, to large phrases about dictators or men on horseback, and turn its thoughts for a moment to the tariff and to reciprocity; or, in other words, to present laws for keeping up those high prices which give Secretary SHAW such keen delight.

**THE DISLIKE OF AMERICANS** in the Philippines for the natives has been admitted with entire frankness by so firm a believer in American rule as the present Secretary of War. Judge TAFT's mind is not of the type which supports a position by misrepresenting the facts. We agree with his position and believe his facts. What he said, as the result of his sojourn in our islands, was less extreme in tone, but not essentially different from what Lord ELGIN wrote after his experiences in India and in China: "I have seldom, from man or woman, since I came to the East, heard a sentence which was reconcilable with the hypothesis that

MR. ROOT FOR GOVERNOR

IMPORTANCE OF THE TIRESOME

AS WE SEE OTHERS





Christianity had ever come into the world. Detestation, contempt, ferocity, vengeance, whether Chinamen or Indians be the object." That was in the days when Mr. CORDEN was pleading for the Chinese, on the ground that they were "an ingenious and civilized people, who were learned when our Plantagenet Kings could not write, who had logic before ARISTOTLE, and morals before SOCRATES"; and Mr. CORDEN was listened to just about as little as anybody who takes a similar point of view will be listened to to-day. Probably it is as well that the voice of pure reason in these affairs is subordinate to instinct. It is wholesome as well as human to think ourselves the best there is. Nature knew her business when she fashioned us all like the child of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON:

"Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,  
Little frosty Esquimaux,  
Little Turk or Japanece,  
Oh, don't you wish that you were me?"

And the Japanese baby has the same feeling about the rest of us.

IT CONTINUALLY ASTONISHES the philosophic mind to see how much more the imagination is affected by the setting of a tragedy than by the actual amount of harm or suffering. MICHELET calculates that the number of men and women executed during the whole course of the French Revolution was less than one-fortieth part of the number of men killed in the battle of the Moskwa alone; yet we think of Paris as running blood for years, and we seldom think of the Moskwa at all. So the death of DE PLEHVE stands out with tragic brilliancy, even in the midst of a bloody war between his country and Japan, while thousands are slaughtered every week. It is not only because DE PLEHVE was high in influence. There was almost as much feeling aroused when a much less important official was assassinated not many weeks ago in Finland. It is partly that the mind grasps a single death, its tragedy and significance, as it can not grasp the greater illustrations of mortality. Nobody really understands war, said some old Frenchman, unless his son is at the front. Assassination we all understand. DE PLEHVE was a man of power, one of the ablest in the Russian Empire. He believed in the policy of stern repression of which he was the exponent. When Jews visited him as petitioners he gave them, before they spoke, his scathing opinions about their race, and then asked what they had come to say. Afterward, he announced that the interview was "very satisfactory."

MORALIZINGS  
ON A MURDER

He was hated by the Jews, who believed that he was the instigator of the Kishineff massacre; by the Poles, who looked upon him as a traitor to his race; by the Finns, as the author of their subjugation; by the student class, which for years he had persecuted with relentless ingenuity. Europe received the news of his death with little surprise, the assassin's crime with tacit palliation. His assassination had long been regarded as practically inevitable. But DE PLEHVE was a man who knew no such thing as fear. His honesty was as ruthless as his acts. He conciliated no one. He appealed to no human heart or soul. He conceived of nothing mightier than the sword. His great abilities were unconjoined with any ray of the milder wisdom. The ultimate effect of his death is still uncertain. Assassination, according to DISRAELI's phrase, has never changed the history of the world. It is a fine thought, but, like so many fine and great thoughts, it is not true. The Czar's weakness takes a most unattractive form in his attitude toward suppression by force. The champion of the universal peace idea writes to the new Governor of Finland that he is to "strengthen, in the minds of the Finnish people, the conviction that their historic destinies are indissolubly bound up with those of Russia," which is the Czar's way of urging a continuance of the policy which led to the assassination of DE PLEHVE and of Prince OBOLENSKY's predecessor.

TOO MUCH GOOD HUMOR under oppression has always been put down as a trait of the American public. The way we stand in cars, and hang on straps, and grant valuable privileges to corporations who give us nothing but indifference in return, has long excited the wonder of observers. Occasionally a traveler thinks this patience an admirable trait. More often, and more justly, it is deemed a weakness to be supine under oppression. The strike question, however, is rather more complicated than the case of ordinary abuse of the public by corporations or individuals. The public sees that the unions, taking their history as a whole, have uplifted and educated the laboring classes, and it does not see how they could

have accomplished so much had they not used, as an occasional weapon, the right to strike. The unions are frequently in the wrong. The corporations almost always are. That is to say, the great corporations whose troubles with their employees affect the general convenience, mostly exist in defiance of the law. As the beef trouble happened to come in summer, when we can live on spinach and stewed gooseberries, it was taken by the public with rather astonishing good humor. Every one of these grossly inconvenient strikes, however, sets people in general to thinking about ways of preventing similar annoyances, and brings nearer the day when we, the people, shall invent a scheme, in regard to the necessities of life, which shall keep both labor and capital from causing us so much annoyance. Whoever is elected President in November, we imagine his Attorney-General will welcome any real evidence of what we all believe about the Beef Trust. Those combinations which control necessities must and will be either suppressed or regulated. This is not to imply anything about the relative merits and faults of the latest among the strikes which cause general public inconvenience. It is merely to foresee a time when neither the wish nor the troubles of one small group of packers will be able to harass a whole nation.

MRS. ROBERT FITZSIMMONS REPLIES to the newspapers who are continually censuring her presence near the ring of which her husband is so notable an adornment. She replies, in no uncertain voice, that she is a woman of refinement, and that, nevertheless, she contemplates beholding a series of fistic arguments in the future. The dignity of prize-fighting is involved with her husband's glory, and any true wife might say what Mrs. BOB has said: "Is it any more brutal than football? Is it any more demoralizing than the race-track, where I see every time I attend the races groups of women who they tell me are from New York's best society?" This line of thought is plausible, but it seems necessary for us to split a hair or two before we can honorably let the subject drop. The bad side of sports is not to be judged alone. We must consider their relative merits also. Fighting, as a fact, is far more brutal than football, but even more important is the fact that football has great beauty, and that people who go to see it enjoy the sunshine and the open air, the crowds of pretty girls, the varied movements of young and healthy youth, and deplore whatever incidental mere violence may intrude. The central interest of prize-fighting is violent injury. As to racing, it is so honeycombed with gambling, and gambling is so demoralizing a kind of dissipation, that, in spite of its many interests of a worthy kind, racing as a whole is fairly open to the repartee of Mrs. ROBERT FITZSIMMONS.

BRUTALITY

HENRY JAMES, WHO VISITS US SOON, has used as one of his constant literary ideas the great advantage to an artist of freedom from domestic incumbrance. Mr. JAMES has spent his adult life abroad, and we hope his experiences in America will make him accept the national conviction that a wife is good for almost any man, be he poet, gardener, or electrical engineer, President, or beeler in a ward. Of course, it ought to be the right wife for the poet, as for the electrical engineer. BROWNING had one whom he liked, and BYRON one whom he did not. One wrote optimism and the other pessimism. Mr. JAMES has no wife at all. BACON said that the man who had wife and children gave hostages to fortune. True, but he also gives hostages to exertion. The responsibility may crush a genius occasionally, although it is open to doubt. It certainly causes the average man of art or letters to magnify less his own caprices, desires, and sorrows, and devote himself more consistently to large, impersonal themes. It is, like most incitements, a matter of degree. To be overloaded with practical necessities is as bad as to "feel the weight of chance desires." Even BACON, who leans in the opposite direction, admits that wives and children are a "discipline to humanity." In Mr. JAMES's stories these incumbrances cause an artist to work for the world. Such a course, which is an error sometimes, is nine times out of ten better than fussing forever with idiosyncrasies and technical refinements, which is the danger threatening the person who is entirely outside the general stream of men and their necessities. Conditions change, too, with time. There is a much less favorable place in the world for the bachelor to-day than there was in SHAKESPEARE's time, when civilization in general was on a less domestic basis.

ARTISTS'  
WIVES

AS TO BEEF





# THE LADIES OF THE GOLDEN SCREENS

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Collier's Special War Correspondent in Japan

Mr. Davis, who with several score other foreign war correspondents has been waiting for five months upon the pleasure of the Japanese Government in Tokio, has finally departed for the front. He left Japan with what was denoted "the second column," on July 25, cabling us to this effect from Nagasaki on that date. While he was not permitted to state his destination or that of the army corps to which he is attached, we have every reason to believe that he will be present at the final operations about Port Arthur. The present article is therefore the last of the series of descriptive papers written by Mr. Davis during the wearisome period of "Marking Time in Tokio."

THE Yoshiwara District sounded like one of those places of which the purser tells you in the smoking-room; one of the places to which tourists are led by those men who, in Paris, call themselves "guides," and in New York hotel detectives. Congreve and Wycherley gave them their proper title. It is short, sharp, and impolite.

I had seen other such showplaces: The Fish Market in Cairo, Bloodtown in Yokohama, the Gypsies' Quarter in Moscow, and our own Chinatown in our own San Francisco, and I had declared that the red lights of every city, whether they shine in the Tenderloin or in the Cow Pen of Eden, tint the same scene of squalor, of vice that repels, of stupid degradation.

But the oldest foreign resident of Tokio demurred. "You must first see the Yoshiwara," he said, "and your women folk should see it too."

So one warm June night a party of men and women left our house in a line of rickshaws, and the rickshaw boys fell into that swinging stride that tells of a long journey. Tokio is ten miles across and the Yoshiwara district is on its extreme western border. We passed the outer walls of the palace and the last of the moats. We skirted Ueno Park, now dark and deserted; we left behind us the terminus of the new trolley line. It had grown so late that the streets were empty, and the rickshaw boys no longer shouted their warnings. Honest folk were abed or seated within their houses casting black silhouettes upon the paper walls. On either hand all the tiny homes had shrunk to one story, and we knew we were entering the villages. We doubted if there was a Yoshiwara district. They had told us of its great extent, that of all the blocks of houses in Tokio's ten square miles, those in the Yoshiwara were the most magnificent. And yet even now we were nearing the open country, and the street lanterns were dark and the world was asleep. In time the swinging of the rickshaws rocked us into drowsiness from which we would start only to see more darkened paper houses, scattered more widely, set at greater distances. We had come to see the Vanity Fair of Pilgrim's Progress, and we were approaching the rice swamps and the bamboo groves. We had been sent upon a fool's errand.

And then suddenly out of the night rose a great walled city, blazing with lights, alive with music and many voices, with tingling samisens and the patter of thousands of wooden getos. For a mile we skirted its black walls, its barred gates, and its menacing spikes, above which the lights from within painted the sky in the colors of a great conflagration. A blaze of light opened in the wall. The opening was marked by many waiting rickshaws, by two great scarlet lanterns and a group of the Yoshiwara police. This was the gateway of the Adamless Eden, the entrance to the City of the Ladies of the Golden Screens.

The Yoshiwara is in extent a mile square. It is inhabited by three thousand women and young girls. Each of these has sold herself to a keeper for a sum seldom larger than two hundred dollars gold. This money is loaned by the master either to the girl or to her parents, and, up to three years ago, until this sum was paid back to the keeper, the girl, body and soul, belonged to him. She was his slave and she was also his prisoner. He kept her behind bars, and the spikes on the gates of the Yoshiwara were not there for ornament. If she did escape from the walled city the police returned her to it as they would return a runaway horse to the stable of its owner. In theory the girl worked out her indebtedness. But, in fact, for her that time never came. The accounts were in the hands of her keeper, and by false entries and by charging her exorbitant prices for food, raiment, and the necessities as well as the luxuries of life, this individual kept her forever in his debt. After many years the girl would find that the original sum she owed him, so far from decreasing, had doubled and trebled, and that the day of her liberty instead of drawing near was receding from her.

Until three years ago, while other missionaries were still hoping that old gods would give way to new gods, the Rev. U. G. Murphy, an American Methodist, said, "While we are waiting, here is our sister," and single-handed struck the first blow at a system which had existed all over Japan for four hundred years.

In behalf of a girl at Nagoya he appealed to the courts, and the courts decided that flesh and blood

could neither be offered nor accepted as security for debt, that the contract under which the girl was bound as collateral was not binding, and that any inmate of the Yoshiwara, with or without the permission of her keeper, could go free. This judicial opinion seemed to throw open the gates, but, of all people, the police objected. The custom then was and still is that an inmate who desires to quit the Yoshiwara must first furnish the police with a Notice of Departure. This is her promise to give up her old life. But before the girl could go free the police required that this paper be signed by her keeper in order to show that she was not in his debt. The keepers naturally refused to sign such papers, and the police declared that, as they could not force them to do so, the girls of the public's harem, in spite of the new ruling, must remain where they were. This deadlock might have continued to this day had it not been for a religious body which counts its disciples in every city of the globe. You have seen them at Christmas time soliciting your charity on the windswept street corners, you can see them kneeling before thousands of mocking eyes on the race-track at Epsom Downs, you can see their women passing silently from one beer-stained table to another in the lowest dives of the Tenderloin. There is no place these women fear to enter, nor are the men less courageous. In Tokio those who wore the red jersey, in spite of the two-handed swords of the police and the clubs of the keepers, entered the Yoshiwara and proclaimed the glad news to the inmates that they were free. They begged them to renounce their mode of life, and offered them a refuge and a home. The keepers, seeing their fortunes taking wings, fell upon the men of the Salvation Army with heavy clubs and drove them from the walled city. But the Salvation Army thrives on blows, and the message it had brought to the slave girls caused one of them to smuggle out a letter begging the Salvationists to return and set her free. They called up their reserves, marched upon the Yoshiwara in a body, and after another battle retreated, with broken drums and broken heads, but carrying the girl with them.

## The Salvation Army Succeeds Where Others Failed

At this crisis in their campaign against the Yoshiwara there came to their aid an unexpected and powerful ally. This was the press of all Japan. These fanatics, who were willing to be beaten for their religion, appealed to the fighting spirit and chivalry of the Japanese. Every newspaper in the Empire flew to their support, and the police, seeing that the end had come, swung over to the other side.

In four months the law was so changed that to-day any girl, whether in debt or not, can walk out of the Yoshiwara, and any one who tries to detain her can himself be imprisoned. As a result of the efforts of the Salvation Army, the girls left the Yoshiwara to the number of eleven hundred.

Those who remained, and those who are there to-day, are still prisoners, but they are prisoners of their own choice. Their detention in the Yoshiwara is for the protection of public morals. If they declare their desire to give up their old life they are instantly set free, but until they make this promise the bars and the spikes are still in place, and without a permit from the police they can not for even an hour pass beyond the gates. And at all times, to make their escape even more difficult, they must wear the costume and the style of head-dress which proclaims their calling. If the police find the girl who has served her Notice of Departure is still practicing her profession outside of the district, they put her in jail. This is the answer of the Japanese to the Social Question. This is also its legal aspect. Its aspect to the eye is one of the most curious and striking spectacles I have seen in any part of the world.

In a city of skyscrapers the house of three stories is insignificant. But in the city of Tokio, where the eye is accustomed to houses of one story and to walls of paper, those of the Yoshiwara, with their three stories of brick and cement, standing solidly shoulder to shoulder, seem, in comparison, imposing and magnificent.

There are blocks and blocks of such houses, with flowers and lanterns lining heavy balconies, and beneath them narrow, well-paved streets. These streets, were it not for the glare that issues from the open front of each house, would lie in darkness. And as it is the

glare of light reaches barely to the middle of the roadway and upward only to the level of the second story. In consequence, the two upper stories appear to rest upon nothing, they bulk dimly in the darkness, their balconies seem to float in the night air. Below them there is visible no solid walls, no masonry, no supporting columns. For this reason: The first floor of every house in the Yoshiwara is a cage. Imagine all the cages you have seen in the lion house at the Zoo continued unbrokenly for a mile on both sides of many streets. Imagine the cages flashing with lights, carpeted with scarlet rugs, and backed by screens of gold; screens of rare and ancient carvings, of golden dragons, of golden flowers, the iris, the lotus, the tulip, of golden birds of paradise. And picture in each cage behind the menacing iron bars, and seated before the golden screens as immovable as idols, from twelve to twenty princesses robed in the richest of silks of the richest of colors, bound round with sashes of brocade, stiff with gold and silver thread, their hair carried up fantastically in loops and bands, glistening with ointment, heavy with golden pins. Each with her face chalked white, her slanting eyebrows blackened, her tiny lips more tiny with daubs of red. From the cage the lights flame on the gold leaf, on the black, mirror-like panels of lacquer, on the surface of real mirrors, on fat-bellied golden braziers. You, in the darkness of the street, are like a man in a rolling-mill at night looking into the open doors of furnaces, and the glare from the walls of gold seems to burn into your eyes.

Try to conceive such a thing in New York; street after street of caged women placed for sale in shop windows. Can not you imagine the class of man that would pass before the iron bars?—do you care to imagine his jests, his jeers, his repartee? But in the Yoshiwara there is order, a joyless order. It is vice without adventure, mirthless and official.

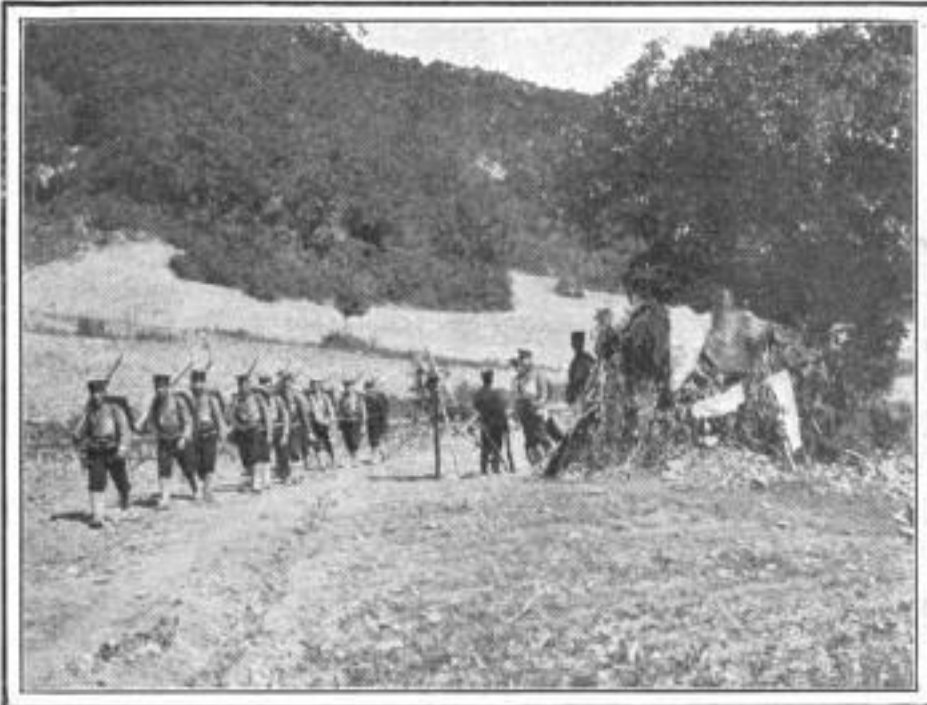
The Japanese themselves gaze into the lighted cages with uncaring, passionless eyes. To them it is an old story, four centuries old. A father leading his son by the hand surveys the kneeling women as though they were artists' manikins, and the painted doll-like figures stare back at him without invitation, coquetry or interest. Even little girls, daughters of the shopkeepers of the district, younger by only a few months than those that sit and wait, pass before the lighted cages and gaze with speculation at the gorgeous prisoners. Their widely opened wondering eyes are lit with the golden glare. One asks how a nation can advance as Japan is advancing when its women hold so low and so insecure a place; and after one has seen the Yoshiwara, one wonders how far it helps the youth of Japan to form his estimate of all women. You question how much higher than the monkeys in the cages of Ueno Park he places the girls behind the bars of the Yoshiwara.

The effect upon the visiting American seems to be always the same. He is used to placing his women folk on a pedestal, not in a cage, and he does not like it. When he gets back to the hotel he is pretty certain to describe his impressions forcibly, and to always use the three words "uncanny," "creepy," "beastly." Even the globe-trotting collegian who would make a rough house of Jack's or Maxim's, and who, seeking adventure, enters the Yoshiwara with a shout at sight of the iron bars, laughs uneasily and grows silent, chilled, and repelled. As one of them put it, "It was like walking down the corridors of the Tombs."

You may say to yourself that the effect of the cages is merely psychological, that the bars mean nothing, you may reassure yourself with the thought that any one of these women with a police permit in her hand is free to walk abroad. But the fact remains that, whenever you do see her, she is being treated as a wild beast, as something dangerous, as something menacing to the public welfare; you see her degraded to the level of other caged animals.

At least that seems to be the idea that remains. It is not the rare and ancient screens of gold that you remember, nor those backgrounds fit for a throne or an altar, nor the chalked faces of the women, but instead, what sticks in your memory like an ugly dream is the black night above, the bright lights from either side, and, cutting the lights at thousands of fixed intervals, the iron bars, miles and miles of iron bars, black, rigid, relentless, degrading the women who crouch behind them, degrading the nation that keeps them there.

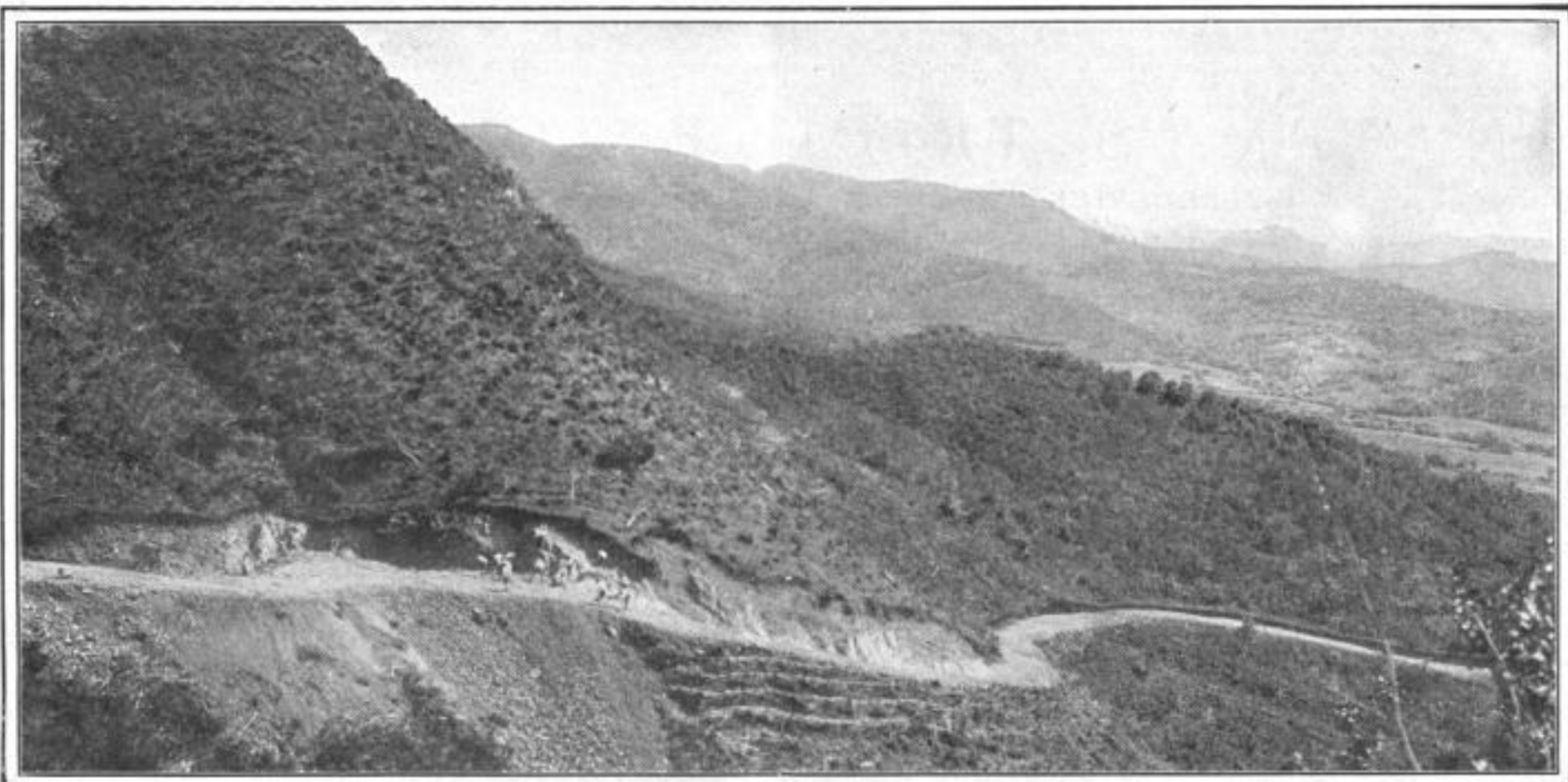




AN OUTPOST PARTY, JUST RELIEVED, RETURNING TO CAMP



PIONEERS CONSTRUCTING A MILITARY ROAD



MILITARY HIGHWAY, CONSTRUCTED BY THE JAPANESE PIONEER CORPS, ALONG A MOUNTAIN-SIDE WEST OF FENG-WANG-CHENG



BRINGING IN WOUNDED AFTER AN OUTPOST SKIRMISH



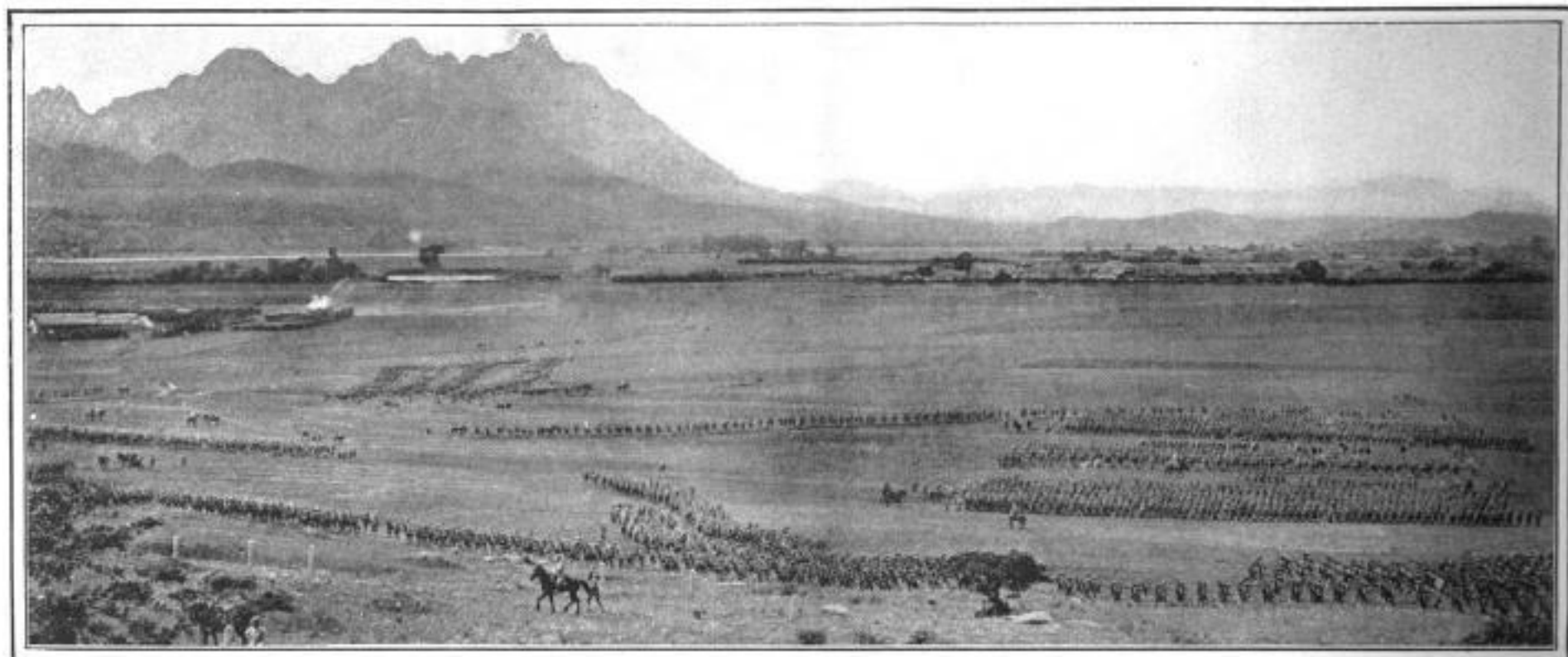
STANDARD-BEARER OF A CAVALRY REGIMENT

## WITH GENERAL KUROKI'S ARMY AT FENG-WANG-CHENG

Kuroki's army has held the more northerly position of the several Japanese forces operating against the Russians on the Liaotung Peninsula. His advance has been directed in a general way toward Liao-Yang. To the southward, operating near Newchwang, Haicheng, and Tatchekiao, were Nishi's, Nodzu's, and Oku's forces.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARRIS, U.S.A. SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER ATTACHED TO MANCHU IMPERIAL ARMY OF JAPAN. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIERS WEEKLY





"Then the three regiments of infantry, the regiment of artillery (without their guns), the regiment of cavalry, and the engineers moved as one body. They have changed their blue uniforms to khaki, but the color of their blankets and their accoutrements remains the same. Pacing the hill in close order, they looked like raised sections of dry brown earth. Turning, their blanket rolls showed. One moment it was like the dull underside, the next like the upperside, of a variegated carpet"

## AN ARMY'S TRIBUTE TO ITS DEAD

By FREDERICK PALMER, Collier's War Correspondent with the First Japanese Army

NOTE.—Next week we shall publish Mr. Palmer's description of "The Advance Upon Liao-Yang"—the great movement of General Kuroki's army which began June 24, after the long wait at Feng-Wang-Cheng, following the victory at the Yalu. During this movement occurred the important battles at the Motien Pass, and the more recent actions in conjunction with the armies of Generals Oku and Nodzu, which have resulted so disastrously for General Kuropatkin

FENG-WANG-CHENG, June 20

JAPAN has two religions. One is all soul; the other is the worship of patriotism. One has carried the breath of peace through the breadth of Asia; the other is the outgrowth of a single country's primitive superstitions, without ethical code or strictly ethical grandeur. The memorial service for the dead of the Second Division yesterday was a revelation of the heart of this peculiar, this martial race. The hurrying tourist, seeing many Buddhist temples with their many images (visited by old men and women and children) and skipping the simple Shinto temples, reaches hasty conclusions of a national cult that is little more than the memories of a people's folklore. War passes the philosopher by and sinks the plummet deep into the human emotions. Here, while a Shinto priest performed the rites of his faith, an Imperial Prince, a General of Division, and a score or more of staff officers and eight thousand troops were motionless, reverential spectators. When the Buddhist priest took his place, the officers scattered and the soldiers were marched away.

Both the situation and the weather were fit for the ceremony held in a fair land that military ardor had conquered. It was at nine in the morning, when you prefer to leave the shade for the open. The sun shone brightly. There was a hillside for the sanctuary; the plain for the congregation in khaki. Beyond them was the town, with its walled citadel, pagoda-roofed, set in the levels of growing corn and millet, and in the distance the precipitous saw-tooth, splintered-rock summits of Feng-Wang Mountain, the highest point of the natural wall of defences of this waiting army.

On the field of Stakelberg's abortive attempt to relieve Port Arthur, the Japanese were still picking up the Russian dead and assorting the trophies of another hard-fought battle. Whatever struggles were passing where besieged strain with watching and besiegers with preparation, at Feng-Wang-Cheng the peace was as profound as in the temples of Nikko. The stalwart soldiers in rigid lines spoke of the North, of the vigor which comes with existence in an inhospitable climate; but the sanctuary carried you back to the toyland where the soldiers came from. The ceremony was in keeping with a spring morning. It was as suited to summer as the church interior to winter. Thinking of the snows to come, of fields that are wide instead of diminutive, of a land whose physical aspect recalls the Caucasian, it seemed as much out of place as cathedrals in the tropics. Shintoism no less than Buddhism is at home in a land where corn instead of rice is grown.

Two lines of different-colored streamers on tall staffs ran to the improvised torii with its fluttering zigzag gohei (strips of white paper denoting purity)

and the crossed flags of Japan. Cut evergreen trees enclosed the oblong space on which the thoughts of the thousands were centred. Poets say that the evergreen denotes everlasting purity. Shintoism says nothing; it is a faith that has forms which seem to have outlived their traditions—at least for the foreigner's ears. The masses take pines in the yard of a Shinto temple for

granted, as we take them for Christmastide. In place of the *inari* were trees that blossomed with paper flowers such as any smart house-boy could make on short notice. The *inari* are the messengers from God; for the fox is a clever strategist and therefore fit to guard a Japanese temple. The blossoms were peonies; the flower of Buddhism is the lotus. Barring these externals, the unreverential might have thought himself invited to a view of the provisions before a regimental feast. Young onions, the coarse radishes and coarse lettuce of the country, and small Japanese cakes were piled high on a number of stands, and on one four well-tied and decorous fowls were blinking. These were the regimental offerings to dead comrades. To those who fell on May 1, when the gardens were only just being planted and the canteen men had not yet brought up beer, they would have been delicacies indeed. After the ceremony, they were to be divided among the living.

On one side of the sanctuary was the General and the Staff of the Second Division, some officers from the corps staff, and the foreign attachés. The picturesque figure was Nishi himself, who had just been made a full General in recognition of his services at the battle of the Yalu. Even in his khaki, which yet became him well, he looked like a feudal lord out of an old print. Lean of figure, with skin of yellowed parchment drawn over his high cheekbones, you felt that he might smile—a Japanese smile—but otherwise his expression, waking or sleeping, never changed. On his right was Prince Kuni, of the Imperial blood, wearing also the cords of the staff, a roly-poly little man, standing more at his ease than his colleagues. On the other side, forming an avenue up the slope through which the soldiery on the plain could see the function, were unattached soldiers and officers.

The brocade-robed, white-bearded priest wore the sword of a samurai—of a Shintoism militant. His assistants were two soldiers who had been priests before the war began. He was, in fact, the only Shinto priest with the Second Division. In the fight at Hamtan, on May 1, where bayonets were fixed and there were charges and counter-charges, and finally a Russian priest led the remnant of a regiment out of a *cul-de-sac* under a murderous fire, there was no Japanese priest in attendance. The Japanese army has no chaplains. The priests who are here come by courtesy and have no official position in a force where economy would not permit the presence of a single man who did not assist toward the great material result of efficiency.

Every Japanese soldier is in a sense his own priest. If all national boundaries in Europe were erased and the whole took the cross as a flag in the name of common deliverance, you would have a parallel of the different



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"Two lines of different-colored streamers on tall staffs ran to the improvised torii with its fluttering zigzag gohei (strips of white paper denoting purity) and the crossed flags of Japan. . . . Young onions, the coarse radishes and coarse lettuce of the country, and small Japanese cakes were piled high on a number of stands, and on one four well-tied and decorous fowls were blinking. These were the regimental offerings to dead comrades. . . . The brocade-robed, white-bearded priest wore the sword of a samurai—of a Shintoism militant. His assistants were two soldiers who had been priests before the war began. He was, in fact, the only Shinto priest with the Second Division"



Japanese provinces suddenly united by the reformation under the common banner of race and faith. The red centre of the Japanese emblem stands for the birth of the Imperial ancestor from the loins of the Sun Goddess. The Emperor then is the deity of this cult of folklore; faith and patriotism and militant racial impulse are united in one. God is country and country is God in the person of the Emperor.

When the priest came forward and waved his wand of white paper streamers over the prince and the staff, and over the multitude in khaki, it is safe to say that not one of the officers standing there really believed in this exorcism of the evil spirits any more than the average European General Staff believes that Jonah swallowed the whale. They did believe in the rising sun on the flag, in the Emperor, in their country. According to their creed, the Emperor had given them life and position and whatsoever they held dear in this world, and it was their duty to return gallantly, unhesitatingly, that which he had given whenever the call should come. If logic made them doubt his divinity, their hearts felt the illusion completely.

From the little inclosure at one side, made of sections of soldiers' tents, the assistant priests brought other offerings—of sake (the Japanese wine), of sweets—which the priest held up before the officers and the army and blessed, and then deposited on the stand left vacant for the purpose. When the stand was overflowing the priests fell back, and General Nishi, unbending, his face a Japanese mask of parchment, advanced and unrolled a thick sheet of paper as big as a pillow-case (of the same sort as that from which I saw the Emperor read his address opening the Diet). If the sheet was

large, the characters were large also and the words few. In that same voice of quiet monotone, he read his speech commemorating the dead.

It was a good speech; almost a great speech, even disregarding the eloquence of the situation, for a soldier to make. As between it and the speech of the average Russian general on a similar occasion, good taste was all on the side of the Japanese. It had something of the quiet force of Lincoln's talk at Gettysburg. In spite of the fact that Shintoism conceives no definite immortality, he addressed the fallen as if they were actually present. He would not have been a Japanese if he had not politely apologized for the meagreness of the offerings.

#### The General's Speech

Without definitely saying so he nevertheless spoke the thought of how for the first time the Japanese army had met European foes, and, for the first time on trial before the world, had overcome a valiant enemy in a position strong by nature and strengthened by art. Now this army's courage was "whittled to the very edge," he said. He bade the "sweet souls" of the fallen to rest in peace, conscious that they should never be forgotten; they had served the faith. Fame! The hope of being ever remembered by their friends and their family as having died for Japan—that is the immortality which calls the Japanese in place of the hours of the Mohammedan. Fame and the faith (which is country)—there again you have the explanation of the military marvel of the Orient.

When he had finished, first the Prince and then the

General, followed by all the officers and the foreign military attachés, brought sprigs of evergreens (purity) tied by ribbons of white paper (purity) and deposited them in rapt silence on another stand that had been set in front of the one which held the offerings that had been specially blessed. Then the troop of buglers, who stood at the centre of the troops, blew a fanfare. In thirds and fifths, it was discordant to the ears of the Occidental. But to the Japanese it was musical and inspiring, perhaps. Then the three regiments of infantry, the regiment of artillery (without their guns), the regiment of cavalry, and the engineers moved as one body. They have changed their blue uniforms to khaki, but the color of their blankets and their accoutrements remains the same. Pacing the hill in close order, they looked like raised sections of dry brown earth. Turning, their blanket rolls showed. One moment it was like the dull underside, the next like the upperside, of a variegated carpet.

A Buddhist priest came in front of the sanctuary and set down a burner smoking with incense. Here was the suggestion of a great soul religion like Catholicism. A few, in easy attitudes, watched him through the elaborate, meaning service while the soldiers went streaming back to their quarters along the roads. The heart religion of sceptical, materialistic, subtle, martial Japan is the folklore of her fathers. Buddhism is the dilettante faith of individual devotees. But the faith of youth and war is Emperor and country. Shintoism is inherent, official. The Emperor is a Shintoist. Beside the ceremony that had preceded it, the Buddhist service was like a prayer in the anteroom after formal prayer in official session.



REGISTERING AT THE LAND OFFICE IN YANKTON, SOUTH DAKOTA

"Before the registration offices the lines formed at such length that chairs were brought into service. People camped in line to hold their place. During these long hours of waiting the hot Dakota sun was shining. Pop boys and the watermelon man reaped a harvest. But it was orderly and in striking contrast to some of the rushes on to Oklahoma public lands and other big land openings, where the lines were dropped and the quarter sections belonged to the first there. Brutality and cruelty both to man and beast marked the openings under that method."

## THE NATION'S GREAT LAND LOTTERY

By RICHARD LLOYD JONES

THE past century with unwavering persistence has pushed the frontier line westward, and at last has buried it forever in the occidental sea. From ocean to ocean the continent is to-day a prosperous civilized unit. Its ports, harbors, and trading posts are now throbbing cities bound together by the copper wires of electric communication and the steel-ribbed arteries of commerce. The schools, culture, and wealth of the East have crowded west until the frontier is no longer a place and scarcely a distinguishable mental attitude; and in the year of our centennial celebration of Jefferson's new nation on the Mississippi and Missouri there is no stronger call for patriotic rejoicing than that the last great savage playground is closing in for the enlargement of the American home.

While the East is busy writing history the West is busy making it, and during this month of August the commonwealth of South Dakota is making history that will endure. Into this new State of the great Northwest there is marching, as with Sherman in Georgia more than forty years ago, an army one hundred thousand strong. But the army invading South Dakota is more familiar with the plowshare than the musket, and it comes to construct rather than destroy.

When President Roosevelt recently signed the proclamation opening the Rosebud Reservation lands, now occupied by tribes of the Sioux Nation, he made possible the transformation of 382,000 acres of wild and uncultivated land into one of the most productive and prosperous farm regions in the United States. The fame of South Dakota spread with the announcement that this county of Gregory, resting on the Nebraska State line and closed in on the east by the Missouri River, was to be thrown open by the Government for the establishment of 2,400 homes to which would be appropriated 160 acres each. The production of new wealth in South Dakota during last year broke all records, and for the sixth consecutive time it led all other States in the production of the greatest per capita wealth. It is practically, so far, a one-industry State, and that industry agriculture. The Rosebud country is equal to the best land within the State. Those who read the statements circulated by the Government Land Office became aware that South Dakota was long

on wealth and short on people. The discontented and the opportunity-seekers alike started for these new lands. The tide set in and the fever spread. People took the thing in earnest. Lyman County, just north of the Rosebud land, is open for straight homestead claims. It is not so good a farming tract, but good farms are to be had there and no better range country exists. The prairie schooner set sail once more. Determined men and women, with their goods, teams, cows, and dogs, started for Opportunityville. The go-West spirit of half a century ago was kindled anew, and on every face that took the trail was written the firm resolve of "South Dakota or bust." The one-train-a-day branches that reached out to the banks of the Missouri had to increase their lazy trailing coach and smoker to a long line of cars that made the ordinarily unpretentious train assume the dignity in appearance of a transcontinental flyer. Every coach on every train was crowded to discomfort. Old people told about their twenty-acre piece back in Ohio, and that they had done "right well" on it, but (looking out the window), "My lands! I never seed such farms as these."

The eastern half of the Dakotas is but a continuation of the lands of Iowa and Minnesota. A ride on the train from Sioux City to Mitchell would open the eyes with astonishment of the most enthusiastic Lancaster farmer in Pennsylvania—the prize farming county of the East. The multitudes on every train from all directions saw this, and the hopes which it inspired soothed the irritation of the penetrating July sun. People were soil mad. They indulged in big visions and talked big things. As one old lady said, "It's fun to talk about so many acres." The restless children were left much to themselves—the old folks were busy. Oyster cans and similar paraphernalia picked up by the way were brought into service as toys. The distracted mother of one irreconcilable youth gave her prodigal son her purse to play with. He found a spasmodic moment of delight in pegging the purse out the window, whereupon his mother violently persuaded him to regret it, and his response to this appeal was hearty and complete. The passengers were a cosmopolitan crowd. Those who had some sort of paper to show to the conductor rode inside the car. Those less fortunate were

astride the arched roof holding fast to the ventilators or riding in the dusty compartments about the trucks below. But somehow, anyhow, everybody was going, and going to the Dakotas. They poured into Bonesteel, Fairfax, Yankton, and Chamberlain, the registration towns, by the thousands. And day by day the thousands increased. Every American citizen over twenty-one years of age was permitted to register, but he must register in person—thus the human flood. The only exception to this rule, fittingly enough, was made in the case of soldiers and sailors, or their widows, who were honorably discharged from the Government's service in either the Civil or Spanish Wars. In such cases the soldier or sailor could register by attorney. The registration began July 5 and lasted till sundown on the 23d. In that time over 106,000 emigrated to the State to file their applications for South Dakota farms. Before the registration offices the lines formed at such length that chairs were brought into service. People camped in line to hold their place. During these long hours of waiting the hot Dakota sun was shining. Pop boys and the watermelon man reaped a harvest. But it was orderly and in striking contrast to some of the rushes on to Oklahoma public lands and other big land openings, where the lines were dropped and the quarter sections belonged to the first there. Brutality and cruelty both to man and beast marked the openings under that method.

The Rosebud registration is the largest, for the amount of land involved, that the country has ever seen. But the hundred thousand registered homeseekers who invaded the State do not cover the total emigration to South Dakota. At Chamberlain the broad Missouri is spanned by a pontoon bridge. Over this, for weeks, there has passed into the homestead lands of Lyman County an average of fifty-four prairie schooners a day. And this is the estimate of but one and a somewhat remote point. These prairie homeseekers are the kind that have pulled up their stakes and burned their bridges behind them. There is no going back with them. Among those who have registered there will be some to return to their former States. With but 2,400 farms to give away and with 106,000 registration, there is but 1 chance in 44 of



success in the drawing. But large percentage of those who fail are going to remain. They are already negotiating for good land. The spirit of South Dakota has caught them. It is the "go ahead" spirit. It is the State of fair play. It knows no millionaires and it has no paupers. It is a State of good farms, good homes, good schools, and good roads. Everybody is "doing nicely, thank you, and happy." To look at its general populace and its opportunities—the freedom of the open, where man, woman, and child are as used to the saddle as to the rocking-chair—and compare the picture with the dingy, sunless shacks of the Pennsylvania mines, and the congested, consumptive tenements of New York City, is to lose all wonder at the large response to President Roosevelt's call to the soil. It is only surprising that the answering number was not twice as great.

It does not take the care and training that must be exercised over 160 acres of land to make a living in South Dakota. High on the ridge, commanding a view up and down the Missouri so extensive and so splendid as to fill a Hudson River resident with envy, I found a four and one-half acre patch devoted to cabbages. At this remote distance from the produce market this South Dakota cabbage patch cleared to its owner \$2,700 net cash last year. And this, I am told, is not an exceptional thing. It is a South Dakota adage that "Wherever there is industry there is money." And once they begin to get the money they so invest as to promote themselves and the community's interest rather than a magnate's. Here the South Dakota idea is unique. It is sanely socialistic. The county rents the Court House for lodge meetings and dances; the school yard is leased to the traveling circus, and the village pastimes accrue to the county's good. It is a poor place for landlords.

The Rosebud land differs from any former land granting acts in that those who come to claim it do not settle in a desolate territory remote from civilization, but, on the contrary, they find themselves surrounded by a community both settled and advanced. The Rosebud drawing is not so much an opening of a reservation as it is a closing in of civilizing forces. Telephone wires are waiting to cross it, and railroads are already built to its very edge. And it is in the very heart of a young commonwealth so strong and progressive that it has already established a State Agricultural College that ranks third among the institutions of its kind in the country. Not content with the natural course of things, this State station of experiment and instruction is solving the problem of how to make two seeds bear harvest where formerly but one would grow.

#### A Prosperous Community

The Rosebud opportunity was widely sought because it was an opportunity that was rare. Railroad men are agreed that the dining car that earns most money in any part of the country is the one that plies between Sioux City and Mitchell, South Dakota. This dining car is profitable because it runs through the richest farms. These farmers are wealthy enough to travel back and forth from town to town on business and on pleasure. They like to do it. It is their recreation. When they travel they are too independent to be bothered with a lunch-box, and when they eat they are both too robust and healthy and too generous to order a small meal. There is nothing about them to suggest the sardine and salad man. They belong to the extra porterhouse fraternity. Pantry and plenty are synonymous terms with them. And it is among these farmers that the Rosebud claimant comes and is made neighbor.

When the figures of the homeseekers soared above the hundred thousands, the land agents from everywhere followed the advancing army to the banks of the Missouri and there spread broadcast circulars setting forth the charms of other States. Booklets, pamphlets, and magazines describing the *inexhaustible and unprecedented resources* of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Texas, California, and the wheat lands of Montana were forced into the hands of bystanders to offset the Government literature announcing the opening of the Fox Lake Range country in North Dakota the latter part of this month. A stalk of Texas corn fifteen feet in height was carried about the streets of the towns. Montana wheat was handed around in sample packages. The States were on parade competing with South Dakota. But South Dakota was having her day, and her day promises to be a long one.

Along with the State's land criers came a flanking army of grafters. And behind them were the novelty men—the instantaneous knife-sharpener, the glass-cutter and can-opener man, and the one universal household-article man. They all belonged to the Rosebud land movement, and they came to play their part.

Driven from the orderly towns of Yankton and Chamberlain, the grafters seized upon Bonesteel and took her by the throat. They presumed upon a good, old-fashioned frontier time. They organized themselves into a thug gang and determined to open up the right kind of a Wild West town. They played their game well, but they fell short of aces on the last draw. Their schemes and grafts were many, and their games were bold and daring. They bought the local police and hired them as lieutenants.

A farm hand who lived near Merville went to Bonesteel to register for a Rosebud claim. He had enough money sewed on the inside of his shirt to file on the quarter section which he hoped to draw. The money was in bills, and he had worked hard for two years to save it. In his pocket he carried \$40 to pay his ex-

penses. Soon after his arrival he was drawn into a game of progression. He had played his last cent and started to fumble at his shirt for another bill. A booster on the outside of the game saw the move and knew the meaning. He sprang to the boy, and with a quick circle of a sharp knife lifted the patch of the shirt to which the bills were sewed. The money was thrown on the table, and the cry was given, "You lose." A policeman told him he had no business there and to move on. Later the same day a crier asked a farmer to join the game. The farmer declared he did not gamble. "I'll bet you haven't got \$50," said the crier tauntingly. The farmer foolishly declared he had, and showed his roll, which was promptly snatched away from him, and the police refused to interfere.

#### A Minister Shoots a Tough

For three days this kind of thing was permitted to go on, when the United States Government threatened to take the registration away from Bonesteel. The indignant citizens forced the police to attack the grafters, but the grafters attacked the police. They shot at them openly. A minister of the town saw a policeman fired upon and fall. He instantly drew a revolver and fired at the assassin. A group of citizens gathered around the wounded man, who was standing and feigning unconcern. The pastor accused him of shooting the policeman. "You have made a mistake, you have got the wrong man," was the answer. "I put a hole in the man who did the shooting," said the preacher; "examine him, and you'll find that hole." The man was

General Powell Clayton, U. S. Ambassador



THE FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION IN THE CITY OF MEXICO

The American Colony observed Independence Day this year in a manner that surpassed all previous similar celebrations in the City of Mexico. The ceremonies were held in the Tivoli del Eliseo, the handsomest private park in the city. There were speeches by prominent Americans and Mexicans, and after an address by the Spanish Minister he and General Powell Clayton, the American Ambassador, exchanged an affectionate "abrazo," or embrace, in true Spanish style, testifying eloquently to the friendly relations now existing between our country and Spain.

examined, and he was wearing the preacher's bullet. During that day the citizens went into war and several of the grafters were shot, a few of whom escaped, but were later found dead in the fields not far away. Some of them took the night boat on the river at Starcher for Chamberlain. They terrorized the passengers, who, to protect themselves, sat up all night. The pilot was reprimanded both by the citizens and the city officials on reaching Chamberlain, and the thugs were driven from town.

The order which was generally observed through the central part of the State under such trying and unusual conditions reflects no little credit upon the vigilance and honor of South Dakota's citizens. To protect the Government's money during the filing of these claims, which is to take place at Bonesteel during the four weeks following August 8, the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Hon. W. A. Richards, formerly Governor of Wyoming, has engaged a husky Scandinavian sharpshooter who was formerly employed by the Union Pacific Railroad to protect their express. Governor Richards has announced that this sharpshooter is to be constantly on guard, and whoever attempts to molest the public funds will be shot dead on the spot.

#### The Lottery Opens

The dramatic hour of the Rosebud Reservation opening occurred at ten o'clock Thursday morning, July 28, on the public school grounds at Chamberlain, when the drawing began. This was Uncle Sam's great land lottery. A covered stand was erected for the purpose, and the Government officials, their employees, stenographers, telegraphers, and the press were admitted to seats thereon. A huge oblong box, painted sky blue, and resting upon such bearings as to admit of its revolving, was the Government's chance machine. This box had

four openings that could be conveniently and securely closed. The 100,000 envelopes bearing the names and addresses of all those registered were placed in the "churn." Governor Richards then read to the interested spectators the conditions of the contest. The box was to be revolved until the envelopes should be thoroughly mixed. Four boys under the age of twenty-one were stationed at the four openings, and they were to make the drawings in turn. The name drawn first was to have first choice of all the quarter-sections on the reservation. There were offers for \$10,000 for this ticket when it should be drawn. There were also several offers of \$5,000 each for all drawings up to ten. It was half an hour after the reading of the rules before the envelopes were all in and the churning begun. The weight of the envelopes was so great that it took several of Dakota's proudest brawns to revolve the box. When the churning was completed and the openings released it fell to a youth by the name of Lucky Somers to make the first draw. The card was held in the air. Cries of "Read it, read it," went up from all sides. Then ex-Governor Richards stepped forward and read, "Number one is drawn to William McCormick of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, an old soldier." There were some "Ahs!" some "Ohs!" and then a general cheer for "Mac," and cries of "He deserved it," and "Hurrah for the old soldier." A South Dakota man drew number two. Nebraska came in for the next two draws. Then followed Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and so on, showing the registration to be almost universal. Under a broiling sun this crowd stood all day, each hoping that the next turn would bring forth his name.

But the day was otherwise not without incident. The red automobile, brought into town for revenue only, and that had done a good business at a dollar and a half a ride, made one strong impression at least. A good old family mare resolved she would not stand for such a snorting contrivance, and so tore down the village street, leaving the rig in fragments behind. Fakirs went crying up and down the thoroughfare announcing that fifteen thousand feet of moving pictures would be shown at the Opera House that night. Blind people with the indispensable tin cups sang evangelical hymns; a fire broke out in a house containing a typhoid fever patient; the only train a day was late, and "The Greatest Show on Earth" came to town.

#### The Indian Wants a Chance

But despite all the collateral distractions the strong underflow everywhere was unbounded loyalty to South Dakota. There was nothing more picturesque in all these days than the group of Sioux Indians who had registered as citizens of the Government, hoping to open up as farms the very land over which they had roamed as savages. "The Indian," said a leading South Dakota citizen, "is learning that he must adopt the white man's ways. He has been treated unfairly through all these years, and he is only dishonest and tricky when he tries to imitate the white man."

When the first day's drawings were over a disappointed man said: "When I came out here to register I never expected such a flood of humanity as this. I didn't mind their coming till there came to be so many that I saw my chances fade. I felt pretty bad. But I'm going to stay right here," he added with a smile. "I didn't come out here for nothing. I'm stuck on the State, and I'm here for keeps. I'll buy one of these fellows that have won out, or I'll buy somewhere around here on part cash and part time. I've got a piece down in West Virginia with a fair offer for it, and I'm going to let it go. West Virginia is all right, but it ain't like Dakota for farming. I can make a living on the old place, but I want to do more. I've got two little boys. By the time they're grown I reckon I can make enough to send them to the State college at Vermillion, and that's what I want—to give them a better chance than I had. My best chance to do that is right here, so you can put me down for South Dakota." What State can fail of greatness whose soil is tilled by such pioneer blood as this?

The centre of gravity in the agricultural world is shifting. The fertile fields of the Dakotas are drawing to their bosom the congested, burdened people who once thought them worthless. The climate is sunny and temperate. Rains are sufficient and the snow is light. Water is abundant. Every farmer can have artesian wells for what a windmill and its repairs cost in the East. The flow of a three-inch pipe is sufficient to run a large grist mill, and a ten-inch pipe, costing less than \$2,500 to drill, would operate a New England shoe factory or cotton mill. Some day the hides at Sioux Falls will be converted into shoes at Chamberlain as well as at Salem. When this water is distributed over the farms it supplements the rainfall, and South Dakota never knows a failure.

An Eastern teacher who has adopted the West said: "Dear old New England, she has the lovely trees and the Latin conjugations, but we have the fields that feed her." Indeed, Dakota has more than that. James J. Hill is teaching yellow Asia that wheat is better food than rice, and Secretary Wilson has introduced to our English and German cousins the palatable johnny-cake, and they like it.

The home weeks of New England bring old friends back to visit. The home weeks of Dakota bring strangers there to stay. These are some of the thoughts that are filling the minds of the hundred thousand army that is marching into the Dakotas to-day, and thus is the territory which Napoleon sold to build an army taking to itself in this centennial year the buyers and builders of peace, fulfilling a century of silent promise.



# MRS. KORNER SINS HER MERCIES

In which an Exemplary Husband by His Single

Lapse from Temperance Teaches His Wife a Lesson

"I DO mean it," declared Mrs. Korner, "I like a man to be a man."

"But you would not like Christopher—I mean Mr. Korner—to be that sort of man," suggested her bosom friend.

"I don't mean that I should like it if he did it often. But I should like to feel that he was able to be that sort of man. Have you told your master that breakfast is ready?" demanded Mrs. Korner of the domestic staff, entering at the moment with three boiled eggs and a teapot.

"Yus, I've told 'im," replied the staff indignantly.

The domestic staff of Acacia Villa, Ravenscourt Park, lived in a state of indignation. It could be heard of mornings and evenings saying its prayers indignantly.

"What did he say?"

"Sed 'e'll be down the moment 'e's dressed."

"Nobody wants him to come before," commented Mrs. Korner. "Answered me that he was putting on his collar when I called up to him five minutes ago."

"Answer yer the same thing now, if yer called up to 'im agen, I 'spect," was the opinion of the staff. "Was on 'is 'ands and knees when I looked in, scooping round under the bed for 'is collar stud."

Mrs. Korner paused with the teapot in her hand. "Was he talking?"

"Talkin'? Nobody there to talk to; I 'adn't got no time to stop and chatter."

"I mean to myself," explained Mrs. Korner. "He—he wasn't swearing?" There was a note of eagerness, almost of hope, in Mrs. Korner's voice.

"Swearin'! 'E! Why, 'e don't know any."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Korner. "That will do, Harriet; you may go."

Mrs. Korner put down the teapot with a bang. "The very girl," said Mrs. Korner bitterly, "the very girl despises him."

"Perhaps," suggested Miss Greene, "he had been swearing and he had finished."

But Mrs. Korner was not to be comforted. "Finished! Any other man would have been swearing all the time."

"Perhaps," suggested the kindly bosom friend, ever the one to plead the cause of the transgressor, "perhaps he was swearing, and she did not hear him. You see, if he had his head well underneath the bed—"

The door opened.

"Sorry I am late," said Mr. Korner, bursting cheerfully into the room. It was a point with Mr. Korner always to be cheerful in the morning. "Greet the day with a smile and it will leave you with a blessing," was the motto Mrs. Korner, this day a married woman of six months and three weeks' standing, had heard her husband murmur before getting out of bed on precisely two hundred and two occasions. The motto entered largely into the scheme of Mr. Korner's life. Written in fine copper-plate upon cards all of the same size, a choice selection counseled him each morning from the rim of his shaving-glass.

"Did you find it?" asked Mrs. Korner.

"It is most extraordinary," replied Mr. Korner, as he seated himself at the breakfast-table. "I saw it go under the bed with my own eyes. Perhaps—"

"Don't ask me to look for it," interrupted Mrs. Korner. "Crawling about on their hands and knees, knocking their heads against iron bedsteads, would be enough to make some people swear." The emphasis was on the "some."

"It is not bad training for the character," hinted Mr. Korner, "occasionally to force one's self to perform patiently tasks calculated—"

"If you get tied up in one of those long sentences of yours you will never get out in time to eat your breakfast," was the fear of Mrs. Korner.

"I should be sorry for anything to happen to it," remarked Mr. Korner, "its intrinsic value may perhaps—"

"I will look for it after breakfast," volunteered the amiable Miss Greene.

"I am good at finding things."

"I can well believe it," the gallant Mr. Korner assured her, as with the handle of his spoon he peeled his egg. "From such bright eyes as yours, few—"

"You've only got ten minutes," his wife reminded him. "Do get on with your breakfast."

"I should like," said Mr. Korner, "to finish a speech occasionally."

"You never would," asserted Mrs. Korner.

"I should like to try," sighed Mr. Korner, "one of these days—"

"How did you sleep, dear? I forgot to ask you," questioned Mrs. Korner of the bosom friend.

"I am always restless in a strange bed the first night," explained Miss Greene. "I dare say, too, I was a little excited."

"I could have wished," said Mr. Korner, "it had been a better example of the delightful art of the dramatist. When one goes but seldom to the theatre—"

"One wants to enjoy one's self," interrupted Mrs. Korner.

"I really do not think," said the bosom friend, "that I have ever laughed so much in all my life."

"It was amusing. I laughed myself," admitted Mr. Korner. "At the same time I can not help thinking that to treat drunkenness as a theme—"



By JEROME K. JEROME

Author of "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," "Three Men in a Boat," Etc.

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"He wasn't drunk," argued Mrs. Korner, "he was just jovial."

"My dear!" Mr. Korner corrected her, "he simply couldn't stand."

"He was much more amusing than some people who can," retorted Mrs. Korner.

"It is possible, my dear Aimée," her husband pointed out to her, "for a man to be amusing without being drunk; also for a man to be drunk without—"

"Oh, a man is all the better," declared Mrs. Korner, "for letting himself go occasionally."

"My dear—"

"You, Christopher, would be all the better for letting yourself go—occasionally."

"I wish," said Mr. Korner, as he passed his empty cup, "you would not say things you do not mean. Any one hearing you—"

"If there's one thing makes me more angry than another," said Mrs. Korner, "it is being told I say things that I do not mean."

"Why say them then?" suggested Mr. Korner.

"I don't, I do—I mean I do mean them," explained Mrs. Korner.

"You can hardly mean, my dear," persisted her husband, "that you really think I should be all the better for getting drunk—even occasionally."

"I didn't say drunk; I said 'going it.'"

"But I do 'go it' in moderation," pleaded Mr. Korner.

"Moderation in all things," that is my motto."

"I know it," returned Mrs. Korner.

"A little of everything and nothing—" this time Mr. Korner interrupted himself. "I fear," said Mr. Korner, rising, "we must postpone the further discussion of this interesting topic. If you would not mind stepping out with me into the passage, dear, there are one or two little matters connected with the house—"



The two friends talked of many things

Host and hostess squeezed past the visitor and closed the door behind them. The visitor continued eating.

"I do mean it," repeated Mrs. Korner, for the third time, repeating herself a minute later at the table. "I would give anything—anything," reiterated the lady recklessly, "to see Christopher more like the ordinary sort of man."

"But he has always been the sort—the sort of man he is," her bosom friend reminded her.

"Oh, during the engagement, of course, one expects a man to be perfect. I didn't think he was going to keep it up."

"He seems to me," said Miss Greene, "a dear, good fellow. You are one of those people who never know when they are well off."

"I know he is a good fellow," agreed Mrs. Korner, "and I am very fond of him. It is just because I am fond of him that I hate feeling ashamed of him. I want him to be a manly man, to do the things that other men do."

"Do all the ordinary sort of men swear and get occasionally drunk?"

"Of course they do," asserted Mrs. Korner, in a tone of authority. "One does not want a man to be a milkop."

"Have you ever seen a drunken man?" inquired the bosom friend, who was nibbling sugar.

"Heaps," replied Mrs. Korner, who was sucking marmalade off her fingers.

By which Mrs. Korner meant that some half a dozen times in her life she had visited the play, choosing by preference the lighter form of British drama. The first time she witnessed the real thing, which happened just precisely a month later, long after the conversation here recorded had been forgotten by the parties most concerned, no one could have been more utterly astonished than was Mrs. Korner.

How it came about Mr. Korner was never able to fully satisfy himself. Mr. Korner was not the type that serves the purpose of the temperance lecturer. His "first glass" he had drunk more years ago than he could recollect, and since had tasted the varied contents of many others. But never before had Mr. Korner exceeded, nor been tempted to exceed, the limits of his favorite virtue, moderation.

"We had one bottle of claret between us," Mr. Korner would often recall to his mind, "of which he drank the greater part. And then he brought out the little green flask. He said it was made from pears—that in Peru they kept it specially for children's parties. Of course, that may have been his joke; but in any case I can not see how just one glass—I wonder could I have taken more than one glass while he was talking." It was a point that worried Mr. Korner.

The "he" who had talked, possibly, to such bad effect was a distant cousin of Mr. Korner's, one Bill Damon, chief mate of the steamship *La Fortuna*. Until their chance meeting that afternoon in Leadenhall Street, they had not seen each other since they were boys together. The *Fortuna* was leaving St. Katherine's Docks early the next morning bound for South America, and it might be years before they met again. As Mr. Damon pointed out, Fate, by thus throwing them into each other's arms, clearly intended they should have a cosy dinner together that very evening in the captain's cabin of the *Fortuna*. Mr. Korner, returning to the office, despatched to Ravenscourt Park an express letter, announcing the strange news that he might not be home that evening much before ten, and at half-past six, for the first time since his marriage, directed his steps away from home and Mrs. Korner.

The two friends talked of many things. And later on they spoke of sweethearts and of wives. Mate Damon's experiences had apparently been wide and varied. They talked—or, rather, the mate talked, and Mr. Korner listened—of the olive-tinted beauties of the Spanish Main, of the dark-eyed passionate creoles, of the blond Junos of the Californian valleys.

The mate had theories concerning the care and management of women: theories that, if the mate's word could be relied upon, had stood the test of studied application. A new world opened out to Mr. Korner; a world where lovely women worshiped with doglike devotion men who, though loving them in return, knew how to be their masters. Mr. Korner, warmed gradually from cold disapproval to bubbling appreciation, sat entranced. Time alone set a limit to the recital of the mate's adventures. At eleven o'clock the cook reminded them that the captain and the pilot might be aboard at any moment. Mr. Korner, surprised at the lateness of the hour, took a long and tender farewell of his cousin, and found St. Katherine's Docks one of the most bewildering places out of which he had ever tried to escape. Under a lamp-post in the Minories, it suddenly occurred to Mr. Korner that he was an unappreciated man. Mrs. Korner never said and did the sort of things by means of which the beauties of the Southern main endeavored feebly to express their consuming passion for gentlemen superior in no way—as far as he could see—to Mr. Korner himself. Thinking over the sort of things Mrs. Korner did say and did do, tears sprang into Mr. Korner's eyes. Noticing that a policeman was eying him with curiosity, he dashed them aside and hurried on. Pacing the platform of the Mansion House Station, where it is always draughty, the thought of his wrongs returned to him with renewed force. Why was there no trace of doglike devotion about Mrs. Korner? The fault—so he bitterly told himself—the fault was his. "A woman loves her master; it is her instinct," murmured Mr. Korner to himself. "Dammed," thought Mr. Korner, "I don't believe that half her time she knows I am her master."

"Go away," said Mr. Korner to a youth of pasty appearance who, with open mouth, had stopped immediately in front of him.



"I'm fond of listening," explained the pasty youth. "Who's talking?" demanded Mr. Korner.

"You are," replied the pasty youth.

It is a long journey from the city to Ravenscourt Park, but the task of planning out the future life of Mrs. Korner and himself kept Mr. Korner wide awake and interested. When he got out of the train the thing chiefly troubling him was the quarter of a mile of muddy road stretching between him and his determination to make things clear to Mrs. Korner then and there.

The sight of Acacia Villa, suggesting that everybody was in bed and asleep, served to further irritate him. A doglike wife would have been sitting up to see if there was anything he wanted. Mr. Korner, acting on the advice of his own brass plate, not only knocked but also rang. As the door did not immediately fly open, he continued to knock and ring. The window of the best bedroom on the first floor opened. "Is that you?" said the voice of Mrs. Korner. There was, as it happened, distinct suggestion of passion in Mrs. Korner's voice, but not of the passion Mr. Korner was wishful to inspire. It made him a little more angry than he was before.

"Don't you talk to me with your head out of the window as if this were a gallant show. You come down and open the door," commanded Mr. Korner.

"Haven't you got your latchkey?" demanded Mrs. Korner.

For answer Mr. Korner attacked the door again. The window closed. The next moment but six or seven, the door was opened with such suddenness that Mr. Korner, still gripping the knocker, was borne inward in a flying attitude. Mrs. Korner had descended the stairs ready with a few remarks. She had not anticipated that Mr. Korner, usually slow of speech, could be even readier.

"Where's my supper?" indignantly demanded Mr. Korner, still supported by the knocker.

Mrs. Korner, too astonished for words, simply stared.

"Where's my supper?" repeated Mr. Korner, by this time worked up into genuine astonishment that it did not seem to be ready for him. "What's everybody mean, going off to bed, when the master of the house hasn't had his supper?"

"Is anything the matter, dear?" was heard the voice of Miss Greene, speaking from the neighborhood of the first landing.

"Come in, Christopher," pleaded Mrs. Korner, "please come in, and let me shut the door."

Mrs. Korner was the type of young lady fond of domineering with a not ungraceful hauteur over those accustomed to yield readily to her; it is a type that is easily frightened.

"I want grilled kinneys-on-toast," explained Mr. Korner, exchanging the knocker for the hat-stand, and wishing the next moment that he had not. "Don't let's 'avarey' talk about it. Unnerstan? I dowan' any talk about it."

"What on earth am I to do?" whispered the terrified Mrs. Korner to her bosom friend, "there isn't a kidney in the house."

"I should poach him a couple of eggs," suggested the helpful bosom friend; "put plenty of Cayenne pepper on them. Very likely he won't remember."

Mr. Korner allowed himself to be persuaded into the dining-room, which was also the breakfast parlor and the library. The two ladies, joined by the hastily clad staff, whose chronic indignation seemed to have vanished in face of the first excuse for it that Acacia Villa had afforded her, made haste to light the kitchen fire.

"I should never have believed it," whispered the white-faced Mrs. Korner, "never."

"Makes yer know there's a man about the 'ouse, don't it?" chirped the delighted staff, Mrs. Korner, for answer, boxed the girl's ears; it relieved her feelings to a slight extent.

The staff retained its equanimity, but the operations of Mrs. Korner and her bosom friend were retarded rather than assisted by the voice of Mr. Korner, heard every quarter of a minute, roaring out fresh directions.

"I dare not go in alone," said Mrs. Korner, when all things were in order on the tray. So the bosom friend followed her, and the staff brought up the rear.

"What's this?" frowned Mr. Korner. "I told you chops."

"I'm so sorry, dear," faltered Mrs. Korner, "but there weren't any in the house."

"In a perfectly organized house, such as for the future I mean to have," continued Mr. Korner, helping himself to beer, "there should always be chopanteak. Unnerstan? chopanteak!"

"I'll try and remember, dear," said Mrs. Korner.

"Pearsterme," said Mr. Korner, between mouthfuls, "you're norter sort of housekeeper I want."

"I'll try to be, dear," pleaded Mrs. Korner.

"Where's your books?" Mr. Korner cried suddenly.

"My books!" repeated Mrs. Korner, in astonishment. Mr. Korner struck the corner of the table with his fist, which made most things in the room, including Mrs. Korner, jump.

"Don't you defy me, my girl," said Mr. Korner. "You know whatermean your housekeepin' books."

They happened to be in the drawer of the chiffonier. Mrs. Korner produced them, and passed them to her husband with a trembling hand. Mr. Korner, opening one by hazard, bent over it with knitted brows.

"Pearsterme, my girl, you can't add," said Mr. Korner.

"I—I was always considered rather good at arithmetic, as a girl," stammered Mrs. Korner.

"What you mayabeen as a girl, and what—tweenner-seven and nine?" fiercely questioned Mr. Korner.

"Thirty-eight-seven," commenced to blunder the terrified Mrs. Korner.

"Know your nine tables or don't you?" thundered Mr. Korner.

"I used to," sobbed Mrs. Korner.

"Say it," commanded Mr. Korner.

"Nine times one are nine," sobbed the poor little woman, "nine times two—"

"Goron," said Mr. Korner sternly.

She went on steadily, in a low monotone, broken by stifled sobs. The dreary rhythm of the repetition may possibly have assisted. As she mentioned fearfully that nine times eleven were ninety-nine, Miss Greene pointed stealthily toward the table. Mrs. Korner, glancing up fearfully, saw that the eyes of her lord and master were closed; heard the rising snore that issued from his head, resting between the empty beer-jug and the cruet-stand.

"He will be all right," counselled Miss Greene. "You go to bed and lock yourself in. Harriet and I will see to his breakfast in the morning. It will be just as well for you to be out of the way."

And Mrs. Korner, only too thankful for some one to tell her what to do, obeyed in all things.

Toward seven o'clock the sunlight streaming into the room caused Mr. Korner first to blink, then yawn, then open half an eye.

"Greet the day with a smile," murmured Mr. Korner, sleepily, "and it will—"

Mr. Korner sat up suddenly and looked about him. This was not bed. The fragments of a jug and a glass lay scattered round his feet. To the tablecloth an overturned cruet-stand mingled with egg gave color. A tingling sensation about his head called for investigation. Mr. Korner was forced to the conclusion that somebody had been trying to make a salad of him—somebody with an exceptionally heavy hand for mustard. A sound directed Mr. Korner's attention to the door.

The face of Miss Greene, portentously grave, was peeping through the jar.



The bosom friend followed her, and the staff brought up the rear

Mr. Korner rose. Miss Greene entered stealthily, and, closing the door, stood with her back against it.

"I suppose you know what—what you've done?" suggested Miss Greene.

She spoke in a sepulchral tone; it chilled poor Mr. Korner to the bone.

"It is beginning to come back to me, but not—not very clearly," admitted Mr. Korner.

"You came home drunk—very drunk," Miss Greene informed him, "at two o'clock in the morning. The noise you made must have awakened half the street."

A groan escaped from his parched lips.

"You insisted upon Aimée cooking you a hot supper."

"I insisted!" Mr. Korner glanced down upon the table.

"And—and she did it!"

"You were very violent," explained Miss Greene; "we were terrified at you, all three of us." Regarding the pathetic object in front of her, Miss Greene found it difficult to recollect that a few hours before she really had been frightened of it. Sense of duty alone restrained her present inclination to laugh.

"While you sat there, eating your supper," continued Miss Greene remorselessly, "you made her bring you her books."

Mr. Korner had passed the stage when anything could astonish him.

"You lectured her about her housekeeping." There was a twinkle in the eye of Mrs. Korner's bosom friend. But lightning could have flashed before Mr. Korner's eyes without his noticing it just then.

"You told her that she could not add, and you made her say her tables."

"I made her—" Mr. Korner spoke in the emotionless tones of one merely desiring information. "I made Aimée say her tables?"

"Her nine times," nodded Miss Greene.

Mr. Korner sat down upon his chair and stared with stony eyes into the future.

"What's to be done?" said Mr. Korner, "she'll never forgive me; I know her. You are not chaffing me?" he cried with a momentary gleam of hope. "I really did it?"

"You sat in that very chair where you are sitting now and ate poached eggs, while she stood opposite to you

and said her nine times table. At the end of it, seeing you had gone to sleep yourself, I persuaded her to go to bed. It was three o'clock, and we thought you would not mind." Miss Greene drew up a chair, and, with her elbows on the table, looked across at Mr. Korner. Decidedly there was a twinkle in the eyes of Mrs. Korner's bosom friend.

"You'll never do it again," suggested Miss Greene.

"Do you think it possible," cried Mr. Korner, "that she may forgive me?"

"No, I don't," replied Miss Greene. At which Mr. Korner's face fell back to zero. "I think the best way out will be for you to forgive her."

The idea did not even amuse him. Miss Greene glanced round to satisfy herself that the door was still closed, and listened a moment to assure herself of the silence.

"Don't you remember," Miss Greene took the extra precaution to whisper it, "the talk we had at breakfast time the first morning of my visit, when Aimée said you would be all the better 'going it' occasionally?"

Yes, slowly it came back to Mr. Korner. But she only said "going it," Mr. Korner recollected to his dismay.

"Well, you've been 'going it,'" persisted Miss Greene. "Besides, she did not mean 'going it.' She meant the real thing, only she did not like to say the word. We talked about it after you had gone. She said she would give anything to see you more like the ordinary man. And that is her idea of the ordinary man."

Mr. Korner's sluggishness of comprehension irritated Miss Greene. She leaned across the table and shook him. "Don't you understand? You have done it on purpose to teach her a lesson. It is she who has got to ask you to forgive her."

"You think—?"

"I think, if you manage it properly, it will be the best day's work you have ever done. Get out of the house before she wakes. I shall say nothing to her. Indeed, I shall not have the time; I must catch the ten o'clock from Paddington. When you come home this evening, you talk first, that's what you've got to do." And Mr. Korner, in his excitement, kissed the bosom friend before he knew what he had done.

Mrs. Korner sat waiting for her husband that evening in the drawing-room. She was dressed as for a journey, and about the corners of her mouth were lines familiar to Christopher, the sight of which sent his heart into his boots. Fortunately, he recovered himself in time to greet her with a smile. It was not the smile he had been rehearsing half the day, but that it was a smile of any sort astonished the words away from Mrs. Korner's lips, and gave him the inestimable advantage of first speech.

"Well," said Mr. Korner cheerily, "and how did you like it?"

For the moment Mrs. Korner feared her husband's new complaint had already reached the chronic stage, but his still smiling face reassured her—to that extent at all events.

"When would you like me to 'go it' again? Oh, come," continued Mr. Korner in response to his wife's bewilderment, "you surely have not forgotten the talk we had at breakfast-time—the first morning of Mildred's visit. You hinted how much more attractive I should be for occasionally 'letting myself go!'"

Mr. Korner, watching intently, perceived that upon Mrs. Korner recollection was slowly forcing itself.

"I was unable to oblige you before," explained Mr. Korner, "having to keep my head clear for business, and not knowing what the effect upon me might be. Yesterday I did my best, and I hope you are pleased with me. Though, if you could see your way to being content—just for the present and until I get more used to it—with a similar performance not oftener than once a fortnight, say, I should be grateful," added Mr. Korner.

"You mean—" said Mrs. Korner, rising.

"I mean, my dear," said Mr. Korner, "that almost from the day of our marriage you have made it clear that you regard me as a milkop. You have got your notion of men from silly books and sillier plays, and your trouble is that I am not like them. Well, I've shown you that, if you insist upon it, I can be like them."

"But you weren't," argued Mrs. Korner, "not a bit like them."

"I did my best," repeated Mr. Korner; "we are not all made alike. That was my drunk."

"I didn't say 'drunk!'"

"But you meant it," interrupted Mr. Korner. "We were talking about drunken men. The man in the play was drunk. You thought him amusing."

"He was amusing," persisted Mrs. Korner, now in tears. "I meant that sort of drunk."

"His wife," Mr. Korner reminded her, "didn't find him amusing. In the third act she was threatening to return home to her mother, which, if I may judge from finding you here with all your clothes on, is also the idea that has occurred to you."

"But you—you were so awful," whimpered Mrs. Korner.

"What did I do?" questioned Mr. Korner.

"You came hammering at the door—"

"Yes, yes, I remember that. I wanted my supper, and you poached me a couple of eggs. What happened after that?"

The recollection of that crowning indignity lent to her voice the true note of tragedy.

"You made me say my tables—my nine times!"

Mr. Korner looked at Mrs. Korner, and Mrs. Korner looked at Mr. Korner, and for a while there was silence.

"Were you—were you really a little bit on," faltered Mrs. Korner, "or only pretending?"

"Really," confessed Mr. Korner. "For the first time in my life. If you are content, for the last time also."

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Korner, "I have been very silly. Please forgive me."



# Brother Fox Follows the Fashion

AN UNCLE REMUS STORY

By Joel Chandler Harris

Illustrated by Frank Ver Beck



THE little boy was not sure whether Uncle Remus had finished the story; it would have been hard for a grown man to keep up with the whimsical notions of the venerable old dandy, and surely you couldn't expect a little bit of a boy, who had had no experience to speak of, to do as well. The little lad waited a while, and, seeing that Uncle Remus showed no sign of resuming the narrative, he spoke up. "I didn't see anything to cry about," he remarked.

"Well, some folks cries, an' yuther folks laughs. Day got der reasons, too. Now, I dunno dat ol' Brer Rabbit wuz hard-hearted er col'-blooded any mo' dan de common run er de creeturs, but it look like he kin see mo' ter tickle 'im dan de yuthers, an' he wuz constant a-laughin'. Mos' er de time he'd laugh in his innerds, but den ag'in, when sump'n tetch his funny-bone, he'd open up wid a big ha-ha-ha dat 'ud make de yuther creeturs take ter de bushes.

"An' dat 'uz de way he done when ol' Craney-Crow had his head tooken off fer ter be in de fashion. He laugh an' laugh twel it hurt 'im ter laugh, an' den he laugh some mo' fer good medfur. He laugh plum twel mornin', an' den he laugh whiles he wuz rackin' on todes home. He'd lope a little ways, an' den he'd set down by de side er de road an' laugh some mo'. Whiles he gwine on dis away, he come ter de place whar Brer Fox live at, an' den it look like he can't git no furdur. Ef a leaf shook on de tree, it 'ud put 'im in min' er de hoppin' an' jumpin' an' scuffin' dat ol' Craney-Crow done when Dock Wolf tuck an' tuck off his head fer 'im.

"Ez luck would have it, Brer Fox wuz out in his peapatch fer ter see how his crap wuz gittin' on, an' huntin' roun' fer ter see ef day wuz any stray tracks whar somebody had bin atter his truck. Whiles he wuz lookin' roun' he hear some un laughin' fit ter kill, an' he looked over de fence fer ter see who 'tis. Dar wuz Brer Rabbit des a-rollin' in de grass an' laughin' hard ez he kin. Brer Fox 'low, 'Heyo, Brer Rabbit! what de name er goodness de matter wid you?' Brer Rabbit, in de middle er his laughin' can't do nothin' but shake his head an' kick in de grass.

"'Bout dat time, ol' Miss Fox stuck 'er head out'n de winder fer ter see what gwine on. She say, 'Sandy, what all dat fuss out dar? Ain't you know dat de baby's des gone ter sleep?' Brer Fox, he say, 'Tain't nobody in de roun' worl' but Brer Rabbit, an' ef I ain't mighty much mistaken, he done gone an' got a case er de high-stericks.' Ol' Miss Fox say, 'I don't keer what he got. I wish he'd go on 'wax fum dar, er hush up his racket. He'll wake de chillun, an' dem what ain't 'sleep he'll skeer de wits out'n 'um.'

"Wid dat, ol' Brer Rabbit catch his breff, an' pass de time er day wid Brer Fox an' his ol' 'oman. Den he say, 'You see me an' you hear me, Brer Fox; well, des ez you see me now, dat de way I been gwine on all night long. I speck maybe it ain't right fer ter laugh at dem what ain't got de sense dey oughter been born wid, but I can't he'p it fer ter save my life; I try, but de mo' what I try de wusser I gits. I oughter be at home right now, an' I would be ef it hadn't 'a' been fer sump'n I seed las' night, an' den he went ter laughin' ag'in. Ol' Miss Fox, she fix de bonnet on her head, an' den she say, 'Waht you see, Brer Rabbit? It mus' be mighty funny; tell us 'bout it, an' maybe we'll laugh wid' you.' Brer Rabbit 'low, 'I don't min' tellin' you, ma'am, ef I kin keep fum laughin', but ef I hatter stop

fer ter ketch my breff, I know mighty well dat you'll skuzen me.' Ol' Miss Fox say, 'Dat we will, Brer Rabbit.'

"Wid dat, Brer Rabbit up an' tol' all 'bout ol' Craney-Crow comin' in de Swamp, an' not knowin' how ter go ter bed. He say dat de funny part un it wuz dat ol' Craney-Crow ain't know dat when anybody went ter bed dey oughter take der head off, an' den he start ter laughin' ag'in. Ol' Miss Fox look at her ol' man an' he look at her; dey dunner what ter say er how ter say it.

"Brer Rabbit see how dey er doin', but he ain't pay no 'tention. He 'low, 'Dat ol' Craney-Crow look like he had travel fur an' wide; he look like he know what all de fashions is, but when he got in de Swamp an' see all de creeturs—dem what run an' dem what fly—sleepin' wid der heads off, he sho' wuz tuck back; he say he ain't never hear er sech doin's ez dat. You done seed how country folks do—well, des dat away he done. I been tryin' hard fer ter git home, an' tell my ol' 'oman 'bout it, but eve'y time I gits a good start it pop up in my min' 'bout how ol' Craney-Crow done when he fin' out what de fashion wuz in dis part er de country.' An' den Brer Rabbit sot in ter laughin', an' Brer Fox an' ol' Miss Fox dey j'ined in wid 'im, kaze dey ain't want nobody fer ter git de idee dat dey don't know what de fashion is, speshually de fashion in de part er de country whar dey er livin' at.

"Ol' Miss Fox, she say dat ol' Craney-Crow must be a funny sort er somebody not ter know what de fashions is, an' Brer Fox he 'gree twel he grin an' show his tushes. He say he ain't keerin' much 'bout fashions hisse'f, but he wouldn't like fer ter be laughed at on de 'count er plain ignunce. Brer Rabbit, he say he ain't makin' no pertence er doin' eve'ythin' dat's done, kaze he ain't dat finicky, but when fashions is comfortuble an' coolin' he don't min' follerin' um fer der own sake ez well ez his'n. He say now dat he done got in de habits er sleepin' wid his head off, he wouldn't no mo' sleep wid it on dan he'd fly.

"Ol' Miss Fox, she up'n 'spon', 'I b'lieve you, Brer Rabbit—dat I does!' Brer Rabbit, he make a bow, he did, an' 'low, 'I know mighty well dat I'm ol'-fashion', an' dey ain't no 'nyin' it, Miss Fox, but when de new generation hit on ter sump'n dat's cool an' comfortuble, I ain't de man ter laugh at it des kaze it's tollerbul new. No, ma'am! I'll try it, an' ef it work all right I'll foller it; ef it don't, I won't. De fus' time I try ter sleep wid my head off I wuz kinder nervous, but I soon got over dat, an' now ef it wuz ter go out fashion I'd des keep right on wid it, I don't keer what de yuthers 'd think. Dat's me; dat's me all over.'

"Bimeby, Brer Rabbit look at de sun, an' des vow he bleeze ter git home. He wish ol' Miss Fox mighty well, an' made his bow, an' put out down de road at a two-forty gait. Brer Fox look kinder sheepish when his ol' 'oman look at 'im. He say dat de idee er sleepin' wid yo' head off is bran new ter him. Ol' Miss Fox 'low dat dey's a heap er things in dis worl' what he dunno, an' what he won't never fin' out. She say, 'Here I is a-scrimpin' an' a-workin' my eyeballs out fer ter be ez good ez de bes', an' dar you is a projickin' roun' an' not a-keerin' whedder yo' fambly is in de fashion er not.' Brer Fox 'low dat ef sleepin' wid yo' head off is one er de fashions, he fer one ain't keerin' 'bout tryin'. Ol' Miss Fox say, 'No, an' you ain't a-keerin' what folks say 'bout yo' wife an' fambly. No wonder Brer Rabbit had ter laugh whiles he wuz tellin' you 'bout Craney-Crow, kaze you stood dar wid yo' mouf open like you ain't got no sense. It'll be a purty tale he'll tell his fambly 'bout de tacky Fox fambly.'

"Wid dat Ol' Miss Fox switch away fum de winder an' went ter cleanin' up de house, an' bimeby Brer Fox went in de house hopin' dat brekfus wuz ready; but dey wa'n't no sign er nothin' ter eat. Atter so long a time, Brer Fox ax when he wuz gwine ter git brekfus. His ol' 'oman 'low dat eatin' brekfus an' gittin' it, too, wuz one er de fashions. Ef he ain't follerin' fashions, she ain't needer. He ain't say no mo', but went off behin' de house an' had a mighty time er thinkin' an' scratchin' fer fleas.

"When bedtime come, ol' Miss Fox wuz mighty tired, an' she ain't a-keerin' much 'bout fashions right den. Dez ez she wuz fixin' fer ter roll 'erse'f in de kivver, Brer Fox come in fum a hunt he'd been havin'. He fotch a weasel an' a mink wid 'im, an' he put um in de cubberd whar dey'd keep cool. Den he wash his face an' han's, an' 'low dat he's ready fer ter have his head tooken off fer de night, ef his ol' 'oman 'il be so good ez ter he'p 'im.

"By dat time ol' Miss Fox had done got over de pouts, but she ain't got over de idee er follerin' atter de fashions, an' so she say she'll be glad fer ter he'p 'im do what's right, seein' dat he's so hard-headed in gin'ul. Den come de knotty part. Na'er one un um know'd what dey wuz 'bout, an' dar dey sot an' jowered 'bout de bes' way fer ter git de head off. Brer Fox say dey ain't but one way, less'n you twis' de head off, an' goodness knows he ain't want nobody fer ter be twis'in' his neck, kaze he ticklish anyhow. Dat one way wuz ter take de axe an' cut de head off. Ol' Miss Fox, she squall, she did, an' 'bol' up her han's like she skeer'd.

"Brer Fox sot dar lookin' up de chimbley. Bimeby his ol' 'oman 'low, 'De axe look mighty skeery, but one thing I know, an' dat ain't two, it ain't gwinter hurt you ef it's de fashion. Brer Fox kinder work his under-jaw, but he ain't sayin' nothin'. So his ol' 'oman went

out ter de woodpile an' got de axe, an' den she say, 'I'm ready, honey, whenever you is, an' Brer Fox, he 'spon', 'I'm des ez ready now ez I ever is ter be,' an' wid dat she up wid de axe an' blip! she tuck 'im right on de neck. De head come right off wid little er no trouble, an' ol' Miss Fox laugh an' say ter herse'f dat she glad dey follerin' de fashion at las'.

"Brer Fox sorter kick an' squirm when de head fus' come off, but his ol' 'oman 'low dat dat wuz de sign he wuz dreamin', an' atter he lay right still she say he wuz havin' a better night's res' dan what he'd had in a mighty long time. An' den she happen fer ter think dat whiles her ol' man done gone an' got in de fashion, dar she wuz ready fer ter go ter bed wid 'er head on. She dunner how ter git 'er head off, an' she try ter wake up her ol' man, but it look like he wuz one er dem stubborn kinder sleepers what won't be woken'd atter dey once drap off. She shake 'im an' holler at 'im, but 'tain't do no good. She can't make 'im stir, spite er all de racket she make, an' she hatter go ter bed wid her head on.

"She went ter bed, she did, but she ain't sleep good, kaze she had trouble in de min'. She'd wake up an' turn over, an' roll an' toss, an' wonder what de yuther creeturs 'd say ef dey know'd she wuz so fur outer de fashion ez ter sleep wid 'er head on. An' she had bad dreams; she dremp dat Brer Rabbit wuz laughin' at 'er, an' she start fer ter run at 'im, an' de fast news she know'd de dogs wuz on her trail an' gwine in full cry. 'Twuz dat-a-way all night long, an' she wuz mo' dan thankful when mornin' come.

"She try ter wake up her ol' man, but still he won't be woke. He lay dar, he did, an' won't budge, an' bimeby ol' Miss Fox git mad an' go off an' leave 'im. Atter so long a time she went back ter whar he wuz



"She dremp dat Brer Rabbit wuz laughin' at 'er"

layin', an' he wuz des like she lef' 'im. She try ter roust 'im up, but he won't be roused. She holler so loud dat Brer Rabbit, which he wuz gwine by, got de idee dat she wuz callin' him, an' he stick his head in de do' an' 'low, 'Is you callin' me, ma'am?

"She say, 'La! Brer Rabbit? I ain't know you wuz anywheres aroun'. I been tryin' fer ter wake up my ol' man; he mo' lazier dis mornin' dan I ever is know 'im ter be. Ef my house wa'n't all to' up, I'd ax you in an' git you ter drag 'im out an' git 'im up.'

"Brer Rabbit say, 'Ef dey ain't nothin' de matter wid Brer Fox he'll git up in good time.' Ol' Miss Fox 'low, 'La! I dunner what you call good time. Look at de sun—it's 'way up yander, an' dar he is sleepin' like a log. 'Fo' he went ter bed he made me take his head off, an' he ain't woke up sence.' 'An' how did you git it off, mum?' sez ol' Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'I tuck an' tuck de axe an' cut it off,' se'she. Wid dat Brer Rabbit flung bofe han's over his face, an' mosied off like he wuz cryin'. Fum de way he look you'd 'a' thunk his heart wuz broke; yit he wa'n't cryin'."

"Then what was he doing, Uncle Remus?" the little boy asked.

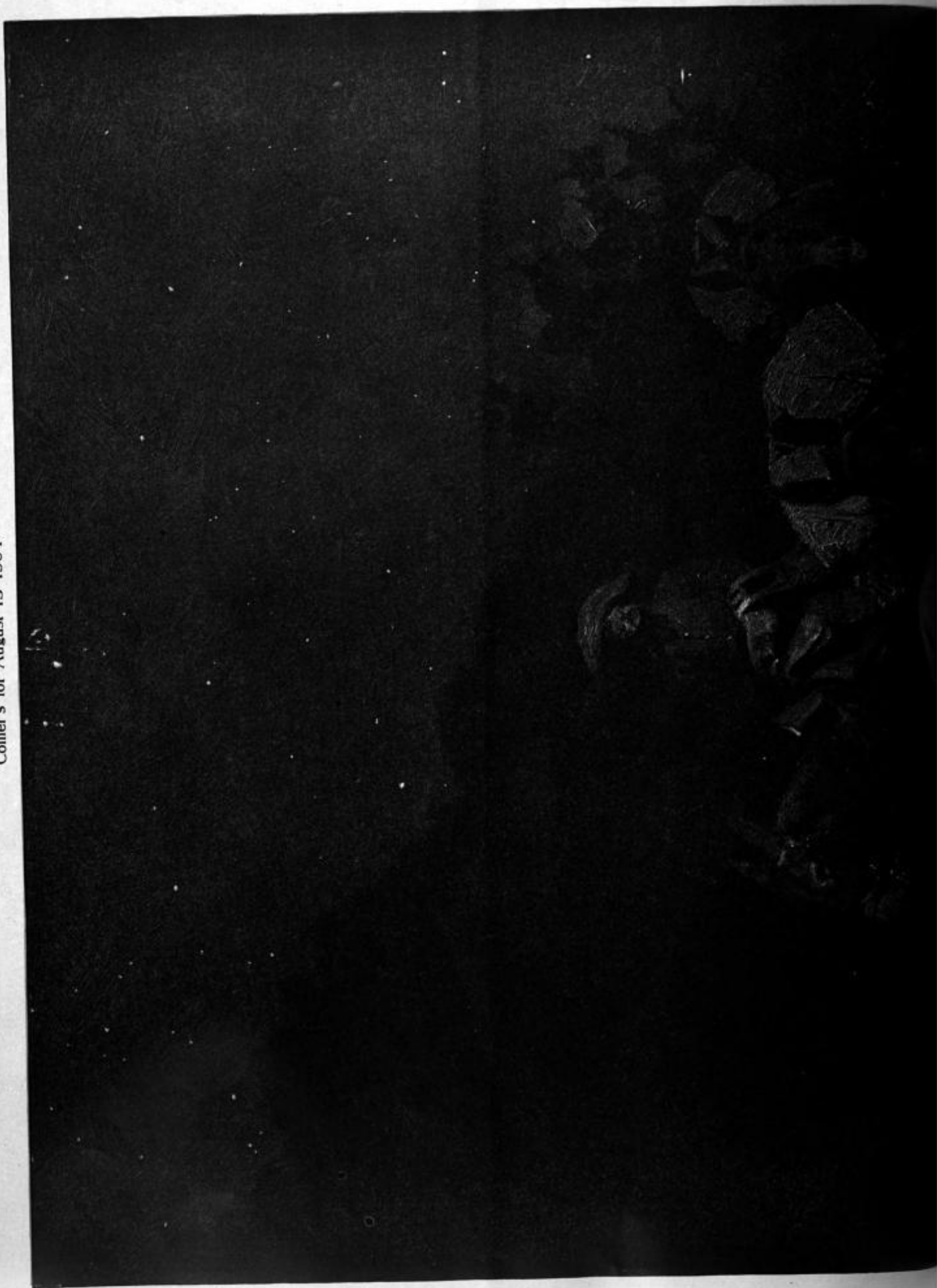
"Des a-laughin'—laughin' fit ter kill. When ol' Miss Fox see 'im gwine long like he wuz cryin', she spicion'd dat sump'n wuz wrong, an' sho 'nuff 'twuz, kaze Brer Fox ain't wake up no mo'. I take notice, honey, dat you ain't use yo' hankcher yit. What de matter wid you? Is yo' weeps all dry up?"

The child laughed and stuffed his handkerchief back in his pocket.




"His ol' 'oman went out an' got de axe"









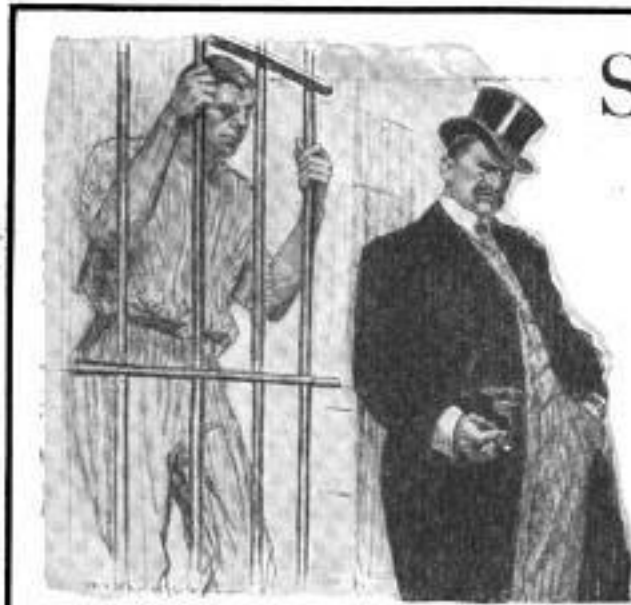
## THE BELL MARE

A GOVERNMENT PACK TRAIN OF MULES IS ALWAYS LED BY A HORSE WHICH CARRIES NO BURDEN AND WHICH THEREFORE SETS A GOOD PACE FOR ITS HEAVY-LADEN FOLLOWERS THE FAVORITE LEADER FOR A TRAIN OF THIS KIND IS A WHITE OR GRAY MARE, WEARING A BELL AT HER NECK WHICH CAN BE HEARD BY EVERY ANIMAL IN THE LINE. ONCE STARTED ON THE TRAIL OVER THE MOUNTAINS OF ARIZONA OR NEW MEXICO, THE BELL MARE WILL LEAD HER CHARGES ALONG AT A GOOD PACE, WITHOUT ANY URGING OR DIRECTION FROM THE MOUNTED MEN WHO ARE CONVOYING THE GOVERNMENT'S PROPERTY

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# SLAVES OF SUCCESS

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

*In this series of political stories Mr. Flower gives a truthful "inside" picture of the game of politics as it is being played to-day in every town, county, and State of the United States. The characters are drawn with great fidelity, and the story of how Azro Craig, an honest farmer, after first fighting the "machine" in the Legislature, gradually comes under the influence of the "boss," is told with both force and humor. There are six stories in the series, the first three of which have already appeared in Collier's Fiction Numbers for May, June, and July. The others will be published in successive Fiction Numbers.*

THE NECESSARY VOTE—May Fiction Number.  
THE REFORMER REFORMED—June Fiction Number.  
A MORTGAGE ON A MAN—July Fiction Number.

THE SLAVERY OF A BOSS—August Fiction Number.  
A STRATEGICAL DEFEAT—September Fiction Number.  
AZRO CRAIG'S AWAKENING—October Fiction Number.

## THE SLAVERY OF A BOSS

IT WAS no new thing for Dick Haggin to be in trouble, and he was not in the least worried by his arrest. "You've had me before," he told the desk sergeant, "but you couldn't never keep me. You'll hear from the main squeeze before long."

But somehow conditions seemed to be different this time.

"You'll have to give a real bond," the sergeant told him. "We've quit dealing in straw bail."

There was an element of grim humor in this, for there had been some recent scandals that had hit the justice courts and the police, and they were still squirming under the censure of the public. There was no evidence of direct connivance with malefactors, but there was evidence of a strong desire to oblige men of political influence, at least to the extent of being careless and lax in the interpretation and enforcement of the law. But Haggin did not know that an investigation was then under way that promised to make a lot of trouble for complaisant officials, and it was with the utmost confidence that he sent word of his predicament to Alderman Bogan.

The alderman responded promptly.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nabbed me while I was doing a jay," replied Haggin.

"You make more trouble than any other ten men," retorted the alderman disgustedly. "Why don't you cut that sort of thing out?"

"I didn't want to do it—honest, I didn't—but it was too easy," pleaded Haggin. "There ought to be a law against lettin' these yahoos come to town with big bunches of money. I can stand a good deal, but I ain't no angel, an' it worries me to see folks with money that they don't know how to take care of. Anyhow, I ain't no use to nobody while I'm locked up."

"I'll see what I can do," said the alderman.

Politicians of a certain class look upon some malefactors much as an indulgent parent looks on a wayward child. They may scold and threaten, but they will do what they can to protect the offender from the penalty of the offence. They do not condone it in words, but they do in deeds, and they find political advantage and personal gratification in the ascendancy they thus gain over men that the good citizen fears. It has happened before this that the victim of a robbery has had all the stolen things returned to him after it became known that he was the personal friend of some unscrupulous local politician.

So Alderman Bogan had a talk with the captain.

"It's all right," he said. "I'll answer for him. It's nothing but a 'disorderly' case, anyway."

"He's 'booked' for robbery," replied the captain.

"A mistake," asserted the alderman. "I'll speak to the justice about it myself, and you know well enough the yahoo won't appear against him."

"He's got to appear against him," returned the captain. "in order to get his watch and money back. They're held as evidence. Since the last roast we got, alderman, we're taking no chances, and I don't think the justice is, either."

The alderman began to see that this thing was going to be more difficult than usual, but he had particular reasons for wanting to take care of Haggin, so he went in search of a Democratic colleague, Alderman Bradley. While of opposite political parties, they had found many ways in which they could be useful to each other. It was an alliance of convenience with which politics had nothing to do. They might be as antagonistic as they pleased on party questions, but each would rather have the other in the Council than another man of his own political party. In brief, they were of the number that a protracted "reform" campaign had failed to reach. The Council had been improved, but it was still far from perfect.

"One of the boys is in trouble," announced Alderman Bogan.

"It's a bad time," said Alderman Bradley. "You'd better let him slide if you can."

"But I can't," returned Bogan. "He isn't the common run, and he can do a lot of harm. I tried to talk to the captain, but he wouldn't listen. The administration is Democratic, you know."

Bradley nodded. Minor officials were disposed to oblige an alderman regardless of his politics, but in a case like this, all else being equal, a Democrat might be able to do more than a Republican.

"I'll talk to him," said Bradley.

The captain remained obdurate, however. The man had been "booked," and that settled it. He would not be released until bail bonds had been furnished and ap-

proved by a police magistrate. And the justices had suddenly become very particular about bail bonds.

"As I understand it," said the alderman carelessly, "it's a trifling affair, and he'll be discharged by the justice to-morrow anyway."

"It's not a trifling affair for me," asserted the captain. "I'd like to oblige you, but I don't see how I can do it."

"Perhaps you're right," admitted the alderman. "They have been raising a good deal of a rumpus over police stations and police courts lately, and I don't want to get you into trouble."

Bradley could not afford to show too deep a personal interest in the case, if he made it appear important his hope of success was thereby lessened, for the captain would have greater fear of consequences. Perhaps it would be better to try to get results through the City Hall, although it was rather late for that.

As he left the police station he was accosted by a man who plainly showed that he was from the country.

"Be you an alderman?" asked the farmer. "The constable said you was."

"Yes," replied Bradley, "what can I do for you?"

"I ain't jest sure," said the farmer, "but mebbe you kin get my watch an' money for me."

"Who's got them?" asked Bradley.

"The fellers in there," said the farmer, indicating the police station. "They took 'em from the man that robbed me, an' they won't give 'em back."

"Why not?"

"They say if I got 'em I'd go back home without appearin' ag'in the man that did it."

"Would you?"

"You bet I would!" exclaimed the farmer, and then he seemed to regret his words and began to apologize.

"The folks 'll be worried 'bout me," he explained, "an' it costs money to stay here, an' a feller I was talkin' to said they'd most likely tie me up for a week or more an' make me come back four or five times, an' I can't afford it. Seems like the easiest thing is jest to light out for home if I git a good chance. That's what the feller told me."

The alderman did not ask who "the feller" was, but he had no doubt in his own mind that the friends of Haggin were at work trying to spoil the case by get-



"If you can't convince him, you can't convince me"

ting the prosecuting witness out of the way. If he could help them, he would be helping Bogan. So he led the farmer back into the police station.

"Captain," he said, with the air of one righteously championing the weak, "can't you give this man his watch and money?"

The captain looked at the alderman with a shrewd smile. "Certainly," he answered.

There was the light of victory in the alderman's eye.

"But," added the captain, "if I do, I'll have to lock him up as a witness."

"Oh, that's a confounded outrage!" cried the alderman excitedly, and then he added, "What's the matter with you anyway? You seem to have got ugly all of a sudden."

"I'm looking out for my job," returned the captain. "So many prosecuting witnesses have disappeared lately that it will take only one more case to have me before the trial board for wilful neglect of duty. I've been too obliging."

Alderman Bradley was angry, but he could not blame the captain. The latter had suffered in popular estimation for his complaisance in heeding the requests of men of local influence, and it certainly was a bad time to give grounds for any further criticism. While never directly accused of "grafting," the captain unquestionably had been "accommodating" in the way of accepting personal assurances that "it's all right" in minor cases, and many had escaped punishment in consequence. Occasionally, through some slip, a prosecuting witness had appeared in court the next day, and the absence of the prisoner had created unfavorable comment.

So Dick Haggin, handy man politically and criminally, remained in his cell and wondered where the hitch was, while Alderman Bradley was reporting to Alderman Bogan that there was "nothing doing" with the police, and the matter would have to be arranged some other way.

"He's got to stay there to-night," said Bradley. "If it was plain 'disorderly' it might be different, but he was caught with the goods on him. It's a nasty business, Bogan. I don't like it myself."

"A little slip," said Bogan indulgently. "I roasted him for it, but some of these yaps ought to have their money taken away from them so that they can't tempt good men to do wrong."

"That's right, too," admitted Bradley, who kept a saloon where men were parted from their money with great cleverness, "but that doesn't help things now. There are only three men who can turn him loose to-night—the mayor, the chief of police, and the justice—and you know what kind of a show there'd be with any one of them in a case like this."

"None," said Bogan. "There isn't money enough in Chicago to get them to interfere with a case of a stray dog just now, unless you can show a real reason for it. A hard-luck story, with the right kind of backing, might have got action from one of them a while ago, but—"

"Not in a case of robbery," put in Bradley. "It has done the business for a 'plain drunk' or an 'innocent spectator' caught in a raid now and then, but not for a man caught with the goods on him—that is, not if they knew it. I thought of the City Hall end myself. It's no use, Bogan; you've got to leave him there to-night, and you'd better keep your hands off to-morrow."

"I can't," protested Bogan. "If I turn him down, I might just as well pass up the ward and get ready for trouble. I tell you, he's been a handy man, and he has friends. He knows things. It's up to me to do the best I know now, and he's not the only one watching me, either. I'll have to fix it for him in the morning, sure."

"Well, you don't have to be told how," laughed Bradley.

There were several methods of procedure known to such experienced local politicians as Bogan and Bradley. In the ordinary course of events Haggin would be held to the grand jury, but the justice could change the charge to "disorderly conduct" and let him go under a suspended fine. If he refused to suspend the fine, it could be paid. But there was every reason to believe that the justice would be as difficult to handle as the captain.

If the suggestion came from the city prosecuting attorney or one of his assistants, however, it would relieve the justice of much of the responsibility. It was not an uncommon thing for the city prosecutor to suggest such a course when the evidence did not seem strong enough to convict of the more serious charge. But here again there had been criticism, and, furthermore, the presence of the prosecuting witness would make the scheme too transparent.

In these unusual circumstances it seemed unwise to Bogan to trust entirely to his own influence. If he tried it and failed, it would make the task so much the more difficult for another. The assistant city prosecutor in that particular court was a man who owed his position to John Wade, one of the big men of the Republican "machine." So to John Wade Alderman Bogan went.

"No," said Wade, when the case was stated to him.



"Why not?" asked Bogan, bewildered; for he had not expected such an uncompromising refusal that seemed to leave no room for argument.

"For several reasons," replied Wade. "For one thing, the man is a Republican under a Democratic city administration, and the influence that put him there isn't strong enough to hold him in the face of any kind of a scandal. I know, because I had something to do with the deal."

"There won't be any scandal," urged Bogan. "Who's going to care what's done with Haggin?"

"That brings me to the second reason," said Wade. "There's a lot of attention being given to these matters just now, and a thing like that is likely to raise the devil."

"It won't hurt you," persisted Bogan.

"That brings me to my third reason," said Wade. "It's nasty, dirty politics, and I'll have nothing to do with it. If you want to use hold-up men and thugs, it's your business, but I won't. When I have to mix up in criminal cases to win, I'll quit. I've got a little self-respect left."

"That's all you will have left if you get up out of reach of the common people," retorted Bogan.

"I'll take my chances," returned Wade.

Bogan hesitated. There seemed to be little hope of success here, but a great deal was at stake, so he repressed his anger.

"If the watch and money are returned," he said insinuatingly, "there will be no prosecuting witness on hand to-morrow, but the captain won't assume the entire responsibility of returning them. If the assistant city prosecutor should advise it—"

"He won't," broke in Wade angrily.

"The yahoo needs the money," argued Bogan. "At the most, it would be considered no more than an evidence of unwise sympathy, a wish to save him unnecessary hardship—"

"If you use criminals," exclaimed Wade, "you've got to look out for them yourself! I won't raise a finger to save a man from the consequences of crime—that is, real crime." Wade made a distinction between "real crime" and "political offences"; for at times he had exerted himself quietly and unostentatiously to save men from the penalties incurred by too great "enthusiasm" for the success of the party, and he had not hesitated to profit by practices that he never sanctioned. But there was great consolation for him in the fact that he never allied himself, even indirectly, with "real crime." That there were some depths of practical politics to which he would not go gave him a gratifying sensation of being "clean," and he had a certain amount of contempt for those of the slum wards who found it necessary to interest themselves in "dirty cases." Still, he was not unmindful of the value of their friendship.

Carroll, who shared with Wade the responsibilities of directing the destinies of the "machine," was not so particular. His education had been in a lower stratum of politics, anyway, and he lacked Wade's "fine discrimination." So he was readily converted to Bogan's view of the case—the more readily, perhaps, because he had better reason to know the importance of getting Haggin out of the clutches of the law.

"I know the justice," he said. "I don't know what I can do with him, but I'll try. You get some one to throw a 'scare' into the yahoo, so that he won't say any more than he has to, if we don't succeed in getting him out of the way."

"That's easy," returned Bogan. "All he wants is a chance to get home with his watch and money."

"And see Haggin," added Carroll. "Tell him to keep his mouth shut, and he'll come out all right."

Then Ben Carroll visited the justice at his house. The justice was a Republican and something of a politician, although not a very active one. Still, he knew something of the exigencies of politics, and he wished to be "accommodating" so long as it required no serious dereliction of duty. He was assured that it was a small matter, that the prosecuting witness had no wish to press the case, and that a suspended fine on a charge of disorderly conduct would answer all the requirements.

"Why wasn't he arraigned to-day?" asked the justice.

"Well, it was rather late when he was arrested," replied Carroll, "and the case seemed to require some investigation. Bogan was looking after it. He thought of asking to have the man admitted to bail, but he didn't want to go on the bond himself—"

"And bonds have to be good these days," laughed the justice, with the air of one who quite understood the situation. It was not a matter of temporary liberty, but of complete freedom. "Well, if it's really a trifling affair and no objection is raised," he went on, "I'll change the charge to disorderly conduct and impose a small fine, provided the suggestion is made by the city prosecutor. There ought not to be any trouble about that."

Carroll tried to explain that the prosecutor for that court was in an awkward position; that it was a matter of political expediency alone, but he could not venture to make such a recommendation. The justice was instantly suspicious.

"If you can't convince him, you can't convince me," he announced. "I don't like the looks of the thing. You're trying to mislead me."

Carroll protested that he had no thought of asking anything that was wrong or unreasonable, but the justice held to his decision; he would do nothing without the recommendation of the city prosecutor. Even if his own judgment dictated the action he was asked to take, after he became conversant with all the facts, he would hesitate, for the public had become suspicious of all such things, and every public official was under scrutiny. He had been criticised in cases where his course was absolutely justified, and, no matter what his personal opinions or personal inclinations might be, he would not assume the responsibility for changing a charge except on the motion of the proper law officer.

"That means the grand jury for Haggin," growled

Carroll, as he left the justice's house, "and the grand jury for Haggin means the grand jury for other people. Confound it! Wade has got to come down to earth and do something!"

It was getting late now. Many hours had many people spent working earnestly in behalf of Dick Haggin, handy man, and he was still behind the bars. Was it possible that a spasmodic reform agitation had made the strongest "pull" valueless? Never before had it been so difficult to get "a good man" out of trouble, especially when the prosecuting witness was inclined to be so reasonable.

Wade was reading in his library when Carroll arrived in a cab, and Wade instantly surmised what was wanted. Except during a campaign, evening calls from Carroll were infrequent, and the earlier conference with Bogan was still fresh in his memory. He had expected Bogan to go to Carroll. Evidently Carroll had been unable to adjust matters.

"Wade," said Carroll, "we've got to get that man Haggin out, and I've done my share."

"You'll have to do it all," said Wade.

"The justice is all right," persisted Carroll, "but he's afraid to act alone just now. All he asks is that certain forms shall be observed. If the city prosecutor will—"

"The city prosecutor won't," interrupted Wade. "I told Bogan that, and I mean it. I'm no angel, Carroll, but I draw the line at standing between the law and the thug."

"You've done worse," said Carroll, and Wade winced. He was an adept in the deceit and subterfuge and trickery of politics, and some of his methods of gaining power over others were not compatible with a high sense of honor, but this was quite another matter. To refuse to interfere with the administration of justice, when others did not hesitate, gave him a feeling of righteousness and made other offences seem insignificant. "It was one thing to 'play politics' and quite another to protect crime."



"Are you with me?" he asked at last

"Do you know who Haggin is?" asked Carroll, when he found that Wade did not intend to answer his last thrust.

"No, and I don't care."

"Perhaps you do," said Carroll, and his voice had a sinister tone. "Haggin is Dan Nally to some people."

Wade was startled. Dan Nally had been mixed up in some election frauds.

"The police never caught him because they never had a good description of him by that name," Carroll explained. "They know Dick Haggin, but they don't know Dan Nally. Do you see now why Bogan is so worried? If Dan Nally talks, it's all day with Bogan and some others that you and I need."

"Let Bogan take care of himself!" exclaimed Wade.

"Do you know what it means if you and I mix up in this case and the public ever finds out who the man is?"

"I know what it means if we don't," retorted Carroll.

"It means that he'll talk the moment he finds he's deserted, that he'll bring in others. He won't reach you, Wade, but his friends will, and the friends of the others will. They'll know how he was sacrificed, and they won't forget it. They'll know who could have saved him and them, and you won't be ace high to a yellow dog in a district that you and I rule now."

Wade got up and walked back and forth. He had had nothing to do, even indirectly, with the frauds in question, but the district was one where men "stood by one another" and regarded inactivity as treachery. The local leaders were influential. If any one failed to be loyal to them, according to their understanding of loyalty, he would be put down as an enemy. On the other hand, the very thing that made it important to get this man out made it dangerous to interfere. If the facts ever became known, Wade would be regarded as a party to the original fraud and he prided himself on having "clean hands" in this respect, as he not infrequently asserted. Political expediency might point to one course, but personal inclination and safety pointed to another. The lower associations of politics were repugnant to him, anyway.

"I said before, and I say again," he announced at last, "that I won't lift a finger to protect a common thug."

"My God! Wade, can't you see the consequences?" cried Carroll.

"I don't care a rap for the consequences," retorted Wade angrily. Then he added more quietly: "You and I are supposed to be bosses, Carroll, but we're slaves."

To hold our power we have to do a whole lot of things that we don't want to do, and that we know we ought not to do. We're slaves to the men we think we boss. We have to watch out for them, protect them, and do their bidding in most of the affairs of life, or we can't rule them in politics. That's philosophizing, Carroll, and you may not understand it, but you'll understand this: I've reached the limit; I've monkeyed with my little warped conscience all that I dare. Bogan will have to handle his own crime business. Is that plain enough?"

"I think you're a fool," was Carroll's reply; but both men spoke bluntly in the course of their occasional disagreements, and their alliance did not suffer thereby. They could not afford to let it suffer.

Carroll abandoned active work for that night, but he did a good deal of thinking. It was a desperate situation. While he was no more implicated in the actual frauds than Wade, he had a deeper interest in the men who were implicated, and he had no scruples against interfering with the law so long as he incurred no penalty. Bogan was his kind of a man—a man whom he could use—and there were others like Bogan who were in danger. They represented a considerable element of his political strength in one district.

In consequence Carroll was astir earlier than usual the next morning, and had a brief conference with Bogan before the time for the opening of the police court. Bogan plainly showed his anxiety. The affair was beginning to look very serious, for no one could say when Dick Haggin might be recognized as Dan Nally, which would end all possibility of escape. And Haggin was in no pleasant frame of mind. He could not understand why his release was so long delayed.

Bogan went from Carroll to the police court and drew the assistant city prosecutor to one side. Court had not yet opened, but the prosecutor was looking over the docket.

"That case against Haggin," said Bogan, "is a mistake. I've explained it to the judge, and on your motion to change the charge to disorderly he'll let him go with a fine."

"It's robbery here," said the lawyer, looking at the docket, "and there's a witness against him besides the police."

"The witness won't object," asserted Bogan. "The man ought never to have been booked on that charge."

"In that case let the justice change it," returned the lawyer.

"As a matter of form, he wants the motion to come from the prosecution," Bogan explained.

"I'm not making motions of that kind," said the lawyer.

"Wade told me to tell you it's all right," was Bogan's next cheerful lie.

The lawyer looked up at him sharply. He was grateful to Wade, and he had confidence in him. Wade would not ask him to do anything that would get him into trouble, for he knew how small an excuse would be required to separate him from his job. And such changes were frequently justifiable. But the docket showed that the victim would appear against this man.

"Have you a note from Wade?" asked the lawyer.

"Do you think he'd put such a request in writing?" retorted Bogan, thus making a grievous mistake; for the lawyer immediately decided that the favor asked was not such an innocent one as Bogan would have it appear.

"I don't believe Wade knows anything about it," he said. "If he does, he can telephone me."

"I'll have you out of this job," threatened Bogan, losing his temper. An alderman is not accustomed to such hard knocks as this one had been receiving since the previous evening.

"For refusing to change a felony to a misdemeanor?" asked the lawyer coolly. "In the present state of public feeling you couldn't do me a greater favor than to make the facts public."

A month before, Bogan reflected, as he hurried to Haggin's cell, the influence already brought to bear would have given freedom to half a dozen men without the public being any the wiser for it; and now, when it was most important to secure results, a reform scare had everything tied up tight. But he spoke confidently to Haggin. The right people had taken the matter up, he said, but circumstances made it necessary to act with caution. They might have to wait until the case got out of the police court before acting. Then he took the risk of calling Wade up on the telephone.

"It's all up to you," he told him. "Everything is arranged, and a word to the prosecutor will settle the business. Shall I call him to the 'phone?"

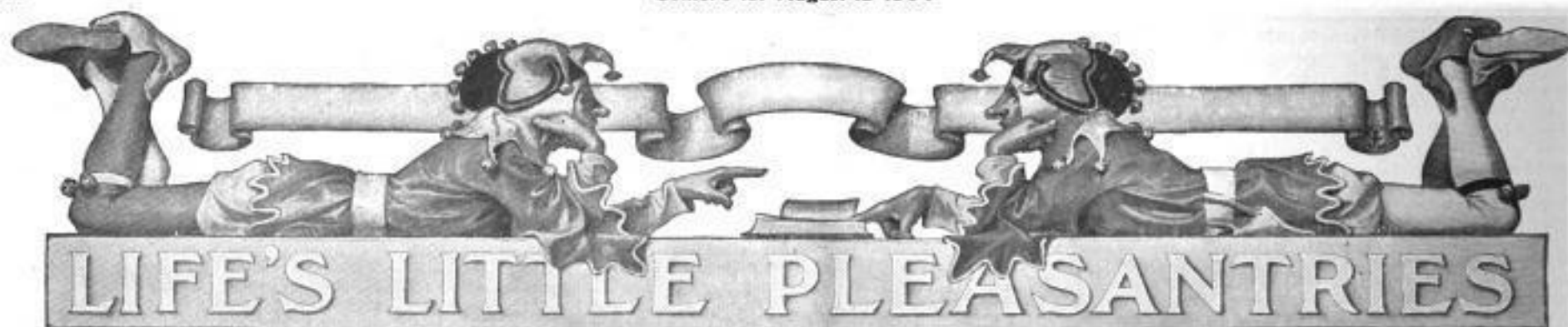
"No," replied Wade.

Bogan tried to argue, but Wade rang off. Then Bogan swore volubly and forcefully, and the tenor of his remarks was to the effect that, no matter what happened, John Wade should have reason to regret his refusal to help out a good man. A drink in a nearby refectory served to calm the excited alderman sufficiently to enable him to return to the courtroom without exciting comment.

Even as he entered, Dick Haggin, handy man, was being held to the grand jury.

Wade breathed more easily when he heard the news. Whatever the sacrifice, he had held steadfastly to his principles, and it was somewhat pleasing to find that he still had principles. Furthermore, he did not believe they would impose any real loss upon him. The scandal, if it came, would not touch him personally, and those most embittered by his course were not likely to have much time for schemes of revenge. Carroll might sulk a little, merely for effect, but Carroll was a practical man who looked out for his own interests, and their alliance was not one of sentiment. Nor would the rank and file of the party in the district affected remain true very long to lost leaders of a lost cause. All in all, he could see where there was a chance of gaining, instead of losing, prestige. But Wade, the astute, overlooked one little thing: the game was not finished. Haggin was in the county jail, awaiting trial, but he was still only Haggin. (Continued on page 20.)





### NOTHING DOING

CLARA was a Beach Beauty. She came down on the 4:30 Thursday afternoon with papa, who, having seen her located and arranged with the proprietor and clerk to protect her young life if necessary, went back the next morning to town, where he was sure of a square meal and an honest shower bath.

Clara tied her head up in a green veil, and, mounting her feet slowly and carefully on a pair of French heels, strolled down the board walk at 10 A.M., and, arranging the sand to suit her, began to grace it with her presence, keeping a careful lookout for merchantmen.

Clarence, who drew a thousand a year (in advance when he could get it) from one of the most popular brokerage firms in the Street, came languidly down from his coffee and rolls about eleven, and placed himself about three points on Clara's port bow.

Clarence was only there until Monday morning and time was precious, and he calculated that if Clara was the real thing, the land breeze, which was blowing about eighteen miles an hour at the time, would lift Clara's parasol and waft it his way. As a parasol rescuer Clarence was in the front rank.

In four minutes and eighteen seconds the parasol was off and Clarence gathered it in at the first quarter and brought it back to the starting-post.

Clara thanked him and said she was always doing foolish things like that, and Clarence said he didn't think it was foolish at all when it gave him an opportunity that he longed for the moment he had seen her.

And Clara said he wouldn't have seen her at all if she hadn't suddenly decided not to go to Europe this year, because she really wanted a rest, it being tiresome to be driven about Old World cities, not to mention sitting at the opera during the winter and entertaining numerous visitors at her home on the Avenue.

And Clarence said he could understand just how she felt, because he himself had to get away from puts and calls, and the heavy responsibilities of carrying millions of stocks and bonds for his customers, to say nothing of the fact that his principal automobile, the one he had really relied upon to do his heavy work, had broken down last week and was now in the repair shop.

Thus Clarence and Clara were drawn together by mutual consent, and Romeo and Juliet in the next twenty-four hours looked like a pair of distant relatives to each other.

On Saturday afternoon, however, Clara's father, who was a floor-walker in a mammoth dry-goods store, got a telegram from the proprietor to come at once; and when the bus came in and Clara threw her arms around a pair of side-boards about seven feet from the ground, Clarence whisked himself off to the nearest pavilion and wondered if he would get found.

Thirty minutes later, in the gathering dusk, he heard heavy footsteps, and prepared to say his prayers. He determined, however, to keep up the bluff.

"Young man," said Clara's father sternly as he drew alongside, "have you been making love to my daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Looking you up in our credit-book, I find you are a



The Amateur Fisherman—"I wonder where all the fish come from that people eat?"

clerk on a small salary, with no prospects except to carry bags of cash around that belong to others."

"Yes, sir."

"When can you marry my daughter?"

It was now Clarence's turn. "Never, sir," he exclaimed. "This is only one of my regular summer pleasures. I expect to go back Monday morning and pick up the dull routine of business just the same as ever."

Clara's father burst into tears until his manly frame shook. "Too bad! Too bad!" he exclaimed. "You're just the man I want. I was afraid Clara would pick

out some one too high up and proud to associate with me; but with you at the family board, even if I had to draw on 'my hard-earned savings,' I could at least come home at night and sit in my shirt sleeves without feeling that I was a burden."



### THE BATTLE OF CLOTHESLINE BAY

By WALLACE IRWIN

THE neatest officer on the coast—  
Hang your sails to the whiffletree slat!—  
Was the famous Admiral Buttertoast  
Who sailed the historical "Derby Hat."  
Flutter the ensign, whistle the screw,  
For the neat old Admiral and his crew!

His sailormen were the tidest tars  
That sought renown 'neath the billowing flags,  
As they stood in place on the decks and spars,  
With carpet sweepers and dusting rags.  
And Monday mornings the sails they'd reef  
And iron 'em out like a handkerchief.

"Men," said the Admiral, "I abhor  
To litter my boat with th: shot and shell,  
And it's very untidy to go to war  
And scent my sails with the powder smell;  
So load the cannon with scouring soap  
And sachet powder of heliotrope."

About this period on the main  
Sailed the slatternly pirate, Grimy Dan,  
Whose slipshod methods were terribly plain  
In the state of his vessel, the "Frying Pan,"  
Where the decks were littered with bottles and  
crumbs,  
And the masts were smeared with his gory thumbs.

So the grim marauders of Grimy Dan  
Sailed the greasy "Frying Pan" into the bay  
Where the "Derby Hat," all spick and span,  
A-drying her clothes in the lifting lay.  
"Ho!" cried the Pirate, and likewise, "Hum!  
Edam Schnapps and Jamaica Rum!"

"By me bloody yards and me slippery plank,  
What is the scent from yon vessel blown?"  
"That," quoth the bos'n, Terrible Hank,  
"Is washing powder and eau de Cologne."  
"Heave-ho, mateys," said Dan, "and away!  
I risk no battles on washing day."

"Friends," said the Admiral, "I confess  
I'm glad to be rid of the rude galoots.  
They might have caused a terrible mess  
By tracking our decks with their muddy boots.  
Dear me, suds! what a shock it would be  
To a shipshape, housekeeping man like me!"

So the "Frying Pan" with her tattered crew,  
Like a dingy spectre slunk from the scene,  
And the Admiral neat, when the foe withdrew,  
Sent a wireless telegram to his Queen:  
"I beg to report, if your Majesty please,  
I have lathered the Pirates and scoured the seas."

### HISTORIC AMERICA: RECORDED SPOTS

PIKE: A muddy stream, located in St. Louis, where suckers are caught.

Battery: Where our principal politicians and municipal rulers land.

White House: Half-way house between Albany and oblivion.

Back Bay: A religion incubator.

Yale Campus: An automobile station.

The Yosemite: A place frequented by Christian Endeavorers and Y. M. C. A. men, also retired villains.

Niagara Falls: A cabstand near Buffalo.

Saratoga: A bookmaker's paradise.

### JUST TO HELP ALONG

A DELEGATE arose in the Prohibition Convention and said: "If this Convention expects us to Swallow that platform it is Miles off the track."

One good way to make both ends—meat is to have ox-tail soup and cold tongue.

Just because a woman says "Fudge" that's no reason that is all she thinks.

If the choir is split into factions the leader might as well pursue the even tenor of his way.

It would no doubt sound strange to call a macaroni journal a pipe organ.

They say truth will out; we have noticed it is out of some people most of the time.

A dead give away—the body was turned over to the doctors for an autopsy.

Love might be blind, but when it comes to buying the engagement ring you will find it is not stone blind.

It is all right to receive an education in the school of matrimony, but hardly wise to take a post-graduate course.

A man is best educated when he knows at what times to appear ignorant.

The reason why so many folks have so little confidence in themselves is because they have too much in others.

When you borrow trouble it usually demands compound interest.

A good, strong, healthy man wants a food breakfast; not a breakfast food.

Love makes a good dynamo to run the heart, but common-sense is the best rudder.

Don't put your reputation in a glass globe and place it on exhibition, it is likely to get shattered.

A woman's heart can be pried open with flattery when all else fails.

### THE MARRIED LIFE SUBURBAN STORY

By TOM MASSON

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Tuffnut went to live in the country he little expected to take his meals there, but his wife persuaded him that they couldn't get into society unless they did, so he made an exception occasionally, coming home on an afternoon train.

One day, when Mrs. Tuffnut had a cook who promised to stay over night, she seized the opportunity presented and sent out hurried invitations to a dinner party, telephoning her husband at the same time to come home on an early train and bring the dinner with him.

Tuffnut stopped at the market, and, loading himself with several market baskets, proceeded on his journey to his home, where he was due to arrive at 4 P. M.

There were dark, lowering clouds in the northwest. The snow began to fall when they were four miles from town, at first light and then thick and heavy.

The conductor wore an ominous look as he came through and punched Tuffnut's ticket.

"Are those your packages in the baggage car?" he asked irritably, as he glanced fearfully out of the window.

"Yes," said Tuffnut.

"Well, that engine's got about all she can do now," said the conductor. "If you want to get home in time for dinner, we'll have to throw them overboard."

Tuffnut quailed at the thought.

If he didn't get home, then there would, of course,



"... the steaming contents of the Filibby kitchen."

be nothing to cook, and if he did, there wouldn't be either. Still, he felt that he must give his wife some warning. Besides, if he were there, between them they might be able to do something.

"All right," he said, "I must get home. Relieve the strain if necessary."

In a few moments more he could hear the trainmen working in the baggage car ahead throwing off his dinner. An involuntary sigh escaped him.

But the engine, relieved of the unnatural strain, soon began to bound along over the snowdrifts. In an hour the lights of the station gleamed through the haze.

It was six o'clock when Tuffnut broke the news to his wife.

"That dinner," he exclaimed, "is now lying in sections by the track from the city here, but I had to make a sacrifice of it in order to get home."

Mrs. Tuffnut wrung her hands. The guests were beginning to arrive on their snowshoes. Two pounds



of butter and a can of sardines were all there was in the refrigerator. The cook was calling up the back stairs.

Tuffnut looked out through the fast falling snow to the house of his neighbor Fillby. Fillby hasn't come home yet. He would be on the next train, which would probably get in at midnight.

Mrs. Fillby didn't know this, however. She was sitting in the front window waiting for her husband to fight his way up the street. Meanwhile Mrs. Fillby's dinner was probably waiting downstairs.

Tuffnut didn't lose a moment. Hastily calling his hired man, they entered the Fillby house in the rear, and in fifteen minutes had transferred the steaming contents of the Fillby kitchen on to the Tuffnut dining table.

### SEEING BROOKLYN

**BROOKLYN**, one of the largest sanitariums in the world, rests at the other end of the Brooklyn Bridge, a famous jumping-off place.

Brooklyn has several hundred thousand inmates, divided roughly into men, women, children, and rapid transit officials. Its principal places of amusement are the Brooklyn Library and Greenwood Cemetery.

Brooklyn is noted for its good society, Laura Jean Libby giving constant receptions. Its elite directory is one of the best advertising mediums known.

The literary atmosphere of Brooklyn is delightful in its simplicity, fed as it is by the nutritious air of Gowanus Canal.

Brooklyn poets can be seen browsing on the Heights and abandoning themselves to the soporific excitement of the Long Island Historical Society.



THE RACONTEUR IN THE ARCTIC

The Bear (concluding story): "Yes, gentlemen; and when I woke up six months later my hair was, as you see it now, actually turned white in a single night!"

Brooklyn is troubled with Flatbush, Williamsburg, and Long Island City.

A man who has his clothes made in Brooklyn never recovers from the disgrace. A great many Brooklyn men have their clothes made in New York in order to conceal their identity. But the Brooklyn face is its own trade-mark, and known wherever there is green corn and Frankfurters.

The annual beer fall of Brooklyn is higher than

any other rural district in America. Champagne is unknown, except at the Crescent Athletic Club, where they serve it in ponies.

The hotels of Brooklyn are splendid in their disappointments. The bell-boys can be heard stirring around as early as nine o'clock in the morning, and guests using the gas after 9 P.M. are invariably charged extra.

The chief sporting centre of Brooklyn is the Y. M. C. A.

### HIS FIRST WAGER

**SENATOR BLACKBURN**, who is devoted to the "sport of kings," tells the following amusing story of a man from a small town in Virginia, who, while visiting Washington, was taken to the Benning races by a friend.

As the Virginian had never before seen a horse race, everything connected therewith was a source of great wonder and interest to him; and especially absorbing did he find the betting ring.

The friend explained to him the process of laying a wager, finally inducing the man from Virginia to place a bet of \$10 at odds of 10 to 1. The man from the interior won. When he received his winnings, which his friend had collected for him, he gazed earnestly at the money in his hand and asked, "Is all of this mine?"

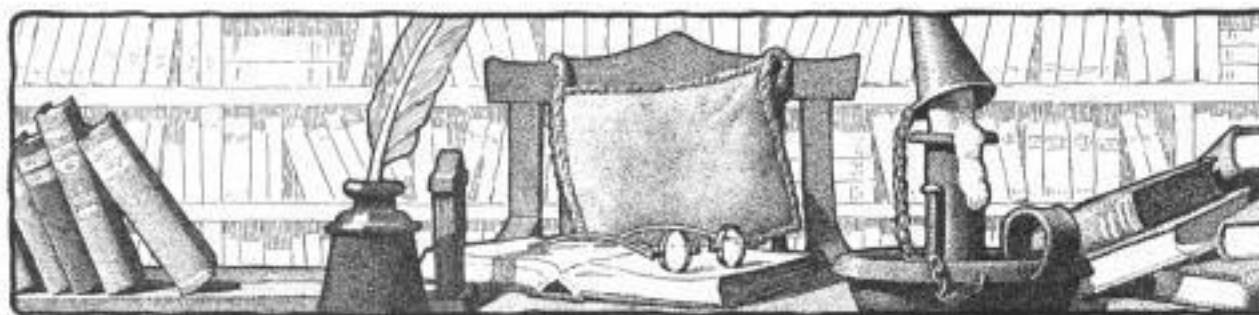
"All of it is yours," replied the friend.

"You mean to tell me that I get \$100 for \$10?"

"You do!"

The Virginia man glanced about him nervously before speaking again. Finally, lowering his voice to a most confidential pitch, he said:

"Say, tell me, how long has this been goin' on?"



## WHY FIRST-RATE SHORT STORIES ARE SCARCE: By Robert Bridges

**C**OMPLAINT crops out in various quarters as to the prevailing quality of the short story. There never were so many of them published in a month, and the old hands at story-reading are prone to say that never were they all of such a dead level of mediocrity. This is not entirely true, for it leaves out of account the reader's own bias in that judgment. Certain writers of short stories have set the standard very high, and the reader, surfeited with the crop of periodical fiction, is apt to resent anything that does not reach the remembered quality of a Kipling, Doyle, or Mark Twain masterpiece. An unprejudiced review of current short stories would lead to the conclusion that the mere workmanship of them is surprisingly good; that where ten once knew how to write a short story deftly and intelligently, one hundred now know the trick. But a candid mind would have to admit a sad deficiency in originality of character, plot, and style. Instead of fertile, original minds telling stories with force, but some clumsiness, there are facile but sterile minds devoting themselves to rather colorless fancies. Like sheep also, they seem to follow some fancied leader—one time into adventure, again into animal stories, then into local dialect and color, or even into the realm of supernatural detectives.

And now the complaint is that all the magazines are running to what the irreverent call "kid stories"—every phase of precocious or pathetic childhood finding its interpreter. What the result will be on the rising generation of children, who will undoubtedly absorb many of the ideas of these fictitious youngsters, is difficult to predict. Will the ideal of many old men, fifty years from now, be colored by Foxy Grandpa? What a terrible crop of skittish and vulgar octogenarians that would bring forth!

A reason for the prevalence of the kid story, which is not at all flattering to the vanity of the writers, may perhaps be found on the picture side of the periodicals. A lot of clever women artists have recently developed who draw children with surprising beauty and grace. A charming child is a popular form of illustration, and many a kid story has been accepted because it would furnish a happy vehicle for the skill of a certain artist. Let the writer who thinks that his style is "compelling" humbly muse a while over this tangible reason for his existence! Before he raises his rate per thousand words, let him calculate how much of it rightly belongs to some obscure artist whose name he does not know.

A similar reason will account for the "boy-and-girl" love story. Some one has complained of the prevalence of the football hero and the golf or tennis girl. It isn't the fault of the writers; they are supplying a very obvious demand. A number of artists draw those alluring youths with skill and "style," and they look remarkably well in color reproductions. Therefore the writer who knows his job goes to work on a boy-and-girl story and finds himself, in a little while, filling monotonous black pages between kaleidoscopic girls in pink gowns and giants of men in white duck or flannels, with purple trees in the background. Then the author who got into print by grace of the artist writes to ask why the pictures never fit the story!

The chief reason of all for the dearth of crackerjack short stories is that the best men seldom write them. The remarkable success of full-grown novels within the past five years has turned the most expert fiction

writers to producing them. They simply can't afford to waste an idea on a short story that with a little more elaboration would make a volume of which many thousands would be sold, and on which large royalties would accrue. That may be the "rank commercialism in literature" of which so much is written—but it is an obvious fact to all who are familiar with the present conditions.

A "real author" nowadays must be pictured on his yacht, or driving a four-in-hand, or sitting on the piazza of "a fine old colonial mansion," or following the hounds. These things cost money. Even the old one-story tumble-down house is out of fashion now as a birthplace for authors, as well as Presidents and Presidential candidates. The "simple life" is pleasant to talk about, but the reality is complicated and expensive.

### Real People in Romantic Novels

**W**HEN Oxford University gave to Mr. Howells, the other day, its highest honorary degree, it bestowed deserved recognition on a man of letters who has won the sincerest respect of all American writers, even of those who radically differ from him in his literary theories. About fifteen years ago, when he was promulgating his theory of realism in fiction, and trying to pull from their pedestals some of the heroes of romance, it was the usual thing for every youngster in criticism to throw something at him. The empty tin cans made some racket when they struck, but fell into the scrap-heap and were carted away. Mr. Howells stood unruffled and serene, and kept on producing novels, criticism, and plays—all of them more or less in accord with his theory. The youngsters grew older, and knew better or were forgotten; other literary fads and catch-words came to the front, but gradually Mr. Howells took his place, in the minds of readers and writers as a literary figure to be honored and respected for the uniform sincerity and integrity of his ideals, and, above all, the perfection of his workmanship as a literary artist. The "Evening Post" expressed it exactly when it said: "Had Mr. Howells visited no foreign lands, written no novels, and professed no literary theories, he would still in his capacity of stylist deserve the kind of distinction to-day conferred upon him."

But a survey of current American fiction, good and bad, will show that in all these years Mr. Howells has made scarcely a convert to his methods. The popular novel of to-day is romantic—romantic in subject and effusively romantic in method. A great deal of adventure, a dash of sentiment, and a strange land for its setting make a fine recipe for a modern novel. All of this is far removed from the minute study of commonplace people in average conditions, which Mr. Howells has made the basis of most of his fiction. The dead level of life in American towns in the seventies has been violently broken up. The trolley and the telephone and industrial combinations have had a lot to do with it; so have the cheap newspaper and the cheap periodical. Then came the Spanish-American War to give an outlet for a lot of restless youth. Every back county now has at least one boy who can tell stories of lands beyond the sea. Any one who reads the weekly

country paper knows that there is more color in local life now. There is even a bit of imperialism in the talk about the stove in the village store. All of this is romantic, and the young people who read (the majority of readers are very young) want it in their stories.

Nevertheless the influence of Mr. Howells has been far-reaching. It is certainly due to his example that the novel of locality has almost covered the map of the United States. More than any other writer, he revealed the literary value of the local type. But the younger writers have used all this material in a romantic way—partly because the life itself is more romantic and partly because of the influence of Stevenson and Kipling, as much realists as Mr. Howells in their verity of observation, but romanticists altogether in literary execution.

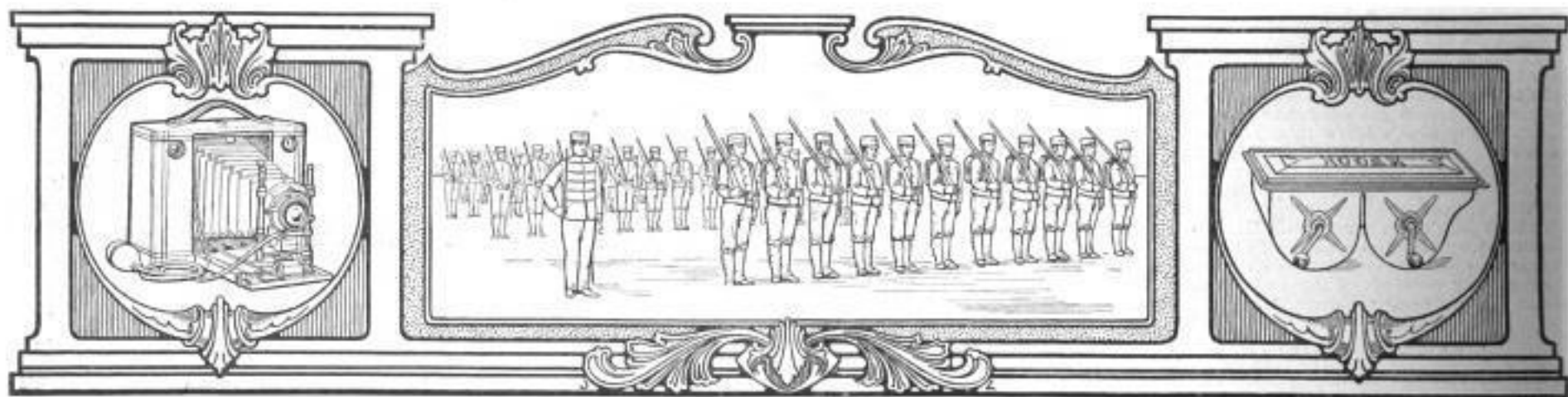
A collection of short stories, like "The Penobscot Man," by Fannie Hardy Eckstorm, is a case in point. They are Maine stories, about Maine river-drivers, guides, and lumbermen. Mr. Howells pointed the way for the choice of that kind of subject. The author says that they are all true stories—exact transcripts of life. Mr. Howells would say Amen to that. But every one of these tales is romantic—exceptional, heroic, ideal. The author sees what is sordid in the life, but knows how utterly it is swamped by some supreme motive. "He likewise lives for an ideal," says the author. "For honor, for friendship, for emulation, for sport, for duty, for grim, stern, granite obstinacy, he risks his life and wills his will into achievement, or dies for his failure." The highest truth then demands that in fiction the hidden fire in all lives worth living should blaze above the sordid accidents of material surroundings.

Mr. Churchill has chosen the middle Southwest as the setting for his new novel, "The Crossing," and the pioneers of those days for his heroes. Daniel Boone, Andrew Jackson, George Rogers Clark, and John Sevier appear in the story. He has evidently studied minutely the history of the period, and has reproduced with care the manners and customs of the times. His picture seems to be as veracious as that drawn by Mr. Roosevelt in "The Winning of the West." These are the methods of the realist, but the story itself is as romantic as Scott or Cooper—and, like those great novels, it is frequently dull.

It takes a lot of pertinacity to produce a novel of this size—nearly 240,000 words; the average novelist would make about three books out of it. But many readers like to have a book which saturates them with a period and a country, and gives them time really to get acquainted with the characters. That is probably why the characters of the old three-volume novels seem to have such vitality—even when not created by one of the masters in fiction. It is a terrible job to read a book like "The Crossing"—one critic had a stop-watch held on him while he read a page, and estimated the whole book at eleven hours. The reader can't easily forget a task like that.

At any rate, a lot of young Americans are going to get some glimmers of our romantic history through books of this kind. Mr. Churchill does it with intelligence and good judgment, and he writes clear, facile English. He is an athlete, who lives an outdoor life, and we have every reason to expect several million more words from him.





# In Korea With the Kodak

By Robert L. Dunn, Collier's Correspondent with, or rather ahead of, the Japanese Army

**L**ITTLE did I realize, when I started for the front, what "the front" in the far East and in winter really meant. I had taken pictures—yes, thousands of them, and under all conditions, so I thought, but never under such trying conditions as were imposed by the Korean country and its people.

I arrived at Chemulpo, Korea, about February 1st. The war had not begun. There was evidence on every hand that it would start shortly. The harbor of Chemulpo was studded with war ships, nearly every nation being represented. The port closed. The mails stopped. The wires became silent. Tidings from the outside world were not to be had. The air was feverish with suppressed excitement.

On the momentous night of February 8th the Japanese transports landed their first 3,000 soldiers on the bund of Chemulpo. The cold was intense. In my ulster I carried a magnesium flash lamp. Upon my shoulder was carelessly strapped my Kodak. When the excitement was at its height, and the soldiers in absolute silence were hugging the huge log fires, a cry went up,—"The Russians!" The cry came from the Koreans who had packed the wharf to watch the landings. They had seen the flash of my light as I hurriedly made a picture of the scene.

After making flash after flash of this most remarkable midnight landing I hurried to my quarters in the filthy Chinese hotel, and there with my developing machine spent the rest of the night turning out what proved to be the most successful lot of flashlight films of soldiers landing ever taken.

The next day I hurried by first train to Seoul. Seoul presented many scenes picturesque—the arriving soldiers, the school children massed into line to meet them, and the heavily laden bullocks carrying towering loads of supplies for the army corps.

It was just at the stroke of twelve that a dull boom sounded, miles away; another and another, and yet another. The war had begun. The first battle was on at Chemulpo, twenty odd miles back. The war I had come to see had started, and I was not at the starting. Hurrying into a jinrikisha I shouted to the "Kurumaya," "Five yen if you get me to the station in ten minutes." The coolie did not understand the language, but he comprehended the "five yen" note flashed in his face. He called two men, and the three went through the streets as though mad. They certainly earned their money. There was no train. Afar off the cannonading sounded, louder and louder. My Kurumayas were tired. Leaving them, I started off on the long journey with one big, strapping coolie. Inside of a block I had gathered seven others to assist. This crowd of eight hurrying, fleeing coolies excited the town. On and on and on we went—over frozen rivers, through heavy ice-crusts rice fields, and worst of all, the great sand plains. I rode, then I walked, then I ran.

Arriving at Chemulpo I hurried to the water's edge. Sampan were plentiful, but no sampaniers. The Koreans had taken to the hills and it required the liberal use of "gift" and a club to get one. I got four, and through the choppy, rough sea, I hurried out to the U. S. S. *Pickburg*.

From the *Pickburg* many scenes were to be had. The *Korietz*, the *Sungari* and the *Varing*, of the Russian fleet, and war ships of nearly all nations. The *Varing*, powerful as she was when I photographed her the day before, now rolled with every wave of the incoming tide. Her funnels were perforated, her decks strewn with wreckage, her guns twisted and almost completely dismantled. While I was making picture after picture, a flickering light appeared on the *Varing*. From this light and from

the curls of smoke flamed a huge torch. The cruiser was afire. The fire seemed to have broken out in the exact spot where the hurriedly fleeing sailors had placed their forty-two dead. With these bodies cremating, the ship burned, and at 3:30 she was seen to totter and list heavily to starboard. As she listed the flames rose higher and higher. At 6, her decks touched the water, then her funnels, and with one loud, deafening sound she sank.

The onslaught of the Japanese upon the little Russian fleet was sudden, terrific, overwhelming. It could have but one result, and when the smoke of battle cleared away, and the great guns were once more silent, the smokestack of the sunken *Korietz* marked her burial spot, standing like a

Japanese soldiers headed for Ping Yang, the former capital of Korea. With my cameras, films, developing machine, and provisions carefully arranged on pack ponies, I started with the first troops for the north. For days I traveled with this overland draft of soldiers. I won't say with them, for I didn't. They occupied the roads and I hobbled across the frozen fields.

There never was a time when good photographic scenes failed to present themselves. At every turn of the Kodak key I could make an interesting exposure. There were the tired, weary, footsore soldiers treading along the icy roads, the lame, overworked horses dragging the small mountain guns, the ever visible filthy Koreans limping under a towering load of army supplies. Exposing a film was easy, but to develop and finish in the open field was another problem. In fact it was one of the hardest, most trying problems I had. First of all, the thermometer was always hovering around the zero mark. The next problem was water. Cleanliness and water are foreign to the Korean nature. One well to a village is the rule and water in plenty one must have when there are dozens of films to be developed.

And so each afternoon found me riding ahead at full speed to secure, if possible, one small Korean room, for myself, horses, and entire army of helpers. The moment I entered a village and was able to secure any sort of a filthy room, the entire population was sent scurrying to the town's only well for water.

The primitive method by which I obtained my water supply is well illustrated by the picture of the Korean girl with the big jar of water on her head. It would tax a man to lift such a weight to his shoulder, yet this mere child, injured to hardship, carried it without difficulty. Indeed, the opportunity to earn a little money was so attractive to her that she followed our little party from place to place for the sake of what she could get in this way. Sometimes she could not keep pace with us, and for a few days we would not see her; then she would again appear on the scene, ready to help in the carrying of water for my developing machine. By the time my helpers with the packs arrived, water in every conceivable pot and pan in town was in readiness for the developing.

After carefully fastening the gum end of the film, I started on the process of developing. To say it was an anxious process does not half explain the trying moments I watched and waited to see if the changing temperature of the water would make my work a failure. A single failure would have meant the loss of a film never again to be replaced. One can easily imagine the value I placed upon each film, or in fact each developing powder, when they understand that I was the only photographer in Korea, with a very limited supply of material, and did not know how soon the port would open. I was getting exclusive scenes daily; making pictures against the wishes of the Japanese Government; and each picture showed the progress of a nation going to war.

For a strong personal reason I can not but praise the Japanese for closing the port of Korea when they did. Had the port remained open only a few hours longer I certainly would have had company in the picture line. As it was I remained absolutely alone for over two months as the only war photographer in Korea.

While crossing a mountain a pack pony carrying my precious developing outfit disappeared over the side of the cliffs. Hurrying to the top, I could see him turn over and over until he finally touched bottom—that is, what was left of him. Cautiously descending the slippery wall of ice, I found piece after piece of his hide, in fact, pieces enough to make a fair-sized crazy-quilt. At the bottom, my



One of My Korean Water Carriers

monument upon the field of battle to mark the first epoch in the struggle between Japanese and Russian for supremacy in the Far East.

With my Kodaks never so full of valuable films I worked all night developing. I had over a hundred exposures. They represented one of the most valuable collections of war scenes ever photographed.

After the battle of Chemulpo the first detachment of



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Flashlight Photograph of First Landing of Japanese Soldiers at Chemulpo

scattered pack and badly crushed case of powders were located. The boy had secretly hidden a bottle of whisky in the box of powders, and for a moment I thought the whisky-soaked wrappers would prevent any further picture taking—but fate was with me: thanks to the care of the Kodak people, the oiled wrappers saved the chemicals.

Then there was the worry of getting photographs out of Korea. To have put all of them in the post-office would have been like burning them up. Each and every film, to assure its arrival here, had to be posted at Chee Foo, China. Sunan, one of the most northern points in Korea, is the place from which I had to send films overland to Chemulpo, from Chemulpo by junk, or small sailing craft, to China. Sunan is over two hundred and fifty miles from Chemulpo; the route is overland: mountainous, cold and very dangerous. I sent a messenger almost daily for over a month. These messengers were Korean coolies, generally the ones who had worked for the missionaries and could be fairly well trusted. It took a coolie, traveling very hard, on foot, about six days and half the nights, to arrive at Seoul. At Seoul arrangements were made with foreigners to see that the films and correspondence got the first available craft for China. Many of the runners were badly treated by the Japanese. They would get perhaps half way when the soldiers would see them crossing a mountain. These soldiers, as I have said, were tired, footsore and weary, simply marching along like sheep. They would take the messenger and turn him back to carry their kit: if he refused he was cuffed and beaten. Some messengers were turned back so frequently they more than covered the distance three times, and took about three weeks to arrive. Some were turned back so often they never did finish the trip. These soldiers paid nothing for the service of the messengers, not even giving them a bite to eat.

With all that has been said against the Koreans not working, lying and stealing, there is still one good trait in them: they are not deceitful. I tried dozens of Japanese and dozens of Koreans, side by side, and if I did not want to be deceived I never trusted the Japanese as far as I could see him. I had two Korean boys with me: they proved exceptionally smart and bright. It took only two or three days before they were able to run the developing machine, and in fact mix all the chemicals for developing. They learned to dry the films, clean the developing machine, and very often would take a Kodak and make a fairly good photograph.

Not being desirous of getting credentials from the Japanese Government at Tokio, whereby I would be dictated to, I hustled into Korea before war was declared. With the declaration of neutrality by Korea I was then absolutely out of the jurisdiction of the Japanese forces. This does not mean, however, that they made no attempt to interfere with me. To the contrary, on several occasions they made it rather warm. This even went so far as arrest and imprisonment. Being stopped and detained for hours at a time got so common that shortly I quit protesting.

At Chemulpo, shortly after the first landing, I was stopped, searched and cross-examined for at least an hour,

and with the familiar phrase, "I am very sorry for you," was permitted to depart. The Kodak dangling from my shoulder was always to a Japanese soldier what a red rag is to a bull. They pretended not to notice the Kodak when they stopped me: however, their awkward searching process led them to ask me what it was and request to see it. They knew a Kodak as well as I: they simply wanted to see it opened, hoping thereby to ruin a film.

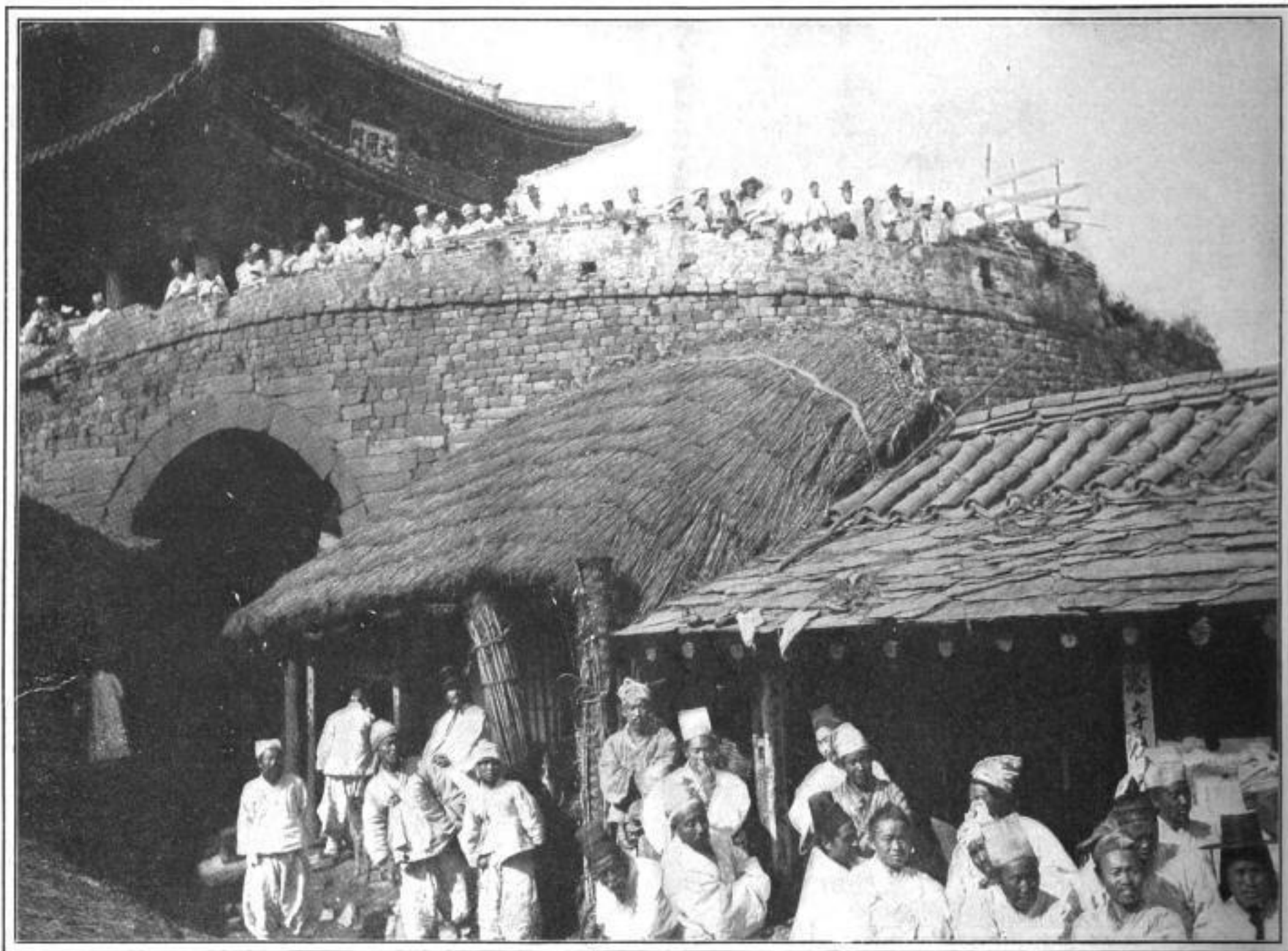
Had not the Fourteenth Regiment, on its arrival opposite Ping Yang, been such a thoroughly tired, frozen and worn-out lot I never would have been able to remain among them long enough to get the picture. The



Development Under Difficulties



OF RAIL AND BRIDGE BUILDING



Koreans Watching, from the Historic Gate of Ping Yang, the Arrival of the Japanese

moment I suddenly appeared on the hill several started for me, exclaiming, "Very, very sorry," but their feet were so badly frozen I had finished and was ready to depart before they got near enough to tell me I couldn't make any pictures. After the regular process of questioning and searching I was taken to the Captain, re-questioned, re-searched and detained for hours. During this time I was held on the ice while they kept the wires of the field telephone hot between Ping Yang and Seoul. They talked, questioned me, re-talked, re-questioned and talked again, only to find they couldn't hold me, and with the

same refrain I had heard so often, "Very, very sorry," told me I could depart.

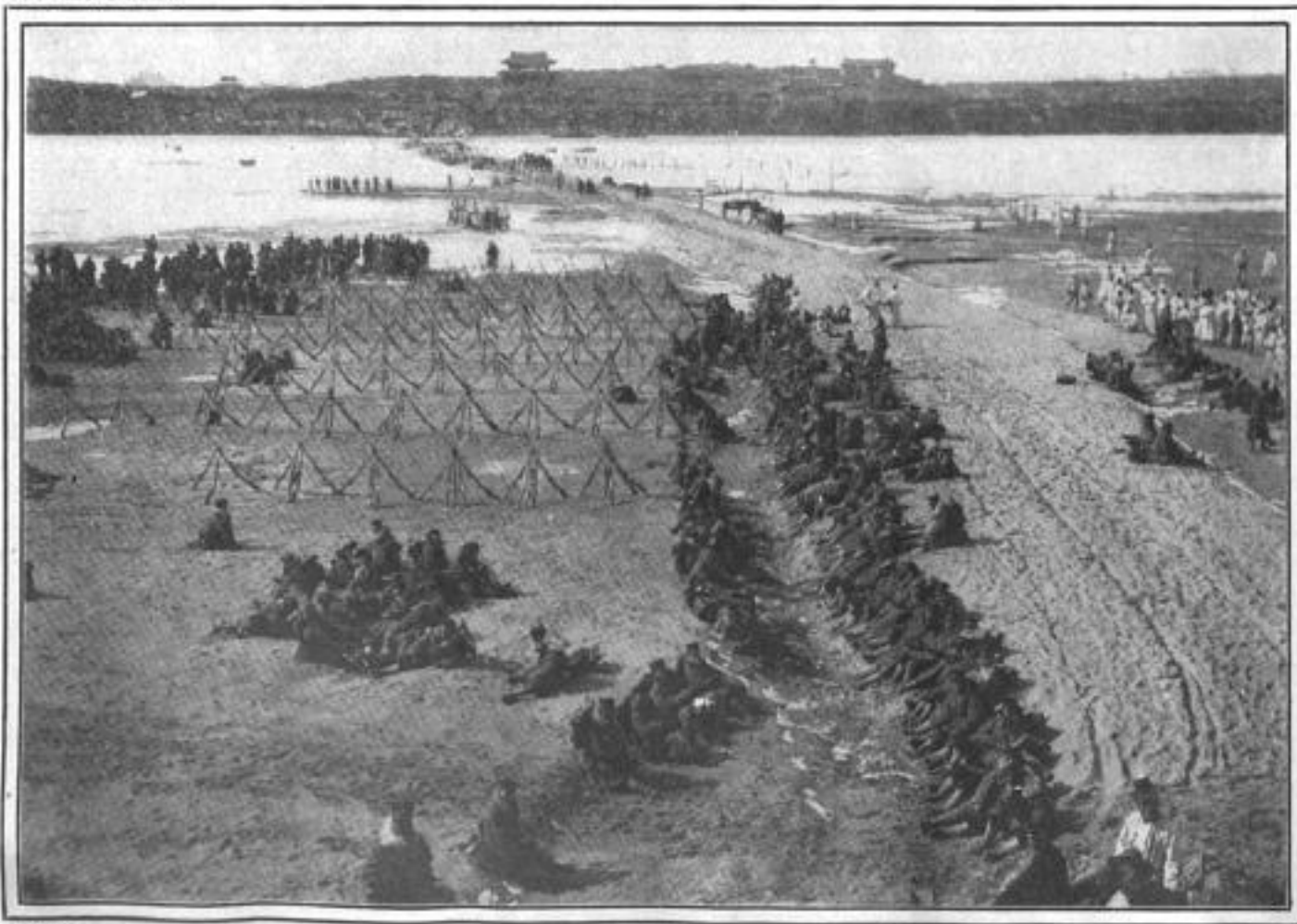
The picture of the troops at rest tells of the miserable condition the men were in. Nearly every soldier was frost-bitten, yet all were so exhausted that they threw themselves upon the snow, and with dogged patience awaited the order to march across the river into Ping Yang. As a partial protection from the biting wind, a trench was dug in the snow alongside the road, and here the poor fellows remained for hours together—ready to march on or to be taken to the field hospital for the amputation of either toes or feet.

To turn back is something of which the Japanese soldier knows nothing. The picture of the "Footsore Stragglers in the Rear of the Japanese Army" tells the story. They may be treacherous, dishonorable, falsely polite, but every inch of the five feet in height that goes to make up the Japanese soldier is pure pluck. The stragglers which my Kodak shows going down the mountain side should have every one been in the hospital. But to be wounded or sick, that is disgrace. Death or a victorious return to the island home—these are the only desirable ends to the struggle from the Japanese viewpoint. All these stragglers knew was to plod along until tired nature refused to take them further, then to sink down in the snow for an hour or so of sleep, and at the first awakening—on again in the painful struggle to come up with the main body of the army miles ahead.

The excitement among the Koreans as they hurriedly crowded the top of the historic gate of Ping Yang to watch the arrival of the first Japanese soldiers was certainly intense. They huddled together like sheep in a storm. They were frightened, badly frightened; in fact, too frightened to clear the entrance when the soldiers started through the gates. They were clubbed with the butts of the guns, and viciously treated by the soldiers who hurried into the town.

Naturally the development of films had to be done in some out-of-the-way place. A hut if possible was located at the extreme side of a village, where the soldiers could not interfere without going far out of their way. With the aid of Korean boys I worked hour after hour in the cold to develop my work, that I might be able to renew my tedious journey. The water had to be warmed, so had the machine, and by working rapidly we were able to develop the roll before the developer would get too cold. Frequently, after development had ceased, the developer would freeze before we could pour it off and add the fixing. Constant movement of the films in the final wash had to be carefully watched, lest the water should freeze solidly about them. Frequently my fingers became so numb I could not handle the films long enough to hang them up to dry, making double work every time I dropped one by having to rewash it.

Sometimes I was more fortunate and would find time to do my developing during the day, and no dark room being necessary with the machine, it was a comfort to be able to operate in the open air instead of in the filthy, vermin-infested huts of the



Japanese Infantry, Resting in Snow, Opposite Ping Yang, Awaiting Completion of Pontoon Bridge



natives. With a Korean boy to turn the crank of the machine, I was at liberty to attend to the mixing of my chemicals and to the washing and drying of the films.

And speaking of the chemicals: I actually cornered the photographic market in Korea. Realizing soon after my arrival there that I was the only correspondent actually "at the front," and that practically the only other photographic apparatus in the country was in the hands of the missionaries, I decided to make certain of a "scoop" for my paper, by making the other cameras useless. To this end I bought all the photographic supplies in sight, whether I could use them with my apparatus or not. Of course, I could make most of them of value in some way. At one place I obtained a supply of "Browne" Developing Machine powders. One of them would not make solution enough for my 5 by 7 machine, but it did not take many seconds to figure out that five of them would make up the 40 ounces of Developer required. Of one missionary I might buy a little pyro—somewhere else I would get hold of a few pounds of hypo—it was not long before I controlled the photographic situation, and had thus doubled many times the value of the pictures I was taking, to say nothing of having added materially to the stock so necessary for my own work.

With my Kodak under my saddle and the saddle for a pillow I turned in usually about midnight. In this small, filthy room was my entire outfit: from every inch of hanging space was adjusted a drying film. I got little sleep, however, fearful lest some one should enter and destroy my most valuable collection of views. About three o'clock I had to turn out and caption each picture: then arrange for messenger service back to Seoul. Daylight found me pushing ahead of the army.



The Sunken "Koriets"

I tried usually to keep ahead of the army, for in that manner I could reach the villages and become supplied with food before the soldiers arrived. I found this necessary in order to get enough food, for it was almost impossible to carry sufficient to supply my wants while journeying over that country with the thermometer registering below zero.

My hardest task was to get bread. Often for weeks I ate none of it at all. I struck a province full of missionaries, and I spent two days riding around among them, trying to buy what bread I could; finally I collected ten loaves, and, delighted with my success, packed it all on the back of one horse and went on my way. A few hours later I reached a river, in which the ice had broken and carried off the pontoon bridge. I loaded my horses and men in a sampan and started across; we were half-way over when a young iceberg struck the boat, and the horse carrying the bread fell overboard, and neither the horse nor my precious loaves ever came to the surface.

With every member of the Japanese army throwing obstacles in one's way at every turn, with the Koreans stealing one's horses, with the constant struggle against filth and vermin, with all food scarce and bread a luxury, with absolutely no convenience for picture-making, except such as can be carried on the miserable pack ponies, the lot of the war correspondent in Korea is far from a happy one. Yet with all these trials and tribulations I succeeded in sending my paper pictures that have been universally pronounced the best war scenes so far published. Through the courtesy of COLLIER'S hundreds of them have been reproduced from New York to San Francisco, and in England, Germany, and France.



Footsore Stragglers in the Rear of the Japanese Army

In War as in Peace

# The Kodak

is at the front.

Correspondents and Officers Testify to the Reliability and Convenience of the Kodak System.

## In the Trenches at Santiago.

KENSINGTON, Maryland,  
March 20, 1899.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,  
Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—I have expressed to you to-day my 5 x 7 camera (No. 5 Folding Kodak, 1898 model), which I carried through the Cuban campaign and again took with me on a three months' trip in Puerto Rico. It may perhaps interest you as a war souvenir, and as exemplifying the staunchness and possibilities of the most excellent, convenient and portable camera in the market to-day for the work of tourists and professional illustrators.

This camera was used constantly for eight weeks at Tampa during the mobilization of the army, on the voyage to Cuba and through the entire campaign. It photographed, in spite of a scared photographer, Capron and Grimes' batteries in action, the fight at San Juan, scenes among the dead and wounded, and made pictures of our men in action in the trenches before Santiago, and again during the bombardment of the city on the 20th of July, and portrayed the pitiful scenes around our field hospitals and of the refugees at Caney. After the surrender it returned to this country on a yellow fever ship, was held six days in quarantine at Tampa, going through the steam disinfection. It then photographed at Montauk Point the scenes in the great hospital camp, and finally returned to the tropics and traveled over Puerto Rico from end to end.

During these trips some two thousand pictures were made. The camera has never had a case, but has been carried simply by a shoulder strap. It has been in the rain a dozen times, and once on the Segura it was left on the deck with a fully extended bellows over night and was caught in a hard rain; it dried out with apparently no injury done. The box has served as a pillow at night many times during the advance on Santiago. Not a roll of film was lost by light, leakage or defects in the mechanism, and but five per cent. of the negatives were off color, and those due entirely to faults committed by the operator.

The good work which it has done seems to warrant more than an ordinary endorsement of its merits.

Yours very truly,

[Signed] Wm. DINWIDDIE.

## On the South African Frontier.

My three hand cameras included a half-plate, a quarter-plate, and a folding Kodak taking a picture 5 1/2 x 3 1/2. For these cameras I carried nothing but plates, and for the Kodak I had, of course, to rely upon film.

My two-hand cameras are now enjoying a period of inactivity at Cape Town. \* \* \* \* \*

Weight tells, and it is physically impossible to cart a plate-loaded camera about with you on foot or on horseback. Hence the film camera survives, while the plate camera goes to the wall. And hence the discarding of my two-handers in favor of a second Kodak, this time the folding 5 x 4. The two Kodaks have come triumphantly through the heat ordeal, and are as light-proof to-day as the hour I bought them.

With the Kodak films I have, thus far, no fault to find whatever. They have maintained their good qualities through all the stress of the great heat of a South African summer, and the negatives they have yielded have been of admirable quality.

On the whole, for such work as this, my opinion inclines strongly in favor of a good film even against a good brand of plate. Portability is, perhaps, the chief argument in favor of the film, and when the latter proves its ability to give as good a negative as the former, and also demonstrates that its keeping qualities are at least as great, its claims become paramount.—*Staff Correspondent Evening Times, May, 1900.*

## With Bobs and Kruger.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 18, 1901.

THE EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Dear Sirs:—Allow me to offer my testimonial as to the value and convenience of the Kodak Camera. As an amateur operator during the Anglo-Boer War, having had no previous experience, my work as a war correspondent was immeasurably aided by the use of a No. 2 Folding Kodak by which I took hundreds of pictures otherwise impossible to get, on the field, the firing line and on the march, also portraits of prominent people, many of which were afterwards reproduced in the leading English illustrated magazines and in addition enabling me to contribute over one

hundred and fifty unusually unique pictures to my book "With Bobs and Kruger." All of these photographs have made excellent lantern slides. The lightness, compactness, handiness and efficiency of it makes the Folding Kodak an extremely valuable and necessary part of the equipment of every war correspondent, without which their work loses half its value and interest. Especially is it valuable when its user is compelled to undertake journeys or excursions where all impedimenta must be reduced to a minimum. A thousand difficulties in picture taking confront newspaper men which only the Kodak enables him to overcome, and that with ease and comfort.

[Signed] FREDERICK WM. UNGER.

## In the Venezuela Difficulty.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 9, 1903.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,

Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—In ordering another Kodak Developing Machine I wish to express my great appreciation of this, the latest product of your company. I do not think I can praise it too highly, nor that it could receive a more thorough test than the one I have just subjected it to during the campaign in Venezuela, and with the fleets during the blockade by the allied forces. Within four months I used it in temperatures from the hottest known tropical weather to a northern winter below zero, and without any special precautions the machine worked with perfection in all places.

The most important feature seems to be the even manner in which the machine develops instantaneous and time exposures on the same film. None of the brilliancy of either the instantaneous or time exposures is sacrificed in being handled in the same development. The machine also obviates all possibility of scratching the film, so common in hand developing.

In the past four years I have made more than ten thousand negatives in all parts of the world, most of them being in a tropical country, and have used a Kodak and the Eastman films, and find a uniformity of excellence in all temperatures and climates. Now that the Developing Machine has been added to my kit I feel that it cannot be improved upon for compactness and practicability.

With the abolishment of the dark-room by this wonderful invention developing has become a pleasure and a possibility in the field, camp and on ship-board.

The use of this Developing Machine will, I am sure, become general with professionals as well as amateurs, for the saving in time and labor will recommend it to all who desire high-class work.

With sentiments of esteem, gentlemen, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

[Signed] JAS. F. J. ARCHIBALD.

## At the Portage of Lake Baikal.

"During my last voyage to Siberia and on Lake Baikal (February and March, 1904) the developing of the Kodak N. C. films, on which the photographs have been taken by a Folding Pocket Kodak No. 3, was done in my presence by the Kodak Developing Machine, and I personally have developed some of my own films with the Machine. I am very glad to be able to tell you that I have found the Machine very practical and easy to work, producing much better results than those which were developed in the old way."

[Signed] PRINCE KHILKOFF,

Minister of Ways and Communications.

## Ahead of the Japanese Army.

July 16, 1904.

Unlike my Japanese friends and helpers the Kodak and Developing Machine proved faithful throughout; it would have been impossible to accomplish much without them.

[Signed] ROBERT L. DUNN.

Collier's Weekly.

## Films Successful.

Ninety per cent. of the pictures obtained for this office of important scenes in the Far East were taken by film.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

The same qualities which make the Kodak and Kodak Developing Machine indispensable to the correspondent make them best for everybody.

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### GOOD READING FOR SUMMER DAYS

By FREDERIC TABER COOPER

FICTION, autobiography, and the exhilarating breath of the sea were blended in about equal proportions in Arthur Henry's sane and wholesome little volume, "An Island Cabin"; fact and fancy and the balsamic fragrance of the mountains form the substance of his second book, "The House in the Woods" (A. S. Barnes & Company). Yet it is not the people and scenes he describes, nor the scent of new-mown grass and the tingle of salt spray, that give his writings their unique quality; but rather the simple, homespun philosophy of life which underlie them. We all have our cherished dreams, Mr. Henry tells us, air castles that we fondly brood over, but most of which will never be built, because we plan them on a scale of prohibitive grandeur. Many a city-bred man, harassed, discouraged, overworked, dreams of a quiet home in the country or a haven of rest on the seashore; and the years pass by, and the dream fails to materialize. Mr. Henry had both of these dreams, and has brought them both to a fulfillment, because he was so intensely in earnest that he was willing to make the necessary sacrifices, to accept hardships and privations cheerfully, and reduce his air castles to the modest dimensions of a two-room cabin. Probably few of Mr. Henry's readers would care to carry the doctrine of the simple life to such rigorous extremes; few housekeepers could preserve their equanimity on an island where every drop of fresh water must be brought from the mainland in a barrel, and knives, forks, and dishes retain a perennial salty stickiness from the sea in which they must be washed; and even his snug little home in the Catskill Mountains is too primitive and too remote to satisfy the needs of the average dreamer. But the lasting value of these little books lies in their pervading spirit of contentment, their wholesome doctrine of the tonic worth of honest toil, and their recognition of the unalloyed joy of finding out things for one's self, be it nothing more momentous than how to paddle a canoe, or sharpen an axe, or to milk a refractory cow without serious disaster. And your pleasure in reading is not one whit diminished by the suspicion that Mr. Henry is vastly wiser in the lore of the fisherman and the farmer than he chooses to admit.

### A Strong Story of Rural Morals

A book which has not attracted one-quarter of the attention which its unusual merit deserves is "The Price of Youth," by Margery Williams (Macmillan). It is a frank and keen-sighted study of the manners and morals of a small New Jersey village, and the effect of such an environment upon a girl of naturally good instincts, but unfortunate antecedents. Fan Tasker is the name of the girl—a name that one instinctively treasures up for future use whenever occasion arises to cite an example of the type she stands for. Her father keeps a tavern and saloon of local and unsavory reputation; her chief companion is a slatternly woman who ought to have been her step-mother, but isn't, and who passes in the neighborhood as some sort of aunt or cousin. Fan herself has grown up according to the loose and careless code of the class to which she belongs. Coarse familiarity in speech and action is accepted by her from the young men she knows as a matter of course; and yet, up to the present, she has retained her honesty and self-respect. Then suddenly a man from the outside world comes into her life, a man of a different class, and with finer, higher standards than her own. He tries to make allowances for the conditions under which she has grown up; but village gossip, with its tendency to magnify trifles, brings to his ears scandalous stories of her escapades; and while he naturally can not reconcile such conduct with his standard of respectability, it is equally natural for her to feel hurt at his lack of faith. "You don't love me," she tells him; "you'd rather go by other people's opinion of me than your own." And so she sends him from her, realizing in a sort of dumb misery that the separation is inevitable, and that she is paying a bitter price for no greater sin than that of youth and inexperience. The book is a very searching and delicate piece of analysis of a phase of American life which hitherto has not been sufficiently studied by our novelists.

### By the Author of "Five Little Men"

EVERY ONE who has a warm place in his heart for gallant thoroughbreds, and who knows the indescribable thrill of a closely contested race, must feel in reading Mr. W. A. Fraser's "Brave Hearts" (Scribner) something of the contagious enthusiasm which the author has infused into its pages. Many another writer has put the racehorse into fiction; yet it is safe to say that no other book is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the turf, no other that seems to echo throughout with the rhythmic beat of galloping hoofs. The scenes of Mr. Fraser's

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Don't take our word for it. Just give us the opportunity to prove that we can and will save you money and give you absolute satisfaction. You take no risk. We make your suit, send it to you and give you ten days time to actually wear the garments to prove their positive worth.

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Owen T. Moses & Co., 202 Moses Building, Chicago.  
References: Your friends, or Milwaukee Ave. State Bank, Chicago. Capital \$250,000.00.

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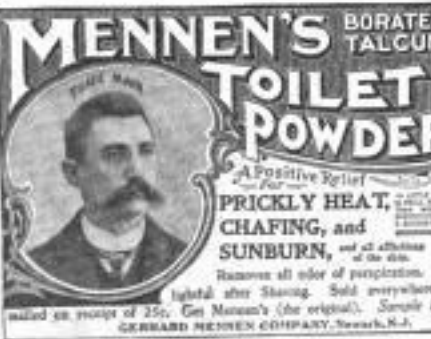
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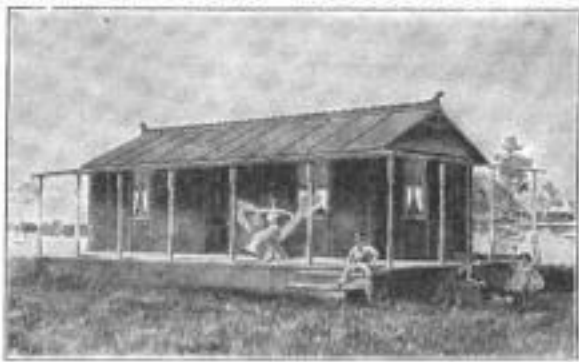
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## SLAVES OF SUCCESS

### IV.—The Slavery of a Boss

(Continued from page 17)

Until he became Dan Nally there was hope, and hope meant earnest effort. His friends were true to him. They had been told that Wade had proved false, and Wade had felt the effect, for the local leaders who had the deepest interest in the man's escape were still in power. Somehow he had expected that little detail of the "machine" to crumble and give him a chance to reconstruct. If it did not, his principles were likely to weaken him more than he had anticipated. But he was sure the crash would come in time, for Haggin would never go to the penitentiary without taking others with him. Wade had nothing personally against these men, but the view they took of his course made their political destruction necessary for his preservation. And he was surprised to find himself criticized in quarters where he had least expected it. As a matter of political expediency many of those on the inside held that Haggin should have been rescued at any cost. Of course, these were friends of others in jeopardy, but Wade did not know that the latter had friends in so many places. In brief, he began to worry.

Then came Senator Abbey post haste from Springfield. Senator Abbey was from the district where the trouble was brewing, and he was a man of some influence in the Legislature. He worked with the "machine," but he was in a position to exercise independent judgment, and neither Carroll nor Wade could claim him as "his man." Therefore he was a man to be propitiated in any reasonable way.

Senator Abbey was white hot when he found Wade—so hot that he did not greet him with the deference due to his party power.

"You've played hell!" he announced shortly. "Here's this man held to the grand jury, indicted, and his case coming to trial in a day or so, and I never heard of it until now."

"Why should you hear of it?" asked Wade. "Why should I hear of it?" cried the Senator. "It's in my Senatorial district, isn't it? Do you think I want that torn wide open? This thing has got to be fixed!"

"Well, fix it," retorted Wade. "Some of you people seem to think you can do anything, that with any kind of lawlessness or crime, and then call on me. Where did you get the idea that I was under the orders of every fool who wants to make a convenience of me?"

"You're a nice kind of a man to be asking favors of the party!" exclaimed the Senator sarcastically. "What kind of a chance do you think you've got of going to the United States Senate? Why, a turtle could make a better run than you after this!"

"Who said I wanted to go to the Senate?" demanded Wade.

"Oh, it isn't generally known, but there are a few wise ones at Springfield who can see things when their eyes are open," returned the Senator. "You haven't been framing things up for the mere joy of doing it. But there's one thing sure: you can straighten this tangle or consider eight or ten votes lost to you at the very least. You know me!"

Senator Abbey quiescent would count for only one vote, but Senator Abbey active could ring up several votes one way or the other. He was strong in the State Senate, and the members of the Lower House from the same district would feel much as he did and be guided largely by his course. Another election would intervene before the culmination of Wade's plan; but some, and possibly all, of these men would be returned. Abbey would be re-elected almost to a certainty, even if the power of some of the district leaders crumbled.

Wade thought of all this as he looked dreamily out of the window. He had not expected Springfield to take so deep an interest in the matter, and it made his "principles" look more costly than he had believed possible. The one great ambition of his life might rest on the decision of that moment.

"Are you with me?" he asked at last.

"Conditionally," replied the Senator, and Wade nodded. He knew what it meant. Politics is like speculation on a board of trade; it does not take a spoken or a written word to make a bargain. "You will be stronger in the Legislature and in my district than you ever were before," the Senator added.

"The case will come to trial before Judge Lamson," Wade mused. "Lamson is one of the few politicians on the bench. Lamson is ambitious. Lamson is always grateful for favors yet to come. Lamson knows how he happens to be a judge. I shall lunch with Lamson to-morrow, Senator, and I shall be glad to see you a little later."

The Senator was on hand promptly, and he found Wade in a reflective mood.

"I am a boss," said Wade with whimsical bitterness. "The newspapers say so and the people say so. I rule, but there is no man among those I rule who has not more independence than I. The one little principle that I had nurtured for my own gratification is taken from me by a common thug. I bow supinely to him; he is my master."

"What becomes of him?" broke in the Senator.

"Oh, as to that," replied Wade, "he has been wise to keep his mouth shut so long. Bogan and Bradley can work a pardon from the House of Correction, and that's where he will be sent. Somehow, the judge does not seem to think him a proper candidate for the penitentiary. The judge is a warm-hearted and sympathetic man, Senator, and he knows how to change the necessary switch to run a fellow off the penitentiary track. He has done it before."



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"Well I ate some for breakfast and pretty soon the lady called to see me 'patient' as she called me and asked if I had tried her advice."

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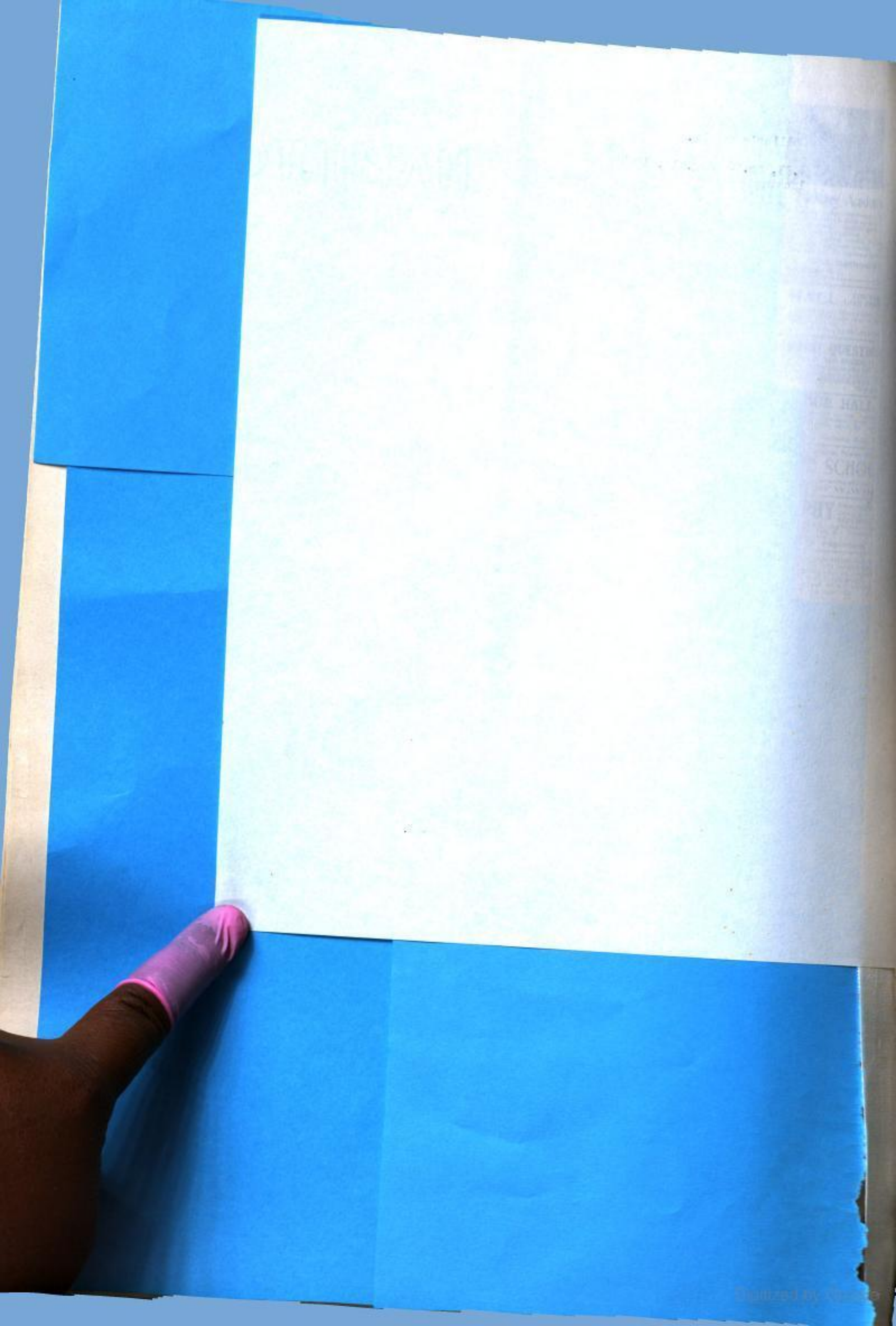


Collier's weekly.

v.33, no.20 Aug. 13, 1904  
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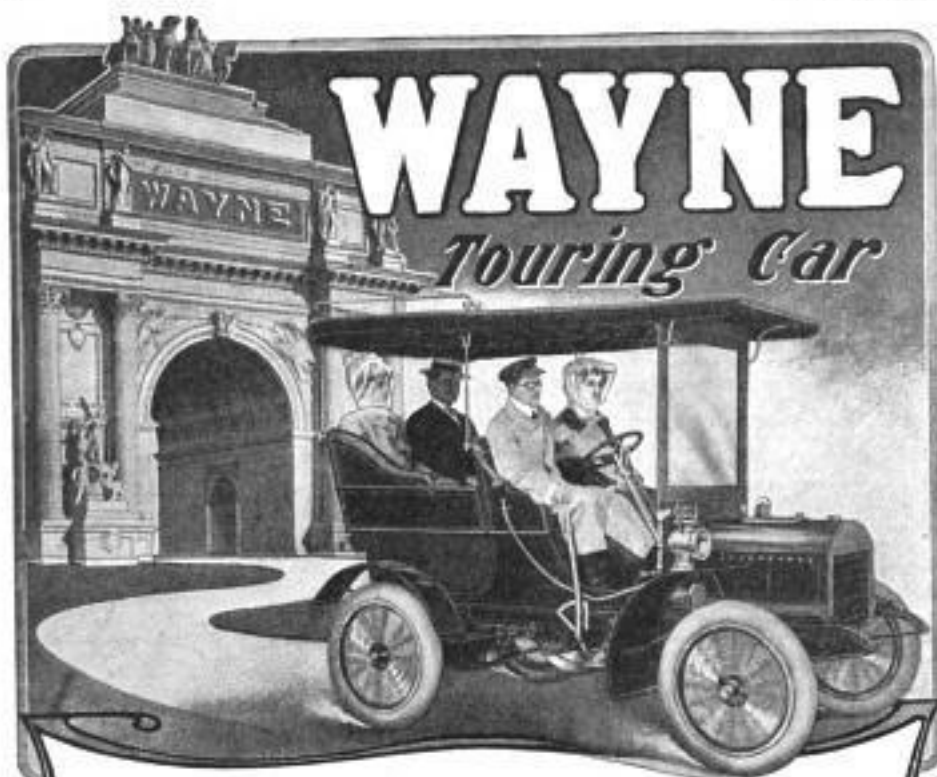
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August 20, 1904



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# COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1904



## FIELD-MARSHAL MARQUIS OYAMA AND HIS FAMILY

Field-Marshal Oyama is a hero of many wars. He is a native of the Satsuma Province, and was commander-in-chief of the Imperial army in the war of restoration. He has been Minister of War a number of times, and in the war with China he acted as commander-in-chief of the second army corps. He landed at Takushan and fought his way to Port Arthur in twenty days. He captured Port Arthur by assault the night after his arrival before its walls. He is one of the Japanese Elder Statesmen, and, with Marquis Yamagata, deserves the credit for the present development and efficiency of the Japanese army. At the outbreak of the war with Russia, he was appointed chief of staff; and, now that the various army corps have taken their allotted positions in Manchuria, he is ordered to the front to take command of all the Mikado's forces in the field. This photograph was taken on the eve of his departure from Tokio. On his right stands his wife, the Marchioness Oyama, who is a graduate of Vassar College. She was one of the first Japanese girls to come to America to be educated. On his left stands his daughter, Lady Hisako Oyama, and in the background are his two sons.

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**I**NDEPENDENCE MEANS TO MANY an absence of opinion on every debated topic, or, as EMERSON has put it, a mush of concessions. We may avoid offence by confining our expressions to a well-established lot: Be good and you will be happy; honesty is the best policy; this is a great country; murder will out. Once pass beyond this brand of thought, and independence involves disagreement. As the campaign progresses we receive sharper and sharper epistles from our subscribers accusing us of ceasing to hold our non-partisan stand. A statesman from the Michigan Legislature quotes our opinion that the Republicans and the President are wronging the South, and observes, with reserved irony, that the reasons for such a judgment would possess news value to impartial readers. By the same mail comes a screed from Mississippi, about the selfsame editorial, as follows: "I took your paper because it is said that it was a non-partisan journal, but I notice an article in it where you cry down a high tone intelligent *white* man (Capt. HOBSON), and uphold a Coper colored negro BOOKER WASHINGTON. It does seem in the face of almost a race war between the whites and blacks, in North and South, there are a few *crazy fools* still pushing the work along. The solid South warn the Republican party now that it is a dangerous thing, to elect such a man as

MEANING OF  
INDEPENDENCE

ROOSEVELT, as it will bring about a race war. The election of ALTON BROOKS PARKER will bring about peace to the Republican and the Democratic parties.

We have had it preached to us since the Civil war that there was no North nor South, that we were all one united, loving people, but when we have a mere cow boy as President of this republic that is bitterly, resentfully, aiding and abetting, the social equality of the two distinct races, the South will never submit to such a state of affairs. It was a misfortune for McKINLEY to be killed and ROOSEVELT is the *tail* end of that misfortune. He is better fitted for the jungles of South Africa than for President of this Republic." Our readers ought to understand that non-partisan does not mean void of opinion. Although we might in one sense be called Democratic, being more in accord with the principles of JEFFERSON than with the principles of HAMILTON, we think that, taking Mr. ROOSEVELT's record altogether, he and his Cabinet have given a good administration, and we shall say so. We think also that he and his party have wronged the South in flaunting the negro question to please negro voters in Indiana, New Jersey, and New York, and shall say that also. On many debated questions of the day this newspaper has, and will express, convictions. On others it has none, and will say so. It is a long time before election, and we hope our readers will keep as cool as they are able. The country will not suffer extinction, no matter who next sits in state at Washington.

**W**HEN WE WERE YOUNG most Republicans in the North deemed it a shame that the negroes were kept from carrying Southern States. MALONE was a hero, CAROT LODGE's force bill represented Northern feeling, and the bloody shirt was the banner of our faith. At the end of McKINLEY's Administration those days seemed past, and North and South seemed a single country. We heard an intelligent Northern Republican declare the other day that he should vote for PARKER on this ground alone. "Mr. ROOSEVELT," he said, "has been better in most ways than his party, and his party is my party. He has unearthed corruption, he has been fair to capital and labor, he has thrown his weight for justice to Cuba and the Philippines, and I am not much worried about a few lapses in machine

NEGRO VOTES

politics, about his bad taste, or about his foreign gymnastics. The one thing I shall not pardon is his being willing to give new life to a blight upon the South; for the South is my country also." Many representative Southerners have spoken of McKINLEY's death as a frightful calamity to the Southern people, and the Democratic nominee for Vice-President had chosen the Republican treatment of the negro as the most living issue before he decided, for some reason, to have the question ignored in the West Virginia platform. By the last census the negroes of voting age numbered in New York almost 30,000, in New Jersey 21,240, in Indiana 18,149. These States are the most important, in calculating the negro vote; but in California the number is 3,413, in Delaware 8,354, in West Virginia 14,774, in Maryland 60,208. In no one of these States did the Republican majority in the State elections of 1902 equal the number of negroes of voting age. It is a profound misfortune that the negro problem can not be kept out of national politics.

**T**HE PRESIDENT'S POLITICAL ASSOCIATES, on the other hand, seem to us to form an unpromising point of attack, especially when we consider by whom Judge PARKER was chosen and handed out to the people as the Democratic nominee. It was a person very high in office who remarked in private recently, "You can not pound politics into a politician's head," by which he meant that scheming and strategy and estimating votes in this district and that were poor ways of actually getting at the people. The President understands politics in the real sense. As, unlike McKINLEY, CLEVELAND, and PARKER, he has had no HANNA, WHITNEY, or HILL, he has too often taken a hand himself, but not usually in a bad way, when we consider the temptation. Have there been compromises of principle greater than what the above-named experts have made for the men whose fortunes they engineered? The Republican Convention at Chicago presented the truly remarkable sight of a body of politicians nominating and eulogizing a man whom they detested. Almost any obscure politician would have been to them a welcome substitute, and in many headquarters no secret was made of how reluctantly the dose was swallowed. The people had chosen and the politicians had to bow. Mr. ROOSEVELT, like any President, must have dealings with the professional politicians. The only serious fear is that he should give them more instead of less as time goes on. If his influence should be thrown for BLACK or ODELL for the Senate, for instance, in exchange for the nomination of Mr. ROOF for the Governorship, the deal would be one which we should bitterly condemn.

MACHINE  
POLITICS

**T**HE PRECEDING PARAGRAPH IS ONE calculated—or rather not calculated, but likely—to receive only contempt in Louisville, Kentucky. Louisville, Kentucky, has the fortune to be the home of an oracle which works with impetuosity and without cessation, and turns out in a month a larger volume of unclear but highly colored wisdom than proceeded from Delphi in the entire history of Greece. Colonel WATTERSON is a prophet, a seer, a python, an aruspex, a fountain of eloquence, and a joy forever. Many men are logical; thousands have clearness and measure; but no journalist living to-day gets as much excitation into his pen as the good Colonel gets every day without effort into his. His style is gusty and full of whirling leaves. His thought is never pale. When he takes up his brickbats, and turns his attention to "Teddy" or the Smart Set, everybody is delighted, even those who are the target. Personally we enjoy more keenly being sworn at by the Colonel than being praised by other writers. He is happy himself, and the cause of happiness in other men. He never made a half-way statement. He never failed to call a spade a damned shovel. He keeps us awake. He makes life richer. He is gay, buoyant, inspiring. Why ask him what he means? He furnishes so much that to demand precision in addition would be to show but sorry gratitude to a prodigal nature. We celebrate the Colonel. May he live and prosper. It is rare to find a newspaper writer whose disappearance would leave a gap.

TRIBUTE TO A  
JOURNALIST

**N**OW THAT WE HAVE DESCRIBED this ornament to journalism, we proceed in sorrow to admit how poor in his opinion are we. As far as we can parse the first sentence of a recent editorial, he thinks we could pass neither for literary among men of the world nor for worldly among men of letters. He finds our conversation "tall," whatever that may be. We quote: "What may be the differential equation between a protoplasmic octagon and a diaphanous cataclysm?" says Mr. MERRIMAN in the vaudeville stunt. "That," replies the Crushed Tragedian, with a haughty smile, "that is too dead easy, and I refuse to be annoyed." Obviously, the editor of COLLIER'S WEEKLY has studied the literature of the roof-garden. Yet, though all right in the matter of evasion, he misses equally the homely humor and practical wisdom of those elevated schools of political instruction." This is because we said no proof was needed that Mr. ROOSEVELT might have negotiations with ADDICKS without being quite as bad as ADDICKS, just as Mr. CLEVELAND might write eulogies of Tammany without being as bad as CROKER, or Mr. McKINLEY might work harmoniously with the worst men in his party. The Colonel, on the contrary, holds up ADDICKS and QUAY as "the President's guides, philosophers, and friends. They are his main reliance." Fancy! "Are we to understand that birds of a feather no longer flock together?" Colonel, beware of proverbs.

ONCE MORE UN-  
TO THE BREACH





We have seen Cochin Chinas and Seabright Bantams drinking from the same chicken trough. The "Courier-Journal" says that our fancy runs much in excess of our skill. "It needs to be tempered by a trifle of common-sense, if not restrained by a modicum of common honesty." Tut, tut, we are not so bad, merely because we suggested that the "Courier-Journal" massed Republicans too evenly as villains, without recognizing their degrees of villany: "When your literary hebdomadal person gets to dabbling in politics, there is no prophesying, as there is no limiting, his parts of speech." Who can stand against so plausible a charge as "literary hebdomadal person"? We may forget the topic in debate, but in vocabulary the Colonel is invincible.

**THE INTEREST OF MORAL QUESTIONS**, added to the interest of uncertainty, has focused a great deal of attention upon Wisconsin, where the limelight rests constantly upon the leading actor, Governor LA FOLLETTE. Among his opponents, the most liberal in spirit base their opposition not upon what he stands for, but upon what they suppose he is. A clever politician, in their view, unscrupulous and full of tricks, he has been shrewd enough to see the importance of taking moral objects as his strategic positions. Ostensibly the foe of party politics, he is, his enemies tell us, building up a regular machine himself and running it with precisely the same methods of reward for personal service, and for other value received, that mark the other organizations. "He is not like Folk," one Wisconsin Republican explains. "In Missouri they have an honest man doing his duty, and politics are incidental. In Wisconsin we have a shrewd gamester in a studied moral pose." His popularity is certainly not personal. It is due to the issues which he has raised. A prominent Western politician tells us

GOVERNOR  
LA FOLLETTE

that he dislikes the Governor intensely, but thinks his is the cause to support. "LA FOLLETTE is sincere in his beliefs," he says. "His personal motives are irrelevant. He has done some things which he ought not to have done, but he stands for justice, for democratic equality, and for every reasonable device for its promotion." The three railroads which control Wisconsin, two of them Standard Oil properties, are naturally in fierce opposition to LA FOLLETTE, since he wishes them to pay their just share of taxation, and the amount of money which can be raised to defeat the Governor is enormous. The Stalwarts have lost heart, however, even those who were formerly leaders in the movement against LA FOLLETTE, and wish they could safely abandon their position. The Democrats are hopeful. If two Republican tickets are in the field they see a chance. Ex-Governor PECK, one of their probabilities for the nomination, made so good a Governor that thousands of Republicans helped him to a second term. BURR JONES, the other Democratic probability, is a lawyer of repute whose principles are in accord with those upheld by LA FOLLETTE. The Governor could easily beat any Democratic rival, were the Republicans not divided, and a way for the Stalwart faction to save its face without endangering the party's victory may still be found. We are reading every day speculations on whether "Mr. MURPHY" is to be allowed by Judge PARKER to name the Democratic nominee for Governor of New York. As long as this system of selecting the people's servants continues in vogue, the principles of a man like LA FOLLETTE will be the most living issues. And we may add here, in response to many inquiries, that we give more serious attention to all these little developments than we do to any letter written by a politician to a journalist who was working for his nomination and is now working for his election.

**APATHY IS NOT SO BAD.** We sometimes wish there was a little more of it; that is to say, a little more quiet attention to ordinary affairs, a little more interest in all the things of attraction and importance which tend to be submerged during a political campaign as during the opening stages of a war. One of the most popular writers in America, whose periodic essays were being syndicated, was rather surprised to find that most of the newspapers preferred non-political topics. The very fact that interest was centred in politics acted as a sort of bullying force, destroying that variety which means not only spice, but also real freedom of opportunity in thought and reading. The political concentration acts as majority rule occasionally does, crushing out the multi-form ideals which represent the differences rather than the agreements of mankind. A reader, canceling his subscription, calls us "the rankest Democratic organ on the continent." We are

not that, but the fundamental original idea of the Jeffersonian party, to let each man grow according to his nature, seems to us a profound and healthy one. WALT WHITMAN spoke of "the idea of perfect and free individuals, the idea of These States." When we read, therefore, of political apathy, we wonder if, instead of indifference to politics, it is not a normal preoccupation with other things, ranging from crops to Dr. CONAN DOYLE. We have a certain admiration for the Western newspaper which has printed the following announcement: "We shall vote for PARKER. ROOSEVELT will be elected. It will take six figures to write his majority in Kansas. This is our individual opinion and this is the first, last, and only mention of the matter in these columns." Baseball, in various localities, is said to be interfering with the size of the spellbinders' audiences, and a rumor narrates that, by way of compromise, games may be opened with a few words on the issues of the day. General Apathy, however, it is confidently predicted, will play a smaller part in October than he enjoys to-day. The voice of the spell-binder will then be the only noise that competes with the noise of the trolleys and the singing of the birds.

**WHAT CONSTITUTES OLD AGE** has been made a topic of discussion by the able way in which the importance of Mr. DAVIS's years was pointed out by ELIHU ROOT. Mr. ROOT takes up no subject which he does not handle with rare force. Nobody knows what Judge PARKER's views are about the kind of man whom, if elected, he would prefer for Secretary of State. The fact that Judge PARKER and the man who secured his nomination have been political associates for a score of years, makes everybody consider Mr. HILL a strong possibility, and if he were Secretary of State he would probably have a better chance of becoming President than Mr. DAVIS would. The country would feel very comfortable if Mr. HAY were put by accident at the head of the Government, but it would not always be satisfied to have an appointee of the President converted into his successor. Eighty-one, therefore, is an advanced **OLD AGE** age for an official whose most important function is to be ready to act as President in such an emergency as has met three Presidents in forty years. It is old age, indeed, for any function in life, for although youth is nowadays taking ground from middle life, and middle life from age, nobody yet goes so far as to treat eighty-one as anything but old. The Delaware and Hudson Railway has issued an order that men over thirty-five shall not be taken as workmen into the company's employ. Most soldiers look like boys to many of us who imagine ourselves still young. As somebody has said, the Civil War was fought by boys. All of us, beyond a certain line, are interested in what is to be called old age, and Mr. ROOT has brought the whole subject out of the closet and made it a topic of the day.

**MR. ROCKEFELLER HAS DONE SOMETHING** that arouses general approval and sympathy. One may not care for his usual mixture of business methods, piety, and philanthropy, and yet may respond sympathetically to one of his latest charities because it springs from the heart. His little grandson died of dysentery. Mr. ROCKEFELLER then founded an institution, to be devoted to medical research, because he understood that the disease of which his grandchild died was of germ origin, and he hoped that men of science might discover the germ and modes of cure or prevention. Plans have now been filed, and it is announced that the institution is to be the most elaborate of its kind in the world. It will undoubtedly be as extensive and complete as the present state of medical science makes possible. As mortality among children in New York has been unusually large this summer, the first step toward executing Mr. ROCKEFELLER's project comes at an auspicious time. Charity and education are on a different footing as far as receiving gifts is concerned. The business of an educational institution is to educate, and it may be plausibly maintained that for a college to refuse money which had been made by notorious immorality would be the best education for the students and the public, not to mention the question of what effect such gifts have upon the teaching of professors. But in charity no such questions arise. Charity is, and always has been, a proper subject for gifts of penitence, especially when it is practiced quietly; and charity which springs from sympathy and suffering, like Mr. ROCKEFELLER's latest institution, is human nature on one of its fairest sides.

CHARITY AND  
EMOTION





THE ARTILLERY MOVING OUT OF FENG-WANG-CHENG, CROSSING THE SO RIVER ON THE MORNING OF JUNE 24

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. WELLS, COLLECTED BY THE JAPANESE ARMY. COURTESY OF THE JAPANESE ARMY.

## THE ADVANCE UPON LIAO-YANG

By FREDERICK PALMER, Collier's War Correspondent accompanying the Japanese First Army

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KANSAUTIENTS, MANCHURIA, June 27

CONVERGING columns must wait each upon the progress of the others to the tune of the master's plans. The commander of the central column said last night that we should wait here during to-day. This column follows the Peking Road through the Motienling Pass, which is the Thermopylae between Feng-Wang-Cheng and Liao-Yang. Another follows parallel wagon paths to the north, and the third parallel wagon paths to the south. Beyond this, the whole of Kuroki's army, are other Japanese armies stretching to the railroad itself and barring the sea from the Russians with practically an intact line of bayonets. Drawn toward the centre, the forces of either side which have fought in isolated battles will be united. Soon Kuropatkin must face the test; soon we shall fight as a whole. While you prick off the movement of each column on a map at home, one observer casts his lot presently with the central column.

For six weeks we waited at Feng-Wang-Cheng, counting the days till the beginning of the rainy season, from which all time in the East is reckoned. The Chinese calendar sets the date as July 10. Were we not to go to Liao-Yang after all? In the stagnation of an army in the field in camp, which the contrast of the nervous excitement of an army in movement makes the more deadening, the correspondent waited, knowing only that, once the downpour began, movement was possible only to an army of herculean energy. The flash of information came like the flash of lightning out of a blue sky, as it always does from the armor-clad secrecy of military staffs. With it came all details, too, as usual. The precise hour was named when the division headquarters would pass the grove where I had become as settled in my tent as in a manor house. It is dawn at four, and soon after we heard the tread of infantry and the clank of their accoutrements. At eight on the morning of the 24th, to be exact—just at eight to the minute announced—General Nishi, riding as the point of the wedge with his staff behind him, made an interval of isolation in a division's passing.

### A Strange Caravan

Behind the staff were some strange-looking men, indeed, such as Marco Polo never described in his travels. They rode big geldings, suitably provided by the Government, and they were big themselves, and, though clad in different habits, they seemed to have been poured out of the same mold. Only the keenest slant-eyed observers could have seen that they might speak different languages and come from different lands. Their distinction from the thousands of soldiery and the Chinese (who were hoeing the corn which they were just planting when we came to Feng-Wang-Cheng) quite sunk any distinction of one from another. They had straight eyes and white faces, and their eyes were not black. The military attachés and the correspondents are the albinos of the army. More than one private who saw them pass wondered what they were doing riding with the General. Let them appear on the line of outposts and they would be taken for Russians. Only yesterday an English-speaking Japanese said to me that he could not tell one European from another; that he had heard that either nationality could tell an Englishman from an American almost at a glance, and he asked me if it were true. Therein lies an excuse for,

if not an explanation, why neither correspondents nor military attachés are allowed more freedom of movement. To bring the comparison home, if the average American officer, let alone outpost, could not distinguish a Japanese from a Chinese or a Korean, with hair cut the same way and wearing much the same kind of clothes, he would take no risks on the strength of his judgment. So the attachés ride behind the staff and the correspondents behind the attachés, and they are the most curious thing about this army to the army itself.

Two or three miles out of Feng-Wang-Cheng, on the bank of the river, a guard of cavalry was drawn up. This, the General's escort, completed the formation of the headquarters party, whose pace was that of the in-

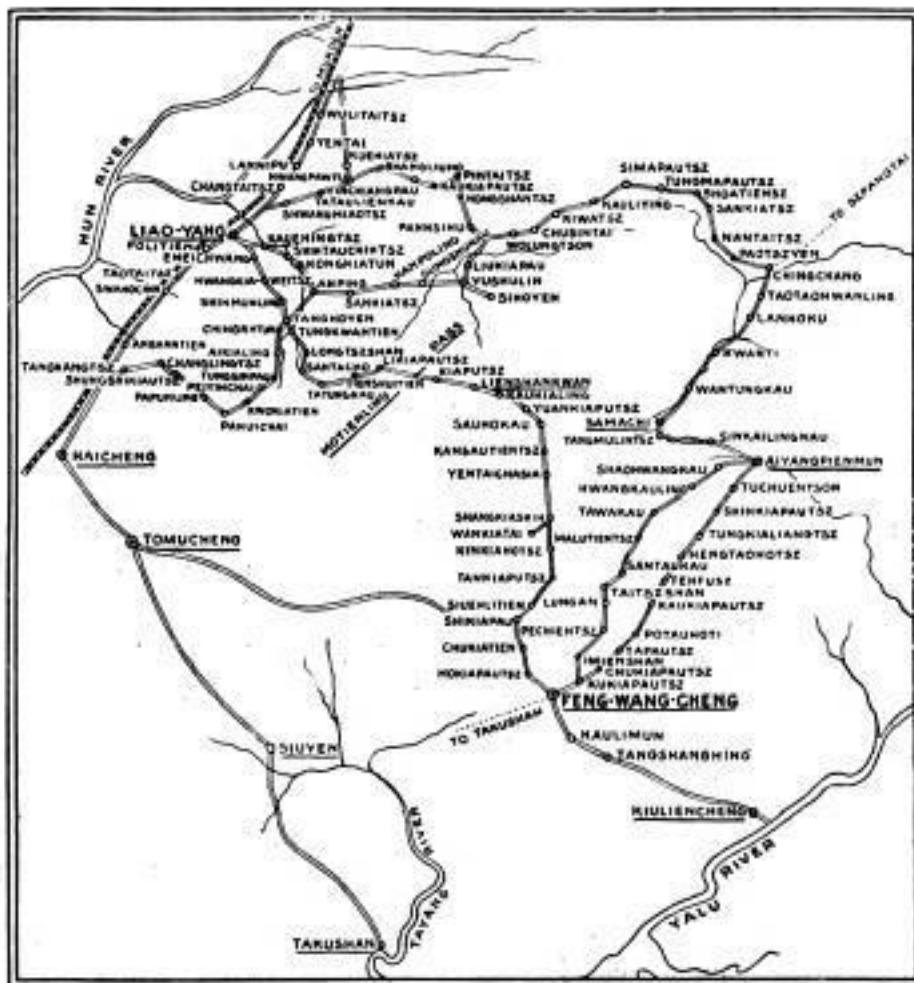
When we had gone over the highest of the hills which hold Feng-Wang-Cheng in their lap, we left the made roads and came again to the old Peking Road. Our course wound with the valley made by the stream, which we were always fording. And as the course wound so wound the column and their transport. On either hand were mountains, ever mountains, pyramidal, sugar-loafed, terraced, thick with trees, untouched by art except where the Chinese had carried their tillage patches from the fertile valley up the slopes. An army with guns would be almost as helpless off that road as a fish out of water. The one sign of human presence we saw on the heights was a spot where the trees had been leveled and a signal staff told of a Russian lookout. In front of the General was the advance guard, and behind, as ahead, the road was as thick with soldiers as the hills with trees. In that streak of humanity, with its canopy of dust, the only persons that rode alone were the General himself and an officer astride a kicking horse. Until you see them in column, you do not realize what a big force they are, and until you see their transport you do not realize what a lot they eat; and until you have ridden all day at the rate of arduously marching men you do not realize what the pleasure of riding at will is.

### The Army's Progress

No stream ever followed its course more closely than we this old highway. There was only one channel for the current of khaki shoulders. In the fields always were the scattered blue-bloused Chinese workmen. Elderly women—I saw no young ones—were weeding their gardens in the groups of houses dignified with a name on the map where the farming folk live. (Those who think of all China as overcrowded must overlook Manchuria, which is sparsely settled.) The local population had seen the Russians go away a few hours before; they may have had to take cover while there was an exchange of shots. If so, there was time wasted, and they must work that much harder to make up for it. They did not take the trouble to look up at the thousands of madmen who, according to their thinking, were chasing thousands of other madmen playing at a madman's game. The General was only a mounted man to them. A runner on a bicycle interested them far more. Their industry added to the aspect of peace produced by the still virgin hills.

The earnestness with which everything in the column's progress was done alone bespoke the fact that we were not on a route march. Always we were hearing of the Russians just ahead. The first sign we had of their existence was on the second day, when we saw on a knoll half a dozen big, blond-haired men in gray caps. These were a "point" that had been betrayed into the arms of Japanese scouts by a false Chinese guide, I was told. They had every right to be bored, every Japanese surgeon who passed stopping to offer them some attention. We passed one other wounded Russian in one of the springless bolting Chinese carts. He had been shot in his head, which he rested on a pile of sacks under the broiling sun. He looked up at our Caucasian faces quizzically, as if wondering how we could be going in the opposite direction when we had been captured, too.

But I set out to write of a march, not of bloodshed (of which there was none of account)—a march that went like clockwork. Five-sixths of the thought of staffs is centred upon getting a soldier rapidly along a



MAP OF THE FIELD OPERATIONS OF THE FIRST JAPANESE ARMY

After the crossing of the Yalu River and the battle of Kiuliencheng early in May, General Kuroki moved immediately on to Feng-Wang-Cheng, where he established a base. On June 24 this Japanese first army began its forward movement against Liao-Yang. The troops followed the old Peking Road and reached Kansautientz June 26. From there Mr. Palmer sent the present article. The army then moved on Lienshanwan, which is half-way to the Motienling Pass. The Russians tried to recapture this pass on July 4 and again on July 17. Mr. Palmer sends a cable account of the latter action, which is printed on page 8

fantry. All the first morning we were within the zone of Japanese occupation. The period of waiting had had no idle moments for the engineers, who went to their work every day with the regularity of mortar carriers.

The heights beyond the town were seamed with trenches and cut with roads for the artillery. Not one has been required in action. It was not thought that they ever would be. Their value was "moral." They made fifty thousand men as good as a hundred thousand men for defence, and they held safe on Kuropatkin's flank an army which could be thrown into his rear the moment that he should advance with his whole force to the relief of Port Arthur. He advanced with part, with a result that we all know.





#### A RUSSIAN OUTPOST CAPTURED BY JAPANESE CAVALRY SCOUTS

These men were a "point" belonging to a Russian party of observation, and fairly walked into the arms of General Kuroki's advance guard. The Japanese are always kind to their prisoners. The picture shows a trooper holding a match to a prisoner's cigarette while the officers are questioning their captives and examining their papers.



#### MARCHING AWAY FROM FENG-WANG-CHENG OVER A BRIDGE BUILT BY THE PIONEER CORPS

While waiting at Feng-Wang-Cheng after the crossing of the Yalu, the Japanese devoted much of their time to the construction of bridges and military roads to facilitate the moving of artillery and the transport train when the moment for the general advance against the Russian positions in northern Manchuria should come. Until the army's arrival no other highway than the old Peking Road existed in that part of Asia. For centuries it had been traveled by the pack trains bearing Korea's tribute to the Chinese Emperor. But now a number of good military roads lead out from it in several directions, and the streams are bridged for a distance of many miles. These roads and bridges were a part of the First Army's preparation for defence in case it should be attacked as a detail before the Japanese forces as a whole were prepared for an advance upon Liao-Yang. The roads were of course never needed for this purpose, and the staff never believed that they would be, but the moral effect on the troops was excellent.



highway, with sufficient food and ammunition. The weight of his pack, how it should be adjusted, how to keep up his spirits in the face of fatigue, the minimum bulk of food which will give him nourishment—these were the subject of military councils long before the time of Caesar. The soldier of every country has his peculiar prejudices and his peculiar habits. The Japanese soldier carries only forty pounds, as against sixty for the soldiers of other countries. Yet in height the Second Division, drawn from the north, where the climate is severe and the human product that survives is sturdy, would compare favorably with the height of many Continental and even many English regiments, while in actual carrying capacity they are probably the superior. Besides, height is not everything. The Japanese soldier is never weedy. He is built on the square; he is a buttress instead of a pole.

His only prejudice is in favor of teapots. These he gathers by the way; he is loath also to give up a certain type of enameled cup purchasable in Feng-Wang-Cheng. He not only carries his forty pounds to the end of the march, but the end of the march finds him in line. Out of the whole division I did not see a hundred stragglers on any day.

The march was not speedy. We did not make more than half the distance in a day of some of the famous route marches of famous Continental armies. But the Continental conscript has a macadamized road, while such a sun as that which makes the corn grow in a Manchurian valley is unknown. This army is not doing a few days' show practice. It marched over the icy roads of Korea in February, and has been under marching conditions ever since, and keeping its health. In all weathers it must go on, with its nerve steady at any moment for the shock of battle, not for the blank volleys of a manoeuvre. The Orientals excel all rivals in their refusal to attempt the impossible. They do not depend upon "chance" or upon "dashes." They can keep to a programme because they know all limitations, and they leave nothing to sporadic efforts. Every column and every officer is a part of the quiet whole. All is team play, nothing is for any gallery, unless it is the international gallery. A common efficiency permits the head to know precisely what each part can do under certain conditions. With this is coupled the absolute certainty that no Japanese line will retreat while it has a third of its men standing. As no corps, no division, no regiment, stands out with the conspicuousness common in other lands, so does no general. The private is a private; the officer an officer, impersonal.

The common enemy of the three days has been the Manchurian sun; the shots of the parties of observation no more than fleabites. To beat the sun you must rise early. On the second morning, when we moved out of Siuehli-tien, having slept in the open with the heavy dew on our faces, the hour set was 5:50.

"Why not six?" an Anglo-Saxon asked. "This is cutting it as fine as the four-dollar-ninety-nine cent bargain at a department store."

There was no affectation about this precision. It was a part of the system. At 5:50 in the fields beyond the town, with the air still thick with dew, and the mountains shrouded in mist, we found the regiments and the guns, with every last part of the equipment of thousands of men, complete and ready as those of an intricate machine.

#### The Second Day's March

The foreigners presented themselves to the General—the General neat and polite—who responded with the Japanese smile, and then we mounted and fell in behind him and the appointed regiment. In an hour the town was as clean of the army as if it had never been there, except for the armed guard of the transporters' corps.

As we moved over the winding road through the mountains, I saw the one thing of the three days which did not seem a part of the programme. In some other armies, in a march through the enemy's country, it

would have been one of many little "breaks" regarded as inevitable, here it was as prominent as missing his lines by an old actor in a familiar part.

Some of the transporters had taken their carts forward into the line of the infantry's march. One of these was overturned. I wondered if the infantrymen, with a "What the devil are you doing up here?" had not done the trick in a moment of exasperation. If they had, the transporters would only have smiled in answer to the question. They were smiling, anyway. If the whole army were routed what remained would smile. But the smile would not be that of carelessness, for all the "broken bits" would be studiously gathered in.

#### Plenty of Shade and Water

These mornings in the mountains always make you think that you are to have an overcast day. Until the sun breaks through, quickly dispelling all vapors and illusions—then is the day's glorious interval for march-



GENERAL NISHI AND HIS STAFF DURING A HALT ON THE MARCH

ing. Toward noon, when we stop for an hour, the marches are shorter, the rests longer. Nippon Denji, the man of Japan, has then eaten all the rice cooked in the company boilers, and the rations of meat and fish supplied him the night before, and with "Break ranks" he rushes to the water, where he washes his pannikin and the little piece of towel which he always carries, and then wipes the dust from his face and neck. At other times he stacks his rifle and drops his kit and runs to shade, flopping himself down on the cool ground like a seal into water. The joy of this war march thus far is that there is always shade and always water. The So River, which we crossed and recrossed, is always fordable and is fed by mountain springs.

Our twelve miles a day has been made, too, with all baggage keeping pace, and with the advance sending the enemy before it, and always prepared—this solid line of men on the road with hospital corps and ammunition ponies bringing up the rear—to attack in force should the enemy make a stand. It was eleven when we came into Kansautientsz yesterday under a sun that was like the open lid of a furnace. A regiment of infantry, that had passed many great fields of young beans without thought of wasting the energy to set foot on them, settled down in a field now, illustrating to the owner how thoroughly in most cases chance entirely rules the fortunes of war. In half an hour this field was trodden down as hard as a tennis court.

The General himself did not know whether or not we were going to move any further that day, but the men must be in organization and ready, heat or no heat. A soldier is not a veteran until he learns to make the most of any conditions. So the infantrymen brought branches from the trees, making the field look like a

young grove. When the artillery came up, the gunners did the same, but kept their horses hitched. At four came the word, from the authority which was looking toward the progress of all columns, that we should be here for two days. The groves fell, and the infantrymen marched to the right and left to encamp in ravines. Then the whole army, including correspondents, settled down for the afternoon to wait for the transportation to come up.

The transportation is always behind the guns—the precious guns—force going before the provender when there is an enemy in sight. Thus the advance may arrive at noon and get its dinner at seven. If there is a fight, no one will be thinking of food, and seven will be ample time. With no fight, what is there for a correspondent to do on an empty stomach but lie in the shade and think of the simmer in the pan of the bacon which first went to Chicago from Nebraska and then all the way to Manchuria in a yellow sack, which you may pack on pony or cart through the dust, with never a germ disturbing the fatty—oh, too fatty—inside.

To-day the army is washing, the surface of the river is oily with soap worshipfully and vigorously applied. The bushes are hung with garments yesterday steeped in the sweat of conquest. The privileged few who can "rustle" native caldrons will get hot baths—that supreme luxury which every Japanese has daily at home—which means to him what jam does to an Englishman, sauerkraut to a German, and pie to an American when struggling over roads in pursuit of armed men in a strange land.

To-morrow Nippon Denji will stroll about camp as fresh as a daisy. He will look in at my tent door, and watch the strange being with blond hair and big nose who is writing about his exploits. He is bearable even in his curiosity because he is quite the cleanest soldier in the world.

P. S.—June 28.—Nippon Denji did little strolling to-day, for it came on to rain as hard as the sun shone yesterday. The dry bed of the So became a channel for a torrent, and the soil of the valley seemed to spurt water like a sponge from the pressure of your foot. But the army is doing its work in waterproofs just the same as if the day were fair. Bad weather can not spoil the flavor of the news which concerns Nippon Denji personally and all the world internationally. The Russians have evacuated Motienling. Now, Motienling, as I have already noted, is the pass of Thermopylae on the road to Liao-Yang. Here the Russians had built extensive storehouses, placed mines and barbed wire entanglements, and made ready in all respects for determined defence. This they leave as a man must flee from the valuables in his burning house, not joyfully, as the Japanese left behind their defensive works at Feng-Wang-Cheng which they did not require, for a reason that spells the difference between success and humiliation. The way to Liao-Yang for the First Army, then, seems clear.

#### ATTACKS ON MOTIENLING PASS

Two sharp actions in the Thermopylae of Manchuria, where superior numbers of Russian troops were put to flight

Special Cable Despatch to Collier's

By FREDERICK PALMER

(By runner to Ping Yang, Korea, by telegraph to Seoul, thence by cable to New York)

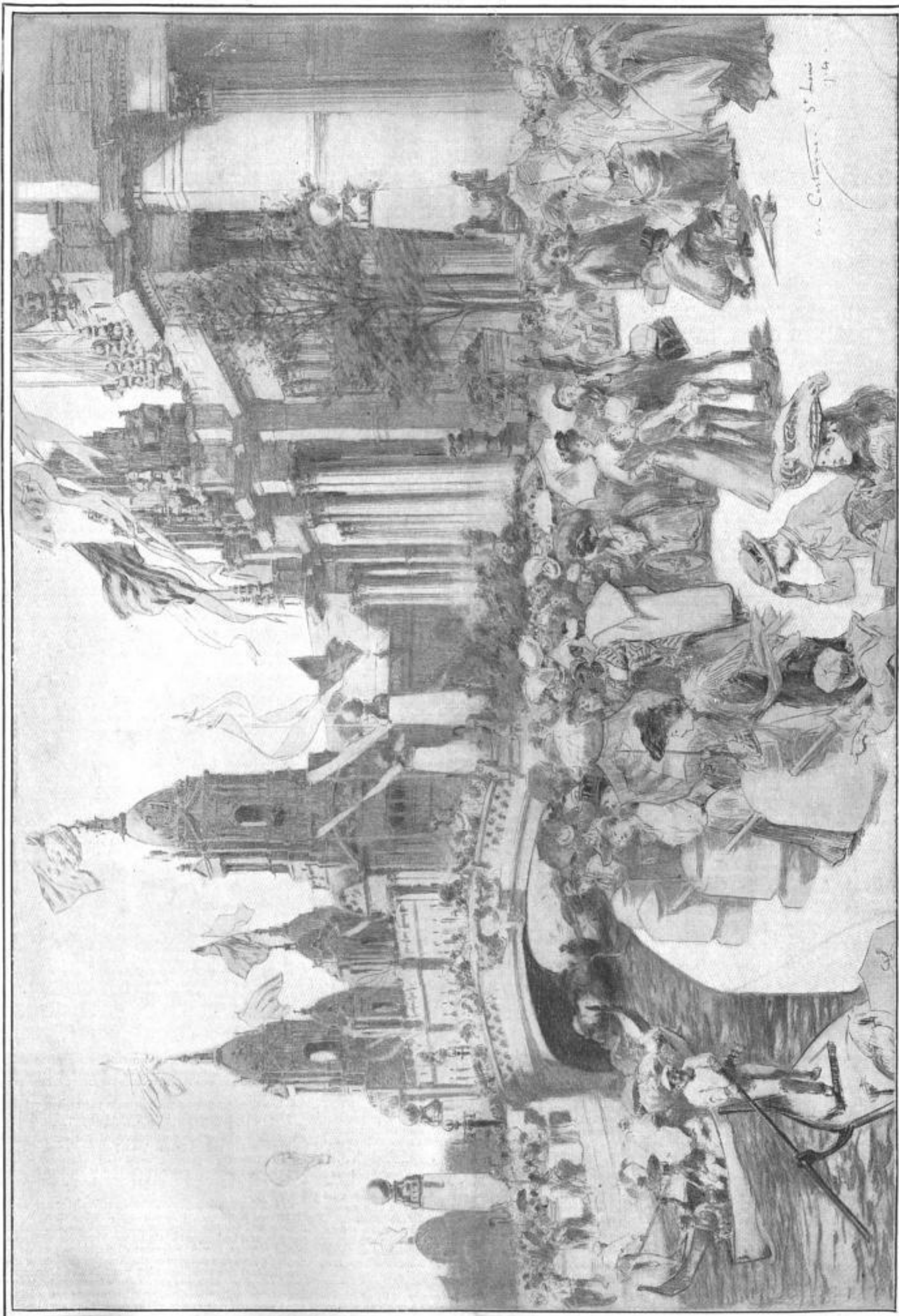
LIENSHANKWAN, MANCHURIA, July 17

THE Russians to-day made their second attempt to retake the Motienling Pass. Under the cover of darkness they came stolidly with a view of making a daylight surprise, so often successful with the Turks, whom the Russians still seem to think they are fighting, even after five months of bitter experience with the Japanese. Hitherto foreign observers with the army have seen the Russians only fighting behind intrenchments, but this time the conditions of open



SOLDIERS BATHING IN THE SO RIVER AT THE END OF THE DAY'S MARCH





St. Louis  
1894

PALACE OF ELECTRICITY

MACHINEY HALL

DESIGN BY ANDRE CASTAIGNE

# VACATION DAYS AT THE ST. LOUIS FAIR



field tactics maintained against the Turks were repeated against this alert and mobile force, with results more humiliating to the Russians than the painfully discouraging outcome of the Yalu. This result upsets the presupposed preponderating defensive power of the modern rifle when skill and adaptability vie with the defence. Hitherto we have met only Siberian troops. Either the troops from European Russia have not arrived in such numbers as St. Petersburg has confidently reported, or else Kuropatkin has been holding this supposed flower of his army on the railroad awaiting the final stand.

To-day the foreign observers saw European Russian troops receive their baptism of fire. Their retreat was a little more orderly; at intervals there was a little more regular parade-ground tactics and a little more spectacular movement, but they were almost as helpless as their brothers, their outposts were pushed in, and the mist of the dawn found their two converging lines sweeping toward the pass itself. On the first attack of July 4 four companies of Japanese repulsed the pursuit of two Russian battalions. To-day again inferior numbers repulsed and pursued.

The Russians work under a heavy equipment, carrying cumbersome blanket rolls, while the Japanese are equipped for agile fighting. The comparison is like that of a light spirited gamecock and a big brahma whose feet run to feathers. The Japanese, who squats instead of sits, at home, whose whole habit makes his limbs limber, takes cover spryly, fitting himself glove-like to the contour of the ground from which he nimbly rises for his rushes forward. In the undergrowth, among trees, through underbrush, the heavy, awkward, lumbering Russian is like a fish out of water. Lacking

intrenchments, or even ground to advance over, the Russians have not a grip on any position they may occupy in the manoeuvres on the field.

To-day, as on the 4th, the Russians advanced in close order by the valleys, and to-day, right where they made the effort to flank-pass a battalion in close order, they were actually caught under guns which played the same awful havoc that was wrought in the fatal instance at Hamatan. It was the anniversary of the taking of Shipka Pass. It was a saint's day on the Russian calendar, and the fog at dawn was thick. Everything conspired for the Russian success. With the elephantine mass (like Skobelev, Kuropatkin's old superior in the Russo-Turkish War) they would have used the heavily burdened Russians from Europe to frighten the confident dwarfs into retreat at the sight of their burly forms. But Japanese tactics outmanoeuvred them, Japanese bullets mowed them down, until at last, beating them back, the Japanese pursued and the Russians made over the hills, either by the side lands or the valleys between Kwantei and Towan, like ants, in long lines or scattered groups. The whole army, down to its company sections, adapted itself to the needs of the ground and the lines of least resistance. The Japanese with characteristic relentlessness steadily made their way, continually seizing the advantages of new positions and appearing suddenly with a flanking spurt that caught some part of the enemy.

The Russian soldiers individually lack intelligence and initiative. Their total dependence upon their officers, their concerted movements in a mass, and their inferior marksmanship, have brought some hard lessons on the value of shock-tactics as against the need of individual skill in the employment of modern

rifles. Every step of the war reveals the Russian army. Their sharpshooters and Cossacks are sharpshooters and scouts in name only. Every step they take gives proof of the wisdom of the American policy, that the regular army can not be composed of too highly intelligent individuals, nor can they be too highly trained. Every step the Russian army takes discredits the automatic mechanical soldier of the Continental system which thinks that too much intelligence is a handicap.

Only Russians would retreat from a number not superior to theirs and set up far out on the level lands with an advanced infantry to protect them in manikin style on a parade ground, and then, like grown up children, shout, "We are pleased to do our best for your Majesty."

It was as futile as Pakenham's close order at New Orleans. Do foreigners observe the actions of the 4th and 17th of July, and explain the victories of Liaotung Peninsula, which were unseen by outsiders? To-day's casualties were 200 Japanese, as against the estimated 2,000 Russians. During the fight the Japanese general commanding, Nishi, smiling and undemonstrative, gave few orders, his machine doing the work of years of training and preparation. Russia was paying for her sacrifice of individual intelligence, for her autocracy, for her outrages in the Boxer campaign. The further into the country we proceeded the deeper grew the Chinese dislike of the Russians, and great keenness to serve the Japanese with information as to the Russians' movements was noticeable at every turn. When we entered the towns women emerged from their hiding-places and were soon at work again in their gardens as usual.

*The attack on the Motienling Pass, July 4, was one of the most interesting actions of the present war. Mr. Palmer has written an account of this fight, which he calls "A Pass and an Affair with Bayonets." This will be published next week, fully illustrated with a map and with many photographs by James H. Hare, Collier's photographer with General Kuroki's army, who was also present on the battlefield.*

## WHY SHOULD WE TRUST

Believing that the highest purpose of the press is to instruct through the careful presentation of facts, and to provoke thought by the conveyance of honest opinions, Collier's will, during the present national campaign, retain the political neutrality that has at all times characterized its pages. The ripest thought from the leaders of all parties will be presented in these pages, thereby affording the readers a better opportunity to reach their own intelligent conclusions and formulate unprejudiced convictions.

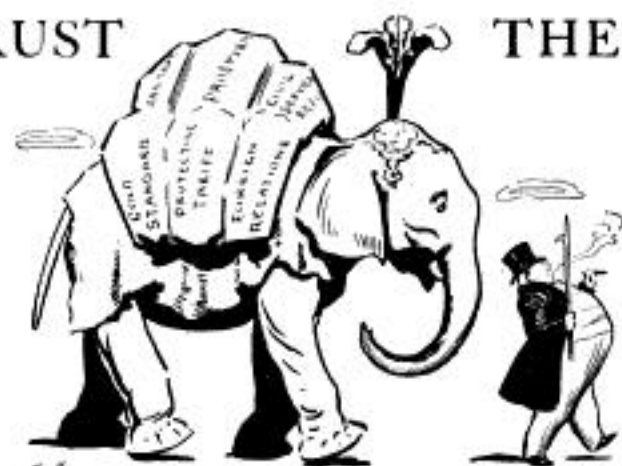
**T**HIS is a question of vital importance to the American people, and will be answered by an expression of opinion of fourteen millions of voters at the ensuing November election.

Party platforms are valuable as indicative of the drift of parties and sentiment, but the victory of a party announcing a platform does not always ensure the execution of the party promise. The Democrats carried the country in 1844 upon the battle cry of "Polk and Dallas and the Tariff of 1842," and yet one of the very earliest acts of the party on coming into power was to repeal that same tariff law. So we must look to something beyond the mere platform declaration. The inquiry, therefore, in the present instance should be: Is the Republican party right in its promises and will it redeem them?

The people of the United States should trust the Republican party because it has never failed to redeem every promise it ever made to the people upon which it secured power. It destroyed slavery. It restored the Union. It made possible the cleansing of the Constitution and the enthronement of liberty in the terms of that instrument. It saved the nation from irredeemable paper money, as advocated by the Democrats in 1868. It restored specie payments, and made every dollar of American money of par value. It seized the Government from the hands of Democracy in 1897 and fulfilled its platform pledges by legislative guaranties of the gold standard and repeal of the Wilson Tariff law and the restoration of good times, where poverty and confusion reigned.

These were platform pledges, each and every one of them. They were written in advance and became promises to the American people. They were carefully and religiously redeemed. It is significant that in every one of these great legislative acts which remodeled the very form and substance of our Government, and placed us upon the high position which we occupy to-day, the Democratic party was the party of opposition.

It is not incumbent upon a political party that it shall halt and hesitate when a new question arises to ascertain whether or not its party platform or declaration has covered the existing case; and so the Republican party has found itself more than once face to face with conditions that required prompt action and which were not covered by any party pledge. In every one of these cases the solution by the party has been wise, beneficent, and approved by the people—notably the war with Spain and the release of Cuba from despotism, the ex-



By CHARLES H. GROSVENOR

With cartoon sketches by E. W. Kemble

pansion of our governmental influence to the Philippine Islands, and their government and control since.

We had made no party pledge that the Philippine Islands should be governed with humanity and that civil government should be restored there to the inhabitants as rapidly as consistent with wisdom and good government; and yet, without any such promise, we have gone on and worked out the result, and to-day the Filipinos enjoy as full measure of local self-government as do the Territories of the United States.

We had no party platform that guided the action of the United States in the Panama question; but when the issue arose it was met and decided, and will be adhered to, in a manner that is to-day justified and approved by the American people.

There was no platform declaration that could have been applied to the settlement of the great coal strike of 1902; but our Administration settled it, and nobody regrets that settlement except those who fear it may have enhanced the popularity of Mr. Roosevelt and held out to the people of the country the suggestion that in the hour of emergency it is well to have the Republican party on the quarterdeck of the ship.

We have had no platform declaration in regard to our general foreign policy; but the diplomacy of Mr. Hay has been marvelous in its results, and has placed the United States in the very forefront of the great leading nations of the world.

Our intervention in Venezuela, our approval and promotion of The Hague Arbitration Agreement, our invocation of that tribunal in the settlement of our own controversy with Mexico, and the peaceful and satisfactory adjustment of our Northwestern border—all are incidents that point with unerring certainty to the fact that we can do things without promising them, and the history of the past forty years shows that we can promise things and do them.

A party that has always fulfilled its promises to the people and has executed the policies already indorsed and foreordained by the popular vote can always be relied upon to invoke the approval of the people upon its acts in matters arising suddenly and upon which no expression has been made.

So the Republican party is right in its platform declaration. Its principles are right. Its policies are right; and the people can trust the Republican party to do all it has promised to do, and to wisely dispose of any new question which arises.

The people of the United States can with safety trust the Republican party with power because it is, as I have already shown, a party of progress. Long experience, long activity, make a party capable. The party that is in the habit of going forward can be relied upon to have a better judgment than a party that has existed for half a century as a mere party of negation. A party whose watchword has been "Up, On, Forward, March," is a

## THE REPUBLICAN PARTY?

For seventeen years Mr. Grosvenor has represented the Eleventh District of Ohio in the United States House of Representatives. He was a brigadier-general in the Civil War, and for a number of years a member of the Ohio State Legislature, being twice Speaker of the Lower House. In Congress he has served as Chairman on the Committees on Ways and Means, Rules, Mines and Mining, Merchant Marine, and Fisheries. He is one of the most active workers among the Republican Congressmen.

better party to trust in American politics than a party which for scores of years has stood holding on to the coat-tails of the world and screaming "Whoa!" at every attempt to move forward. A party that has put its shoulder to the car of progress and pushed to the front is a better party to trust than a party that has been putting checks under the wheels and trying to prevent action.

There is not a measure which has been ingrafted into the Constitution of the United States for fifty years that was not put there by the intelligence, wisdom, and patriotism of the Republican party. There is not a statute existing upon the statute books of the United States to-day that is not more than half a century old, and of which the people of this country are proud, that was not put there by the Republican party; and in every instance of constitutional change and legislative progress, the battle has been won over the resistance of the Democratic party in and out of Congress, in and out of the State Legislatures, in and out of the forums



It begins to talk about the dead party

of popular discussion. You can not trust a party that for fifty years has done nothing. Such a party gets rusty; it becomes senile; it becomes stagnant; it becomes threadbare.

When the Democratic party was in power it spent its strength in formulating movements for the particular and special purpose of upholding and rendering indestructible the Bourbon institutions of the early times and the more modern institution of slavery aggrandizement and slavery extension; and to-day when you challenge the Democratic party in relation to its history, its policies, its purposes, it begins to talk about the dead of the party.

The difference between the two parties is pretty well illustrated in this way: You take a Republican of intelligence and ask him what the policy and purpose of his party is, and he begins to talk to you about the progress of the country, the development of the science of politics, and the great purpose of the American people in its new life and new ambitions; but you talk to a Democrat and he begins to discuss the action of somebody dead; and if you will carefully check the muster-roll of his great men and make notes of the suggestions that he relies upon, you will find that every one of the men he quotes is dead, and many of them have been dead for nearly one hundred years. The Republican points to the executive offices, the declarations of principles of his

(Continued on page 27)



The United States will build the Panama Canal



# THE THOUGHT OF THE NATION

## AN OPEN FORUM OF INDIVIDUAL OPINION

### Strikes Without Violence

By John Mitchell

At so critical a time no counsel could be more opportune than this word from the President of the United Mine Workers of America, who so heroically championed the cause of labor through the coal strikes two years ago.

CAN strikes be conducted without violence? Can they succeed when not accompanied by lawlessness? To both of these questions I would answer positively, "Yes." If I believed otherwise I should abandon the trade-union movement forthwith. As a matter of fact, the great majority of strikes are inaugurated and fought out without one single act of violence, and when violence is resorted to in a strike the newspaper reports of it are always greatly exaggerated.

My experience has been that the commission of crime on the part of strikers or their friends reduces the chances of success. A strike of any considerable magnitude can not well succeed unless it have the sympathy and support of the general public, and when a strike resolves itself into an armed conflict the public very properly withdraws its sympathy. That employers of labor understand full well the injury to strikers which follows violence is shown by the fact that not infrequently during labor disturbances thugs are employed to provoke strikers into the commission of some unlawful act.

If strikes can not succeed except by violence, then they should not succeed at all. The law must be upheld. Lawlessness should be condemned and is condemned by trade-unionists as well as by all other good citizens.

### Why Ibsen?

By Minnie Maddern Fiske

The American stage has no champion of the intellectual and philosophical drama more ardent in the support of thought-provoking plays than Mrs. Fiske, who is recognized by many as the foremost actress of to-day.

"WHY IBSEN?" This question, elaborated and particularized, is often asked. Ibsen's most devoted admirers deplore the fact that his subjects are almost invariably gloomy and that he seldom moves in happy channels—unless we except his scintillant and biting wit and satire. The actor who studies Ibsen, however, must take delight in him. With all his gloom and his depressing satire on life, Ibsen projects the truth, and that he fascinates audiences, as he lays hold of actors, is evident from the success of his plays when they are represented with appreciation. Again, Ibsen is a pleasing foil to the average modern play—the average "society" play and current "comedy," for these have nothing in them that appeals to intelligence or that suggests thought. As a rule, they are pretty things, with nothing behind them or beneath their superficialities. As they lack in matter that means something, so Ibsen is crammed with that sort of matter. An auditor leaves the average modern play without having gained anything whatever; and the actor in the modern play gains nothing and can not grow materially in its interpretation. It may be that the pendulum in Ibsen swings too far the other way, but withal he is a stimulus both to auditor and to actor. It is true that the modern play—the better example of the modern play—usually seems to have some reason for existence, but it has nothing to tell but a fairy tale or some meaningless story, and in a year—usually in less time—it is all forgotten. We would not admit to our libraries the trivial and insipid stories of modern plays, if they were between covers. Perhaps—it is to be hoped—Ibsen is a pioneer for better things, for things that mean something in and to the drama. It is true that his imitators now—his disciples among the makers of plays—seem to think that it is their duty to out-Ibsen Ibsen in the depressing subjects they treat with more or less superficiality, but he may for the future inspire masters of drama who will write as significantly of the beauties and nobilities of life as he writes now of its aberrant and miserable features.

### Shall Newspapers Inform or Inflame?

By Thomas R. Slicer

The pastor of All Souls' Church (Unitarian) in New York City is one of the nation's best-known preachers on practical piety, and his work in civic and municipal matters has been most conducive to good.

THE newspaper can not say—because it is for everybody that it must run the whole gamut of public interest and meet depravity with depravity. The editorial management that contents itself with this ideal has lost sight of its influence in the contemplation of revenue. Of course, it is the first duty of a newspaper, as of every legitimate enterprise, to succeed. But when its success leaves a trail of disaster it ceases to be legitimate, and must be treated as an enemy of the common good.

Many newspapers have been the means of intellectual and moral life. What such a paper thinks on a public question is important far beyond the area of its immediate circulation. But in a great city, where competi-

tion is not simply sharp, but fierce, the newspaper is apt to think that it may do anything that will increase its circulation as a means of value to its advertisers, upon whom its prosperity depends. The result is that it often sinks below the demand for an ideal and rarely stops at the level of a policy. But when it is considered that hundreds of thousands of copies go daily into the homes of the ignorant, who wish to know what the world is doing, the moral value of a newspaper can not be lost sight of. The choice has to be made between a course that is moral and one that is immoral.

The workingman who has no time to read a newspaper in the morning, at the end of a long day of labor ought to find a clear account in his evening paper of what has happened in every corner of the world. That account should be expanded in the ratio of its importance. What he usually finds is crime displayed, questions of government administration and international interest restricted. He knows in a vague way that there is a Colorado mining issue, a meat packers vs. labor union controversy, a Japan and Russia complication, an impending Presidential election, and a test question before the Supreme Court in the matter of Interstate Commerce Law; but the largest area of the page before his eye will be occupied by the pictures of the principals in a divorce proceeding, detailed accounts of robberies, murders, and other crimes so common that it is difficult for the reporter to tax his rhetoric for new descriptions. When this workingman's half-hour of reading is over, he has accumulated impressions which are a poor crown to place upon a day of honest toil.

It has taken many millions of years to make the thinking machine that we call the human brain. It has taken many thousands of years to educate it. In a great democracy, what it turns out as a thinking machine is of the first importance to the Republic, and it would seem legitimate to require that a great educational agent like the daily newspaper should realize its responsibility and take its share of direction, control, and influence. The newspaper that departs from its mission to inform, and for the sole purpose of revenue seeks to inflame, is a blot upon mankind, a foe to the public, and an enemy to the country.

### Is the Golden Rule Workable?

By the Late Hon. Samuel Milton Jones

This last word from Toledo's famous and lamented Mayor is a fitting comment for so good a man to leave to inspire others to promote the optimum of the Golden Rule life, which he preached and practiced so well.

AS I view it, the Golden Rule is the supreme law of life. It may be paraphrased this way: As you do unto others, others will do unto you. I do not see how this proposition can be denied. What I give, I get. If I love you, really and truly and actively love you, you are as sure to love me in return as the earth is to be warmed by the rays of the midsummer sun. If I hate you, ill-treat and abuse you, I am equally certain to arouse the same kind of antagonism toward me, unless the divine nature has been so developed that it is dominant in you and you have learned to "love your enemies." What can be plainer? The Golden Rule is the law of action and reaction in the field of morals just as positive, just as definite, just as certain here as the law is positive, definite, and certain in the domain of physics.

I think the confusion with respect to the Golden Rule arises from the different conception that we have of the word love. I use the word love as being synonymous with reason, and so when I speak of doing the loving thing, I mean the reasonable thing. When I speak of dealing with a man or my fellow-men in an unreasonable way, I mean an unloving way. The terms are interchangeable absolutely.

"Will the Golden Rule work?" And this question is being asked nearly twenty centuries after Jesus brought it into striking prominence by making it the cornerstone of His philosophy, and during all these centuries we have been teaching and preaching this same philosophy, and we are yet asking, Will it work? Amazing! Why do we ask it? Simply because preaching and teaching have been the sum total of our work. We have left out the important part, *the doing*. The only way we can learn a thing is by doing it. I might look at my fellow-man chopping down trees, plowing a field, digging a ditch, playing a piano, painting a picture, or carving a statue for a lifetime, and I would not learn the art except by doing it with my own hands, and I fancy that is why we know so little about the Golden Rule. We haven't worked at it. We haven't practiced it. We have "belonged" to organizations and institutions established for the purpose of teaching it, and in our lives we have practiced the opposite rule. We are just beginning to learn to apply it. We are beginning to learn that a fight between nations or individuals, whether it be on a field of battle or in a so-called court of justice, no more determines the right or wrong of a question than a fight between wild beasts, and as this truth is dawning upon us we are becoming human, and the number of men and women who refuse to fight, who refuse to hate, and are determined that love and love alone, that the Golden Rule, shall be the guiding philosophy of their lives, is increasing as at no other time in history.

### The Scholar-Politician Impracticable?

By Prof. Edward A. Ross

Having occupied the chair of Sociology at the Indiana, Cornell, Leland Stanford, and Nebraska Universities, and in all these places expounded political principles, Prof. Ross is peculiarly well fitted to speak on this subject.

CERTAINLY he is impracticable as a candidate. He is not a good "mixer," and when it comes to "standing treat," meeting the "boys" and propitiating that man of influence, the saloonkeeper, he is easily distanced. In being all things to all men, and in liberality of ante-election promises, the demagogue can always beat him. The man who aspires to accomplish some good thing will ever be handicapped in competing with the man who is in politics for a living and has triumphed over hampering scruples. This is why the scholar enters politics oftener by the side door of appointment than by the front door of nomination and election.

There is, however, no reason why the scholar should prove impracticable in dealing with public affairs. The college has ceased to be a cloister. Learning no longer means the dead languages. With their schools of finance and administration and political science and history, the Universities prepare men as never before for public service. The legislator who has provided himself with compass and chart by profound and systematic studies in economics, statistics, banking, taxation, railroads, comparative legislation, and the like will be formidable *because he knows*.

The fact is, the days of "Bluff Ben" and "Honest Jack" are nearly over. Our society has become too complex to be entrusted to the Davy Crockett type. Honesty and common-sense are, to be sure, just as indispensable as ever, but there are needed, in addition, trained faculties, expert knowledge, insight. Our problems are to those of two generations ago what quadratics are to common fractions. No political quack can solve them. Every task of government, from the repression of crime and the treatment of destitution to the disposal of sewage and the care of forests, has been studied methodically, and is now a part of some science. The man who brings to these questions nothing but good intentions and open eyes may as well stay at home. The cry is "More light!" The day of the plain people is the day of the man who knows.

When in the days soon to come, an oft-befooled people will cast about in desperation for granite, mammoth-proof public servants, it may be that the university-bred man will be valued as a moral "immune." Of no straighter grain than others, he has, nevertheless, two things in his favor. His scholastic career has exposed him during several impressionable years to standards of honor and ideals of politics much above the ordinary. Then, too, educated men develop among themselves a wholesome freemasonry that makes them dread nothing so much as loss of caste. The fact that the scholar prizes above all material rewards the "Well-done!" of his old teachers, his classmates and his fellow-scholars everywhere, ought to fortify him amid the besetments and temptations of political life.

### America's Chance in Australia

By Kyrle Bellew

This popular English actor is a journalist and a Fellow of both the Royal Geographical and Microscopic Societies. He is a recognized authority on mineralogy and a close student of commercial and political tendencies.

THE three capital "A's"—Africa, America, Australia (place them in historical sequence)—should, in time, absorb the commerce of the world, and control it. Their geographical relation to each other is about equal,—but, as far as Europe is concerned, Africa is, relatively, favored. Advancement on the western coast of America will be the factor to decide whether the enormous continent of Australia, lying Janus-faced between her and Africa, will throw the favors of her growing needs to the westward or to the east. In a few years, when British push and energy have developed industries in Africa, she will be on a par, as far as Australia is concerned, with Western America. At present the Great Republic has the advantage over the older continent. Apathy and ignorance may blind America, for a time, to her advantage, but the increased demands of Australia can not long remain unnoticed by the great trade "drummers" of the United States, any more than they are hidden now from the keen scent of the German commercial sleuth or the slow-to-move but already established British trader.

Greeley's dictum, "Young man, go West," should not be forgotten, and the shrewd American who follows his advice, *in time*, will surely reap the benefit of adventuring in the direction of Australia.

The more thickly populated, civilized, and settled Australian States are those of the eastern littoral. Geographically, the nearest trade routes to them are via the Pacific from America. The vast mining lands of Western Australia, with the harbors of Fremantle and Albany, face and favor Africa and the European routes via the Suez Canal or the very slightly longer route round the Cape.

America will be "out" of these. Australian exports





## WITH KUROKI

Japanese infantry fording the So River on the march from Feng-Wang-Cheng. On this advance, described almost welcomed this. The shallow So River keeps close to the Peking Road, crossing and recrossing it.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER





# MANCHURIA

his article on page 6, the men's feet were almost continually wet; but, as the heat was intense, they good friend to the soldiers. It gave them drink and a bathing place when the day's toil was over

FIRST ARMY. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIERS WEEKLY



will all go west—eventually she will compete with America in cereals and cotton, meat and dairy produce, leather products and minerals, supplying, with Canada and Africa, all demands of the mother country.

This happy state of affairs for Great Britain, however, will be the outcome of a course of strenuous years. Meanwhile Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia are open markets for the trade of their nearest neighbor, the United States.

The "happy state" is likely to be delayed in Australia owing to the ascendancy of the so-called Labor Party; or, as it should more rightly be termed, the "Don't-want-to-do-any-labor-and-won't-let-you Party," and herein lies the opportunity of the United States.

The labor unions are advocating the State control of all the leading industries. Everybody who has a true regard for the prosperity of Australia must have watched with anxiety the disproportionate development of the Labor movement in commonwealth politics. There is a grain of comfort to lighten the lump of inquietude over the Federal elections, in that the less

selfish and shortsighted elements in the community are instituting an organized opposition to the demands of the Labor demagogues. They, on the other hand, are making their demands still more reckless and sweeping, framing them with no end in view but the personal gain of their own constituents. Their advocacy of State control means simply that, since they hope effectively to control the State, they trust by this means to find themselves in the agreeable position of employers and employed in one. It is the duty of all Australians who are not blinded by gross ignorance and self-interest to the fatal dangers of the Labor policy to work most actively toward saving the politics of the country from being surrendered lag and baggage into hands so ill-fitted to direct them. But—will they succeed? The Labor politicians will frighten capital from the country, smother individual enterprise, limit industry to inflate wages, check immigration, and bar alien labor. The result will not be far to seek—a country of great demands and little output, limited manufacture and no enterprise; a Tom Tiddler's

dumping-ground for the nations, the nearest one of which is the United States of America.

The determined advance of the Labor Party in disrespect of private enterprise has evidenced in Australia the need of an opposition who will not take part in the headlong race toward Socialism; who will discountenance those rash innovations which are now bringing discredit on Australia, which are retarding her economic recovery, and which must place every Government that wishes to borrow in the London market at a serious disadvantage. The aggressive encroachments of the Labor leaders are stirring up class antipathies with the object of leading to a despotism to which Australia has as yet been a stranger. The poison of the commonwealth is the meat of America, and while the island continent wilts and withers in her own internal economy, she will increase her demands on the outside world for all the necessities which under good government she would find at home. Australia with its new-laid commonwealth is in the throes of Bad Government and veritably in the Pains of Labor.

# A BORN COWARD

THE cherry trees cast delicate flickering shadows over the grass in the backyard, where Mrs. Marshall was bent over a tub of soapuds washing out clothes. Near the fence, stalks of rhubarb made a hedge and boldly invaded the confines of the gooseberry bushes over which Caroline was throwing the tea-towels. Mrs. Marshall's sleeves were rolled high over her elbows, her arms showing pink and moist. She ceased from her task long enough to rest her hands on her hips, and watched Caroline as she filled her mouth with clothespins and drew some elaborately ruffled white aprons out of the basket.

"Them woods ain't going to harm any one with a pure heart, Caroline Marshall," she cried. "It's just your stubborn fears makes you afraid of them. I don't ever see where you get your coward ways from. Your pa went through the war; he run a provision wagon. An' my father, he was a brave man, too. He wa'n't much for fightin', pa wa'n't, but he saved two children from drowning once; the water wa'n't deep and he waded out and caught them as they come up the third time. That's what makes heroes of men. Not so much what they do as bein' on the place to do it. Pa went off to the gold diggin' when there was a call for troops." She paused breathlessly. "How purty them clouds is, just like a roll of cotton-batting cut up into pieces. Well, Californy was a real bad place for a good man; it nearly ruined pa's nature. For when he come home after the war was over, he had counteracted the habit of playin' cards, an' he thought nothin' of goin' to the theatre. It's strange how unmoral climate can make some people." She resumed her occupation reluctantly, the fall of her plump pink arms sending foamy sprays of suds into the air; she talked as she rubbed, her speech punctuated with little gasps. "Now, Mary McCune, she was just like you, I remember. She couldn't go through them woods alone. Poor soul. It was just six months ago she died. Did she look nat'ral at her funeral, Toddy? What did they lay her out in? That white muslin dress Jennie Ijams made for her? I guess they had to let it out under the arms if she had dropsy."

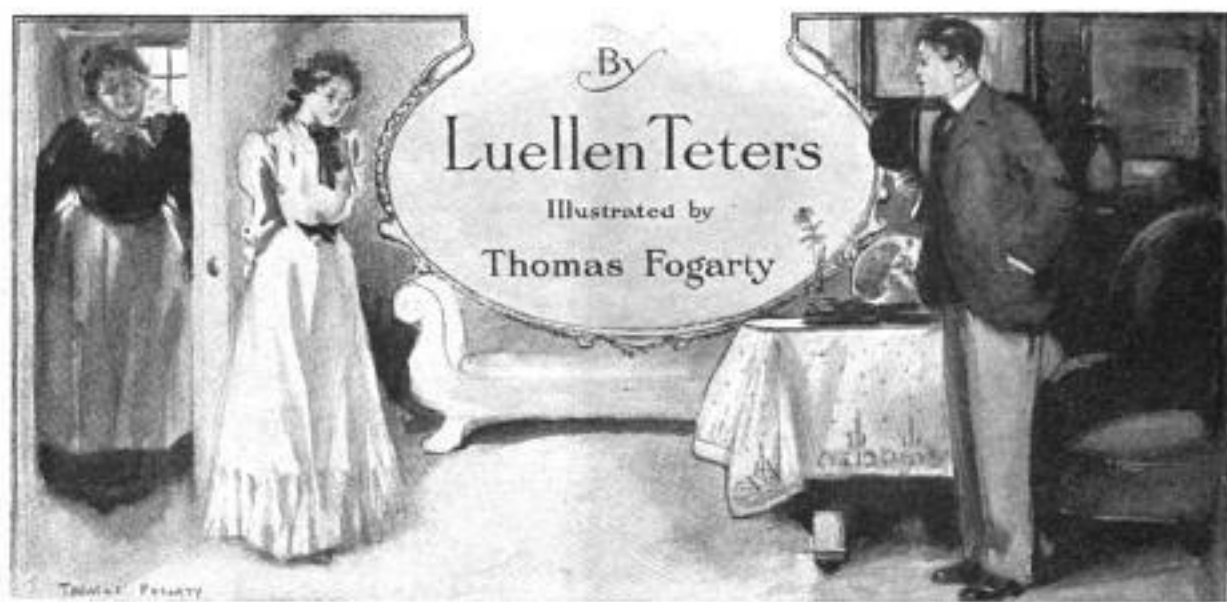
"Yes, it was her wedding dress," Caroline spoke indistinctly, her mouth full of clothespins; her long slender arms jerked at a refractory tablecloth that had caught on a sharp twig of one of the trees.

"I wonder who he will marry now? I guess Lem McCune made her a good husband; they always had plenty to eat, an' she had her washing done out. I saw him watchin' you at the sociable the other night, Toddy. His reputation as a man of learnin' is grand. He belongs to the readin'-room. There"—she flung her hands up in the air, shaking the water from them and drying them on her apron—"I guess you can do the rest now; just the stockings and your pa's underwear. An' throw the suds over the flower-beds when you're through. I hate to waste all this nice water, an' it won't hurt them lilies very much. There's nothin' like makin' use of everything."

Caroline made no reply; she was draping the last bush with a frayed red tablecloth, which infused a gay bit of color into the green expanse, with its white shrouded objects.

Fields of buckwheat encompassed the yard, like dulled stretches of water, in which the blue shirts of her father and brothers, as they worked in an adjoining potato patch, were sharply silhouetted. The bees in swarms were feasting on the blossoms, and late stragglers flew lazily by to ravish the clover-heads, filling the silence with their sonorous buzz.

Down the red-clay road the varied green of the woods extended in sombre gloom, here and there the white trunk of a beech-tree standing out in ghostlike form. The cries of the birds which emanated from that dense



leafage sounded flat and weird; the hoot of the bald-faced owls might well have been the wail of some lost spirit. Caroline, on her way to church with the family on Sundays, would stop up her ears so as not to hear the doves' pathetic, mournful notes. An atmosphere of supernaturalness invested the place, and the old graveyard which surrounded the little church on its outskirts strengthened this awesome spell until she saw odd fantastic shapes even in the shadows of the trees.

She shivered in the warm sunlight at the remembrance of it under the moon's pallid, wan light. Driving briskly through with Henry Sloan, she had shut her eyes in fear until they emerged safe on the open road again.

Her mother appeared at the door, a fleck of flour on her face. "The Williamses are coming down for dinner to-morrow, Toddy. An' if you see Lem McCune or Henry Sloan you'd better invite them over, too. I'll just have to make some fried cakes for George Williams; he's powerfully fond of them. I want you to run over to the store an' take some eggs with you an' get me some saleratus. Hurry, now." Caroline eyed her mother peculiarly.

"Oh, ma, I just can't," she said, drawing in a deep breath.

"You'll have to, Caroline Marshall." Her mother spoke with determination. "There's your pa an' the boys slavin' in the fields for you. You're too old to be such a big coward. Them woods ain't goin' to hurt you one bit; you can take the dog along if you're afraid. Think of the brave men in my family, and you such a coward. What if Henry Sloan knew it? an' Lem McCune? I guess Henry would drop you in a minute for Susy Ijams—I seen him buggy-riding with her the other night. Hurry now, for my dough won't be good if it has to stand much longer."

"I can't go," Caroline shook her head nervously. "I just can't, ma."

"Caroline Marshall, you're enough to try the patience of a saint. I never seen such an ungrateful girl, an' here I did most of the washin' to save you doin' it. I guess you'll end like poor Mary McCune. She was a coward, too, an' she died."

"It wasn't the woods that killed her, anyway," Caroline ventured timidly in face of her mother's increasing displeasure. Mrs. Marshall gave her a contemptuous look, and took down from its nail behind the door a huge horn which she blew loudly. In response to its mighty din, the smaller boy near the buckwheat field waved a tattered straw hat. Mrs. Marshall blew again; there was dire menace in the blare. The blue gingham shirt of the boy appeared to glide swiftly, unsupported, across the sea of buckwheat.

Thomas-Jefferson came up, breathless and red in the face.

"Here, son, take this pail of eggs an' get me some saleratus at Mr. Carter's store. An' I don't mind if there is any change over from the eggs if you get yourself some candy."

"Why don't Toddy go? She ain't doin' nothin'!" Thomas-Jefferson reproachfully eyed his sister.

"Toddy go?" There was the sting of ridicule in

Something inexplicable had held her back from advancing with the mourners; the flapping of the dark-green shades against the window-sills made her nervous, and the heavy, sweet fragrance of the white ten-weeks-stock which lay in wreaths around the room sickened her. It was only fear, she knew.

"Is that you, Caroline?" a cheery masculine voice sounded from the road. Caroline looked around with a start, drawing her sleeves in embarrassment over her fair young arms. A young man astride a mule had stopped under the shade of a tree by the gate. She crossed the yard to him, avoiding the clothes stretched over the grass and bushes.

"Won't you get off, Henry, and stop a while?" she replied, resting her elbows on the top of the fence.

"I'm afraid I can't to-day," he brushed a persistent fly off the mule's shining flank with the end of a switch. "Busy?"

"Now, now. Ma was just saying to invite you to dinner to-morrow. The Williamses are coming over."

Sloan drew his brows together meditatively; he had clear gray eyes fringed with long black lashes like a girl's, and a slightly womanish expression around his mouth which gave his thin face a look of latent refinement and sweetness of nature.

"I'm afraid I'll have to beg off, Caroline," he said slowly. "I can't possibly come." Caroline stared at him in astonishment; it had been his usual custom to spend the entire day with the family and walk to Sunday evening service later.

"Why can't you?" she asked suspiciously. He flushed sensitively at her tone.

"I can't tell you, Caroline," he said. "Don't ask me now." An unreasonable pride, aroused by the bluntness of his refusal, arose within her. She tossed her head in anger.

"Well, I guess we can manage to get along without you, Mr. Sloan. Mr. McCune is coming anyway. He's a perfect gentleman. You needn't bother to come here any more."

Sloan moved his mule nearer where she stood.

"Do you mean that—?"

"Yes, I do, Henry Sloan. I don't want you to come here any more; invitations to my house don't go beggins. And I'm tired of hearing my name put with yours."

"Caroline!" He made a grab for her hand. She drew it behind her.

"I guess you'd come over if Susy Ijams was going to be here," she added with malice.

"You know better."

Caroline's cheeks flared angrily; she pulled a narrow gold ring set with two red hearts off her finger and threw it vindictively into the dust.

"I'd give that much for your word," she cried wrathfully. "I haven't any faith in your promises. I'm glad I'm not going to marry you. I guess everybody in town saw you and Susy Ijams driving last week."

"Well, it's true," he confessed boldly.

She squared her back on him, running swiftly into the hall and closing the door with an ominous bang.

Mrs. Marshall's intentions. "Toddy go through them woods alone? Why, she's a born coward, an' the Lord will punish her for it some day. I guess you'd better get horse-hound drops, son, instead of them lickorish sticks that made you so sick last time."

Caroline moved about the yard, finishing her work in utter dejection, unable to deny the truth of her mother's assertions. The weakness of her nature was only too well understood by herself. She would never dare let it be known, for fear of contemptuous scorn, that she had been afraid to look at Mary McCune as she lay white and peacefully smiling in her coffin the day of the funeral.



And Sloan, seeing the futility of explanations in her present mood, set off at a trot for town.

Caroline brushed against her mother's ample form in the dark of the parlor, where she had been peeping out from under the closely drawn curtains.

"You just hold your head as high as Henry Sloan, Caroline Marshall," she cried. "Susy Ijams, indeed! Why, her mother dressmakes; Lem McCune wouldn't look at her—she's just like a piece of faded calico, with her washed-out hair and light eyes. It's that organ of hers has set her up so, the little hussy. It isn't respectable the way she plays so late at night. Henry Sloan just can't help himself, I guess. Well, never mind, Toddy. If your pa sells his potatoes this year I'll get you one of them speaking machines that'll talk back to you; they're grand. Her old organ ain't to be compared to it."

"I guess Henry Sloan knows all right what he's doing," Caroline said petulantly. "I'm never going to see him again. I've just about made up my mind that Lem McCune is far nicer. I wish pa would tell him to come over for dinner to-morrow, and then he can take me buggy riding after I do the dishes."

"Lem McCune would make a grand husband," Mrs. Marshall said persuasively. "When Mary McCune died, he bought her the finest coffin he could find. An' he's a fine business head; why, your pa says his barn is filled with old iron and rags he trades off for handsome tin pieces from the pedler. He writes a handsome letter, too, all filled with little loops and curlycues. Lem McCune was artistic; when he was a little boy he would spend the money he made for hoein' on perfumery. I like to see a man take respect in his person. If you'll iron them white things to-day, Caroline, I'll speak to your pa about it; you can let the colored clothes go till Monday."

The day seemed interminable to Caroline, who endeavored by close application to work to shut out from her mind unbidden, unforgotten recollections of Sloan, and his tender consideration of her. His actions of the morning beside this panorama were strangely inconsistent, and since she could find no excuse for it in her heart, depression lay heavily upon her.

When McCune came over early Sunday morning, she had but little word of welcome for him. Seeing the aloofness of her daughter, Mrs. Marshall politely did the honors of the house, forcing the stalwart fellow reluctantly into a slippery horsehair chair in the dim parlor with a religious paper, while she stole a few minutes in which to watch a browning fowl in the oven. She shoved Caroline vigorously into the room in which he sat, like some caged furtive animal.

"There's a fine opportunity," she whispered loudly. "Go in an' ask him first how his rheumatism is. Mary McCune was such a thoughtful wife to him; she made him red flannel mufflers to wear every winter. Let him see that you take some interest in his health; it pleases a man right smart. The very first day I met your pa I gave him some rhubarb for his liver. People can't be sincere enough nowadays, what with so many that are hypocrites."

Caroline edged in the door shyly, not lifting her eyes. She could think of nothing to say; the big round toe of his coarse boots riveted her bashful gaze; her eyes never went above it, and rested for the most part on a vivid red sprawling rose in the green carpet beneath it.

The arrival of the Williamses was a welcome relief. Mrs. Williams wore a black Chinese crêpe shawl over her shoulders, although the day was warm; long coral earrings set in gold hung from her ears, exaggerating the slenderness of her face. Her hair, which was faintly streaked with gray, was secured stiffly at the back of her head in a thick-meshed silk net. A black silk reticule worked in pinks in impossible tints of scarlet was suspended from her belt.

Caroline made her escape to the back yard, under cover of their conversation. It was here that McCune found her, and with laborious conversation elicited her promise to take a drive in the afternoon. He would bring her back in time to go to church with her family. She consented only because of the remembrance of Sloan's drive with Susy Ijams; somehow, she was unable to shake off in her mind the impression of gloom and dejection that McCune implanted in her; he had a funereal countenance, and the greatest concession he made to mirth was in a reluctant fleeting relaxation of the corners of his mouth, which was shaded heavily by a thick black mustache.

Caroline did not look back on the memory of that drive with pleasure. The heat of the sun was intolerable, and the slightest fall of the plodding horse's hoofs on the road filled the air with dry clouds of dust. McCune talked but little, relapsing into dolorous pauses from which he would occasionally recover with deep, heavy sighs. Once or twice he tried to give a personal

tone to their intermittent conversation, broaching the waste of fruit in his orchard, because there was no one to see to transforming it into jellies and jams, and as they passed through a lane which bordered his farm he called her attention to the fact that the climbing rose over the piazza had fallen. Mary always saw to its training. He needed some one to tidy up things for him. He hadn't the heart to do it himself.

Caroline failed to see the drift of his words.

"Old Mrs. Evans goes out by the day," she remarked absently; her thoughts had been with Sloan, first in hurt pride at his peculiar behavior, and again in remorse at her own impulsiveness; talk with her was a perfunctory duty the necessity of which had been made clear to her by her mother's parting injunction to pretend an interest in him—for the sake of his rich pastures and sleek cattle. Caroline's soul was not sordid. She was content with stealthy recollections of Sloan's modest income at the mill, and what sacrifices she would have to make as his wife.

"She's too old for me," McCune's practical voice aroused her. "Old enough to be my mother."

"But she works well," Caroline insisted. "She'll do all the cleaning and wash the kitchen floor in one day."



Caroline bent compassionately over him; she saw that he had fainted

McCune turned his head toward her, and cast his dull, mournful gaze upon her.

"I want a wife," he said plainly. "Some one to skim the cream off the milk in the morning, and feed the chickens when I'm not there. There's all of Mary's dresses she can have, and fine stuff they are, too. There's one cloth dress that she wore four winters and it's just as good as new."

Caroline cowered back in one corner of the buggy away from the directness of his heavy eyes.

"I took a notion to you the minute I saw what good bread you could make," he went on monotonously. "I don't see why we can't be married this week—"

"Oh, no—no—" Caroline began to cry, covering her face with her hands so she would not see him.

"Think it over, think it over," McCune said. "You'd have a fine home, and I'd be willing to get the organ tuned for you, and put some new shades up in the parlor." He sank into his usual apathy, and, fearing a repetition of the incident, Caroline did not attempt to revive him from it.

Wisely keeping counsel to herself, she made no mention of his proposal to her mother. It was not without weight in her own eyes, however, since her position over any other girl in the village would then be assured. But her heart was heavy within her as she walked to the evening service with her family. A faint, sickly light from the moon made the woods look unreal

and dreamlike. She pressed close to her father's side, with one ear stopped up and her eyes shut fast, not daring to look to the right or left. In one spot, so tradition ran, a man years gone by was murdered for his money.

Once within the church, she regained her self-possession, and as the boys filled up the family pew with her parents, she slipped across the aisle into a tall pew behind. The sermon was diffuse and lengthy; there was a soothing spell in the desultory singing of the choir and the warm, tender wind blew in through the open windows, bearing fluttering moths and tiny winged bugs.

Caroline awoke with a start.

The church was wrapped in darkness, the lights were out. She raised her head, only half awake, and looked fearfully around the room. And then a horrible fear swept over her as she realized that she was all alone. Through the window, under the white moonlight, the tombstones gleamed. Behind them, a dreaded background, waved the dense foliage of the woods. Caroline sat bolt upright in horror as a mouse scampered over the floor. Her ears rang with the labored pulsations of her heart. She tried to stand up, but her knees shook under her and she sank weakly back into the pew.

A desperate effort at calmness brought her near the door, only to find it locked. The windows were likewise secured, and the locks rusted so that she could not move them.

If she were to die of terror she much preferred to be in the open air than confined in the solemn church.

It was the supreme test of Caroline's nature. She ran to the pulpit, and seizing the Bible, hurled it with all her might against a window, shivering the glass into a thousand pieces. Something made a noise behind her in the darkness of the church. She gave one scream and jumped through the aperture made by the flying book, her dress tearing on the jagged edges of the glass, her tender flesh bruised, and landed face downward on a grave. It was Mary McCune's.

With one bound, her skirt hanging in shreds around her, she ran wildly on through the old churchyard.

A cry rang out on the silent air. Caroline stopped for the second, suffocating. Blindly, as if pursued, she bolted on, following the uncertain ruts of the roads until she could reach the gate. A second time the cry sounded, piercing and distressed. Aroused by its very human quality, Caroline paused. And then, picking her path over fallen headpieces and grass-covered mounds, she came upon a recumbent figure moaning with pain. It was Thomas-Jefferson. "Ma thought you had gone home with some of the girls—" he managed to say between his groans. "They sent me back for you when you didn't—come—Oh, my ankle's broken, I guess—I saw something like a ghost spring out of the church, Toddy, an' it scared me an' I stumbled an' fell—"

Caroline bent compassionately over him, and then she saw that he had fainted.

With superhuman strength, lent by the frenzy of fear, she dragged him over the grass and out to the road. On through the black gloom of the woods she drew her burden, half supporting him in her arms. Once or twice she felt that her terror must vent itself in a scream as the hoot of an owl rang out dismally overhead, but she covered the lonely distance step by step, benumbed and dazed.

She opened the gate at last and walked unsteadily to the piazza; several indistinct figures were sitting there in the shadow. "Well, we were just getting nervous about you, Toddy," Mrs. Marshall's cheery voice called out as she rose to meet her, her eyes trying to discover what it was she carried in her arms. "What on earth—"

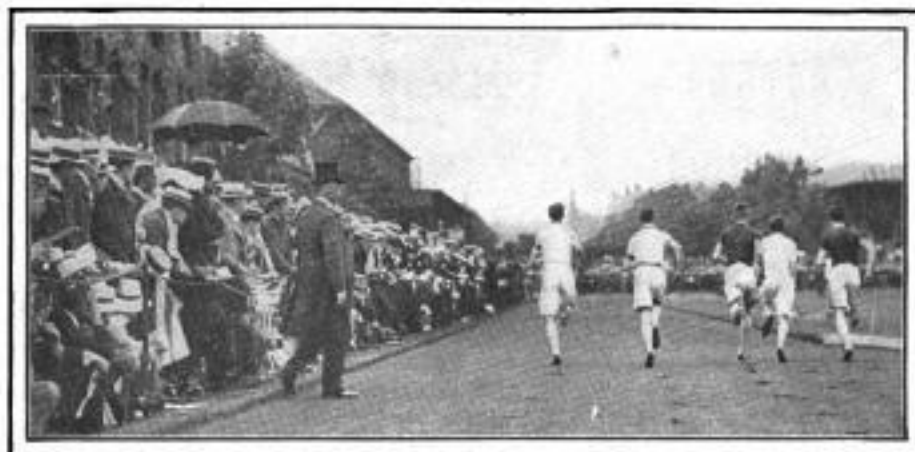
She grabbed little Thomas-Jefferson as he regained consciousness, amazed at his surroundings. Sloan, who had stopped at the house on his way home and had remained lest his assistance might be needed to assuage Mrs. Marshall's motherly fears as to her daughter's safety for the night, started to his feet, as, like a white wraith, Caroline appeared before them.

"Oh, ma," she cried, bursting into tears and tottering unsteadily on her feet. It was Sloan's arms that caught her as she fell.

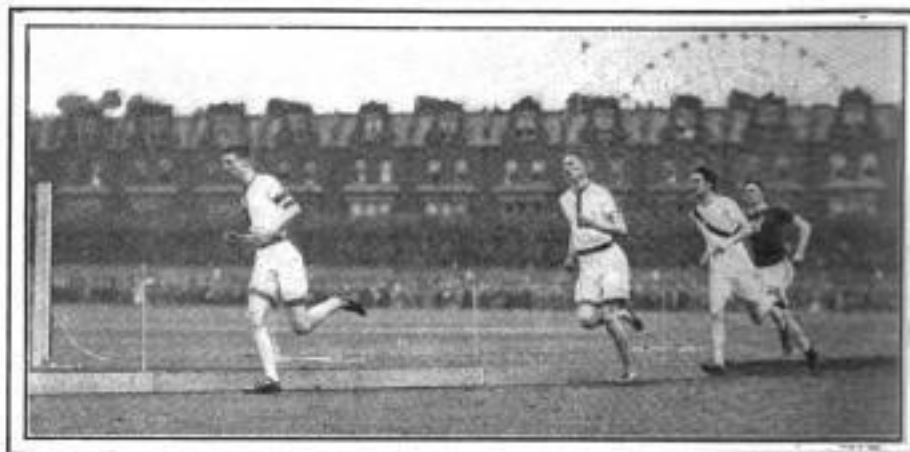
"There! There!" Mrs. Marshall bustled in agitation around, hardly cognizant of what she was doing, first rubbing her son's hand, then Caroline's. "Tell her, Henry, before she goes off in another spell, about the party house you got all ready for her to-day—why, you couldn't come over for dinner—an' the beautiful furniture Susy Ijams helped you buy in the city that day you took her buggy ridin', just to surprise Caroline. Tell her quick!"

But Sloan needed no bidding; Caroline clung hysterically to his neck, incoherently relating her experience of the evening, and he did not want to lose any of the sweetness of the present.





Start of the One-Mile Run, Won by H. W. Gregson of Cambridge



First Lap of the Half-Mile Run, Won by H. E. Holding,—in the Lead

## THE SWEEPING VICTORY OF AMERICAN COLLEGE ATHLETES

By RALPH D. PAINE, Collier's Representative at the International Games

LONDON, July 26

**P**LUCK and persistence were brilliantly rewarded on the Queen's Club Grounds, West Kensington, when the Yale-Harvard team met the pick of the athletes of Oxford and Cambridge and won a decisive victory, losing only three events in a programme of nine contests. Ten years ago Yale sent her fleetest runners and her best jumpers and weight tossers to test their ability against Oxford, and America went down to defeat, winning only three events. Five years ago Yale and Harvard made their first joint pilgrimage to England, and after a breathless tussle yielded to Oxford and Cambridge by the odd event of nine, winning four of them in handy fashion. To balance this gloomy total, Cambridge met Yale in New York in 1895, and was fairly snowed under, taking only three races in a lengthy programme of eleven events. Not a bit disheartened, Oxford joined with Cambridge in 1901, and invaded the United States, to meet disaster at the hands of their combined foes of the blue and crimson, winning only three contests this time, out of a possible nine.

The latest meeting in England was therefore an international and inter-university "rubber," the score standing "two all," and previously neither side had been able to win on foreign soil. Therefore by fairly romping away with the honors, Yale and Harvard have overturned precedent, as well as sadly upsetting a large amount of English confidence which held it impossible that the "Yankee collegians" should create a miniature Waterloo three thousand miles from home. In the last decade, also, three American universities have sent their crews to Henley to try for the Grand Challenge Cup, the blue ribbon of the rowing world, and each time English eights have "rowed them off their feet," sending Cornell, Yale, and Pennsylvania home in a beaten series. It began to look as if our collegiate athletic talent were doomed to fail in England before they took ship from New York, and many a theory was woven to account for this string of disappointments that was assuming the proportions of a habit.

### Good Weather for the Last Days of Training

Handicapping climatic conditions were most severely blamed, and there was reason in this excuse. The plucky athletes who had to take the bitter medicine kept quiet on this score and said, very simply, "They rowed too fast for us," or "They had a better team over there." Cambridge and Oxford went to America and found they could not do as well as at home, and so there did seem to be something in the climate theory.

This year, however, the English climate was side-tracked while our team was in training in England, for the visitors seemed to have brought their own brand of weather with them, passed it safely through the Custom House, and unpacked it at Brighton in lavish quantities. Ten days of dry, hot, "sizzling" American summer, such as made all England groan, sweat, and swear, were welcomed in the Yale-Harvard training camp with joy and thanksgiving. Instead of the muggy and depressing air fairly surcharged with that tired feeling such as previous athletic pilgrims had experienced, day after day of unbroken sunshine and sparkling sea breeze kept the athletes in as good condition as when they competed in their own Intercollegiate last May. At last they were granted a chance to show what they could do with a fair field and no favor.

Meantime "Mike" Murphy, wisest of athletic trainers, with the indorsement of John Graham, who handled the Harvard men, had made another innovation which helped to keep the men fit and ready. When the university team was over five years ago, they lived at Brighton, but made frequent journeys to London to practice on the Queen's Club track in order that they might become accustomed to its turns and surroundings. This time it was decided that these trips were more trouble than they were worth, and that rather than drag the men up and down, three hours a day on the trains, with heavy London air to top it off, it might be better to keep the team close to the sea and make them so keen and fit that they could run anywhere without regard to previous track acquaintance. English sporting critics looked askance and thought it taking grave risks, for the Oxford and Cambridge men were coming up from their quarters at Eastbourne and pegging away at the Queen's Club day after day.

But the Americans were building upon the valuable experience gained by their string of defeated teams and weeding out with greatest care all conditions which seemed to have handicapped their predecessors. They frisked around the Brighton Cricket Club Grounds, working in exactly the same fashion as at home, with the same strict training-table programme. Again the British expert wagged his head with a dubious air, and

said that athletes could not stand the hard training here to which they were accustomed "on the other side." They pointed for illustration to the Oxford and Cambridge men, who were making a good deal of a holiday of their training campaign, and drinking and eating about what they fancied. "You don't get beer, ale, claret, and champagne at home," said Mike Murphy and John Graham to their men, "and you don't get it here. It makes no difference what the other fellows drink. It's oatmeal-water for yours three times a day."

It was also a theme for criticism that the visitors really tried too hard to win, they prepared so carefully that it was not altogether "sportsmanlike," and absurd stories were printed to the effect that these young men were never out of training and were wont to work on the cinder-path and over the hurdles the year round, including summer vacations. In other words, there is always a perceptible shadow of suspicion in English minds that no other race of men lives up to the lofty standards of British sportsmanship, and when the "Yankee athlete wins"—well, really he ought not to have tried so hard to win. Even the Secretary of the Queen's Club, that most exclusive and representative of English organizations for gentlemen sportsmen, said to me after the victory: "Oh, you chaps would not have come over this year if you had not felt sure you

Brighton across London, with no offers of assistance, and were settled in their quarters two days before they were given any reason to believe the gentlemen of Oxford and Cambridge existed.

Many matters of detail needed attention, but the English representatives were located only after sending out scouts and telegrams. The only communication received during the first week was an invitation, sent over the telephone, to lunch at Eastbourne with the English athletes. So little provision had been made for guests of the team at the games that a small stand for their use was finally erected only by the insistent request of Messrs. Parks of Yale and Dana of Harvard, the undergraduate team managers. When it came to matters of detail for the conduct of the games, the English representatives at first demanded that they be granted every point about which discussion was possible, even hesitating at having one American among the timers. An exchange of curtly worded messages, with an American ultimatum, was necessary before arrangements were settled.

These features of the visit were minor flaws. They are mentioned only because it has become almost a custom to regard English sportsmanship as leading the world in its spirit of courteous competition "for the fun of it." It is inconceivable that an English university team should visit the United States without being met and welcomed from the moment of landing. Nor will our team make any complaints regarding their visit, because, like their predecessors, they wish to "kick up no fuss." They won without any small favors, they asked no large ones. Yet such experiences as these ought to show American athletes and collegians generally that they have nothing whatever to learn from their British cousins about the theory and practice of courtesy and hospitality in international rivalries.

### High Hats and Frock Coats

These things could not dim the lustre of the victory, nor the satisfactory management of the games. Several features were new to American eyes. In the first place, the Queen's Club is weighted with such dignity and "side" as are to be expected in a playground of nobility, where on a pleasant summer afternoon one could not toss a brick at the piazzas of the club-house without hitting a lord and perhaps caroming off on to a duke or two. It is decreed that at the international contests all field officials must wear top-hats and frock coats, under penalty of being refused permission to appear. The spectacle of half a dozen gentlemen, on a blazing hot day, struggling to measure a broad jump on hands and knees, to the imminent peril of coats and toppers, is difficult to take with the seriousness it deserves. The American judge was L. P. Sheldon, the famous all-round athlete of Yale, who stands six feet four. In his top-hat he loomed to rival the tower of Parliament House. When he stood at the cross-bar of the high jump, measuring the trials, a godless American spectator remarked to an English acquaintance: "If Sheldon had thought to paint white rings around his high hat, an inch apart, we could have told the height of every jump, from the side of the field, whenever he went near the bar."

The Queen's Club member fairly stammered in horror: "You don't really mean that, do you? I say, it would be shocking bad form. Why, the King may drop in during the games, and fancy his seeing an official with white chalk marks around his hat."

The eight thousand onlookers were massed around the four sides of the field, so that it was impossible from any one vantage-point to see all the events at close range. In order to give all a fair chance, the contests were scattered here and there—the hurdles close to one fringe of people, the broad jump clear across the field, the hammer in another corner, and the starts of the running races at various places.

We run such a programme off as briskly as possible. The English idea is to make an afternoon of it, and supply a full five shillings' worth of entertainment by the clock. The tedious hammer throw and the jumps, which are contested coincident with the running races on American fields, had each its own place in the programme, one following another with solemn deliberation. This may be partly because the American mind and eye work quicker, while two events at a time would put kinks in the British intellect.

It has been proved that at long-distance running English athletes hold the palm, while the hammer, the hurdles, and the sprint are likely to fall to the American teams. The half, the mile, and the two-mile events—therefore balance the schedule, so that, in a programme of nine contests, six can be fairly well forecasted. The broad and the high jump and the quarter-mile struggles usually swing the tide of victory, and this meeting



DIVES OF HARVARD

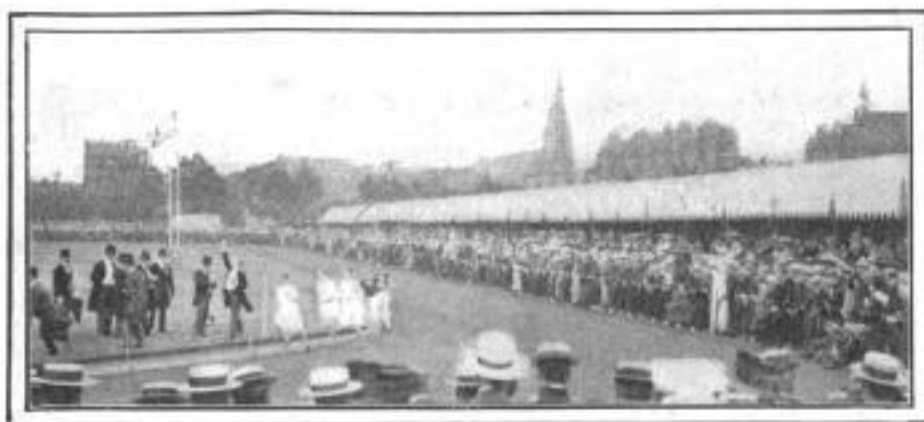
Winner of the quarter-mile run, the greatest contest of the meeting, in 49.4-5 seconds

had an easy thing of it." This little snarl of the hard loser overlooked the fact that Oxford and Cambridge sent the challenge, nor would they have sent it unless their team was believed to be exceptionally strong. Indeed, it figured on paper as fully the match of the Americans, without considering any advantage of home climate and grounds.

### British and American Ideas of Hospitality

And with all the talk one hears about making sporting competition more or less of a lark, what diversion and good times the Yale-Harvard men had during their training season here were in no manner to be credited to any hospitality offered by their English rivals. Customs differ with countries, and by this time our college teams in England have learned that ideas of courtesies expected do not agree with the standards taken as a matter of course when Oxford and Cambridge visit New York to meet Yale and Harvard in friendly competition. When the American team landed at Liverpool, not a solitary Englishman was there to meet them, they made the long and broken journey to





The first lap of the mile-run, won in 4 minutes and 21.5 seconds by Gregson of Cambridge

confirmed this previously observed grouping of chances. It was evident that to win the meeting, in which only first places were counted, the Americans must take two of these three disputed events, and their sweeping victory was earned by their superiority in all three, both jumps and the quarter-mile. The English explanation of the fact that, as a rule, three or four events only are doubtful, is that their athletes excel in stamina and bulldog grit, wherefore they are better stayers at all distances from a half-mile up, while the Americans excel in nervous energy and attention to detail in events requiring arduous practice, wherefore they win the sprints, the hurdles, and the hammer, and are usually more finished jumpers.

There are exceptions to every rule, and the only American to show any bad effects of the voyage and climate would have come dangerously close to filling one of these exceptions had he been up to his best form. This was Parsons, the Yale half-miler, a phenomenal runner, who, although in his freshman year, equaled the Intercollegiate record at Philadelphia, and beat it in an indoor meet last winter. He has covered the distance in one minute and fifty-four seconds, yet on Saturday he was outclassed and labored home far in the rear. The time of the winner, Holding of Oxford, was one minute fifty-six and one-fifth seconds, showing conclusively that Parsons was far below his normal condition. Otherwise he could have given the English pair, Holding and Cornwallis, a terrific race, with an even chance of scoring another event for his colors. "Mike" Murphy has held that the English climate takes the edge off the speed of runners above quarter-mile distances. The case of Parsons seemed to confirm it. In the mile, also, Hill and Olcott were not as fast as at home. That they knew in advance defeat was certain for their event may have had much to do with their poor showing.

#### The Americans Outdo Themselves

By way of compensation, most of the American victors equaled or surpassed their showing in the United States. Such a sprinter as Schick has not been seen on English varsity grounds in many years, and he had Barclay at his mercy from the crack of the pistol. The slowest of three timing watches gave him nine and four-fifths seconds, and it is probable that he flashed over this hundred yards closer to nine and three-fifths. It will go down in sporting history as one of the greatest sprinting feats ever achieved on an English track. Such was the inspiring opening of the programme. Lest English hopes should be too soon dampened, the mile run was next contested, in which Gregson of Cambridge had things all his own way from start to finish. In average years the American milers would have been good enough to make a thrilling fight of it, but Gregson is one of the fastest men at the distance ever trained at the universities, and last spring came within a fifth of a second of the Oxford-Cambridge record.

The first glimmer of American hope came with the high jump. Victor of Yale was good for six feet with favoring conditions, but his comrade, Murphy of Harvard, had been compelled to withdraw because of illness, and single-handed the Yale jumper was pitted against Leader and Doorley, both of Cambridge. It was one of Victor's great days; his leaping was faultless, full of dash and confidence. Up, up, went the bar, until at five feet ten and a fraction both Englishmen failed to clear it, and sat disconsolate on the turf, while Victor sailed like a bird over six feet and an eighth of an inch. The first doubtful event was clinched, the British ensign fluttered down from the pole in mid-field, and the Stars and Stripes snapped defiantly at the masthead.

#### The American Cheer is Heard

In the American stand were half a hundred young collegians, mostly graduates of this year's vintage at Yale and Harvard. They had been told that our "college cheers" were considered bad form on the Queen's Club Grounds, that such harsh and barbaric outcries as had been chanted by the devoted followers of other American college teams on English fields shocked and puzzled their audiences. But the "Brek-ke-ke-kex" of Yale and the "nine long rahs" of Harvard could not be held in leash. They volleyed from squads of young men in straw hats and serge who defied British convention concerning both top-hats and cheers.

The half-mile found this battalion silent, for it was a foregone conclusion as soon as Parsons faltered. The score was two events all, however, and now came the turning point, the quarter-mile. Winning this meant an American victory, copper-fastened, inevitable, because the hammer and the hurdles were yet to come, and only five events were needed to win the day. In this quarter-mile flight were three men able to shave

under fifty seconds—Dives of Harvard, Long of Yale, and Barclay of Cambridge. The crack "light blue" feared Long and meant to watch his every stride. It was the race of a lifetime and the critical episode of the meet. This trio tore around two turns of the track, neck and neck, then England showed to the front in the stretch, but only for a twinkling. Dives unexpectedly slipped out of a pocket by the rail, and while the thousands hung breathless on the issue between Barclay and Long, the Harvard crack forged to the front with magnificent courage in a desperate plight, and lunged across the tape, the winner by a scant two feet.

#### Wonderfully Fast Time

All that followed was an anti-climax to this race. The time, forty-nine and four-fifths seconds, is faster than any Oxford athlete ever ran, and only three-tenths of a second slower than the best performance on record at Cambridge. It was the finest feature of the meeting. Thereafter it was only to watch America win three events out of four remaining. Clapp and Bird over the high hurdles and Shevlin with the hammer showed what intelligent effort and careful training can do in features of athletic endeavor rather neglected by Englishmen. In the hammer throw especially, the efforts of the two Englishmen were crude and ludicrous, their best exertion landing forty feet behind the winning toss of Shevlin, while Glass was twenty feet ahead of poor Spicer of Cambridge.

One London newspaper made this comment:

"After the thrilling anxiety of the quarter-mile, the hammer came as a relief. There was no question about the result in any of the four rather tedious rounds, and the only interest aroused was provided by a speculation as to the number of the crowd near the entrance who would survive if Shevlin let go his hammer at the wrong moment, and bombarded the spectators with the cannon-ball at the end of its twisted strands of steel. He makes three turns in the seven-foot circle instead of the usual two, and this extra turn must inevitably lend a pleasant uncertainty to the direction of his throw. Our English crowd, however, slightly depressed already, were quite ignorant of any special danger, and saw with an indifference greater than it deserved the first throw, in which the Yale giant footballer registered 152 feet 8 inches."

The broad jump was only an added gift to grace a victory already won. Sheffield of Yale, although his rival had beaten his winning jump in their recent practice, was the more consistent in a tight place, and easily defeated both Teall and Le Blanc-Smith, as did also Ayres of Harvard. The Englishmen were here outclassed, to their great surprise, in what had been considered one of the dubious events. The two-mile run ended the day, and it was, of course, a common canter for England. This was, indeed, a depressing finish for the British Lion, to win a useless race, after the cheering was done and the victory won.

#### British Comment

The following comment from an English report admirably mirrors the spirit of the crowds:

"Amid a burst of triumphant cheering, the waving of miniature Stars and Stripes, and the ear-splitting 'rock-rock-rock-Harvard' college cry, the cream of America's collegian athletes beat the best that our great universities, Oxford and Cambridge, now hold. Queen's Club has always been a resort of rank and fashion, but never more so than yesterday. The meeting was more in the nature of a society function, organized as a reception to our American visitors, than a purely competitive one. All through, the subdued air associated with a well-bred crowd marked its conduct. At no time can enthusiasm be said to have reached boiling pitch; at any rate, never on the part of the English spectators. They may not have had exceptional cause for shouting; still, not even when the occasional Oxford or Cambridge success came along did the air resound, nor was its neutrality tinged with the coloring that marked a Yale or Harvard victory. The Americans always colored the picture, the more staid Britishers did not."

After the games, the Englishmen showed themselves jolly good fellows in every way, and their previous reserve or aloofness was quite thawed. A dinner at the Trocadero restaurant, at which victors and vanquished met as comrades, and trips to Oxford and Cambridge, "personally conducted" by the athletes of these universities, ended the visit in a cordial renewal of cousinly ties between these transatlantic friends and rivals. The Americans laid any previous lack of warmth to the "way they have over here," and left England with the best of feeling toward their plucky foemen of the Queen's Club Grounds.

# Summer Clearance Sale

## ODD SIZES--REDUCED PRICES

### ON THE FAMOUS

# Ostermoor Mattress

Those of our readers who have done us the honor to visit our place of business when in New York know that we have probably one of the largest retail warehouses for the display of Mattresses and Brass and Iron Bedsteads that can be found in the country.

Specimen Mattresses were necessary on these bedsteads for exhibition purposes and naturally were the best that we knew how to make. Summer time is clearing time and we have just taken account of stock and desire to get rid of these so that a fresh assortment may be put in our showrooms for the brisk Fall trade to come.

We have also a large lot of samples in odd sizes which we have submitted in the securing of large orders for Colleges, Hotels, Hospitals, Steamship Companies, Palatial Steam Yachts, and the Governmental Service (the Government has bought more than 50,000 Ostermoors) which as you may readily see would be of odd sizes for these diverse uses.



We have decided to offer them at the following schedule of prices—a great reduction—to get them out of the way at once. This extraordinary offer is confined exclusively to the readers of the Saturday Evening Post, Collier's Weekly, Literary Digest and Public Opinion.

### Measure Your Bed—See Whether You Can Use One of These

These warehouse mattresses are in two parts—should cost 50 cents extra. Ticking: Mercerized French Art Twills; should cost \$3.00 extra. Standard size.

	Regular	Sale Price
12 Mattresses 4 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in. . . . .	\$18.50	\$15.00
9 " 4 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in. . . . .	24.85	13.35
22 " 3 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in. . . . .	15.20	11.70
14 " 3 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in. . . . .	18.50	10.00
4 " 2 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in. . . . .	11.85	8.35

These warehouse mattresses, two parts, Satin-finish ticking; should cost \$2.00 extra. Standard size.

	Regular	Sale Price
8 Mattresses 4 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in. . . . .	\$12.00	\$15.00
2 " 4 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in. . . . .	15.35	13.35
11 " 3 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in. . . . .	15.20	11.70
7 " 3 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in. . . . .	22.00	10.00
3 " 2 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in. . . . .	11.35	8.35

Crib Mattresses, Satin-finish ticking.

	Regular	Sale Price
2 Mattresses 3 ft. wide, 5 ft. long . . . . .	\$10.50	\$9.10
1 " 2 ft. 6 in. x 4 ft. 6 in. . . . .	9.00	8.00

These warehouse mattresses, two parts, A. C. A. ticking, best plain old-fashioned blue and white. Standard size.

	Regular	Sale Price
36 Mattresses 4 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in. . . . .	\$15.50	\$14.00
19 " 4 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in. . . . .	15.85	12.10
8 " 3 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in. . . . .	12.30	10.90
2 " 3 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in. . . . .	10.50	9.00
11 " 2 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in. . . . .	8.85	7.85

SAMPLE MATTRESSES—odd sizes—various tickings (state preference) in one and two parts, guaranteed superior material and workmanship.

	Regular	Sale Price
4 Mattresses 5 ft. x 6 ft. 4 in. . . . .	\$15.50	
2 " 4 ft. 4 in. x 6 ft. 2 in. . . . .	14.50	
4 " 4 ft. 8 in. x 6 ft. 6 in. . . . .	15.00	
5 " 4 ft. 4 in. x 6 ft. 5 in. . . . .	14.50	
12 " 3 ft. 4 in. x 6 ft. 3 in. . . . .	12.50	
7 " 3 ft. 3 in. x 6 ft. 2 in. . . . .	11.50	
3 Sofa " 3 ft. 6 in. x 2 ft. 4 in. . . . .	12.50	
14 Mattresses 3 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. . . . .	9.00	
10 " 3 ft. 6 in. x 5 ft. 10 in. . . . .	8.90	
1 Gymnasium mattress (one part) 12 ft. x 5 ft. . . . .	38.00	
8 Crib mattresses 3 ft. x 4 ft. 10 in. . . . .	10.00	

NOTE: We also have about 45 mattresses of assorted sizes (some in one and some in two parts) between those listed above. Space prevents giving full list.

None of these Mattresses offered has ever been used, but some of them show slight signs of wear from exposure in our warehouses and from transportation to the offices of the Purchasing Agents of the Government, of Steamship Companies, etc. We guarantee every one to be in absolutely first-class condition in every way and while the sizes of many are not quite standard, in most cases they come so near to the regular that they will answer every purpose. We cannot send them out on regular orders, because of the slight discrepancy in measurement.

### First come, first served. No orders accepted after September 10th under this offer

even if the entire lot is not sold. The filling is eight layers of OSTERMOOR sheets, all hand laid and enclosed within ticking entirely by hand sewing. The covering is either of our extra-priced, dust-proof, Satin-finished Ticking in linen effects or of beautiful Mercerized French Art Twills, in effective and serviceable color combinations, and some in A. C. A. ticking—which is the best old-fashioned, plain blue and white ticking made. If you have a preference in color, state the same and we will try our best to meet it, but cannot guarantee to do so.

The mattresses are made up in the daintiest possible manner by the most expert of our specialists. Our largest orders of last season were secured by the presentation of these samples—they represent in the very highest degree the celebrated OSTERMOOR merit of excellence and are a rare bargain both in price and quality.

We pay transportation charges anywhere in the United States. No time for correspondence. First come, first served. Terms of sale: Cash in advance. None sent C. O. D. Mattress shipped same day check is received, if you are in time; if not your money will be returned.

NOTE:—Ostermoor Mattresses, regular stock, 6 ft. 3 in. long by 4 ft. 6 in. wide, two parts, cost \$45.00 each. They have four inch border, weigh 45 lbs., and are covered with A. C. A. Ticking. Our special satin finish ticking, \$4.50 extra. If you wish to know more about the "Ostermoor," send your name on a postal card for our free book, "The Test of Time," whether you intend to purchase or not.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 141 Elizabeth Street, NEW YORK  
Canadian Agency: The Alaska Feather and Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

Regular Sizes and Prices	
3 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.	\$8.35
3 feet wide, 20 lbs.	10.00
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs.	11.70
4 feet wide, 40 lbs.	13.35
4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs.	15.00
All 9 feet 3 inches long.	
Express Charges Prepaid	
In two parts, 50 cents extra.	
Special sizes at special prices.	



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It isn't always possible to be exactly truthful, but there is a right way to err. You'll find some remarkable statements in the Cadillac literature, but if there's anything that isn't so, the difference is in your favor. We'll send you booklet L if you'll ask for it, and tell you where the nearest agency is. A ride in the Cadillac will be the more a revelation if you're familiar with other cars. Cadillacs are \$750 to \$900.

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U. S. S. "CHASE," THE TRAINING SHIP OF THE REVENUE SERVICE

## Cadets of the Revenue Service

By CHARLES A. FOSS

FOUR years ago the United States Treasury Department leased twenty-five acres on the shore of Arundel Cove, Curtis Bay, a few miles from the city of Baltimore. Trim gravel walks, a parade ground and a score of buildings constitute the depot of the United States Revenue Cutter Service and the training school for cadets who desire to enter that arm of the navy. Here also the bark *Chase*, the ship on which the cadets cruise for three months in the summer, is anchored for the remainder of the year, and on board of her live the twenty-eight young men whom the Treasury Department has selected from all parts of the country, and the six officers into whose hands is committed their education and training, until they are ready to take the pleasant and lucrative places offered to them in Uncle Sam's naval police system.

It is twenty-six years since the practice ship *Chase* was built. In that time seventy-three men have graduated from the ship and are now in active service as officers. Captain Worth C. Ross, at present commanding officer of the Revenue Cutter *Onondaga*, stationed at Philadelphia, shares with Captain O. D. Myric, who is now in Boston on the waiting list, the distinction of being the oldest graduate in active service. His class was that of 1879, and next to him comes Captain W. E. Reynolds, class of 1880, who is now the officer in command of the *Chase* and in charge of the training school.

### Not Naval Cadets

Those who know anything at all about the *Chase* usually suppose that the young men who serve on her are connected with the Annapolis Naval Academy, and that the summer cruise of the vessel is made for the purpose of giving the cadets at the latter institution an opportunity for practical training in seamanship. As a matter of fact, there is nothing in common between the Revenue Cutter school and the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

The cadets at the Revenue Cutter school are required to pass a stiff civil service entrance examination, which is held once a year in such cities as possess a civil service commission. This examination would present an almost impassable barrier to the graduate of the average high-school, for besides examination in the rudiments the candidates must present successful papers in advanced mathematics, and one modern language—either French, German, or Spanish. Great stress is also laid upon knowledge of the Constitution, and upon the history of the United States, as well as upon grammar, rhetoric, and English literature. It may be added here that some of the successful candidates for cadetship have had experience in the merchant marine, and this is duly credited to them in the seamanship course.

Once the candidate has successfully passed the civil service examination and the physical test, and has been appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury from the eligible list, he finds himself confronted by a three years' course of study which is really a modification of the four years' course at the Naval Academy. It comprises a complete line of mathematics, constitutional law, international law, physics, and electricity, hygiene, a course in navigation, including computation and magnetism of the compass;

marine survey, astronomy, seamanship, ship-building, naval architecture, steam engineering, mechanical drawing, electricity, gunnery, and military drill. Captain Reynolds is now making efforts to have added to this curriculum a course in Spanish. Inasmuch as revenue cutters are constantly putting into the depot for repairs, the cadets are enabled to supplement their theoretical studies in ship-building and naval architecture with practical illustrations.

### The Making of an Officer

Life on board the *Chase* for these young men, most of whom come from inland cities and are veritable "landlubbers" when they enter upon their novitiate, is usually a remarkable transition from the things to which they have been accustomed. To begin with, they are put into a uniform almost identical with that worn by the Annapolis cadets, and from that moment they are never allowed to forget that the cloth which they wear is significant of all that is patriotic, obedient, brave, honest, courageous, intelligent, and gentlemanly. Aside from the technical education upon which they enter, there is also quietly begun for them a most rigid course in gentility, ethics, and morals, designed to "straighten out" the hundred and one little defects in bearing, manners, speech, and conduct found to a greater or less degree in most of the young fellows who come to the school for the first time. To this end there are minute rules and regulations, of course, but more potent by far than these is expected to be the influence of the daily and hourly contact with the officers and instructors with whom, by reason of their close quarters on board the *Chase*, the cadets are thrown into intimate contact. The two offences for which the highest number of demerit marks can be charged against a cadet are falsehood and intoxication.

The cramped quarters on board the *Chase* necessitate the occupancy of each room by two cadets. The rooms are barely large enough to turn around in, and in each there is an upper and a lower berth. The occupants of a room alternately tidy it up every morning for a week, and when this work is done it is expected to be the pink of cleanliness and neatness. A visitor on a recent visit to the boat saw a cadet overwhelmed with confusion because the executive officer, in drawing his glove over the surface of a water ewer, exhibited to the cadet occupant a streak of dust on the immaculate kid.

### The Photograph Habit

There is also a rule which prohibits the cadets from posting any pictures in the stateroom, and in their own quarters they are allowed to post pictures only of their friends or of places. Most of the lads accumulate quite a collection of photographs of this nature, and, owing to the limited wall space in their cramped rooms, it is a common sight to see a score or more of these treasures carefully arranged on their coats during the day, to be indiscriminately piled away when it comes time for the cadet to turn in.

The daily routine of the cadets begins when they are awakened at 6:30 A.M. They are allowed thirty minutes in which to dress, after which they go out on deck for physical



REVENUE CADETS AT ARTILLERY DRILL AT CURTIS BAY



# Increase Your Learning and You Increase Your Earning Power

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In every occupation, whether of head or hand, there is constant demand for men who are capable of being heads of departments, managers, foremen, superintendents, etc.—To fill such positions properly a man must know both the theory and practice of his calling.

We enable you to increase your income by imparting practical, useful, necessary information in any line of work you may select. If you have not selected your occupation let us help you. Start right by getting the right foundation—master the scientific principles underlying your work. To advance you must know "why" as well as "how." If you have selected your occupation—perfect yourself in it—master it—get toward the top.



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### Special Tuition Fee

The very low tuition fees here given will maintain until Sept. 15th. These fees are lower than those of other schools offering a similar grade of instruction, and are purposely made so in order to bring this offer within the reach of every ambitious young man.

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### Free of Cost

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### Better Positions Guaranteed

To every student enrolling and completing his course under this offer we guarantee advancement to a better position—better pay—shorter hours and more agreeable occupation.

**For Whom Intended** CORRESPONDENCE teaching is the most effective means of extending the benefits of our great colleges and technical schools to that large class of aspiring persons who are beyond the range of regular college influence, who yet have a few leisure hours which they would gladly devote to home study under the direction of resident school instructors. These people who are unable to afford a course at a resident school constitute a vast army of intelligent, ambitious young men to whom a thorough training in some particular branch of industry would mean sure and rapid advancement. It would mean even more than that—namely, self-respect, mastery and a finer, stronger manhood. It was to extend to these classes some of the benefits of our great colleges and technical schools that the American School of Correspondence was founded.

Intelligent people today believe in the common-sense plan of spending a portion of their spare time in self-improvement. If a man does not study he remains stationary or in a rut, and gradually grows to be a mere machine, to be soon thrown aside for a new and up-to-date type.

### Resident School Teachers

The American School of Correspondence at Armour Institute of Technology is the first correspondence school in this country to provide correspondence instruction for wage-earners in engineering practice which counts towards entrance upon higher resident instruction. American school students are taught under the supervision of the professors who preside over the laboratories and teach the classes of Armour Institute of Technology. Thus through our instructors, the extensive shops, laboratories and libraries of a great technical school offer their help and guidance to ambitious students in every part of the world.

### Student in Class by Himself

Teaching by correspondence is a method of imparting knowledge by means of written instead of oral instruction, and is especially adapted to persons whose time for study is necessarily limited and irregular. The correspondence student is free to select whatever course of study is best adapted to his particular needs; he is in a class by himself, and is not compelled to suit his hours for study to those of other students. If he is especially apt or has already covered part of the work, he is not held back by certain members of a class who are slower. On the other hand, if he has not had the advantages of such preliminary education he will not become discouraged in vainly trying to keep up with a class whose members have had better training than he. The correspondence student naturally becomes self-reliant and develops into the type of man who knows, and knows that he knows and can prove it, for he has learned it himself, taking time to thoroughly master every point. Experience has shown that correspondence students are particularly diligent and earnest in their work. This is so because they are as a class, more mature and have learned by experience to take a more serious view of life's struggle. If some of them have had practically no education to begin with, they need not be discouraged, for in any case they always start at the bottom, with the most elementary principles. Any man who has perseverance and a thirst for knowledge can overcome the lack of early education.

**Lack of Education No Hinderance** It is believed that the American School of Correspondence meets a long felt need on the part of ambitious mechanics, clerks, apprentices, teachers, farmers, students and business men for an opportunity of studying at home some branch of applied science under the guidance of teachers of a resident school of acknowledged standing. No entrance examination is required, nor is there any age limit. Applicants, however, must be able to read and write English and should be able to devote at least three hours per week to their studies. Upon enrolling, the student is furnished his first four Instruction Papers, together with full instructions how to begin work. The first Instruction Paper is taken up and read very carefully until each point is thoroughly mastered. The student then sends in an examination on that book to the School. This examination is carefully corrected, criticised and graded by the instructor. Corrections are made as to errors in facts, figures, punctuation, capitalization and grammar. Explanations and suggestions are made by the instructor. The student, in the meantime, is working on his next lesson paper.

**Requirements For Admission** Upon enrolling, the student is furnished his first four Instruction Papers, together with full instructions how to begin work. The first Instruction Paper is taken up and read very carefully until each point is thoroughly mastered. The student then sends in an examination on that book to the School. This examination is carefully corrected, criticised and graded by the instructor. Corrections are made as to errors in facts, figures, punctuation, capitalization and grammar. Explanations and suggestions are made by the instructor. The student, in the meantime, is working on his next lesson paper.

**How Correspondence Work is Conducted** Upon enrolling, the student is furnished his first four Instruction Papers, together with full instructions how to begin work. The first Instruction Paper is taken up and read very carefully until each point is thoroughly mastered. The student then sends in an examination on that book to the School. This examination is carefully corrected, criticised and graded by the instructor. Corrections are made as to errors in facts, figures, punctuation, capitalization and grammar. Explanations and suggestions are made by the instructor. The student, in the meantime, is working on his next lesson paper.

**Lessons Suited to Needs of Students** Teaching by correspondence is a method of imparting knowledge by means of written instead of oral instruction, and is especially adapted to persons whose time for study is necessarily limited and irregular. The correspondence student is free to select whatever course of study is best adapted to his particular needs; he is in a class by himself, and is not compelled to suit his hours for study to those of other students. If he is especially apt or has already covered part of the work, he is not held back by certain members of a class who are slower. On the other hand, if he has not had the advantages of such preliminary education he will not become discouraged in vainly trying to keep up with a class whose members have had better training than he. The correspondence student naturally becomes self-reliant and develops into the type of man who knows, and knows that he knows and can prove it, for he has learned it himself, taking time to thoroughly master every point. Experience has shown that correspondence students are particularly diligent and earnest in their work. This is so because they are as a class, more mature and have learned by experience to take a more serious view of life's struggle. If some of them have had practically no education to begin with, they need not be discouraged, for in any case they always start at the bottom, with the most elementary principles. Any man who has perseverance and a thirst for knowledge can overcome the lack of early education.

**Lessons Suited to Needs of Students** Teaching by correspondence is a method of imparting knowledge by means of written instead of oral instruction, and is especially adapted to persons whose time for study is necessarily limited and irregular. The correspondence student is free to select whatever course of study is best adapted to his particular needs; he is in a class by himself, and is not compelled to suit his hours for study to those of other students. If he is especially apt or has already covered part of the work, he is not held back by certain members of a class who are slower. On the other hand, if he has not had the advantages of such preliminary education he will not become discouraged in vainly trying to keep up with a class whose members have had better training than he. The correspondence student naturally becomes self-reliant and develops into the type of man who knows, and knows that he knows and can prove it, for he has learned it himself, taking time to thoroughly master every point. Experience has shown that correspondence students are particularly diligent and earnest in their work. This is so because they are as a class, more mature and have learned by experience to take a more serious view of life's struggle. If some of them have had practically no education to begin with, they need not be discouraged, for in any case they always start at the bottom, with the most elementary principles. Any man who has perseverance and a thirst for knowledge can overcome the lack of early education.

### Inquiry Blanks

Should the student meet with difficulty in his studies, he is expected to fill out an Inquiry Blank, furnished him by the School, which is mailed to the Instruction Department, receiving in reply a complete "Blackboard" explanation. The Instruction Papers have been prepared especially for correspondence work by engineers and teachers of acknowledged standing, who, through long practical experience and training, are in a position to know the needs of correspondence students. The papers are frequently revised to keep them up-to-date in the best and latest engineering practice. Each subject is taken up from the beginning and thorough explanations are given in a clear and concise manner as the student progresses. They average about eighty pages each, are neatly bound and form a valuable reference work for the student after the completion of his course. This department aids students and graduates in securing positions for which their training has fitted them. It also co-operates with employers, furnishing reliable, well-trained men. The School continually receives requests from manufacturers and engineering firms in all parts of the country for well trained men from among its students and graduates, and the number of these requests exceeds the School's list of available graduates and advanced students. The School keeps in touch with manufacturing interests everywhere, and is thus able to lay out courses adapted to the student's needs. The School will always, upon request, advise any employer of the progress and education capabilities of a student, or render any service to its students within its power.

### Instruction Papers

The tuition entitles the student to instruction until his course is completed. All text books and supplies are furnished free except drawing instruments and blank paper. The School pays postage on all letters and supplies sent by mail to the students.

### Employment Department

Free use of Special Inquiry Department for consultation on all difficult mechanical problems. Free use of Employment Department. Free use of Patent Department. Benefit of School's discount on all technical books, publications, instruments, supplies, etc.

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Below is a full list of the courses with the cost of each. By the payment of \$5.00 down, and an equal amount each month as you progress, you can secure an education from which you will derive benefit in increased pay, pleasant work and shorter hours.

Cut out the coupon below, fill it out, and your first lessons will be sent to you. You are not obliged to take the full course if you do not see that it is to your interest to continue.

If you wish more particulars and details as to the instructions, list of instructors, references, etc., simply fill out the coupon with your name and address, age, occupation, course in which you are interested,—and mail it to us.

### It Costs Only \$5 To Begin

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is what everyone hopes to have—some day. It is the most wonderful trip in the world. There are more than 3,000 square miles of weird, marvelous, unimaginable things that can be seen nowhere else, therefore if one ever sees them one must go to the Park, in the heart of the magnificent Rockies with snow tipped peaks all around. If Old Faithful Geyser, a Paint Pot, Mud Volcano, or Emerald Pool were to be found in Lincoln Park, Chicago; Central Park, New York; or Fairmount Park, Philadelphia; the people would flock to see it or them by tens of thousands. For a very small sum, comparatively, all these and hundreds more of nature's unduplicated marvels can be seen between June 1 and September 30 of each year, and one will enjoy, to boot, the best coaching trip in the country. The rates for 1904 are the lowest ever made.

The Northern Pacific folder on Yellowstone Park, just issued, is a new, right up to date, finely illustrated dissertation on this Yellowstone Park trip. It is not descriptive, but deals with the detailed, technical matters everyone needs to know about such a trip. It tells all about the hotels, the stage coaches, the roads, the cost of the tour; where the geysers, the waterfalls, the bears, the canyons are, and where the trout fishing is found. We have printed thousands of this beautiful leaflet and want everybody interested to have a copy, and it can be obtained by sending A. M. Cleland, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., two cents with proper address.

"Wonderland 1904" which is a very fine pamphlet of 116 pages, descriptive of the Northwest, including the Park, will be sent for six cents.

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exercise. This may take the form of rowing or any other exercise which the instructor may deem expedient and beneficial. After the exercise is over they return to their rooms, make up their beds, "tidy up" and await the visit of the inspecting officer. They then shift into the uniform of the day and go to breakfast. At the mess table the same punctilious regard is paid to etiquette that is required at other times and places. They proceed to the tables in military formation, and remain standing until the officer of the day gives the order "Seats." They remain seated until the same officer gives the command to rise. Each table is presided over by a senior cadet who is required to report any misconduct or breach of decorum.

### The Daily Routine

At nine o'clock the cadets meet in the buildings on shore for recitations, which last until ten o'clock, when they study until eleven and then recite again until dinner at one o'clock. From two until three o'clock is their hour for recreation on the grounds. Although the Treasury Department will not allow the boys to play football, they may indulge in baseball, and in this sport they have a very good team.

The hour from three until four is devoted to military drill. This may include infantry tactics, practice with the artillery or with cutlasses, foils, and pistols. From four until five is again devoted to study, and then comes another hour of relaxation until they are called to supper at five o'clock. This meal lasts until six o'clock, after which comes an hour's leisure on deck until seven o'clock, then two hours more of study, an hour's "skylarking" in the stateroom, and finally the call to bed at ten o'clock.

The boys are allowed shore leave on Saturdays and Sundays. The same rules and restrictions that govern their conduct on board the ship, and on the training grounds, apply when they are away from the depot, and any offence against these is punished by the same penalties. The cadets may never take shore leave dressed in civilian clothes, and, indeed, they are not even allowed to bring civilian clothes with them on board the ship.

The lack of social features, in such marked contrast to the brilliant functions which take place at the Annapolis Naval Academy, and introduce the cadets there to the ameliorating charms and influences of the fair sex, is not wholly approved by Captain Reynolds, who has taken steps to introduce into the curriculum—probably under the specious head of physical exercise—a course of instruction in dancing, for which a fine hall, recently completed on the grounds, will afford excellent opportunity. Captain Reynolds remarked to a visitor recently that his experiment might be fraught with dangerous consequences to some of the cadets, since one of the rules of the service declares that "the marriage of a cadet shall be considered as equivalent to his resignation."

### Attractions of the Service

In point of pay, the Revenue Cutter service ought to be especially attractive. The cadets receive a yearly allowance of \$300 while they are pursuing their studies. Out of this they must furnish their mess and purchase their uniforms. They must also deposit with the commanding officer of the school the sum of \$10 a month during their three years' course. This is intended to make provision for their uniforms when they enter upon their duties as officers in the service. The outfit costs them about \$350. A third lieutenant in the Revenue Cutter service receives \$1,200 a year, a second lieutenant \$1,500, a first lieutenant \$1,800, and a captain \$2,400. In addition to this there is added to every officer's pay ten per cent for each five years he has been in service, until the amount equals forty per cent. The age at which a young man may be received as a cadet in the Revenue Cutter service must be between eighteen and twenty-five inclusive.

Congress will be asked at this coming session to grant an appropriation for a new training ship for the cadets. The *Chase* is still a substantial, handsome vessel, but her accommodations are now inadequate and her equipment is not up to date.

The importance which the Revenue Cutter service is assuming is shown in the part which it played in the war with Spain, when its ships were turned over to the Navy Department and saw active service in all of the important engagements at sea. It was the Revenue Cutter *McCulloch*, it will be remembered, which was present at the battle of Manila, and carried the news of Dewey's victory to Hong Kong. Lieutenant W. W. Joyner, now the executive officer of the *Chase*, was navigating officer of the *McCulloch* at that time. With the prospect of a large increase in the number of officers in the navy it is likely that the Revenue Cutter service will also be enlarged, and wide opportunities lie before the training school at Annapolis Cove.

### A Pleasant Career

The advertisement which the navy has always received among the people at large by reason of its more spectacular character and the splendid institution at Annapolis has served continually to create a desire among young men to become officers in that service far in excess of the positions which the navy has to offer. The Revenue Cutter service, on the other hand, being but little known,

**Burnett's Vanilla Extract**  
is the best. The grocers know it. Insist on having Burnett's. It is for your food. Pure and wholesome.—Advt.

**Cereal Foods**  
without cream are not appetizing, but good raw cream is not always easy to get. Borden's Evaporated Cream is superior to raw cream with a delicious flavor and richness. Use it for general cooking purposes. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., proprietors.—Advt.

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**JUST ONE DAY**  
Free From the Sluggish Brought Out a  
Fact

"During the time I was a coffee drinker," says an Iowa woman, "I was nervous, had spells with my heart, smothering spells, headache, stomach trouble, liver and kidney trouble. I did not know for years what made me have those spells. I would frequently sink away as though my last hour had come."

"For 27 years I suffered thus and used bottles of medicine enough to set up a drug store,—capsules and pills and everything I heard of. Spent lots of money but I was sick nearly all the time. Sometimes I was so nervous I could not hold a plate in my hands; and other times I thought I would surely die sitting at the table."

"This went on until about two years ago when one day I did not use any coffee and I noticed I was not so nervous and told my husband about it. He had been telling me that it might be the coffee but I said 'No, I have been drinking coffee all my life and it cannot be.' But after this I thought I would try and do without it and drink hot water. I did this for several days but got tired of the hot water and went to drinking coffee and as soon as I began coffee again I was nervous again. This proved that it was the coffee that caused my troubles."

"We had tried Postum but had not made it right and did not like it, but now I decided to give it another trial so I read the directions on the package carefully and made it after these directions and it was simply delicious, so we quit coffee for good and the results are wonderful. Before, I could not sleep but now I go to bed and sleep sound, am not a bit nervous now but work hard and can walk miles. Nervous headaches are gone, my heart does not bother me any more like it did and I don't have any of the smothering spells and would you believe it? I am getting fat. We drink Postum now and nothing else and even my husband's headaches have disappeared: we both sleep sound and healthy now and that's a blessing." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look for the book, "The Road to Wellville" in each pkg.



SOME men have taken advantage of me, ordering cigars and then paying no attention to the conditions of the offer under which they obtained them. That is why I request those ordering to enclose business card or business letterhead as a means of identifying men who are strangers to me. I fear this has kept many men who have no business connection from trying my cigars. I want every smoker in the land to try them, and feel certain that no reasonable man will find fault with me for requesting him to tell me who he is when he sends an order.

I put my name on every box of cigars I make, and I make in my own factory, right here in Philadelphia, every cigar I sell. It is my desire to give the highest commercial prestige to that name and to make it the synonym for a good cigar—and my cigars are good, better than most three-for-a-quarter and ten-cent cigars sold at retail.

I do not retail cigars, nor do I allow any discounts to anyone under any circumstances, neither do I send samples, but I do sell cigars by the hundred, at wholesale prices direct to the smoker.

#### MY OFFER IS:

I will, upon request, send one hundred Shivers' Panetela Cigars on approval to a reader of Collier's Weekly, express prepaid. He may smoke ten of the cigars and return the remaining ninety at my expense if he is not pleased—and no charge. If he keeps the cigars he agrees to remit the price, \$5.00, within ten days.

If you prefer to send cash with order you may do so with the understanding that you may smoke ten cigars and then if not satisfied may return the remaining ninety at my expense and I will return the full amount paid me.

In ordering please state whether light, medium, or dark cigars are desired.

This is the most liberal offer I know how to make. I cannot please every taste—no man can—but I can and do make good cigars, make them honestly, use nothing but Havana tobacco in the filler, and genuine Sumatra wrapper, tell the facts about them and sell them at a lower margin of profit than anyone else I know of. Moreover, I am asking you to try them at no cost to yourself if you do not like them, and you are letting an opportunity pass every day you let go by without sending me an order, to find out for yourself whether you can get from me a better cigar than you are now smoking for less money.

Think a moment of the risk I take to make a customer, one-tenth of my cigars (all of them should some unworthy take advantage of me) as well as express charges both ways.

How can a smoker refuse to try them, where is the possible risk to him?—provided, of course, that \$5.00 per hundred is not a higher price than he cares to pay. Write me if you smoke.

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has really had to contend against apathy and ignorance on the part of young men toward entrance into its service. The cadets who are at present serving on board the *Chase*, confess that the navy was really their first choice, and their attention was called to the Revenue Cutter service only after they had been disappointed in their efforts to get into the Academy at Annapolis. Once on board the *Chase*, however, they seem delighted with the service and the pleasant prospects and opportunities which it holds out to them, and declare that they would not exchange it for the regular naval service.

The officers who assist Captain Reynolds in his conduct of the Revenue Cutter service training school, and in command of the *Chase*, are as follows: Lieutenant W. W. Joynes, executive officer; Lieutenant F. C. Ballard, navigator; Lieutenants Eugene Blake, Jr., P. H. Scott, and H. W. Pope, watch officer; Surgeon W. H. Stuck.

Besides its complement of commissioned officers and cadets, the *Chase* carries a crew of thirty-four, including petty officers and servants.

□ □

## THE SLEEPING CAR

By REYNOLD SMITH PICKERING

DEAR father, won't you tell me  
About a sleeping car?  
I often wonder when they work  
And what they really are.  
Do such cars go to bed at night,  
And are their slumbers deep?  
It must be such a funny sight  
To see a car asleep.

□ □

## WHY SHOULD WE TRUST THE REPUBLICAN PARTY?

(Continued from page 10)

party in its platform, and with the action of its great legislative bodies, the utterances of its newspaper press, and the expressed opinion of the living men of to-day. The Democrat rushes to the nearest cemetery, and, scraping off the moss from the old tombstones, harps upon the utterances of Jefferson and Madison, and never gets down this side of Calhoun or Jeff Davis.

Nor is this all. If an occasional Democrat breaks loose and scales the graveyard walls and wanders outside the home of the dead and begins to speak his real sentiments, four-fifths of his hearers and nine-tenths of his readers will hold up their hands in horror and protest against the exploitation of sentiments like those. A free-trade speech in Congress, while perhaps the honest sentiment of nine-tenths of the Democrats of the country, will be met with a protest so earnest, so bitter, and so determined that the speech usually finds itself relegated to the lumber-room of the Congressional Record.

Again, in trusting the Republican party this year, the people will trust that party with its ideas and policies already organized and promulgated. In trusting the Democratic party they will trust a party without ideas, without leaders, without policies, and must trust to good fortune, if the Democrats should be successful, that they will not wreck the country as they have done heretofore.

The people of the United States should trust the Republican party because of the soundness of its platform. Coupled with the declarations of its leaders, and joined with its past history, it can be relied upon confidently that the Republican party, if put into power, will maintain the policy of protection to American labor and capital. It can not do otherwise and be true to its history. No form of temptation can swerve it from this achievement. It will see to it that the gold standard, which was sought to be overthrown and forever made impossible by the Democratic party only four years ago, shall not only be maintained in its present strength, but shall be fortified more securely whenever necessity shall arise. It will see to it that in the fulfillment of its platform declarations there shall be fair play and honest dealing between great organizations of capital and great organizations of labor, that every man shall have a chance, and that the courts of the country, in the furtherance of the behests of a Republican statute, shall see to it that combinations shall not monopolize the profits of either labor or capital.

It can be relied upon that the Republican party, if again successful, will go straight forward in the discharge of its mighty duty to the people of the Philippine Islands, that it will bestow the blessings of free and inde-

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P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1904

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In the Mt. Washington, White Mountains, July 11-12, the event for cars costing from \$1000 to \$1800 was won by a COLUMBIA LIGHT GASOLINE TONNEAU, MARK XLIII, cut of which is shown above. The winning car was in the strictest sense a regular stock model without special gearing or extra hill-climbing devices of any kind. The climbing contests were followed by an endurance run of 190 miles over the most difficult roads of the White Mountain region in which the COLUMBIA did not make a penalized stop and was awarded a gold medal.

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## NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

The use of Portland cement is increasing greatly, especially for foundation work

THE production of what is known as Portland cement is becoming one of the great American industries. Its uses are tending to increase in variety. In Europe concrete railroad sleepers have been tried with success. In the more recent ones a strengthening frame of iron is imbedded within the concrete. Concrete is in general terms a mortar made with cement instead of lime. The railroad sleepers do not support the rails directly; wooden blocks are placed between the rail and sleeper to suppress the jarring. In Washington, D. C., concrete piling has been used in the construction of new barracks. The ground was alternately wet and dry, so that wooden piles would not be durable. If the ground is compact a steel or iron tube with a steel point is driven down to the requisite depth and is withdrawn, and the hole is filled with concrete rammed down. In less consistent soil the tube is provided with a pointed end made of concrete. After driving the tube down to its place, concrete is poured into it little by little, with constant ramming, and the tube is withdrawn as fast as the concrete is in place. In water a thin iron jacket surrounds the tube and is clamped to it. This jacket descends with it. Its lower edge sooner or later reaches impervious soil, when it is unclamped. The inner tube is now driven down to the required depth, and concrete is introduced as described. The thin metal jacket excludes water and is left in place filled with the hard-rammed stone-like concrete.

Various methods to prevent big steamships from rolling at sea are under discussion

THE details of the new turbine-driven Cunarders are not yet settled, but some of the approximate data have been given out. It is decided that to obtain the desired speed of about 25 knots, which is nearly 30 land miles an hour, the ships must be about 700 feet long and have 70,000 horsepower in the engines. This horsepower, it is now thought, will be transmitted by four separate shafts to four screws. Much less saving in weight than had been anticipated will result from the use of turbines. Coincidentally with the discussion of the size and type of these ships, the steadying of ships at sea and preventing their rolling has been the subject of papers and discussions in England. One investigator read a paper advocating the use of a horizontal wheel within the hold of the ship. This wheel is to be rotated at high speed by an electric motor, and would resist greatly the rolling of a ship by its gyroscopic action. It is this action that maintains a spinning top upright on its peg or point. For a 5,000-ton ship it was calculated that a 10-ton wheel, 15 feet in diameter, would suffice. The often-cited observation was recalled to the effect that the old side-wheel ships rolled less than do the modern propellers. It was claimed that the gyroscopic action of the paddle-wheels acted to restrain the more violent rolling of the ship. The axes of the turbines in the Cunarders will not be rightly placed for their tremendous gyroscopic action to affect the ship's rolling. Bilge keels were the subject of another paper and discussion, and the ground was taken that sometimes they were of but little benefit in the prevention of rolling.

The self-purification of the river Thames from the bacteria of the London sewage

A REPORT has appeared of an investigation carried on last year to determine the fate of the immense numbers of bacteria daily added to the river Thames and the Thames estuary in the sewage from the city of London. The sewage is divided into two parts by sedimentation, the sludge and the sewage effluent. The sludge, or sediment, is carried by steamers to the Thames estuary and dumped into the water, the effluent flows into the Thames River. The bacteria in the effluent average 7,442,857 per cubic centimetre (about one-sixteenth of a cubic inch) and consist to a notable degree of the intestinal organisms. Twenty-seven miles down the river the bacteria commonly found in the intestine have disappeared, and thirty-nine miles from the point where the sewage effluent enters the river the content of bacteria is only 145 per cubic centimetre, a number as low as that in any good river water.

The sludge, which is carried on steamers to the estuary and there dumped into the water, contains on an average 129,583,333 bacteria per cubic centimetre. The water in the estuary soon after the unloading of the fleet of sludge steamers contained 1,040 organisms per cubic centimetre, whereas a week later the number had fallen to 458. The sea water as such exerts no harmful influence on the sewage bacteria, the purification being due, as in the case of the river purification, to the death and dispersion of the organisms. Twenty-five miles out to sea the water contained an average of only 287 bacteria in each cubic centimetre, and none of these was of the intestinal form. From this new contribution to our knowledge of sewage disposal, we see fresh evidence of the self-purification of waters even when the sewage of great cities like London and New York is thrown into them.

# California

## 50

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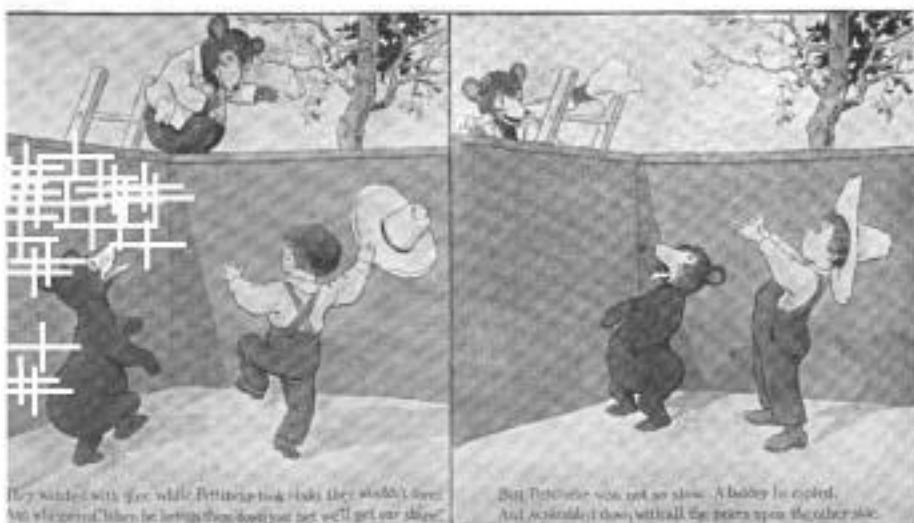
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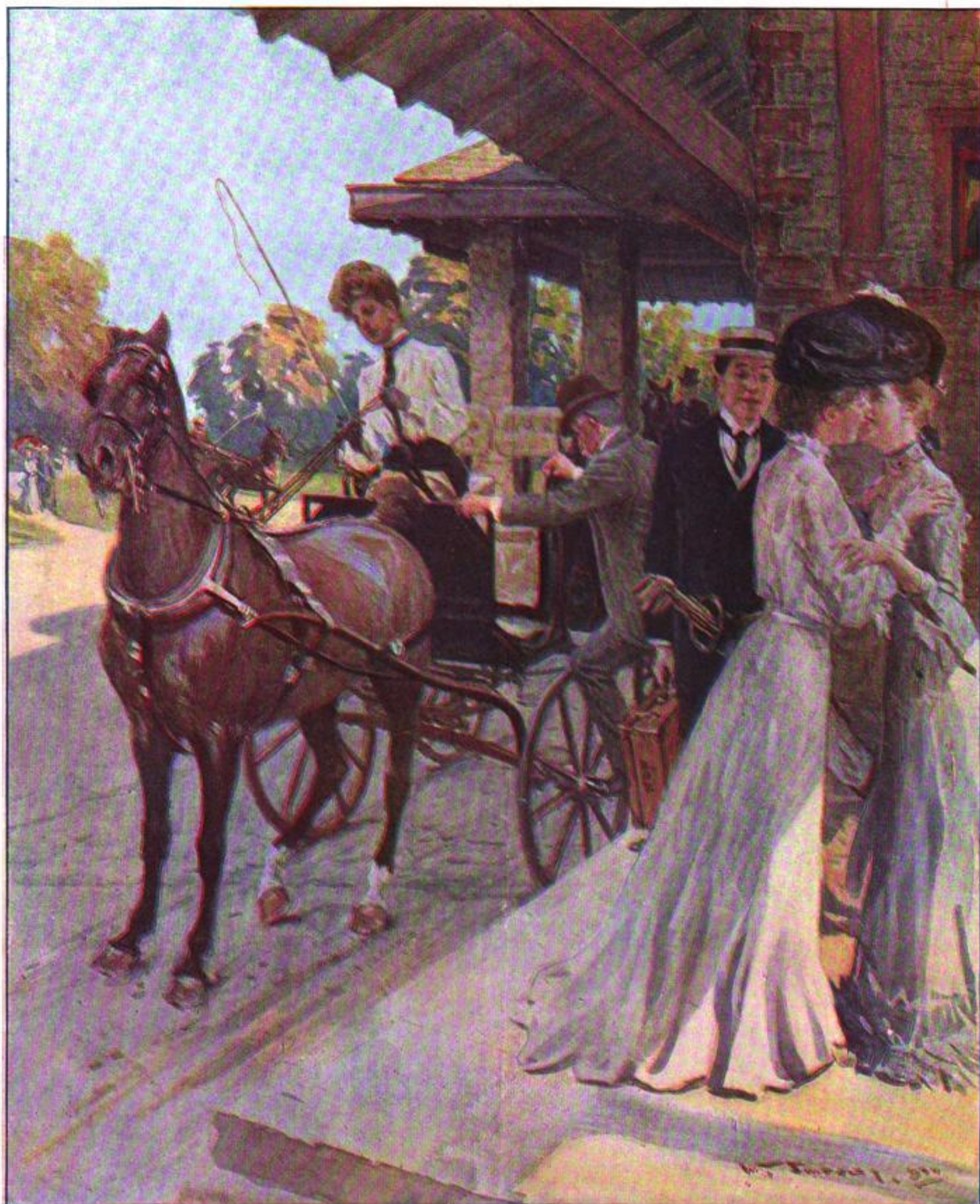
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# C O L L I E R ' S

HOUSEHOLD NUMBER FOR SEPTEMBER



This is the eighth of a series of drawings in color by Mr. Smedley appearing in the Household Numbers depicting incidents of American home life

THE AFTERNOON TRAIN

DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY





**M**EAT BILLS IN OUR FAMILY have become so hair-raising that we think of dropping journalism, for the sake of wife and children, and going into dentistry, the butcher industry, or law. If ANDREW CARNEGIE doesn't care by what method he dies poor, he might select some half a dozen households, tell them to live profusely on sweetbreads and tenderloin, and charge to him. Philosophers tell us to live on rice and water and grow powerful, like the Japanese. We have tried it, and discovered merely that we are not Japanese. We are compelled to add another to the list of schemes for getting poor quick. A certain rich American, who had trained herself to live on one chop a day in order to save enough to purchase masterpieces of art, now finds herself compelled to change the system, to which years have hardened her, and become a belated vegetarian. Even MORGANS and VANDERBILTS have had quarrels over the market books with their old and trusted cooks. Keeping a yacht has become child's play compared to eating steak. For years we have been steadily persuading ourselves that high thinking was encouraged by liberal and varied diet. Now we have gone back, heavy hearted, to the old Wordsworthian formula of plain living. We reprint certain comments of the Interstate Commerce Commission made in 1901: "That the leading traffic officials of many of the principal railway lines, men occupying high positions and charged with the most important duties, should deliberately violate the statute law of the land, and in some cases agree with each other to do so; that it should be thought by them necessary to destroy vouchers and to so manipulate bookkeeping as to obliterate evidence of the transactions; that hundreds of thousands of dollars should be paid in unlawful rebates to a few great packing-houses; that the business of railroad transportation, the most important but one in the country to-day, should to such an extent be conducted in open disregard of law, must be surprising and offensive to all right-minded persons. Equally startling, at least, is the fact that the owners of these packing-houses, men whose names are known throughout the commercial world, should seemingly be eager to augment their gains with the enormous amounts of these rebates, which they receive in plain defiance of a Federal statute." The Beef Trust was once enjoined, but it seems to thrive upon injunctions. It, ably assisted by its employees, is educating the people to such an extent that the next President will look about him eagerly for an Attorney-General who can reach the principal monopolies on the solar plexus. At the bottom of all illegal monopolies is the railroad, with its illegal rebate. Let the spellbinder come forward with clear and burning words and help the public formulate its fury, so that each party will be compelled, before November, to lay down a programme that will promise us quiet and innocent householders emancipation from the most ferocious octopi. The strikers may have been most to blame in this particular controversy, but strikes cause us the most acute distress only when their opponent is a trust. Therefore, the first great practical step is to give the final blow to law-breaking monopolies in food and fuel, and we can turn our attention to other combinations when we have seen the result of drastic treatment of those which cause the greatest suffering. What kind of freedom is it when a group of round-bellied magnates, meeting in some small room, can dictate terms by which the people freeze or starve?

**M**CKINLEY WAS UNKNOWN, we are informed by the "Times" of London, when he was elected President, even as PARKER is unknown to-day. In cold fact, MCKINLEY was better known than any two other Republicans in the United States. So much for the accuracy of foreign journals which make a specialty of knowing something about the leading countries. We think that Judge PARKER would probably make a safe President, if he ignored his friends in choosing a Cabinet; and Mr. ROOSEVELT has proved himself a valuable man in the office, in spite of some distressing lapses. When, however, we read about these men in foreign journals we are inclined to cry. "Mr. ROOSEVELT," says a leading London organ, "has borne himself as a statesman of the highest rank, a man of inflexible incorruptibility and of stern determination, even in cases where his political prospects seemed to be injured by his course of action." That sentence about his political prospects might better have been blue-penciled by the editor. Judge PARKER, according to the same high authority, "in one of those rare flashes of genius and responsibility, revealed himself

as standing personally on the same level of immutable principle and of inflexible honor as his Republican opponent. . . . And the Americans have the satisfaction of knowing that, whichever side wins, their President will be a man of the very first order of honest and upright statesmen." Now, the "very first order" of statesmen is a parlous phrase. Statesmen of the very first order come but now and then. Since LINCOLN we have not enjoyed such a one. In all Europe, in recent years, only BISMARCK, LEO, and GLADSTONE can make a strong claim for the position. On the whole, Europe's comment on the candidates is some degrees more unreasonable than our own.

**W**E USE MILITARY TERMS, always, in our politics. We talk of campaigns, the ranks, strategy, and the enemy. We are ceasing, happily, to use seriously such phrases as "the spoils of victory." In seeking nominations we think a certain change is perceptible, and from it should follow ultimately a certain change in methods of election. The established way for a man to be nominated for President has been, for many years, to convince certain politicians, many of them in the United States Senate, that he would suit their purposes. Lately there have been a number who have successfully stepped aside from that road to office. Mr. ROOSEVELT, on the whole, has appealed to the people over the heads of the politicians. Whatever his compromises, they have not satisfied the bosses, and were it not for the people he would be laid upon the shelf forever. Mr. FOLK is the protagonist in a brilliantly dramatic fight of the people against their official oppressors. Governor LA FOLLETTE is a similar figure. Golden Rule JONES was another. When such men win it is by letting themselves be known, whereas politicians of the GORMAN type, to succeed, must work always in the dark; and the ebb of GORMAN is as good a sign as the rise of FOLK. Men like HILL, MURPHY, and TAGGART represent the method that we fondly hope is passing, and Judge PARKER may in all fairness be asked to show before November, by every means at his command, that he is not one of them. The manner of his nomination, and his record in the politics of New York, make it right for us to ask him to give to us, the people, of all parties or none, what light he can on his intended relations to politicians, and, through them, to the corporations of which they are the slaves.

METHODS OF  
NOMINATION

**C**ORPORATIONS ARE ARTIFICIAL CREATIONS for the concentration of power and the avoidance of responsibility. They come nearer, to-day, than any other limited class, to being the rulers of our land. What is said about them in platforms, and letters of acceptance, may be of interest, but is of far less importance than a ruler's associations. In the original scheme of our Government the ruling power was supposed to be delegated by the people to certain officials chosen by them. Then came the boss, who, largely by organizing office-seekers into armies, created a power behind the official class. Later the business men, mainly in the form of corporations, became the power behind the bosses, or, in other words, they became the real bosses. So it is to-day. A small minority of our most august body, the Senate of our country, is free from corporation rule to-day. Many a State is ruled by railroads. New Hampshire, for instance, is ruled by the Boston and Maine, which is as much a part of the commonwealth as the jury system or the post-office. Wisconsin has three ruling railroads. We are not yet convinced that Government or State ownership is necessary, for we hope regulation may some day suffice. The objection, however, that owning the railroads would increase Government patronage is absurd, for the Government and the railroads have one grand clearing house of patronage already. Nothing is so important, in passing upon a candidate for Governor, Senator, or President, as to discover whether he stands with this system or against it.

OUR REAL  
BOSSSES

**S**OMETIMES WE SEEM TOO MODERATE to angry philosophers who stand helplessly fulminating in the street. When we mentioned EDISON, President ELIOT, and MARK TWAIN as among the Americans who had lived long enough to be tested thoroughly and prove their eminence, one load of sarcasm descended upon us thus: "Why make use of such tergiversations? Who cares about the men you mention? For the great and





glorious American people, the only standard of comparison, the sole criterion of a man's worth, is Money." We had spoken of Mr. CLEVELAND, approvingly, as a Rhinoceros. Our contributor objects: "We, the people, don't want a Rhinoceros, we want a Cormorant. We want the Grand Giasticudus of the Guild of Cormorants, who eat up the substance, suck the very marrow of seventy-nine millions of damned fools. Long live the King of all the American Cormorants, JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER. Let his wealth be centupled, until he owns the whole earth." Our friend

THE IRONIC  
VIEW

is liberal in his calculation. The fools, in our arithmetic, are less. The people who put money first are fewer. They are too many, however, and any movement for destroying unjust privileges, without at the same time destroying independence and ambition, will have our warm support. As far as expression goes, Judge PARKER came out better on the trust question in his acceptance than the President did in his. Mr. ROOSEVELT will hardly be able to "stand pat" on that issue to the campaign's end, especially since he is now supported by the most absolute Wall Street organ in New York, and the people are wondering if he has given pledges. He needs to be clear on this subject as badly as Mr. PARKER does on the subject of his managers and associates, who form his great handicap that should be explained away. In recent writings by the candidates the Judge is in the lead.

A SUBSCRIBER WISHES TO KNOW why we accuse the tariff of stealing from the Filipinos, since the law provides that the revenues collected upon imports to the United States from the islands shall go not into our Treasury, but back to the Philippines. Possibly the greatest harm is being done to the islands by the stupidity of the tariff on goods going into them, which was to have been remedied, after the report of the revision committee, appointed last December, was received in Washington; but that report seems to have been hidden in the War Department on the general principle that all tariff topics are full of dynamite. Regarding our own tariff against the Philippines, the answer is that the injury is not less for being indirect. We take more away from the Filipinos by shutting out their products than we should by pocketing the money we collect. Suppose the tariff were high enough against them to prevent importation altogether, what good would be done by a clause providing for turning over the revenues? Suppose a tariff were made which should almost completely shut California fruits out of all the other States, with a provision that revenues should go back to California. We are in a position of peculiar responsibility toward the Philippines. We took them by force, have held them by force, and defend ourselves on the ground that it is all for their good. As a

WRONGING  
THE FILIPINOS

matter of fact, it is to some extent for the profit of our Pacific States. Not to do what we can, under such circumstances, to induce prosperity in the islands is to commit a meanness and a sin. In every moral element it is inferior to the ordinary kind of theft. It is like stealing from an orphan. Congress was with great difficulty forced into granting to Cuba about half of what ordinary justice and decency required. We, who often boast of being the richest country in the world, indict ourselves upon poverty-stricken communities, and then fail to do the best we can for them because we are needlessly afraid of losing a certain amount of "graft." If we were a Democratic spellbinder we should not talk anti-imperialism, but we should talk justice, and try to make the people realize how much the mere lust for money interferes with the morality of the dominant party. The President parroted over, in his speech of acceptance, the party commonplaces about protection, but his acts, where the cause of justice was unmistakable, were much better than his present decorous inanities. In his attitude toward both Cuba and the Philippines he stood morally ahead of the politicians and the business men who, as far as determining policies is concerned, are the Republican party. Mr. ROOSEVELT is not to be judged by his words, but by his deeds. He emits many absurdities from his mouth, but carries few of them into action.

MAKING SO MUCH OF SAVAGES from the Philippines as we are doing at St. Louis displeases anti-imperialists, because they think these specimen Filipinos will not strike the American voter as fitted for self-government. All degrees of the savagery are represented at the Fair. ANTONIO, who visited the President with enforced Occidental decency of apparel, is chief of the most intelligent among the savage tribes, which

range from these teachable head-hunters to the apparently hopeless creatures whose dominant idea is to sneak among bushes and shoot poisoned arrows into the back of any accessible outsider. Shaking hands with the patriarch of this lowest tribe is like holding the fingers of an ape. The civilized Filipinos, who are represented at St. Louis by the Constabulary and the Scouts, have had their principal trouble over the color line, the white soldiers objecting to Filipino amity with Caucasian girls. The American Government seems to be reasonably just in its importation of the various Filipino elements. The War Department is to educate one hundred young Filipinos, for four years, beginning this fall, in various American institutions. It is hardly the Government's fault that our people are more interested in the savages than in the more advanced Filipinos. The savages are certainly much more amusing. The average American is pleased by the idea of preferring dog to sheep, for diet, and sees nothing unreasonable in the Igorrotes' choice. Nor does he see why the dusky islander should wear more than is needed to meet his views of decency and weather. When twenty honorary Filipino Commissioners to the Fair made their Eastern tour they attracted slight attention, but the young savage lad who learned to make correct use of such idioms as peach and lobster was a hero at the capital and a feature in the papers. The Filipino village at St. Louis may have some political effect, but probably the Exposition will leave just as many voters on each side of the self-government proposition as it found.

THE FAIR AND  
THE FILIPINOS

THE DARKEST FEARS are almost justified by so gross, cruel, and unexcused a case of lynching as the last, where two negroes were burned at the stake, although they were under sentence of death. It almost makes us believe that Professor JAMES may have been right when he foresaw burning at the stake on Boston Common. We know nothing in the contemporary history of the world more discouraging. Cruelty in Russia leaves us at least the refuge of belief that it may end with the ignorance of the people and the false system of government. The Georgia disgrace is without one redeeming ray of light. It reminds us of that terrible story of BOOKER WASHINGTON's, which we have told before, of the fair-haired little girl who said, "Mother, I have seen a negro hanged. Now I want to see one burned." The photographer was present here to give the last touch of grotesque horror to the tragic satire. It was undiluted hatred and love of criminal excitement. To compare it with the Spanish Inquisition would be unjust, for the Inquisition at least sought an object. The trial of the negroes had been prompt and their day of execution was near. The brother of the murdered man begged the tigerish human beings to disperse. The crowd merely refused to miss the fun. The time may come when some hopeful side can be seen again. For the present it makes us look upon the future with discouragement and doubt.

MURDER AT  
ITS WORST

FLY TIME COMES TO ALL OF US, man and steed alike, but the horse has his annoyances more concentrated in the fly-blown month of August. At no other season does he ponder so deeply the riddle of existence. In no other month is his brain so dizzy with justifying evil. The most patient Dobbin that ever stood for hours unhitched in August loses his morality and walks off down the road. The finer the equine's organization the more bitterly he resents the laws by which he suffers. This is the period when horses quote their Omars to each other, and other literature of scandalous rebellion. Now it is that mare and stallion dream of grasping this sorry Scheme of Things entire, shattering it to bits, and remolding it nearer to the Heart's Desire. It is now that philosophers in harness enumerate the ills that flesh is heir to, long for the undiscovered country, and almost prefer the ills they know not of to those they know too well. "Go, poor devil," said Uncle Toby to the fly, "get thee gone; why should I hurt thee? This world, surely, is wide enough to hold both thee and me." Such generosity was well enough for Uncle Toby, who was a philosopher hors concours; but for the ordinary mortal who has caught a fly in August, especially if he be a nervous man and bald, with a scalp on which some million flies have lighted, charity is impossible, and his emotions have more likeness to those which, under similar provocation, agitate the noblest steed. Moreover, Uncle Toby caught his fly in winter, when nature's vexations are less apparent.

FLY TIME



# A Pass and an Affair with Bayonets

By Frederick Palmer

Collier's War Correspondent with the Japanese First Army

Photographs by JAMES H. HARE, Collier's War Photographer accompanying the Japanese First Army



JAPANESE SOLDIERS GIVING A WOUNDED RUSSIAN A DRINK AND CIGARETTES

LIENSHANKWAN, MANCHURIA, July 4  
 ENSHANKWAN is the first collection of houses on this side of the watershed which separates the valley of the Yalu from the valley of the Liao. Swarms of flies hover over the mire, which dries when the sun shines and turns liquid when it rains. Belated ditching can not at once offset the evil heritage of Cossack horses quartered in yards and arts.  
 In the four days that our headquarters has been here we have heard a few spurts of rifle fire, while the occasional prisoner and occasional wounded man brought in have indicated simply that the enemy has been keeping touch with our column. With an army of consequence these are as much commonplaces as outpost duty itself, and little skirmishes become what "warming-up practice" is to an outdoor game. To-day, Collins, Hare, and I, three Americans, who mess and tent together, had planned to celebrate the Fourth to the best of our limited resources. For the flag, possibly the only one floating in Manchuria on the famous day, we had raised an especially high standard. But at the breaking of light the long report of volleys came over the hills. When they had continued for half an hour the call became irresistible. So saddles were thrown on to our horses while we breakfasted. It was a little early to ask the staff for the chaperon, who signifies when and where we may move. Besides, it was our national holiday, and we proposed to ride forward, dependent upon the courtesy of the officers in the field. Finally we found that we had not counted unwisely on our host. It was our good fortune and our novel experience as correspondents with this column to come upon the scene of action when it was fresh. What I saw—so creditable was it to Japanese courage and acumen and Japanese humanity—made me wonder more than ever why correspondents have been denied the privileges of the actual front. There are many games in the strife of individuals and nations, but none was ever more intense than that played near the old and the new temples of Kwantei this morning.

## Topography of the Pass

The pass itself which the Russians attempted to take is seven miles from the town. We had looked forward to Motienling for a great battle. Until they reached it, the Japanese were going uphill, hereafter they will be going downhill—to Liao-Yang. In Tokio we heard, again on the march we heard, that the Russians would here make their most determined defence. Japanese strategy forced evacuation without a shot.

The old road leading to the summit is macadamized in nature's way with the rocks and stones which the freshets have not carried away. You climb upward to an opening some fifty feet deep, and here is the Thermopylae of Manchuria—nothing more or less than a cut in a fan-shaped series of hills, more defensible from the

Yalu side than the Liao side. On the banks two companies of infantry that had marched fast on sudden call were resting. The sound of volleys could still be heard. It had traveled with us—proof enough that the reinforcements were not needed.

All we could see was the verdure-clad mountains on every hand, and the sappers at work on the road that wound around the base of a spur in front of us. This we followed. It led us down into a valley and around the base of another spur and to an open place occupied by a big temple of gray bricks. This was built by the Chinese, because the gods of another temple, it was thought, had prevented the Japanese from taking the road over the pass. Thus deity got its reward, while generals who failed might save themselves from decapitation by suicide.

## The Temple Becomes a Hospital

Now the Red Cross flag was tied to the portals, and on the massive granite steps General Okasaki, commanding the troops that had been engaged, was receiving and despatching messages, while the field telegraph wire (run in from the road), with its streamers of paper warning horseback riders, passed over his head to the operator in the court. At the side entrance a litter was being borne in. Within the sanctuary, the feet of one

bayonets an hour before. They were now in the one family of the helpless. The orders of the general on the steps, standing for the voice of health and strength, were as quiet as the movements of the surgeon, who knew no side and no country in his work. The Chinese priest who looked blankly on had the proof (in his logic) of the inferiority to his own of the Russian deity, which had failed where his had succeeded.

We rode on to the original temple of the highly successful god, where you felt as near the scene of action as you do when hastening to a fire and you come to a side street blocked with fire-engines and hose. On the steps were two Russian prisoners with their guard. They looked like men who had waked in the morning surprised to find themselves alive. After passing through hell they were in the quiet of a mountain temple yard surrounded by tokens of their enemy's success. The line had gone on, leaving safety for the stricken.

Beyond the temple the road cuts through the grove. Out of its shadow, as I turned my horse in this direction, came a dead Japanese brought on four crossed sticks. He was still holding his rifle fast; his limbs were in the position they must have held when instant death came; one hand was at the trigger, the other on the rifle stock; one leg was bent in the act of taking another step toward the foe. A hundred yards further on the road breaks into open ground. This sweeps down in an apron to a long valley which ends in mountain terraces. With a road and a creek bed at the bottom, the valley is cut like a trough between two rows of high green hills. Where the ascent to another pass begins gleam the white sides of a pagoda. At this place, on the previous day, the Russians had had their advance outpost. On the Japanese side, to the right of the road, at the base of the first hill on the north, the Japanese had had their advance outpost of thirty-six men in a Chinese farmhouse.

## Disposition of the Outposts

Thus far the sensitive finger-point of the First Army—an army which had come all the way from Seoul without a defeat—had felt its way for the protection and the information of the main body behind it. Both sides had their pickets, of course, and the zone between them was combed by the indefatigable Japanese scouts. Behind the big hill to the north of the outpost was a Japanese company in support;

at the old temple in the grove was the company of which the outpost was a section. At the new temple were two companies in reserve covering effectively other roads besides that through the valley.

On the night of the 3d a battalion of the Twenty-fourth Regiment of Siberian Sharpshooters and a battalion of the Tenth Regiment of Siberian Sharpshooters (making 2,000 in all) were formed under shelter of



Lieutenant Kono, who cut down four Russians with his sword in hand-to-hand contest, and the men of his company, who routed a battalion of the enemy at the point of the bayonet

of the giant blue-and-white-robed gods with hideous face furnished a head-rest for a dying soldier.

In the living apartments of the priest and in the court, the wounded had great Russian overcoats thrown over them, and you knew by the size of the man, or by the heavy Russian boots which protruded underneath, whether the stricken one was of the enemy or not. All belligerency was out of the minds of those who had lunged and thrust and fenced in darkness with





#### SORTING THE BOOTY AFTER THE FIGHT

Whatever the fleeing Russians left behind them, and what was taken from the prisoners, was piled up near the outer wall of the Kwantei Temple and sorted. The picture shows a quantity of captured rifles—with their old-fashioned bayonets that are distinctive from those of all other armies in that they are not detachable—blankets, cartridge cases, wooden canteens, etc.



#### BURYING A DEAD RUSSIAN WHERE HE FELL IN A CORNFIELD

Over each grave is placed a stick or a stone with an inscription stating that a certain soldier of a certain regiment lies below, and giving such additional information as may be available. All the trinkets and valuables belonging to the dead man are buried with him—but as the Russian's pay amounts only to about \$1.50 a year, little of value is ever found upon the killed.

### AFTER THE BATTLE NEAR THE KWANTEI TEMPLES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. WARD, COLLECTED BY THE U.S. ARMY AND PHOTOGRAPHY ATTACHED TO GENERAL KUDEN'S HEADQUARTERS. COURTESY 1904 BY COLLEGE PHOTO.



TWO battalions of Russians of one thousand men each came down the road at 3 a. m., July 4, expecting, apparently, to find no force in front of them, and to take Motienling Pass. At the point a they bayoneted a Japanese picket. Then one of the battalions, belonging to the Twenty-fourth East Siberian Sharpshooters, took up position 2 in a ravine behind the hill b. The other battalion belonging to the Tenth East Siberian Sharpshooters found at c, in a Chinese farmhouse, thirty-six men of the first company, first battalion, Tenth Regiment, of Japanese infantry. Though surprised by an overwhelming force, they fought and extricated themselves and the twenty survivors of the hand-to-hand melee fell back, 6, and deployed at 7. The Russian battalion of the Tenth went on by 3 to the Japanese trenches, e, where they deployed in the darkness, after a fashion, and advanced to the position 5. Now the first company, to which the outpost belonged, was encamped at the old temple Kwantei at d. On hearing the shots from the outpost c, they assembled and advanced by 8 to the grove 9, and at its edge they found the twenty men grappling again with the enemy. The lieutenant, appreciating the fact that the rest of the company could not fire while he maintained his position, took his valiant score by the route 9 to the position 10, where he actually had the Russian line, 5, in flank. The third company

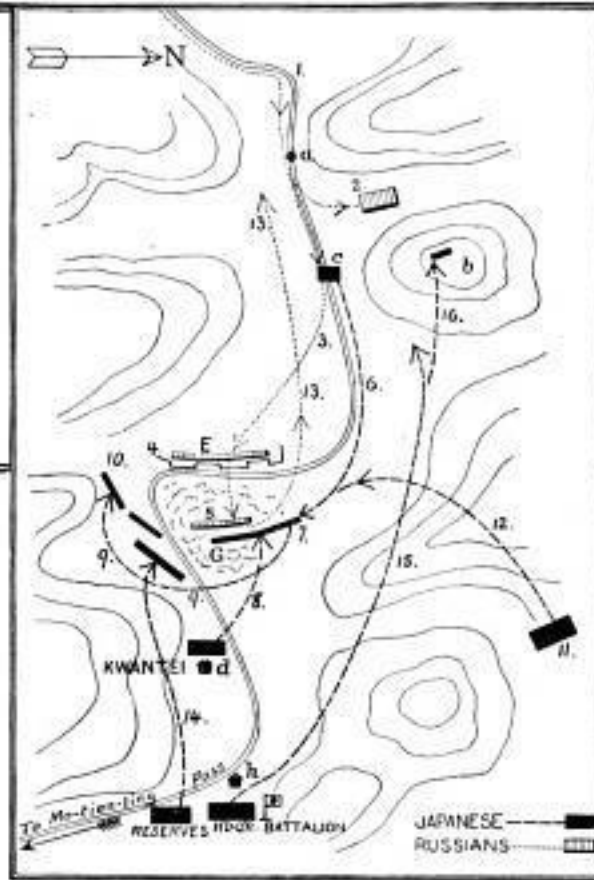


Diagram of the operations near the Kwantei Temple

Russians deployed in a kind of swarming irregularity over rough ground, the twenty waited for them on the one hand, and for support to come up on the other.

Enough shots had been fired to warn the company behind the hill near the outpost and the company in the grove by the old temple. They assembled and charged toward the sound of the firing. Beyond the grove facing the valley, and on the opposite side of the road, the Japanese had made some trenches. The Russians were already across these when the first company emerged from the grove. The Japanese fired and then clinched. It was still so dark that the form of a man



Ivan, the jovial Russian prisoner

could be made out only a few feet away. The Russians came up straggling, but with the power of ten to one. The Japanese were in perfect company order. For half an hour they held their ground with cold steel alone, the officers using their swords—that of Lieutenant Kono was nicked like a saw afterward. The momentum of numbers alone should have borne them back. But there was no light, and the Russian soldier is stupid. When the head of the column stopped, the rear stopped also. This they did as instinctively as the Japanese outpost took the offensive—and there you have the beginning of the explanation of the modern wonder of the East.

All the four Japanese companies engaged belonged to the first battalion of the regiment—the first being at the old temple, the third behind the big hill, and the second and fourth at the new temple in reserve. The third, being further away than the first, came up a little later and formed on the slope of the big hill to the right of the first. The twenty of the outpost were still standing their ground. The lieutenant saw he was in the way of his own company's fire. Such was his control over his men after their ordeal that he led them to the rear and formed them in a flanking position on the left of his own company, which soon after daylight had gained the trench on the other side of the road.

And now the second company came up to the assistance of the other two. With some of the thousand Russians still hanging on the slope, the mass were still at its foot. They had taken no opportunity of ground except to find cover. The battalion of the Twenty-fourth—with its soup kettles, remember—was still doing nothing in the ravine behind the big hill. When the battalion of the Tenth fell back under the flanking and plunging fire, they could have re-formed with the Twenty-fourth and had

was encamped at the position 11, guarding another road. It proceeded by the route 12, forming on to the line 7. From four until six o'clock the fight raged with bullet, bayonet, and sword. In the use of cold steel the Japanese proved himself altogether much cleverer than his antagonist. Then the Japanese, though outnumbered by four to one, drove the Russians out of the trench 4 and in full retreat, 13. The Japanese reserves were at the new temple 14, and they proceeded, 14 and 15, with the support that decided the day. The company that went by 15 had a plunging and a flank fire, of course, when the retreat reached the ravine at 2, with the battalion of the Twenty-fourth to assist. One of the Japanese companies did not join in pursuit. The major had learned of the presence of the reserve battalion behind the hill, 1, and the possibility of its striking his own force in flank and rear. So he sent the retained company by 16, where, firing from the heights, they soon made that battalion (which had waited in the order) retreat. Meanwhile the pass, which the Russians had attempted, was two and a half miles away. At no time did the Japanese have more than a third of the number of the enemy. The fight was illustrative of the inefficiency of the Siberian reserves, and of the courage and mobility of the Japanese infantry and the coolness, initiative, and cleverness of the under officers of the Japanese army.

two thousand men against five hundred. Instead, this surprise party, which was going to eat its lunch in Motienling, piled on down the valley, and at six o'clock the Japanese were pursuing. By this time the Japanese Major Takakusagi knew all about the Russians, their numbers and position, even if the Russians did not know about him. The Russian battalion of the Twenty-fourth, which was in reserve, could come around the hill and on to the flank of the little Japanese force. One company was kept behind to guard against this possibility.

This it did by getting above the battalion and dropping bullets into the party of the soup wagons. So the Twenty-fourth—and its soup wagons—retreated too, and the lot were chased by one-fourth of their numbers right away to the white pagoda.

When you went over the field and saw the disposition which the Japanese had made of their advance force, it was perfect. That is much, and yet there is something that counts more—perfection in mobility. Far away is that cry that the Japanese were merely copyists. This is a terrain far different to that of their own land. They have evolved a system of their own for it. Considering that the Russians are Russians, they were wise not to go on. If they had, the prisoners and booty they would have lost would have been accordingly large. To the limit the Japanese knows his enemy; to the limit he knows his ground; he knows that he can depend upon any force of Japanese, however small, not to lose its nerve; and, finally, his troops have the verve and the mobility to make his dispositions effective. We smile now when we think of our fears about the Japanese cavalry; better than cavalry is it to have the Russians blunder along the valleys and catch them from the hills. But the Japanese himself is never caught in the valley. When the division advanced up from Feng-Wang-Cheng the main body always stopped behind one of the transverse sections of hills, while the advance guard cleared the way. What counts more is the superiority in training of the Japanese officers.

#### The Aftermath of Battle

All the above is from descriptions on the spot from the Japanese officers and from prisoners. When I arrived, shortly after nine, firing could still be heard from the end of the valley near the white pagoda, and as you came out of the grove of the old temple into the open, the near scene—tragically witnessing defeat, gloriously witnessing a marvelous little victory—did not permit you even to look the length of the green-walled valley. Here was the aftermath of action still reeking. The two companies that had first met the attack had broken ranks. Their rifles were stacked by the roadside. The field was theirs; their duty, to carry in the wounded and bury the dead. Parties armed with spades were already departing for their grim work. On the road itself still lay several of the Russian dead and wounded, these being distinguishable instantly by their size, their dark uniforms, and their big caps. The dead lay as they had expired.

Apart were three more wounded, with an unhurt Russian Red Cross man among them. He was seated in the dust, his arms resting on his knees. He followed the foreigners blankly by rolling his eyes, not by turning his head. The light had broken to find him among these strange, slant-eyed little men, who have already excited Russian superstition to the point of believing that the Japanese are veritable demons for cunning and shooting. It is hard to keep up confidence in your god when you are always being beaten. When

hills of the far end of the valley. These men were principally Siberian reservists. Of this type of former liars and migrants I once heard a Russian general

There, sir, we have a force to defend Siberia—in se hardy settlers, living an outdoor life, knowing v to fight in a wild country. They have been in the ay. They can ride and shoot. Our giants would ke short work of the little fellows from Japan. But an will not be so foolish—never!" While he was indulging in such toploftiness over lka and cigarettes, the little fellows who fought this rning were smiling, smiling, smiling, and drilling, lling, drilling, and their officers studying, studying, dying.

One of the captured non-commissioned Russian offi- said that they thought the pass was lightly held, l they hoped to surprise its occupants. The surprise i of the nature that the elephant gives the man who s an express bullet into its brain. It was conceived information as inadequate as the elephant had. At shortly after three the front of the Russian column oneted the Japanese picket who had at first in the kness mistaken its advance for one of the Japanese rols which were continually coming and going. is was at the ravine behind the big hill, which is nverse with the road. Here the battalion of the enty-fourth went in reserve behind the big hill. th them were their lumbering boilers on wheels, so t the men could have hot soup when they reoccupied ienling. The battalion of the Tenth, without uts or flankers, proceeded in column along the nar- r valley road. Skobelev used to do this sort of ng against the Turks, who had no outposts and only ss dispositions. It is sometimes successful against inefficient enemy or a wild tribe that is being forced of the path of a mushy empire's advance.

#### The Bayonet Fight in the Dark

The lieutenant in charge of the thirty-six men in the mhouse had heard the belated challenge of his picket, l stuck his head out of the window to see the Russian umn. His men sprang out with their rifles and am- nition and the clothes they were sleeping in. They tened themselves on the head of the column with the ar-eyed fury of a mongoose. They had no idea of numbers of the enemy. They saw forms and knew y were Russians. It did not occur to them to run, alone surrender.

t was not worth while to shoot. Their natural in- ict is to "close in" like torpedo-boats. They used ir bayonets. They held on, like a small tackler ding on to the giant who is struggling on with the l. Their gallantry turned their own surprise into a prise for the Russians. They forced the Russians lejoy; they unnerved that long column marching efully—especially the men in the darkness to the r. Indeed, they paved the way for the eventual Rus- n demoralization. In extricating his men from the lee, the lieutenant had to act as one of Caesar's ght in reforming a section of a legion which was ken and fighting desperately; the hand-to-hand iditions were the same, and all that was of use on modern long-range rifle was the piece of cold steel its barrel's end.

but he succeeded in leading those who were not led or wounded to the crest of the apron-like slope in the red temple grove's edge. There they actually med a line. Many of the twenty survivors were cut l slashed, but all were game. While the thousand



The man who was wounded in the neck



Looting in the trophies of the fight





WRECK OF THE WORLD'S FAIR SPECIAL NEAR EDEN, COL., IN WHICH OVER ONE HUNDRED LIVES WERE LOST BY THE COLLAPSE OF A BRIDGE

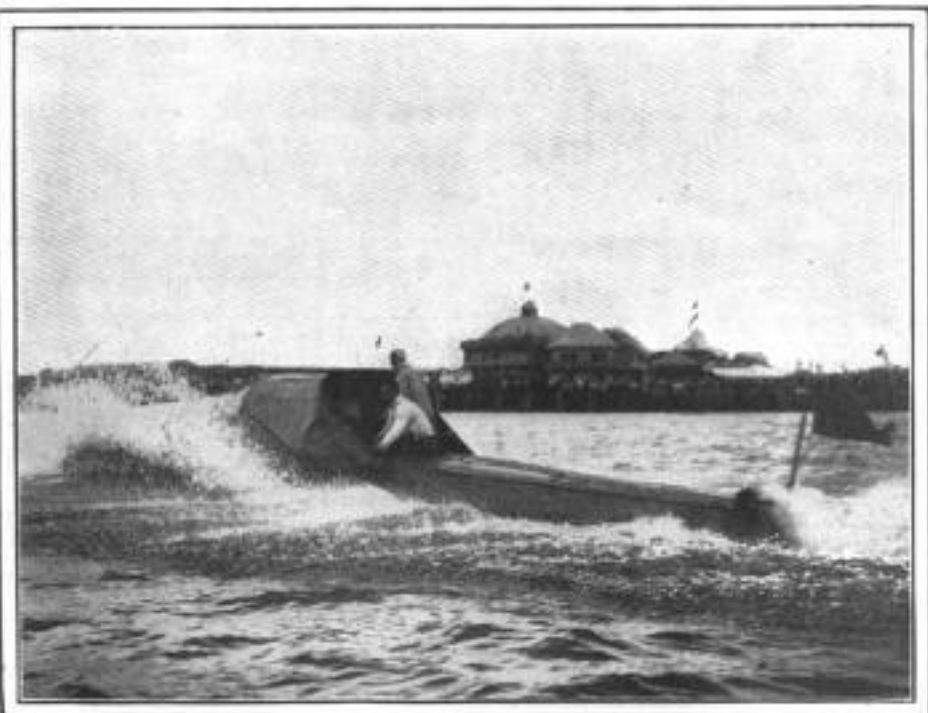


END OF THE FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILE RUN OF THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION—COMING INTO ST. LOUIS OVER THE EADS BRIDGE



HON. CHAMP CLARK OF MISSOURI MAKING THE SPEECH OF NOTIFICATION TO JUDGE ALTON B. PARKER, AT ESOPUS, AUGUST 11

The new harmony under which the dissenting factions of the Democratic Party have come to a reconciliation has at no time been shown in so dramatic and picturesque a way as when the noted Congressman from Missouri, who at the National Democratic Convention at St. Louis openly opposed Judge Parker's nomination, made on August 11th, at Esopus, New York, the notification speech to the party's Presidential nominee. Mr. Clark's address was warmhearted and sincere and Judge Parker's reply was equally cordial



S. F. EDGE IN "NAPIER II," THE WINNING BOAT



THE AMERICAN BOAT "CHALLENGER" SPEEDING AGAINST "NAPIER II"

# THE INTERNATIONAL MOTOR BOAT RACES AT COWES



alone with his wounded, and the red cross on his arm, did not the other prisoners, but properly his own. This was now beyond to realize that the suffering man vainly to ease his position with the surgeon gave it. When you Russia, his stupefaction was ex-

g more than another to be hoped which the Russians are learning give the Red Cross man and man in Russia a chance to ap- of the other great powers of the commentary on the way in which conducted that only two officers it possible that this war is to show inactivity has not only proven the inefficiency—even his unintelli- that his reputation for gallantry easily against feeble foes? Is he, spell of an enemy's continued suc-? Will it yet be beaten into his ry step of progress in the develop- war has become less a matter of ie of science, of work, and the calm, of a far higher-tempered type than Napoleon needed? In this little ac- you got the impression that the same ither the initiative nor the mastery form them and recharge a force of mbers were inclined in that crisis ld have been first) to lead from

#### ating the Spoils of War

ded waited for the litters, which went ample and returned empty, the Japa- appointed for the purpose were sepa- guing the equipment that had fallen hands. You had only to look at this ation of the marvel of the morning, : aluminium canteen of the Japanese d unsanitary wooden water-bottle of lead of the aluminium pannikin, light, n, was the bag of brown bread and the t with no attachment for the belt ex- place of the carefully fitted shoes and dmitting of rapid movement, were the o big for comfort or for getting a firm h ground. The Russians had come in

their clumsy gray overcoats, which tripped their legs when their boots did not, as if they were going to the rear instead of into a critical action in the darkness, where mobility and surefootedness are first principles. Besides this, the Russian's trousers were all too big, as was his coat. Everything about him was like a paternal muffler, putting him at the disadvantage of a man swimming in an ulster and gum boots. The contest was that of a gamecock and a big brahma. The feet of one runs to spurs and the other to feathers.

The Russian had come to count on his weight. Let the Little Father and the priests give the word and he would lumber on over the savages. The Japanese—far more highly civilized than the Russian—has been training mind and muscle to meet an adversary of great reputation. His first shock of surprise at Russian slowness and stupidity has passed. What he did this morning he now regards as the natural thing. He now has the confidence as well as the skill. His possible error is that he may think that other Occidental armies are like the Russian.

Looking from the trench to the field, you saw prostrate forms, the splotch of white bandages showing where they had been hit, or if they had none the surgeon had come to them too late. Parties with spades were going about the field searching in the bushes, and, when they came to a fallen Russian, bending over him and then passing on or beginning to dig a hole, which in a few minutes was replaced by a mound with a stone or stick which said in Japanese characters that a certain soldier of a certain Russian regiment was buried there.

There was one wounded Russian still lying on the field whose proper destiny is emigration to America. He alone of his comrades had not lost his humor or his faculties for occupation. When I approached him he was rolling a cigarette. At sight of an Occidental face his blue eyes twinkled and his even white teeth, polished by black bread, showed in a smile of recognition.

"Speak English?" he asked.

"Yes. Do you?" I responded eagerly.

"No," said he. "Sprechen Sie Deutsch?"

"Do you?" I asked.

"Nein!" Then he asked me about the French in the same way. Here was his little joke, and he laughed over it heartily, just as if he did not have a bullet hole through the thick of his leg which had bled profusely.

When I returned from the field this Ivan Ivanovitch of Kharkoff was holding a reception. His Japanese friends had made him a stone rest with boughs for a cushion. There was no need of his rolling cigarettes now. He had a row of them and other offerings by his right hand, and he had been offered drink out of water-

bottles until he could not swallow another drop. One of the dozen around him evidently spoke a good deal of Russian. Ivan told them where he lived, and he laughed and joked, but for such an intelligent fellow he was most stupid about the morning's operations and the number of troops engaged. On the strength of his smile, Ivan would get on anywhere in the world. Earlier I had seen a wounded Japanese who, too, had that gift of good cheer which must have made him a rallying point of camaraderie. Half a dozen were accompanying his litter. In the pauses they bent over him caressingly and kept away the flies. He was badly hit, but still he was smiling.

A dozen rods away from Ivan was another Russian who had the top of his head gashed with a bullet. Out of his mind, he would try to rise, and then again he would try to find his rifle and his accoutrements. The next man I came to had escaped death by the narrowest margin. The bullet had passed between the carotid artery and the jugular vein. Without bleeding much, he had a very stiff and very sore neck. Two Japanese infantrymen had appointed themselves as his guardians, and were escorting him slowly up the road. One was for making him a pillow out of boughs and waiting till he could be carried back; the other argued that litters were few, and he had better be walked to the old temple, and this view prevailed.

#### The End of the Day's Work

By noon there were mounds over most of the still figures which I had seen on my arrival, and the wounded had been carried back. Only the fresh spaces of earth six feet long, the grass trampled here and there, and the trench sprinkled with empty cartridge shells reminded one of the fight. The rifles of the company were still stacked, and the men were still on leave, wandering about at will as they would in the streets of a garrison town at home, while some were still busy counting the rifles, the cartridge cases, and the tin buckets which the enemy had left behind.

In a little war this affair would have been made the subject of songs in the music halls and poems in the evening papers. In military parlance it was a disastrous attempt to rush an outpost under cover of darkness. That sounds as proper and formal as calling out the guard. In fact, it was a struggle with cold steel between opponents armed with rifles that carry 2,500 yards; in fact, it had all the human elements and all the strategy, tactics, and unexpected contingencies of a battle compressed within the limits of the immediate comprehension of eye and mind.

## A QUIVER OF VERSE AGAINST WAR

### SHADOW OF SWORDS

at truth, that prophet wild and gaunt,  
ortal body in Medina lies;  
, fierce words the soul of the world still  
nt—  
: shadow of swords is Paradise!"

se heart of man is but savage still,  
aise of peace but an ill-worn half-disguise;  
ust be—"but masks his warlike will—  
e shadow of swords is Paradise."

### THE DIFFERENCE

ISAND men as one are slain—'tis naught;  
aman brother must by thee be slain.  
is ill! It is as we are taught;  
s Glorious War; that, Murder plain!  
men each side—they meet, they clash,  
—for private vengeance all unfain;  
—if thou slay in anger rash!—  
is Glorious War; one, Murder plain!

### "A LITTLE SOLDIER"

A True Incident

IT is the heart of Russia—  
That heart with every beat,  
An inward echo—answers  
The throb of marching feet.

It is a child's first letter:  
"I send thee all my love;  
While thou dost fight for Russia,  
I pray to God above."

'Tis "To a Little Soldier"  
That letter is addressed;

By

EDITH M. THOMAS

And with it goes a packet  
Of sweets the child loves best,

Of books himself has chosen,  
Of warmest things to wear,  
A pipe—and, yes! tobacco;  
All tied with loving care. . . .

It is the child's first letter,  
In straggling symbols traced;  
Five thousand versts it travels  
The white Siberian waste!

It is the camp at Dalny,  
Amid the lingering snows;  
There, to the youngest private,  
The child's first letter goes.

He reads it to his comrades—  
Scarce more than boys are they;  
And half the packet's treasures  
By lot he gives away.

He folds and keeps the letter,  
His answer speeds afar:  
"God love thee, Little Comrade,  
For comrades true we are:  
One fights, one prays for Russia,  
And for her dear White Czar!" . . .

It is a field of battle  
On which the sun has set;  
It is the child's first letter,  
With trickling life-blood wet!  
("Pray on, thou Little Comrade,  
Thy duty claims thee yet;  
Pray on—thy Little Soldier  
His death has gladly met!")

### WORLD-PATRIOTISM

THEY serve their Country who, at her behest,  
Against her foes their armed valor prove;  
But men would serve the World (and Country) best  
If, everywhere, no man to War would move.

For Best and Bravest War will have, or none,  
And Best and Bravest are Earth's good red wine;  
That wine, outpoured, remain the lees alone,  
And for the wasted vintage Earth must pine.

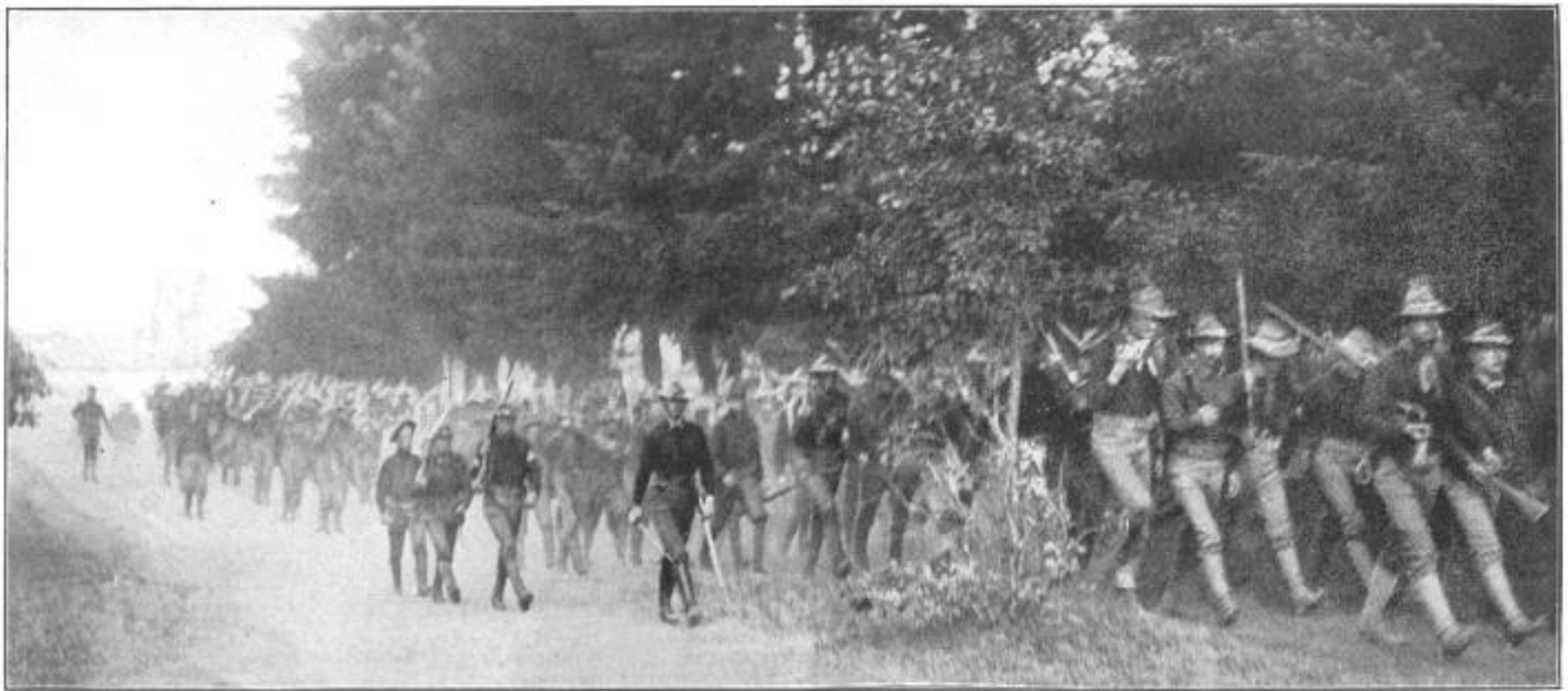
### CASSANDRA

I AM Cassandra, as in dreams of sleep  
Crying, "Beware, beware!" yet none gives ear.  
None flees before the looming Shape of Fear,  
None turns the footfall from the beetling steep.  
Ye heroes! whom unnumbered eyes shall weep,  
I speak in dreams, ye will not, will not hear?  
Accurs'd be War, that costs our world so dear!  
Accurs'd be Mars, who makes your pulses leap!

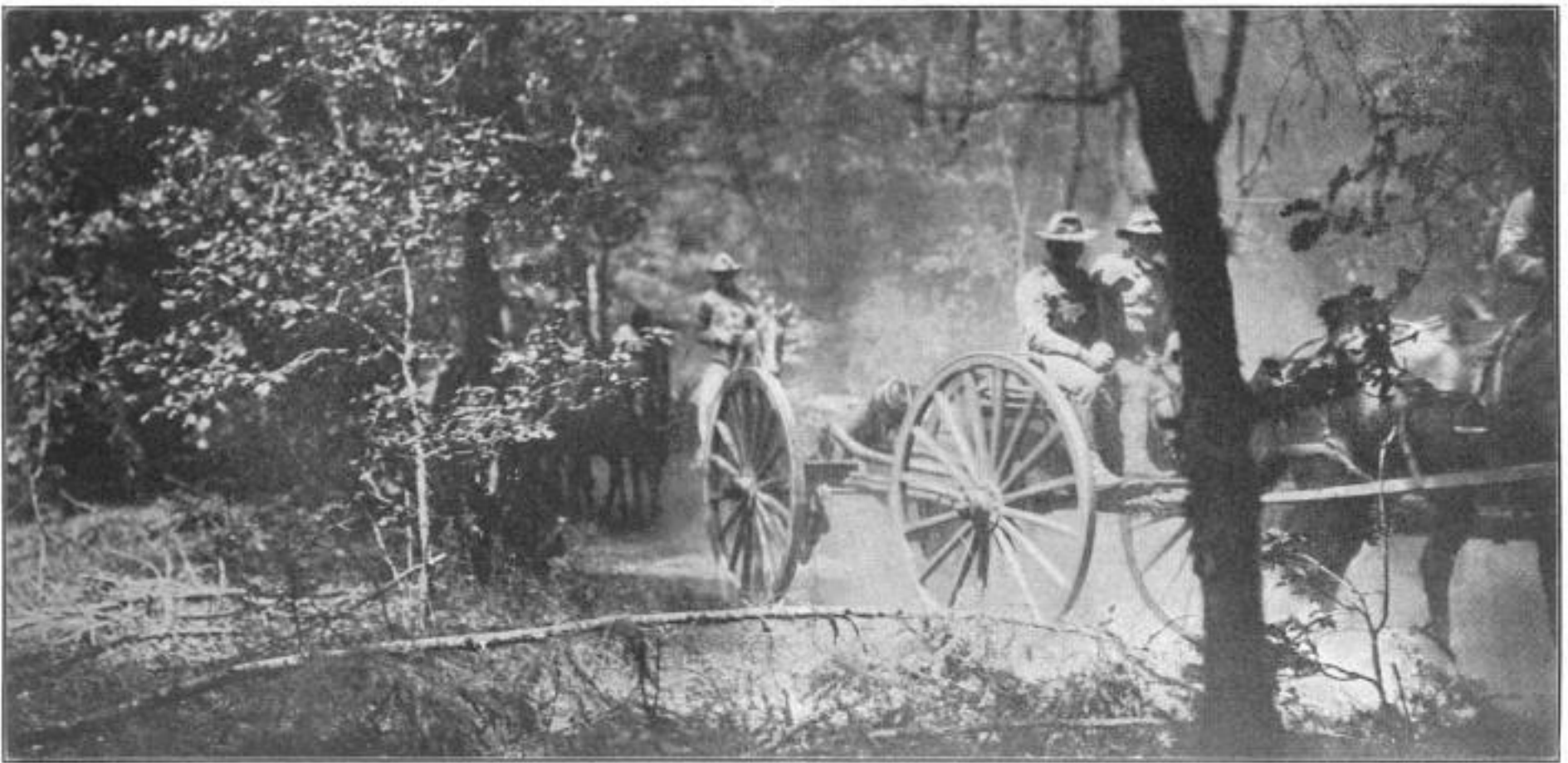
I am Cassandra. On my soul was laid  
Grave power of forecast. Ye are dead men all!  
The strewn field moans with the departing shade,  
And moaning answers from the empty hall—  
This of the wife, that of the plighted maid! . . .  
Oh, let the veil before my vision fall!



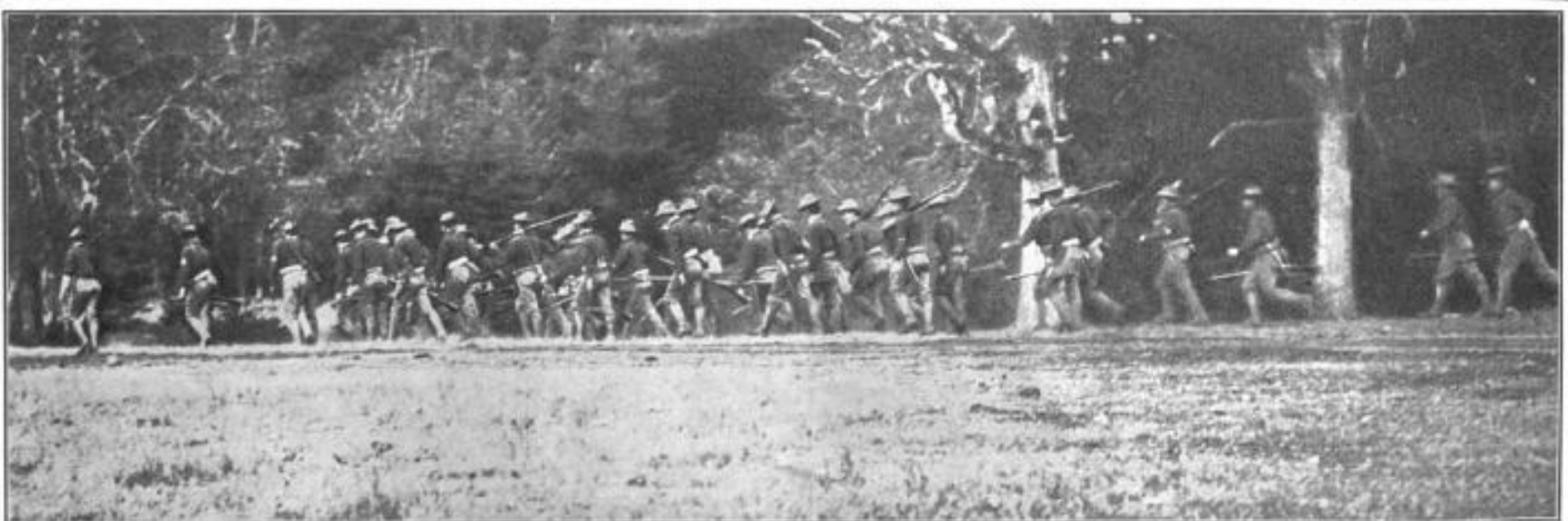




TROOPS MARCHING BACK TO CAMP AFTER A SHAM BATTLE



THE TWENTY-EIGHTH LIGHT BATTERY MOVING THROUGH HEAVY TIMBER



A PARTY OF SKIRMISHERS SETTING OUT FROM CAMP NISQUALLY

## THE ARMY MANOEUVRES AT AMERICAN LAKE, WASHINGTON

Five thousand men of the regular army and of the National Guard of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho were engaged in these manoeuvres, under command of Brigadier-General Frederick Funston. The troops consisted of infantry, cavalry, artillery, and signal corps, and were divided into two divisions occupying Camps Steilacoon and Nisqually, seven miles apart. The conditions of actual war were simulated as nearly as possible, the two divisions representing opposing armies. There were sham battles and other evolutions, lasting ten days in all.





LITTLE SERMONS IN PEN AND INK.—II  
 st of these "little sermons," "The Army of Work,"  
 blished in the Household Number for August. The third  
 t will appear in the Household Number for October,  
 he title of "When the Old Folks Come to Town"

FROM THE



st 27 1904



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## RTENDER'S POINT OF VIEW

RAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON





## BOOKS AND PLAYS

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

### sation with Mr. Elwell

receives some light from the fol-  
lowing:

New York, August 6, 1904

WEEKLY:  
ly to note the degrading spectacle  
most loud in their denunciation of  
erected in the rum business, to real-  
is interested in art reform mixed

Catholic Church left to hold up the  
although it has been supposed that  
tholics have put the rum shop un-

"Saturnalia" been exhibited, with  
a, perhaps we would not have un-  
known.

"In the eleventh commandment it  
thing for this community.  
our obedient servant,

F. EDWIN ELWELL,  
Director Metropolitan Museum of Art.

atter is that the curator of the  
d modern statuary in the most  
merica is out of sympathy with  
America. General Cesnola, un-  
um, has always been a stum-  
ogress, and Mr. Elwell seems  
His letter, which is a response  
department last month about  
alia," shows more heat than  
bout the connection between  
ondi's work has any founda-  
n a dream, Mr. Elwell would  
y letting the facts be known.  
t to understand more clearly  
een the artistic controversy  
her Church.

Elwell, occupying a position  
ow and care something about  
orm to represent all the best  
y are too busy to be an asso-  
That is left to men without  
sculptors' society to inter-  
episode, but although that  
scrities and nullities, the  
iso. They unanimously re-  
artridge and form another  
g other causes, spring the  
omit the point about what



KAYE

the deeper question of  
well can find any artist  
sculptor, architect, or  
ate of the "Saturnalia,"  
himself and the Metro-  
nified position in which

ent does Mr. Elwell  
style makes George  
comparison.  
line think the manage-  
grace to New York and

the United States. Mr. Elwell does not agree with  
them. It will be a pleasure to COLLIER'S at any time  
to give a fuller hearing to his side of a controversy  
which must end, sooner or later, in an entire cleaning  
out of all that he and General Cesnola stand for, and  
the introduction of what he sarcastically calls art  
reform, which merely means art standards in the Mu-  
seums worthy of the country which stands second to-  
day, among the nations of the Western world, in land-  
scape painting, first or second in sculpture, first or  
second in architecture, and boasts that the greatest  
portrait painter of the day is hers by blood at least.  
The first-rate artists are nearly enough in agreement  
in their opinions on controverted questions generally,  
as they are on the principles now being fought about  
in Washington and New York. It is second and third  
rate artists who are in line with the suspicions and  
prejudices of the more untutored public, and endeavor  
to work up distrust of the men who are giving to  
American art the position which it is rapidly assuming.

### A Real Dramatic Poet

OF all the plays that incumber my desk, most are  
without form and void. Sometimes there is a bit  
of movement, character, or style, which looks like  
a germ of future strength, but seldom indeed does a  
play chance along which is practical and at the same  
time literature. Such a piece now lies before me.

Percy Mackaye is a poet and a dramatist. I should  
not be surprised if he took some day in America a posi-  
tion like that held by Stephen Phillips in England.  
Some of his verses have been published in periodicals,  
and have lyric beauty. His one published play, "The  
Canterbury Pilgrims," in spite of its undramatic  
theme, shows poetic and dramatic gift. The drama  
now upon my desk is as unmistakably dramatic as it is  
full of imagination. The author has started with the  
idea which Hawthorne sketched humorously in "Feath-  
er-top," an idea which, a satirist would add, is more  
familiar to the public in "The Wizard of Oz"—a scare-  
crow become a living man. On this theme Mr. Mac-  
kaye has built what he exactly calls a tragedy of the  
ludicrous. The first act gives the creation of the scare-  
crow man, and reveals the witch's plot to punish with  
this prodigy the lover who betrayed her youth. The  
second and third acts are full of power. The former  
betrayer, now a Judge of dignity and station, has  
adopted a girl, to whom the scarecrow, as a foreign  
nobleman, now makes love. All are deceived except  
the Justice, who is kept silent by threats from the fiend  
who prompts the scarecrow. The comedy is as fine as  
the drama is intense. The opportunities, for an actor  
capable of the weird, are peculiar. Tree or Mansfield,  
or even, perhaps, a less firmly established character  
actor, like Arnold Daly, would find the part excep-  
tional. The scarecrow is passed upon the Judge as the  
hell-born child of his youthful escapade. Richard, the  
young girl's affianced lover, also has a faint suspicion  
of the truth:

*The Justice.* Cynthia!—a crested seal!  
*Dickon (the fiend).* His lordship's crest, sir; rooks rampant.  
*Rachel (the fiancée).* Have you noticed his bearing, Richard? What  
personal distinction!—what inbred nobility! Every inch a true lord.  
*Richard.* He may be a lord, my dear, but he walks like a broomstick.

The scarecrow lives only while he smokes, and the  
devil-inspired explanations of his smoking in society  
form dialogue of rare humor. The torture of the  
Justice, the naïveté of the minor characters and the  
heroine, the wit and ingenuity of the fiend, the rest-  
lessness of Richard, and the grotesque nobility of the  
scarecrow are worked along in scenes of sure dramatic  
power, rising strikingly into the supernatural, with  
accompaniment of cawing rooks. Many an attempt has  
been made to dramatize "The Scarlet Letter," but Mr.  
Mackaye is probably the only American who could  
handle with success a Hawthorne theme. The play is  
original, not only in the full dramatic structure built  
upon the merely sketched foundation; not only in in-  
vented characters, scenes, and dialogue; but also in the  
skilful metamorphosis into a tragic fancy, differing so  
essentially from the airy graces of Hawthorne's story.

### The Author of "Hazel Kirke"

MR. MACKAYE comes naturally by his dramatic  
gifts, for his father was Steele Mackaye, author  
of "Hazel Kirke," "Paul Kauvar," "In Spite of  
All," "Dakota," "Rose Michel," and many other plays.  
The father's strange conglomeration of tendencies—  
he was painter, lecturer, dramatist, manager, actor, and  
inventor—have become differentiated in his sons. One,

now dead, was an actor of promise. One is a chemist  
by profession, with excursions in philosophy. The  
youngest studies forestry. A patent lawyer, Harold  
Steele Mackaye, published this season a novel called  
"The Panchronicon." Percy Mackaye's interests have  
never wandered from the drama. As a child he was  
his father's companion, before and behind the scenes.  
The boy was about a dozen years old when the two first  
went together to a Shakespeare play. "It is the form,"  
said the son, no doubt in more childish language, "that  
has made it live." "No," said the father, "it is the  
passion and emotion." The literary instinct was never  
carried so far in Steele Mackaye as the more primitive



STEELE MACKAYE

sense of life. His career was that of one overflowing  
with vitality. As a boy he studied painting under  
Hunt, and then went to Paris, where he lived and  
talked and painted in the studios of famous men.  
Friendship with Delsarte led to his introducing the  
Delsarte system to America. Enthusiasm for those  
doctrines led him to illustrate them on the stage, and  
he helped to write the play "Monaldi," with a sculptor  
for hero, to elucidate more graphically the gospel of  
Delsarte. He produced it in England, where he also  
took the part of Hamlet, although as a rule he acted  
only when his convenience as a manager invited. For  
teaching the Delsarte system his terms rose to \$15  
for half an hour, but his enthusiastic nature sometimes  
multiplied the half-hour into four while succeeding  
pupils had to wait. When he opened the Madison  
Square, "Hazel Kirke" was put on as a stop-gap, be-  
cause Charles Reade's new version of "Masks and  
Faces" was not quite ready. "Hazel Kirke" ran four  
hundred nights and was shut off to make room for Wil-  
liam Gillette's long-postponed "Professor." Having  
trouble with his associates, Mackaye started the Ly-  
ceum. His activities during this period included the  
invention of a double stage, the installation of the first  
theatre-ventilating apparatus, and the foundation of  
a school of acting, assisted by Franklin Sargent, now  
at the head of the principal American dramatic school.  
Last of all his schemes was the Mackaye Spectatorium  
at the Chicago Fair of 1893. It failed then for lack of  
funds, and just as Mackaye believed that he had proved  
its practicability, later, with a smaller model, he died,  
with his mind full of science, art, and every human  
interest.

### Names and the Thing

JOURNALISM moves rapidly, but even journalism  
has delays. As COLLIER'S is to have actual reviews  
of books and plays when its Review Number is in-  
stalled, the last moment for a proper title to this  
department of essays on the arts recedes with the re-  
cession of that new number. As the Review Number  
has been postponed, and the ideal name for this de-  
partment has not appeared, the old, inaccurate one can  
be continued, if need be, for several months.

"Readings and Reflections" attracted me, but in part  
of the months there will be no reading.

"The Literary Dude" produced hilarity in the office,



as it was deemed to fit the crime; but a joke will hardly last forever.

"Halts by the Roadside" contains a fit idea too sentimentally expressed.

"Palettes of the Times," from Ben Jonson, modified into "Tastes of the Time," would be right were COLLIER'S a more literary and a less popular publication.

From a mass of suggestions, ranging from the hackneyed to the bizarre, and from the felicitous to the absurd, these come nearest to the editorial desire.

#### Poetry and Youth

ONE of the questions we ask ourselves as we grow older is whether we lose poetic feeling as our youth recedes. Darwin's case is often quoted as the type. Reading, the other day, a poem that was a favorite of my college days, I wondered whether it

might not be true of others also, that, although we may enjoy poetry no less as the years pass, it is harder to branch out in new poetic directions. The poems and poets we read are those we learned to read when the mind was soft and our habits not yet formed. Later, when we are led to a new masterpiece, we are able to "see, not feel, how beautiful it is." The keenest pleasure comes from beauties which have reverberated in us many times. No newly discovered play by Shakespeare, however great, could give me the emotions raised by those which have played upon my nature every year since the early teens. This line of thought was started by a little book of verses, which lay upon the table of a friend, and carried me back to college days, when half a dozen lines of mere translation convinced a group of youthful editors that William Vaughn Moody was a poet. In this collection only one poem from Mr. Moody's college work was included, and that I liked it best in the collection proved more about

youth and later life than about the relative merits of the poems. It now reads thus:

#### HARMONIES

This string upon my harp was best beloved:  
I thought I knew its secrets through and through;  
Till an old man, whose young eyes lightened blue  
'Neath his white hair, bent over me and moved  
His fingers up and down, and broke the wire  
To such a laddered music, rung on rung,  
As from the patriarch's pillow skyward sprung  
Crowded with wide flung wings and feet of fire.  
O vibrant heart! So metely tuned and strung  
That any untaught hand can draw from thee  
One clear gold note that makes the tired years young—  
What of the time when Love had whispered me  
Where slept thy notes, and my hand pausefully  
Gave to the dim harmonics voice and tongue?

In the original form, as I remember it, the last lines speak of the time when love shall whisper the secrets which now are put into the past, and that change seems to me unpoetical and sad.

## FIVE LITTLE MEN

By W. A. FRASER

*This is the fourth story of a series of six tales dealing with the adventures of Aleck, Teddy, Cyril, Jimmy, and Stewart, five youngsters who devote their entire time and attention to looking for trouble. In this quest they are peculiarly successful, as is shown by these recitals of their adventures. The present tale deals with an experiment in dynamics. The previous stories appeared in the June, July, and August Household Numbers. The others will be published in successive Household Numbers under the following titles: "The Awakening of Rastus," and "A Gaudy Combat"*

### IV.—THE PATIENT FOG SIGNAL

THE guileless shiny little tin box that was a fog signal, and a wrist watch, and a toy of mysterious delight, became a potent factor, a Frankenstein, an old man of the sea to its possessor, Aleck Graham. And yet it was wealth—it was a lever to move all other boys to compliance; the loan of it for half a day was a favor to be bought with marbles, or a top, or a ripe peach.

Its owner, the Graham of Scotch thrift, went the length of farming it out for real money.

Cyril Baker paid two cents for the privilege of carrying it one day; and Tootie Drummond gave a lien for equal rights in the first five cents he might earn, and became proprietor of the tin-inclosed dynamite for a day and night.

Even in that brief time he put his sister's nerves out of gear for a month by threatening to "bust" the explosive thing in the house.

It was Jack Woolley, the much wise, the oracle, who imparted to Aleck the secret of the fog signal's mysterious use. But even Jack knew nothing of the fraction of dynamite it contained, nor of its virility—just that it made a noise when run over, or "busted," as he put it.

Aleck had promised Ted, and Brownie, and Tootie that he would bust it some day—yes, some day; but in the meantime it was a power, and he was wise enough in his boyhood to feel that a shattered fog signal would be but a bit of tin. So he nursed the influence; as the Spartan boy carried the fox within his rough shirt, Aleck homed the explosive signal on his wrist.

At school he hid it in his desk, and at night it rested beneath his pillow; with gravity many times a day he gave the boys correct time from it.

Aleck had chores to do at home. He brought up coal for the kitchen stove. Once the signal fell with strong clatter from his wrist to the brick floor of the cellar. "Golly!" he told the boys later; "blamed if I didn't think the darned old thing would get busted sure, an' we'd 'a' lost all the fun."

The next time he laid it on the stove as he picked up the scuttle, and it was pushed about among flatirons and pots by Cook Jane, who was quite ignorant of its volcanic tendency.

Considering everything, its temptations, it must be said that the fog signal was wonderfully tolerant of abuse. It even became somewhat of a protection to its wearer. His threat to strike one of the other boys with it generally averted war.

But in time the glamour of its compelling influence began to wear off. The boys tired of following Aleck wherever he led them—fishing trips to streams devoid of fish, bird nesting where there were no nests; Tootie even helped him with his chores—and all because of indefinite promises from Aleck that he would bust the signal. So some real efforts were made to bring about the desired event.

In the very first serious attempt, the bus was hit upon as a likely vehicle; of course, the driver was not consulted.

A dozen times Aleck placed the torpedo on the hard graveled road just before the bus swung around the hotel corner, but the wheels always missed fire—it was difficult to gauge just where a wheel would or would not run. Then they lay in wait for farmers' wagons coming up the main street—they were steadier. Nothing came of it, except one or two cuts from the whips of suspicious teamsters.

Then little Jimmie Maclean was seized with a brilliant idea. His father had a buggy that was generally in the driving shed. There was a sharp-inclined, hard-

bottomed bit of road from the shed, and they could let the buggy sizzle over the fog signal and see what it would do to the vehicle when it busted.

Very cheerfully they took up Jimmie's idea, accepting his assurance that his "dad" was away from home.

Aleck placed the tin-covered dynamite on the driveway; the others shoved the buggy out a little. "Let her go!" yelled Teddy, and merrily enough it clattered down the hill, missing the small object and taking three pickets from a fence in the hollow.

"Guess we skew-geed the wheels anyhow," declared Teddy, as they laboriously pulled the buggy up again.

This catastrophe proved the fallacy of Jimmie's information as to his father's absence from home. The crash brought the reverend gentleman from his study; he issued forth with alacrity. The boys departed with even greater speed, Aleck taking the instrument of misfortune with him. Even little Jimmie fled—undutifully turned a back upon his irate father and fled. And as his little feet pattered down the road, he lamented: "I'll get licked—I'll get an awful welting, 'cause the buggy's smashed—it wasn't my fault."

"Tell yer father we did it, kid, and shut up blubbering—then he won't lick you," panted Aleck, as he scuttled along beside the little fellow.

"Bet you we'll all get licked," said Tootie, when they made a halt, blocks away. "My dad said he'd strap me the next thing we broke."

"B'lieve I'll throw the blamed thing in Lawson's pond," muttered Aleck in disgust. "Don't believe it'll bust anyway—bet there ain't nothin' in it. Guess I'll throw it in to-night when it gets dark," he continued reflectively.

"I'm goin' home," remarked Tootie.

"Don't go home, fellers," pleaded Jimmie; "let me go home with you, Stubs; will you—do, Teddy?"

"Go to yer Auntie's, Jimmie," advised Tootie, always full of resource; "tell her you're afraid, an' that you didn't do nothin', an' that your dad's awful cross—she'll hide you, an' your maw 'll get lonesome—p'raps she'll think you've gone an' drowned yourself, or got run over—"

"That's a bully way, kid," chipped in Cyril. "I did that onct when I broke the big window."

"I'm goin' home, fellers," repeated Stubs monotonously.

"So'm I," added Tootie, and Jimmie in despair went to his aunt's.

Aleck forgot all about the pond as a receptacle for the fog signal, and in the morning, his fear having departed somewhat, hunted up Cyril.

"I know a jim-dandy place to bust it," he confided: "up to Lawson's mill. They've got a funny little track there, a real iron track that we can put it on, an' when Old Bill pushes the car that they put the boards on over it, bet you anythin' it'll go off."

"Jimmie!" exclaimed Brownie. "Say, Aleck, won't that be great? It'll scare Old Bill—p'raps he'll give us a lickin'." he added fearfully.

"No, he won't neither—can't we hide after we put it on?"

"Let's go and get Stubs."

"No, we'll just go by ourselves."

The track alluded to by Aleck ran from one part of the mill to the other on an elevated way over the road.

"Say, Aleck," whispered Cyril, when they had fastened the fog signal to the small iron rail, just above the road, "nobody ain't see us, let's go in and help Bill take the boards off, then he'll let us ride back on the old car, an' we can hear it bust. He won't know we put it on—anyway we can run if he goes to ketch us—will you, Aleck?"

Graham hesitated. It seemed like shaking hands with trouble.

"Guess you're afraid," taunted Cyril. "I wouldn't be—I ain't 'fraid of Old Bill; he's got lumbago an' couldn't kick a feller."

"No, I ain't afraid; only if we was down on the road we could see it tumble. P'raps it'll blow up the car, an' we could see it tumble."

"If you ain't afraid let's go on the car—will you, Aleck?"

Cyril's insinuation had its effect—Aleck couldn't



The boy was led into the house, where the doctor took stitches in the great gash in his face

"You hold the blamed tin thing, Aleck," he continued, "an' steer it so's the wheels 'll run over it."

Once more the buggy was cut afloat with racing speed, and little Jimmie, clinging too long to his shaft, the front axle kinked, and the rig curved gracefully through the flower garden until a hind wheel clove a glass-covered hothed like a knife cutting cake. It contained no plants at that season, but the structure was quite demolished. Incidentally, in its parabolic voyage the rig had careened off a beehive and the honey-brewers were out in a second attending to business.



and the accusation of cowardice, and Old Bill, to his delight, soon had two willing helpers at work undoing the lumber.

"Git on en hev a ride, boys," he said cheerfully, as the last board had been shifted. It was slightly down grade back, and the old gentleman, giving the car a start, sat on it, his legs dangling on the side, unconscious of the probability that if the signal which was on that rail exploded he would be a heel, or a few toes, or perhaps even a leg. In time to the two conspirators it must be said that they had no idea of such catastrophe.

"Sit still," commanded Bill. "What y'u jigglin' and 'bout—yei'll fall off an' break yer necks. My! at in Jeruzlam wuz that?" as the wheels bumped, over the obstruction.

But the inconsiderate torpedo did not explode; it still clinging tenaciously to the track, its upper crust flattened to a sodden pie.

The boys retrieved their toy and descended to the ground.

"Guess 'tain't no good, Brownie," said Aleck; "don't leave it's a gun-thing at all."

"Bet you got to hit it hard," opined Cyril. "Bet a swat from an axe 'd make it sizzle. Have you got to your house? Hold on, Aleck—where you goin'?" exclaimed as his companion started on the run.

Getting no answer, he followed. Aleck had practi-

cally stolen Cyril's patent, the idea of the axe, and was heading for home at full speed, as he said afterward, "to have first try."

Down the main street from the mill, down the lane to the back yard and into the woodshed raced the boys, Aleck still in the lead. But delay in finding the axe offset the victory of the run.

"I got first swipe at it," asserted Aleck. "Funny we never thought of the axe afore, ain't it, Brownie?"

"All right," agreed Cyril; "here's a big chunk of wood, Aleck, jus' set it on that, an' hit 'er plunk as hard as you can."

Aleck had found the axe by this time. Cyril's instructions were carried out to the letter, and his companion brought the axe down with a woodman's swing.

"Bang!!!"

The very atmosphere of Tona was cracked asunder as though some strange thunderbolt had wandered into town and butted up against a rock.

The fog signal, small, but of fierce force, long tortured in its innocuous quietude, awoke to activity with a start that carried its reckless assailant several feet into the air, and dropped him, much shattered, on his head. He staggered to his feet, his face streaming with blood, and Cyril, who had marvelously escaped hurt, bravely ran to his assistance.

"Come on, Aleck—come away to the doctor!" he pleaded, catching the boy's arm.

As the little fellows staggered up the lane, a woman with a white face and heart almost stopped in fear, rushed madly from the house and screamed: "Help, help! Oh, God, my boy is killed!" Then she had him in her arms, her dress stained red, and turning, started to run.

"Give him to me, Mrs. Graham," said a man's voice, and people were running from every direction, the fierce explosion having startled every one in the village.

But Aleck slipped to his feet, and, the first fierce burst of crying over, struggling bravely with the pain, sobbed, "I can walk, mother—"

"There's a brave little man—I'll run for the doctor," interrupted the neighbor.

The boy was led into the house, and in a very few minutes the doctor was taking stitches in the great gash that had laid his cheekbone bare.

"It will take some weeks healing," the doctor said, "and he will probably have a scar for life."

For days Aleck was a hero; one to receive presents. Cakes and pies, even flowers, were brought by his companions. Teddy and Cyril and Tootie—each one of the three had cheerfully at individual times punched the little man in fierce combat—now sat hours with him daily, and read books to him, and played with household toys, and generally pretended that it wasn't much of a day to play outside anyway.

Such is the freemasonry of boyhood.

## THE NEW GLORIES OF CONEY ISLAND

By ARTHUR B. RUHL : : Illustrated by W. GLACKENS

IT BEGINS to look as though there were nothing stable in this world of change. When Coney Island, the old "Cooney" of song and story, puts on fine raiment, decks herself with jeweled lights and beaues polite, what is there left to tie to? Things seem to be going to the demnition bow-wows. If I were a poet I would write a ballad to the refrain "O where is Cooney of yesteryear?" Where is Bosco, the Wild Man—Alive! Alive! He eats 'em alive!"—roaring and rattling his chains down at the bottom of cage and biting the heads off of snaky eels? Where is Fatima, the Pride of the Harem—Watch the little lady dance! She's all music; every fibre a palpitating atom of action, she don't dance with her feet!"—Fatima, standing on the platform behind the "barker," face veiled and her dingy bathrobe swaying mournfully in the cool sea breeze? Where are the "barkers," and the insistent perfume of crabs and boiled green-corn and frankers, and the great unwashed host taking annual bath, far into the night, out there on black water under the iron piers, amid rain, wet melon rinds? O where, indeed, "Cooney" of yesteryear?

### A Thousand Shows

new Coney Island is a sort of cross between the outside of the modern world's fair and inside of the modern midway. It is a maze of white walls and towers and land myriads of sparkling lights. There are glittering "ballrooms" as big as a block almost, at one end, on the pier on land, and there is an imitation Durbar, with all the elephants and odd things, a half-mile or so away at the other. And between these two extremes about every kind of eccentric sort of amusement which the brain of the modern proprietor can devise. There are chutes and loop-the-loops and bump-the-bumps and scenic railways over the earth, under the sea, to the mountains of the moon; and even the Tyrolean Alps. You know they're the Alps, it says so and because a trio of comedians of whom plays two horns at once, stand on top of a Swiss chalet and play extremely well with much tonguing and variations, while deciding whether or not you want to go in and

are trying to listen to the orchestra playing "Good-bye, Bluebells" on the other side of the lagoon. There is a real submarine boat which goes under real water, and a baby incubator, and a free three-ring circus which thousands can watch; and the trained animals of the sprightly Mr. Bostock and a "real naval battle" between the Russian and Japanese fleets, the entrance to which bears the sentimental and cheering illuminated sign, "War is Hell," said General Sherman. These are a very few of the shows.



A young woman sail d down the chute

And it is quite decorous for any one to go. This summer folks bowl down to Coney after dinner at the uptown restaurants in appalling white devil-wagons, or motor-boats that swirl down from the Battery or East Thirty-fourth Street at twenty knots. People could have gone in the same way to the old Coney Island, but it rarely would have occurred to them even if there had been as many motor-boats and devil-wagons as there are now. Nowadays you not only can do these things, but they are "done." And along with the devil-wagon and motor-boat people, and those who used to make up the greater part of the Coney Island crowd, are hundreds and hundreds of quite comfortable-looking folk; fathers and mothers with their families, who, until this summer or last, never thought of going to Coney Island before.

The first thing you see in the new Coney Island is the big "ballroom." It is a building, the sides of which are mostly glass, on the shore-end of the pier—"fanned by ocean breezes"—and almost as dazzlingly bright within as those places where you sit in a sort of white box two feet away from a searchlight and have your photograph taken on a button in ten seconds. The orchestra plays in a gallery in front of a sounding-board, and when the noise billows back and forth across the vast hall it is enough, if not to terrify, certainly to make one want to dance. When the band begins to play, scores, and if it is a Saturday or Sunday night, hundreds flock from the tables and from the less interesting amusements outside on to this vast floor. The young men mostly grasp their partners by putting both hands under their arms or upon, not about, their waists; the young women, who, by all wearing exactly the same style of pompadour and shirtwaist, manage to look as much as possible alike, do the same thing, and then they dance in "half time" with the greatest solemnity about the hall. This style of dancing consists of an oblique sort of walking, varied now and then with a turn. The oblique walk is done with a quick, relentless, soldier-like step, and this, together with the rigid solemnity of the dancers' faces, gives to the whole a strange hypnotic charm.

### A Glorified Cellar-Door to Slide On

After the solemnity of the ballroom it is rather a relief to get out into the open and see the chutes and people "bumping-the-bumps" and such simple and moving things. One of the things which the crowd likes best is a sort of winding inclined trough, made of bamboo and polished smooth as glass. You sit down in this at the top and slide to the bottom, precisely as a piece of ice slides down a chute into a cellar, except that you go about twice as fast and are likely to be upset at the turns. This slide costs nothing at all except the trouble of climbing to the top of it, and the charm of it is correspondingly insidious. People are often most vain about the littlest things, and they get it into

their heads, as they shoot down the slide, that they have an improved way of taking the turns or of making themselves slide faster, and they go back to try again, and pretty soon they get the habit.

"You want to lean in when you strike the curves," a man said to me the other night, as we stood staring with the crowd at the bottom. "That's the whole secret of it." And he fell to pulling his mustache and staring fixedly at the glassy chute as though he were a Japanese general trying to discover a strategic weakness in the defences of Port Arthur. There was an exceedingly plump young woman who sailed down the chute, as we stood there watching, some ten or fifteen times. When I strolled on she was still at it, quite self-centred and unconscious, and apparently having the time of her life. She was so heavy that she slid much faster than anybody else, especially than the little children, and sometimes when half a dozen of them were ahead of her she would swoop down upon them and carry them along with her as an avalanche might swoop down on a party of mountain climbers. She took the corners with the grace of a cup defender rounding the outer mark in a fifteen-knot breeze. You could see that she knew this and that the consciousness of it thrilled her. Children were mowed down before her, fat men with umbrellas skidded along behind like auto-trucks on wet asphalt, but she came down bolt erect, each time faster than before, her hands in her lap and a fixed hypnotic smile on her face. It seemed a pity that she had to climb back each time to the top again. One could fancy her dreaming of endless slides down vast abysses where you never find the bottom. "changed not in kind, but in degree," as Mr. Browning said, "the instant made eternity."

### The Bumps are the Newest Attraction

Bump-the-bumps is this summer's variation of the slide down the bamboo trough. In this you slide down a broad polished incline covered with irregular rounded bumps not steep enough to hurt, but steep enough



"I guess we don't belong"

to upset you and shunt you here and there precisely like a ball dropping down a bagatelle-board. It is an amusement not involving any very intense mental strain, and is highly recommended for "breaking the ice," a process which should begin early in a visit to Coney Island. The most pleasing of these instruments of torture, involving a rapid shifting of equilibrium, is the aerial merry-go-round or stationary flying-machine. This consists of a number of boats hung by long cables to a horizontal wheel set high in the air. You board the boats from a raised platform, the electricity is turned on, the wheel up above revolves, and as it turns, faster and faster, the boats are swung out by centrifugal force until you are flying round and round over the heads of the crowd below and apparently almost at right angles to the wheel from which the cables are hung. Of course, the angle isn't nearly a right angle, but as you hang on tight and nourish the agreeable expectation that the cables will break the next second, and the boat be hurled down upon the crowd, it seems quite all of ninety degrees. The cables and the upper wheel and the upright that supports them are all sparkling with electric lights, so that at a distance the machine



dance! she don't dance with her feet!





THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON CROWDS ON THE BEACH AT CONEY ISLAND

looks somewhat like a gigantic illuminated umbrella twirling round and round. For the spectators the thing has real airiness and beauty, and a more charming way of trifling with gravity it would be hard to devise.

One of the things which Americans who were brought up on the old Barnum school miss in the new Coney is the scarcity of places where one can be fooled. In the old days you went into a ramshackle shanty, and after a few very poor songs or a mournful bit of dancing the "barker" arose, and in a hoarse whisper requested "all the ladies to pass out." Then, with a wealth of innuendo and the manner of one imparting to a long-lost friend of his youth the secret of the location of a gold mine, he told the men present that if they would pass into the next room they would see the real thing, the only real thing on the Island, for the trifling additional sum of ten cents. The proper thing to do was to look very much bored and start slowly for the front door, whereupon, after the mob of willing performers had passed into the side-room at a ten-cent rate, the "barker" would beckon to you and mutter sadly, "Well, come on, young fellow, call it five and let 'er go at that." You then had the thrilling satisfaction of having beaten the "barker," and when you had passed through the side-door and found yourself out in the cold, unsympathetic air of the outside street, you had the added satisfaction of knowing that you had been fooled again. But as that was what you had gone to Coney for, you returned to town in high good humor. Nowadays the shows are ordered differently. They are actually planned for sane people who want to sit in agreeable surroundings and see something new and diverting. There are so many good shows that there isn't space here even to glance at them. One of the best is the imitation fire in a city street, with a real city fire department to put out the blaze and real people to jump into the fire-nets from sixth-story windows.

#### The Fire Show

At this show the audience sits on one side of what appears to be a city square in lower New York. The square is life size, or looks to be so, and is lined on three sides with shops and tenements and the hotel that presently burns. A trolley car runs back and forth across the square, there are pushcart men, and a hurdy-gurdy with dancing children, a lighted barroom, a chop suey restaurant, night-hawk cabbies driving here and there, a procession or two, and a lot of street types doing all

sorts of typical and effectively arranged things with so much spirit and comic effect that the ensemble reminds one in the most extraordinary way not so much of New York as of the crowded comic action of one of Hogarth's drawings of London streets. Finally a glow of light shows through the window of the hotel; the porter runs out and turns in the alarm, and from the two engine houses on either side you can see the firemen sliding down the brass poles and buckling the harness.

#### Real Fire and Real Fire Engines

Out of the houses the horses leap at full gallop, the engines whistling as they come; there are shouts and cries and people at the windows of the hotel, wringing their hands and begging for help. The fire gets worse and worse, an aerial ladder and water tower come galloping up from a side street, the firemen scramble up the burning building with scaling ladders, and presently the battalion chief comes on the dead run, his bell clanging just as it clangs in real life. There are explosions; the whole square is alight with

the flames and filled with the shrill whistling and throbbing of the engines. At last a fire-net is spread and the folks in the upper windows jump for their lives. They do it so well that nothing looks easier than landing right side up in a fire-net. You think of the subtly-phrased sign at the other end of the Island: "Safest Family Fire Escape. Show Your Courage in Case of Fire," and wonder why net-jumping isn't introduced in the bump-the-bump class of amusements. At any rate, all of them are saved, the last one from the roof with a searchlight turned on him, and with the hose-pipes and water still playing, and before the flames have died down the long curtains are drawn across the square. It is an extraordinarily realistic show, well worked out.

Although the new Coney has come, the old Coney has, of course, not yet quite gone. Some of its streets are still left, with their tumble-down music halls and squealing merry-go-rounds, their fried clams and frankfurters, and strong-men machines and shooting galleries, but the "barkers" don't bark as they used to bark, and things don't seem the same. When the last boat starts up the bay, people gaze at the sparkling walls and festoons and strings of lamps, and at the great tower of light that dominates the new Coney shining out against the night. "It's really beautiful, isn't it?" they say, with a quaint, almost reluctant, credulity, and you can see them examining the tower and talking about its "lines."

#### The New Era

I often wonder what the ghosts of the old "barkers" and the Chimmies and Mamies who used to gather in the dark corners of the old steamboats ten years ago, in the days when "After the Ball" was new, and the organs played "East Side, West Side, All Around the Town," would think could they float down the bay again one of these summer nights. You can imagine them staring blankly at the fairy city of lights and blazing towers, you can see them landing at the boat pier and walking furtively through the vast glittering ballrooms, scurrying through the dazzling streets and across the Venetian bridges, and at last escaping through a turnstile to some dark and distant corner of the Island, where a lone "barker" croaks rancorously the charms of some deserted show. You can see them shrinking closer to each other and further into the shadow, and Mamie whispers, "Say! Chimmie! What'er we up ag'inst?" "Search me," says Chimmie, "I guess we don't belong."



THE ILLUMINATION OF DREAMLAND'S TOWER AT NIGHT



# PLEHVE'S LAST INTERVIEW

*the Russian Minister of the Interior, held a few days before his Assassination*

LAN O'LAUGHLIN, Collier's War Correspondent in St. Petersburg



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treatment of those who fell into his police net, and that the Emperor esteemed him as a patriot who was absolutely incorruptible, and who worked unceasingly and heartily to uphold the autocracy and to improve the condition of the Russian people. Seeking a friend in the Interior Department, I requested him to ask Monsieur de Plehve to see me. He went to the telephone, and called up the Minister's house. "His Excellency will see you," he announced, when he had finished his conversation, "on Sunday, at 10:30 in the morning. "The Minister," he suggested, "likes his callers to be prompt. And I ought to add that it is etiquette here to call upon a Minister in evening clothes only."

## *Received by the Minister*

Properly dressed, I drove on the appointed day to the Minister's summer residence, a charming little cottage overlooking one of the numerous branches of the Neva River. A police officer was standing a hundred yards from the house, and three sturdy butlers, in conventional costume, were in the reception hall. One of them took my card to the Minister, and, returning, requested

me to follow him. We passed through a couple of ante-rooms, and then my guide, pushing open a padded door, bade me pass on. Simultaneous with my entrance, the figure, that was bending over the desk in one corner, rose, and came toward me. "I am always glad to meet Americans," Monsieur de Plehve said cordially, speaking French slowly and clearly. "The friendship of our countries is historic. I hope nothing will ever occur to lessen it."

The Minister conducted me toward a small wooden table, placed against the back of his writing table, and requested me to be seated, himself taking another chair directly opposite. No one else was in the room, he had absolutely nothing with which to defend himself had I been murderously inclined. He wasted no time in trivialities, but caused me to plunge directly into the business of the call by asking what I desired to know. "Everything you can tell me about Russia, and Russia and the war," I said.

## *Russia and the United States*

This was a modest request, and the Minister smiled. "Before I begin on such an exhaustive work," he said, "let me ask you a question. What is the attitude of the United States toward Russia at this time? Officially, I know it is correct. But the people, what is their view?" I told him I thought the sympathy generally favored Japan. "I had thought so from your newspapers," he responded, "and I can not understand the reason. We have always been friends, and we have proven our friendship. Moreover, Americans are a business people. They must know that Russia is not a manufacturing State, that Russia is and will be in need of the products of their energy. Japan, on the other hand, is a manufacturing nation, which is able to deliver its output, practically without cost, in China, while American goods, to reach that market, must pay a heavy freight bill. Japan's development is therefore antagonistic to American commercial interests."

While the Minister was talking, I had an opportunity to study his physiognomy. It had all the characteristics of a great man—a firm chin, a generous mouth, the teeth somewhat separated, shaded by a pure white mustache, a large nose, a high forehead, and deep-set eyes. To me the eyes were the most prominent feature—not large, but compelling, telling nothing, but divining much, a yellowish brown that reminded me somehow of the color of a lion. In appearance he was the antithesis of the Torquemada, as he has been described. The Minister's elbows rested upon the table, and his hands gripped the sides with a strength that showed the tenacity of the man.

"The press of America is a powerful institution, and I am convinced that when all the facts have become public it will look at Russia through different spectacles. Neither the Emperor nor the people wanted war with Japan. We desired only an open port on the Pacific and safe communication with it, and peace instead of disorder among our neighbors. Manchuria had been in a state of disorder which menaced foreign life and property, and the interests of the world in general and our own special interests demanded that we should step in and restore tranquility. The United States was moved by the same reasons to intervene in Cuba. We established order, and we were gradually restoring Chinese administration when the war came upon us. For the war Japan had made every preparation, while we had gone on believing her protestations of desire to peacefully settle the questions in dispute."

"Mr. Minister," I interrupted, "what was your attitude with respect to the war?"

## *The War with Japan*

"In the Imperial Government, the will of the Sovereign is supreme, and his advisers have no right to make a decision save with his approval. I had nothing to do with the Manchurian negotiations. That was a matter which concerned the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Minister of War, and the Minister of the Navy. My department is confined to internal questions. It might have been better had Manchuria been placed under the Interior Department instead of under a Viceroy, but this the Emperor did not desire, and it is not the business of a Minister to contradict his ruler."

"But did you not give advice when war seemed impending?"

"My advice was always on the side of peace. Russia had no appetite for the annexation of Manchuria. We have plenty of space in Siberia which requires development. I recognized,



The Ismailovsky Prospekt, in front of the Hotel de Varsovie, where M. de Plehve was assassinated July 28. The photograph was taken one hour after the bomb was thrown, and shows the wreckage of the Minister's carriage lying in the street



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"It is nothing. I would give a great deal for the maintenance of friendly relations with the great American Republic. I hope you will correct some false impressions which exist concerning the policy of my Emperor and of my country. All that is necessary to accomplish this is to tell the truth, and that is what the American people want."

on board his flagship the *Mikasa* at the secret rendezvous of the Japanese war fleet near Port Arthur. This interview was obtained for *COLLIER'S* by Mr. Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, our correspondent on board the steamship *Manchu Maru*, which visited the Japanese fleet in the latter part of July. Mr. Bartlett notified us by cable that he had obtained an interview with Admiral Togo, and was forwarding it by post. Unless there should be some unforeseen delay in the transmission of the mails, the article should reach this office in time for publication next week. It will be illustrated with photographs.

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## GOOD READING FOR SUMMER DAYS

By FREDERIC TABER COOPER

### In Old Jamaica

JOSEPH CONRAD's latest volume, "Romance" (McClure, Phillips & Co.), is one of those stories that he sometimes writes in collaboration with his friend and neighbor, Ford M. Hueffer. It would be interesting to know just which portion of it Mr. Hueffer is responsible for—here and there we come upon a chapter or an episode which seems to lack the characteristic quality of the author of "Youth" and "Almayer's Folly." Yet, taken as a whole, the flavor is unmistakably, inimitably, that of Conrad. No other living author has the trick of making you see, between the printed lines, such an endless vista of vague, ominous, unspoken things—dangers, horrors, writhing tortured forms, seen dimly through a mist of words. "Romance" is in a certain sense a historical novel. It deals with the West Indies of a century ago, and from the moment that we set foot in the queer old warehouse in Jamaica, with its blending of many smells, tarred rope and crude molasses, coffee and spices, we are living in a fantastic realm of mad adventures—heaving seas, sinking ships, nightmare visions of pirates bold and dying prisoners—and, what is more, we are accepting it all with the simple credulity that years ago we gave to the flashy, yellow-covered stories that thrilled our boyhood.

### A Tale of the Klondike

MORE than one writer has been lured by the glittering promise of the Klondike as a background into "breaking trail" into this new field for fiction; and, curiously enough, the most successful of them all is a woman, Elizabeth Robins. "The Magnetic North" (Friedrich A. Stokes Company) possesses all the clear-sighted understanding of Jack London's stories, and it has besides something which the author of "The Son of the Wolf" can never give—the touch of human sympathy. Mr. London's Klondike is unmistakably real, so far as it goes; he makes us feel the grimness of it all, the darkness and loneliness and numbing cold; the stinging lash of driving sleet, the loss of dignity and manhood and even decency, during the isolation of a Northern winter. Elizabeth Robins draws a softer picture; she shows us a party of adventurers, overtaken by winter, many hundreds of miles south of their destination; she takes us through that winter with them, in their snug log cabin beside the Yukon. It is on the highway of winter travel, and though the nearest settlement is a Jesuit mission, forty miles away, she shows us a continual coming and going of strangers, priests, belated miners, needy and starving Indians, that make the wilderness seem almost populous, despite its expanse of unbroken snow. She has not attempted to idealize the Klondike; the picture is realistic almost to grimness. But she has known how to humanize it without crossing the boundary line between sympathy and sentimentality.

### An Epic of the South

ONE of the best Southern stories yet written, dealing with the Reconstruction period, is "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow (Doubleday, Page & Co.). It has something of an epic quality about it, inasmuch that it makes you see, behind the central story, a widening background of Southern life fields, and plantations crippled and impoverished by the war. Had the central theme been somewhat less dominant, and the background more carefully filled in, this would easily have ranked among the half-dozen strongest books of the year. Even as it is, there is one feature of it that fairly haunts your memory. Every one who has once read it remembers Daudet's "Siege of Berlin." It tells of an old man, a veteran of the Napoleonic wars, who during the Franco-Prussian War is too feeble, too ill, to be told the truth. So day by day, while the cannon that he is too deaf to hear are thundering outside the walls of Paris, his family concoct a fairy tale of the repeated success of the French armies, until they finally make the old man believe that Berlin itself has capitulated. Miss Glasgow has hit upon a similar device for making us feel the contrast between the old South and the new. She shows us a proud old Southern lady, stricken blind and helpless during the war, and surviving, a paralyzed wreck, in a wretched little negro cabin in a swamp on her former plantation. She, however, knows nothing of the change. In fancy she is still mistress of her hundred slaves; in fancy she is still citizen of a proud and triumphant Confederacy, and every day she listens eagerly to the imaginary history, that a patient son and daughter concoct for her, of a long line of successors to Jefferson Davis, and the growing importance of a new American republic that has taken a proud place among the nations.

### Wholesome Americanism

WHATEVER else may be said in criticism of David Graham Phillips, there is a wholesome and unmistakable atmosphere of Americanism about his books. His work is not always as clear-cut as one might wish; in his later books, especially, there is an irritating tendency to generalize, and let the reader fill in the shading and the back-

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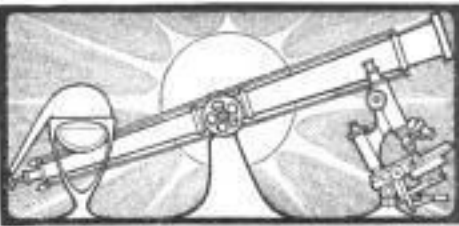
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## The Vindication of Phoebe

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

THIS is an astronomical romance. Its heroine is only a moon, but she gains interest from the character of her master, the planet Saturn. Saturn is a kind of Grand Turk among the planets. The immense size of his family gives him the aspect of an Oriental despot. He has no less than nine moons, counting Phoebe as the ninth and youngest member of the circle, but this enumeration takes account only of his principal moons, which are like queens of the harem among the unnamed billions of satellite slaves that mingle their rays indistinguishably, with all hope of individual recognition lost, to form his beautiful rings. This state of affairs in the Saturnian system is in striking contrast with the simple monogamous condition of the earth, content with its single faithful moon which, apparently, need never fear a rival.

But, for the story of Phoebe. Her annals are brief and clouded, but the clouds are now clearing off. In 1899 Professor William H. Pickering of the Harvard Observatory found on his photographic plates, where Saturn, making his stately progress surrounded by his multitude of attendants, *à la Grand Seigneur*, was represented in many successive positions, a delicate image, unperceived before among the followers of the great planetary mogul, but showing unmistakable indications of subjection to their common master. This faint object, hanging timidly on the outskirts of the caravan, was Phoebe, although at that time, of course, she had no name.

Comparison of a large number of plates, all showing the image of the retiring little stranger, convinced Professor Pickering that it must be a satellite of Saturn, and accordingly its discovery was announced, and a little later Phoebe was astronomically christened.

### Scepticism of the Astronomers

But hers was not the fortune of some great new planets like Uranus and Neptune, immortalizing their discoverers and filling books with their fame. On the contrary, from the beginning Phoebe was generally rejected. Many astronomers, as politely as possible, declined to believe in her existence. They could not see her—that was confessed. She was beyond the reach of telescopes; only the singular power of photography to picture celestial things invisible to direct vision had been able to reveal her. Yet Professor Pickering felt sure of his ground. The shifting positions of the image on the plates, never departing beyond a certain distance from Saturn, were convincing evidence, and from them the orbit of the new satellite could be deduced. Approximate elements of the orbit were calculated, and Phoebe was found to be by far the most remote member of Saturn's system, her path lying at a mean distance of nearly eight million miles from the centre of the planet, and her period, or the time required for her to make a single circuit around her master, being about a year and a half.

Still, notwithstanding the great interest awakened by the original announcement of the discovery of Phoebe, and notwithstanding Professor Pickering's continued confidence in his results, the opinion gradually spread that the case was very doubtful, until at last it practically ceased to be discussed, and if Phoebe was referred to at all it was generally in such phrases as: "The alleged ninth satellite of Saturn," or "Pickering's supposed moon." The astronomer is the most rigid of judges when the light is dim.

But at length vindication has come. Early in July of this year Professor E. C. Pickering, the director of the Harvard Observatory, sent out to astronomers a bulletin in which not only was the existence of Phoebe reaffirmed upon fresh evidence, but the places which she would occupy on certain dates in the near future were pointed out, so that anybody who had the instrumental means and the desire to do so could follow her motions for himself. Nothing is more convincing than the power of successful prediction.

With the aid of a long series of photographs made at the Arequipa Observatory in the Peruvian Andes the actual path of Phoebe has been traced from April 16 to June 9, 1904, and a new and more correct ephemeris of her orbit calculated.

### Phoebe is Somewhat Distant

Accepting Phoebe, as it now seems certain that we ought to do, as an actual satellite of Saturn, the very interesting question arises: "Whence did she come—is she a captive, or an original member of the family of the ringed planet?"

It is to be noted that her distance from Saturn is relatively very large—nearly eight million miles. The most remote of the eight formerly known satellites of Saturn, Iapetus, is 2,225,000 miles away, and the nearest of them, Mimas, is only 17,000 miles from the great planet's centre, or less than half the mean distance of our moon from the earth. Being so distant, Phoebe requires about eighteen months to make the journey around her orbit, while Mimas takes only twenty-two and a half hours, and Iapetus seventy-nine and a half days. Thus it is evident that Phoebe's relations to Saturn are, in one sense, less intimate than those of any other of his satellites.

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away from him without some interference far more powerful than any that the present constitution of the Solar System would admit of. Owing to his comparatively great mass, and his distance from the sun, Saturn governs a vast extent of surrounding space. Mathematical calculations have shown that our globe could not permanently retain a moon at a greater distance from its centre than 620,000 miles, while the giant force of Saturn would enable it to master a satellite more than three times as remote as Phoebe, or in round numbers 27,000,000 miles from his centre.

This breadth of Saturn's empire suggests that Phoebe may really be a captive moon. There can be little doubt that our moon was born from the earth, and that many of the other moons in the Solar System, such as the four principal satellites of Jupiter, and the immense multitude of little bodies constituting Saturn's rings, have had a common origin with the planets around which they revolve, but with Phoebe the case may be different. It has been suggested that the two little moons of Mars and the fifth satellite of Jupiter may be captured asteroids, or comets, turned into moons, and this suggestion would appear to be particularly appropriate for a body like the new satellite of Saturn. But only a long series of careful observations can settle the question. In the meantime the claim of Phoebe to recognition as a regular member of our great system of worlds and moons, a true subject of the sun, though submitted to the immediate dominion of his vast Saturn, seems to have been established beyond dispute.

□ □

## A Foe to the Boll Weevil

By C. ARTHUR WILLIAMS

A LARGE reddish-brown ant with strong, fierce-looking mandibles and a sharp sting is being watched with intense interest at the Department of Agriculture in Washington and on several farms down in Texas just now. Like Katisha's elbow, he is considered worth going miles to see. Eminent entomologists have traveled a third of the way across the continent to get a look at him. He is expected to do work which will save millions of dollars for the cotton industry of this country every year, but neither this fact nor the close scrutiny to which his every movement is being subjected seems to affect him in the least. Indifferent to all the stir he has caused, he pursues the even tenor of his way, and devotes his every energy to meeting and adapting himself to certain changed conditions which have come into his existence. So far as his actions indicate, he might be just an ordinary emmet with no mission in life, and no characteristics to warrant the great amount of publicity which has been given him ever since he was discovered in the mountains of Guatemala last spring.

Yet on him, to an extent at least, depends the question of whether the cotton belt of the United States shall be freed from the most pernicious entomological pest known to science—the Mexican boll weevil. The continued spread of this devastating bug threatens a complete revolution in the cotton producing and manufacturing situation here and abroad, and the only hope of exterminating it or checking its onward march is thought by many to lie in the recently imported Guatemalan ant.

### The Discovery of the Ant

A considerable amount of cotton is grown by the natives in the interior of Guatemala, and an agent of the United States Department of Agriculture who was on duty in Alta Vera Paz noted with surprise that the plant flourished in spite of the boll weevils which he found to be quite plentiful thereabout. The ignorant and superstitious Indian farmers would throw little or no light on the matter, but it soon developed that they looked on a certain family of ants as their protectors. They made no effort to raise cotton unless these insects were present in force, for they knew that otherwise their crops would be destroyed by the weevils. They called the ants "keleps," or "helpers," and ascribed to them a supernatural power over pests and disasters of all kinds. Further investigations on the part of the agent showed that the virtue of the ants lay in their ability to kill the weevils, which are incased in hard shells, and thus rendered invulnerable to the attacks of most other insects. The ants did not go out of their way to find the weevils, the agent discovered, but made short work of every one they encountered. Their mode of attack was simple. With their strong front legs they seized their victims around the body near the thorax, then, prying open with their mandibles the joint between the thorax and the abdomen, exposed a vital spot into which they plunged their stings, and the thing was done. The poison of the sting seemed to take immediate effect, causing first the paralysis and then the death of the weevils, the dead bodies of which were forthwith eaten or dragged away to the ants' nests.

### The First Importation

A report of these facts to the Department of Agriculture resulted in the agent being instructed to collect and take to the weevil-ridden fields of Texas as many of the ants as he could conveniently carry. In following these orders he secured eighty-nine wide-mouthed bottles, ranging in size from three-eighths of a quart to a quart. The bottoms of these were covered with pebbles, and then cores of the ants' nests were dug up and placed over the pebbles. On top of each nest was put enough loose clay to make the jar a little more than half full. The ants had demonstrated their aversion to strong light, thus showing a decided similarity to the



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### Needs Only a Little Thinking

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It's just as easy to be one as the other provided we get a proper start.

A wise physician like the Denver Doctor who knew about food, can accomplish wonders provided the patient is willing to help and will eat only proper food.

Speaking of this case the Mother said her little four year old boy was suffering from a peculiar derangement of the stomach, liver and kidneys and his feet became so swollen he couldn't take a step. "We called a Doctor who said at once we must be very careful as to his diet as improper food was the only cause of his sickness. Sugar especially, he forbid.

"So the Dr. made up a diet and the principal food he prescribed was Grape-Nuts and the boy, who was very fond of sweet things took the Grape-Nuts readily without adding any sugar. (Dr. explained that the sweet in Grape-Nuts is not at all like cane or beet sugar but is the natural sweet of the grains.)

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termites, or white ants, and, as a concession to this peculiarity, each jar was inclosed in a thick paper wrapper. The mouths were closed with cloths which permitted a more or less free circulation of air, but prevented the egress of the insects, and in this shape an army of about 4,000 was transported to Texas.

The news of their coming preceded them, of course, and when the shipment reached Texas it was met with an injunction which had been secured by several cotton planters, on the ground that the new insect might prove to be a more dangerous enemy to plant life and to civilization generally than the weevil itself. The Department experts had convinced themselves that the ants were wholly carnivorous and not at all herbaceous, however, and the matter was finally adjusted in such a way as to permit the "planting" of the insects in the fields around the station which the Department maintains at Victoria, Texas, and from which the campaign against the weevil is being directed. Later several colonies were placed on farms in other parts of the State.

### The Ant Thrives in Texas

It was feared that many of the ants would die during the long journey from Guatemala, but, on the contrary, their number increased. A few succumbed to the confinement, and the unusual surroundings, but a great many more were brought into existence in the meantime. Moreover, the whole collection took to their new homes as if they had been accustomed to them all their lives. The earth in the Texas cotton fields is considerably harder than that of Guatemala, and there was some doubt as to the ability of the emmets to burrow into it. This was soon dispelled, however, as the first colony "planted" at Victoria penetrated to a depth of about fourteen inches during the first week.

The agent who brought the ants from Guatemala, Dr. O. F. Cook, could find them in only a very limited area in Alta Vera Paz, between Cajon and Sepacuite. Recently it was unofficially reported that the same insect exists in other parts of Central and South America, and that it does a great deal of damage to vegetation. The experiments conducted by the Department, however, have demonstrated that the keleps harm neither cotton nor any other form of plant life. They are very partial to the nectar which is to be found on the cotton weed, but in acquiring this they do not injure the leaves in the slightest. In fact, nature has provided them with no means for the mastication of leaves. Their mandibles are very strong, but are only adapted to the use to which they are put on other insects.

It is a remarkable fact that the ant shows no disposition to kill useful insects. It prefers the boll weevil to all other victims, but seems to get much satisfaction out of worshipping common hillock ants and other bugs which in one way or another are injurious, including the boll worm and similar soft larvae. At the same time, however, it displays not the slightest animosity toward insects which it seems to know intuitively are friendly to the human race, like itself.

The ant may be handled with impunity, its sting being too soft to penetrate human flesh or skin, even though the insect were evilly disposed.

The ant does not always eat the weevils as soon as they are killed. Every nest has a sort of storehouse.

### The Home of the Ant

The kelep, unlike many other big emmets, digs no large chambers or passageways to serve as pitfalls for man and beast. Its nest usually consists of from three to six chambers connected by quarter-inch tunnels, the whole extending from one to three feet underground. In one of the chambers there is always to be found the hard parts of the weevils and other insects which have been eaten. Heads, wings, and other uneatable parts are packed in indiscriminately and frequently serve as a place of residence for two or three varieties of infinitesimal animals, one of which is supposed to be a parasite of the ant.

The ant follows the example of the human residents of the tropical country whence it came by taking a siesta during the hot, bright part of the day, and working in the evening and early morning.

The discovery of the ant promises much, but at least two important points must be decided before its practical and general value can be made evident. It may not be able to hibernate in Texas, and it may not propagate with sufficient rapidity to do good in anything more than a very limited area. Months must necessarily elapse before the facts in these connections can be ascertained, and in the meantime the Department of Agriculture is advising farmers not to place too much reliance in the kelep, but to continue to wage all other known methods of warfare against the pest which cost the cotton planters of Texas nearly \$50,000,000 last year, according to statistics compiled by the Census Bureau.

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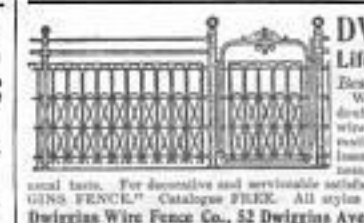
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## BEHIND THE SCENES IN WASHINGTON

LITTLE STORIES OF WELL-KNOWN MEN

### The Boy at the Mill

**R**EPRESENTATIVE WADE of Missouri tells a story to illustrate his views as to the time it will take to prosecute and abolish all the trusts of the country. A small boy he once knew went to a mill with a sack of grain. It was out on the prairie in Iowa. The boy became tired watching the slow turning of the stones, and, turning impatiently to the miller, asked:

"How long is this thing going to take? I am in a hurry."

"Oh," replied the miller, "this is as fast as it can go."

"Well," retorted the boy, "I can eat that flour faster than it is grinding there."

"You might," quoth the miller, "but how long could you keep it up?"

"I could keep it up," the boy answered, "until I starved to death."

### His Three Titles

**T**HE way of a politician was illustrated by Senator Dietrich of Nebraska, who was asked by a friend in New York as to how he was getting along.

"Well," replied the Nebraskan, "the men whom I gave positions when I was Governor still call me Governor. Those whom I have helped since I was elected to the Senate call me Senator. The rest all call me 'That damn ingrate.' I guess I am doing as well as the average."

### A Matter of Geography

**R**EPRESENTATIVE HEATWOLE of Minnesota was asked by a friend about a mutual acquaintance who lives in the Congressman's district.

"Is he rich?" was one query.

"Well," that depends on geography," said Mr. Heatwole. "Out at home we consider him very rich. He is worth about a million dollars. If he lived in New Jersey I suppose he would be thought fairly well-to-do, while if he lived in New York folks would be dropping dollars in his hat."

### He Got a Prisoner

**T**HE soldier who knew no difference between "charge" and "retreat" is the theme of the latest tale of one of the solons of Congress. There was a raw recruit from the West who went into the army from one of the Western States in 1861. He was a big fellow who measured six feet and a half from sole to crown, and he left his corn plow in the field "because Lincoln wanted him to save the Union." He was put in the awkward squad and taught to keep step for a day. He went back to the colonel and said, "I didn't come down here to go hep, hep, hep, under the trees; I came down to wipe out the rebels; I want to fight."

He kept complaining, and one day an order came to capture a battery out on the hill a few miles away. The recruit was put on the firing line. Through the grass and the green fields the men marched, and under the green trees where the birds sang, and up that hill in the face of death. Suddenly a great blazing fire of shot and canister came sweeping down into the little band, mowing them like grain before the sickle. Retreat was inevitable; the order was given, and the men dropped back down the hill. The recruit did not understand the order, but kept going straight ahead. Under the cover of smoke and

guarded by a Providence that seems some-  
 times to guard heroes on such occasions, he  
 marched up behind a gun, grabbed the gun-  
 ner and marched down the hill. Down in a  
 little clump of trees the colonel was gather-  
 ing the few men who were not lying dead on  
 the hillside. Dismounted at the appear-  
 ance of the recruit and his prisoner, the  
 colonel called out:

"Where the dickens did you get that man?"

"I got him up on the top of the hill," came  
 the reply, "and there is a god-darned lot more  
 of 'em if you're a mind to go after 'em!"

### He had Good Reasons

**A**DMIRAL DEWEY tells of the case of  
 an officer in the Navy who, after years  
 in the service, proffered his resignation.  
 The Navy Department was loath to accept  
 the resignation, for the reason that the of-  
 ficer in question was almost invaluable by  
 virtue of his expert knowledge pertaining to  
 ordnance matters. Nevertheless, the resi-  
 gnation was accepted, although the officer gave  
 no reason therefor except that he wished to  
 engage in business for himself.

The Admiral and the retired officer hap-  
 pening to meet one day last winter, the  
 former inquired of his friend the reason for  
 his sudden quitting of the service after so  
 many years spent therein. "I thought you  
 were devoted to the Navy," said the Admiral.

"So I am," responded the other. "Aside  
 from the smallness of the salary, there were  
 four reasons for my resigning. I'm getting  
 along finely now."

"Glad to hear it," said the Admiral; "but  
 what were your four reasons for resigning?"

"A wife and three children," was the re-  
 tired man's reply.

### The Desired Legal Procedure

**G**OVERNOR CHARLES B. AYCOCK of  
 North Carolina, who was mentioned as  
 a possible candidate for Vice-President  
 on the Democratic ticket, illustrated a po-  
 litical point during a campaign speech by  
 telling of a young chap who went to see a  
 lawyer:

"There is a fellow making love to my wife,"  
 he said. "He takes her out riding, calls to  
 see her when I am not at home as well as  
 when I am there, sends her presents, writes  
 letters to her, and pays no attention to me."

"Why doesn't your wife discourage him?"  
 asked the lawyer.

"She seems to like the cuss," said the  
 other. "She is always glad to see him, puts  
 on her best clothes, and the other day I saw  
 him kissing her. And she seemed to like it."

"You saw him kissing her and she didn't  
 object?" said the lawyer. "Well, we can get  
 you a divorce without any trouble."

"Thunder!" said the husband. "I don't  
 want any divorce. I want an injunction."

### His Qualifying Adjective

**S**ENATOR DEPEW tells how a Western  
 Senator, who had not been in Washing-  
 ton long enough to become familiar with  
 its social ways, was introduced to a foreign  
 diplomat.

The diplomat, knowing that the Senate is  
 the treaty-making power, was anxious to be  
 friendly, and he was extremely gracious. He  
 told the Senator that his name and fame had  
 spread to Europe and said other pleasant  
 things to him. Then he asked, "Is your wife  
 entertaining this winter?"

"Well, not very," replied the Senator.



### SELF-ABASEMENT

By CAROLYN WELLS

I wonder why I'm base and rude,  
 And ugly-spoke and spiteful;  
 When Lucy Prig's so dreadful good,  
 Respecting and politeful.

I wonder why I'm full of sin,  
 Fat, rosy-cheeked, and horrid;  
 While Lucy Prig is nice and thin,  
 And has a pale, high forehead.

I wonder why I am so vile,  
 A sad and hopeless sinner;  
 While Lucy Prig puts on such style,  
 And sits up late to dinner.

Oh, well, I s'pose I'm awful bad,  
 But this one notion strikes me  
 And makes me feel a whole lot glad:  
 'Most everybody likes me.





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## NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Stone axe factories of prehistoric man found under the peat beds of County Antrim

MR. W. J. KNOWLES has discovered several places near Cushendall in County Antrim, Ireland, where the ancient inhabitants appear to have located factories for making stone implements. The rocks used were of several varieties, but the one most in favor was a very hard rock of bluish color which is not native to the region, and shows evidences of having been brought there as bowlders by glacial action. Very likely these bowlders came from Scotland, although a mineralogical examination of them failed to show their geological origin.

From these rocks the ancients chipped off flakes which were worked up into various implements, chiefly axes. Flakes in all stages of manufacture are found together with round hammer stones and others, which appear to have been chisels. The objects were first roughly blocked out, then chipped to something like their final form, and finally finished by grinding, very likely on sandstone at the neighboring outcrops. Mr. Knowles has found nearly eight hundred whole axes, complete save for the grinding and polishing, besides large numbers of broken axes, half-finished implements, and unworked flakes. All of these materials occur on the clay, or even mixed with it, below the peat beds, showing that the workers must have lived in the earliest part of the neolithic age.

The removal of the present tax on alcohol would make its use possible for motors

THERE is a very considerable demand for the removal of the excessive tax which is imposed in this country on alcohol used for commercial purposes. Aside from the large use of alcohol in chemical and technical processes, it is finding a place as an excellent fuel for motors. In the last competition of the German Agricultural Society a number of alcohol motors were entered, showing an efficiency of 30.9 to 32.7 per cent, which means that of the potential energy of the alcohol used over 30 per cent was converted into mechanical work. This amount is about 10 per cent higher than the efficiency of gasoline motors, so that, although the heat equivalent of alcohol is much lower than that of gasoline, yet its actual value is nearly as great. Consequently, if alcohol could be obtained at a slightly lower price than gasoline, its use as a fuel for automobiles, etc., would be certain, because of its many advantages in point of safety, odor, etc.

That ethyl alcohol can be produced at prices which would allow its use in motors is shown by the current price in Germany. In that country 60-95 per cent alcohol may be obtained at retail for about thirty-two cents per gallon, and in quantities of forty gallons the price is only about twenty cents. There is no apparent reason why we can not produce alcohol as cheaply in this country, where immense quantities of corn and potatoes may be so readily grown. Indirectly the alcohol industry would be of great benefit to the farmers in affording them a ready market for their product. The tax of \$2.08 per gallon on alcohol may be a wise measure in respect to the alcohol to be used in beverages, but the wisdom of its continuance on the product needed for other purposes is certainly open to question.

Experiments show that fish have a sense of hearing and are very sensitive to sound

EVERY fisherman is interested in the question of the sense of hearing in fishes. The observations which have been made by fishermen probably have considerable value; the books on fishing generally say that sounds, like talking, which produce no jarring of the water are not appreciated by fish, whereas stamping on the shores or bottom of a boat is readily noticed and responded to by them. The old story of the assembling of the trout in the fish ponds of one of the Austrian monasteries at the ringing of a bell is probably untrue.

Actual scientific investigation of the sense of hearing in fish has led to somewhat divergent views. Kreidl removed the ears from goldfish, and, finding the animals responsive to sounds, concluded that the skin is the organ of hearing in fish. Recent studies on the same species carried on at the Harvard Zoological Laboratory have shown that goldfish do respond to sounds when the sound waves are made to travel through the water. In these experiments a tuning-fork was made to vibrate on the wooden end of an aquarium, and the behavior of the fish noted. It was also shown by experiments in which the nerves to the skin and ears were made functionless that the organ of hearing is the ear and not the skin. A careful examination of Kreidl's experiments showed that when he supposed that he had removed the ear he had really only removed the organ for the perception of equilibrium, the true ear being left behind in the bony skeleton of the head. Other investigators studying the behavior of other fishes have found that most of them respond to sound stimuli, although the dogfish seems to be an exception. It may be, of course, that the dogfish hears but does not give any visible response.



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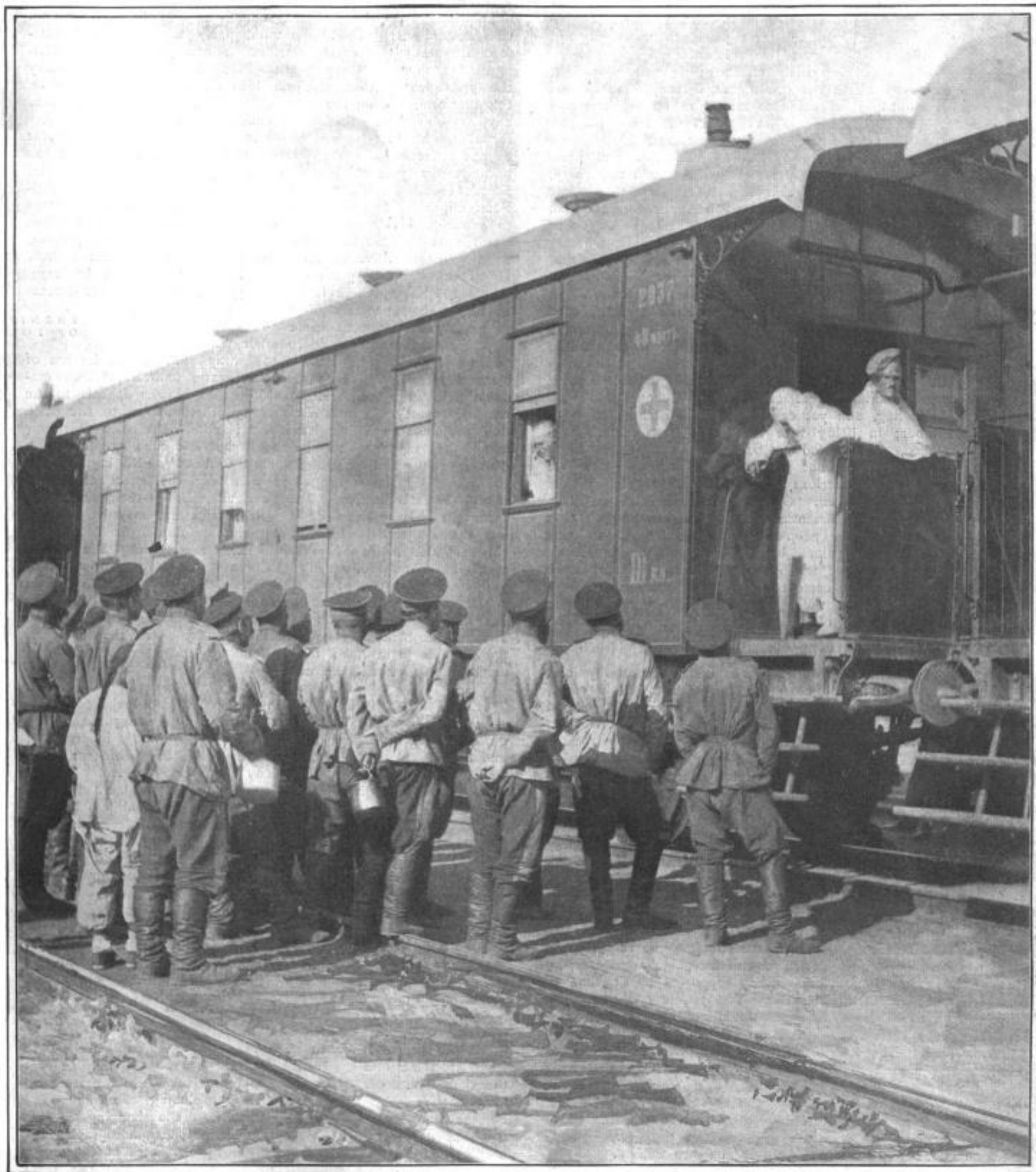


TRISCUIT WITH CHEESE



# COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1904



## THE STORY OF THE BATTLE

The Russian hospital trains bring carloads of wounded from the front to the hospitals at Mukden several times a week. On the arrival of these trains, soldiers who have not yet smelled the smoke of battle gather in the railroad yards and listen to accounts of fighting with the Japanese from such of the wounded as are well enough to relate their experiences with the enemy.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. F. J. APLETON, COLLIER'S CORRESPONDENT WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER & WEEKS



### TAKING SIDES

S I N G L E  
T E R M S

1

SENIER  
OF FOL

HELPLESS  
ALIENS





"IN THE ADVERSITY OF OUR BEST FRIENDS," says LA ROCHEFOUCAULD'S famous maxim, "we often find something that is not exactly displeasing." And SWIFT, turning LA ROCHEFOUCAULD'S thought into English verse, included in his translation a hinted explanation:

"In all distresses of our friends  
We first consult our private ends;  
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,  
Points out some circumstance to please us."

If such principles are true of private friends, they apply more clearly to whole peoples. Great men, like WASHINGTON, who would approve of altruism among individuals, have preached self-interest for nations. The present war in Asia reminds us often of LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. The sympathy which was strong with Japan when she stood for the weaker combatant diminishes as her victories increase. What most of the onlooking peoples would really like would be to have Russia soundly whipped without having Japan exactly victorious. Each Russian ship sent to

SYMPATHY  
IN THE WAR

the bottom, each proof of headlong daring and military gifts on land, while it may fill us with admiration, yet leads us to consult our private ends, and to fear the effect on our relative position in the world. We were all afraid of Russia, until events showed how little our best-informed statesmen, publicists, and historians knew about her powers. We begin to fear Japan, now that events are proving how little any of us knew about her. Sympathy for one combatant usually means a desire to see the other whipped. If a man really loves all races of his fellow-men, as Tolstoi does, he may be great, but he is peculiar.

THE RUSSIAN PAINTER VERESTCHAGIN, who went to the bottom with Admiral MAKAROFF, in one of his letters says: "When I returned from Japan I wrote to the Czar that a terrible war would soon break out. But the kindhearted man, filled with ideas of peace, would not believe me." VERESTCHAGIN'S view is the general one, although the Czar's kindheartedness is not always easy to believe in when one contemplates his officials and their policies. The truth about the military conduct of the Russians may be a long time reaching us, but we must wonder how far the Czar's policy is represented by an editorial like the following: "Our great general, SUVAROFF, when he fought against the civilized French, often gave the order, 'No quarter to the troops.' This, which was not cruelty or barbarism, was

CHARACTER  
OF THE CZAR

a necessity, and now necessity forces us in this war with a half-savage and barbarous nation to adhere to SUVAROFF'S rule of no quarter. To burden Russia with thousands of Japanese prisoners, spreading dysentery, typhus, and cholera among the Russian people, would, perhaps, be in accordance with humanitarian principles, but it would be very unwise. 'No quarter and no prisoners' should be our motto." An attempt has been made, in a prominent British publication, to convince people that the ordinary view of NICHOLAS is erroneous, and that he is in reality the head and front of Russian barbarism, heartily sanctioning the worst measures of DE PLENVE. Probably this view is unfair, but it makes little difference whether it be false or true. If the Czar is not himself infected with the harsh unwisdom of the bureaucracy, he is too weak to make any progress against it, and he is an unfit ruler in either case.

THE INTERDICTION OF WAR BALLOONS having expired a month ago, any day may bring the news of some horrible explosive dropping like a bolt from heaven on some ship or city. Does war grow more horrible in the amount of death it causes, as modern feeling usually says it does? It is argued, with some plausibility, that the battle-axe, the long bow, and the cloth-yard shaft were deadlier than the Lee-Enfield and the Mauser. Of course, the fact that the older arms can not fight against

MODERN  
SLAUGHTER

the new does not prove that when both sides are armed with the long-distance weapons the loss equals that inflicted in other days at closer quarters. Figures from remote centuries are to be taken cautiously, but according to report one-fifth of the French were killed at Agincourt, and a large proportion of the rest were wounded; at Poitiers 11,000 and at Crecy 30,000 were killed outright, on the French side alone. The losses at Hastings and Bannockburn are estimated at 30,000 and 38,000. As the numbers formerly engaged were usually much smaller than modern armies, the argument that war is becoming less destructive as weapons become more

effective has much force. In the battle of Kinchau, where the Japanese astounded the world by capturing an apparently impregnable position, after repeated assaults, in the face of heavy artillery, the victors lost but 750 killed and four times as many wounded. The worst contests of the Civil War fall, in percentage of slaughter, below the historic slaughter which earned the victories of HARRY of England, ROBERT BRUCE, King EDWARD, and the Black Prince.

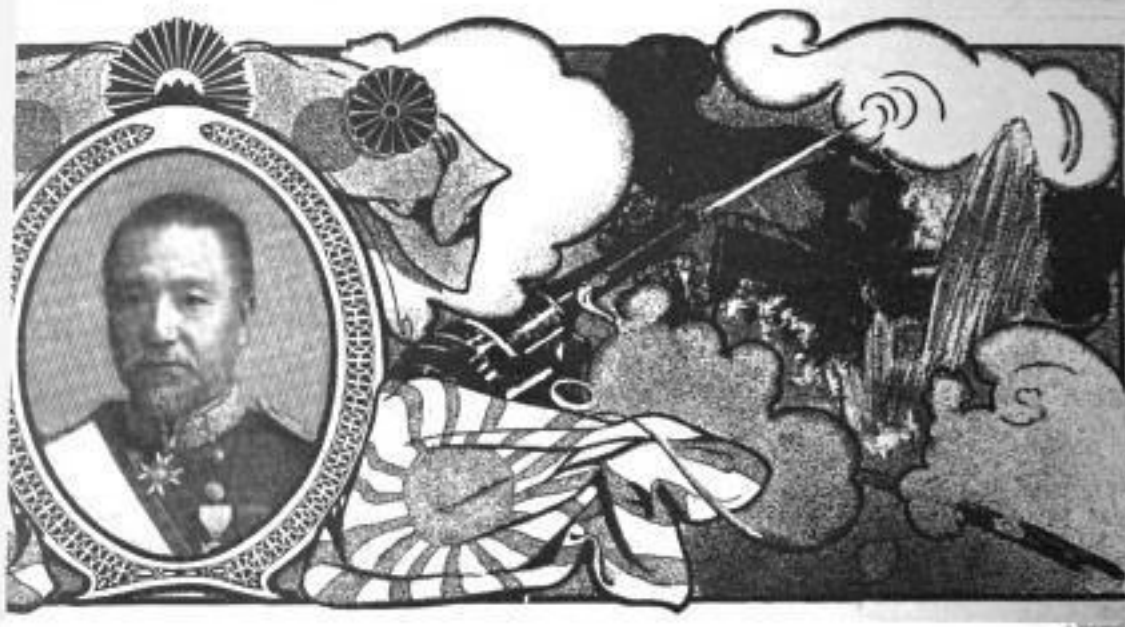
UNNUMBERED CENTURIES AGO the whites and yellows met in Asia, and the whites it was who fell. The history of the Ainos, some of whom Professor STARR brought to the St. Louis Exposition, has therefore an apt significance. In his book, just published on the subject, this leading anthropologist says that the Ainos are assuredly a white people, not a yellow; much more allied to us in race than to the Japanese, to whom geographically they are so close. They are a white race that has struggled with the yellow, proved inferior in energy and progress to their darker neighbors, and lost. Possibly they are but a fragment of a once widespread Asiatic white race. Professor STARR thinks that the Ghiliaks, the Maotse of China, some small populations of Southeastern Asia, and the Todas of India may be fragments of the same old white population, broken and submerged by a great flood of yellow Asiatics, pressing eastward, perhaps from Mesopotamia. The Japanese are very anxious to keep investigators from imagining that these ancient whites were ancestors of theirs; and they were not, although probably the aboriginal population of Japan. The name Aino means "man," simply, a common mode of self-designation by peoples at a certain stage. The Eskimos call themselves "innuit," which means "man"; the Moki Indians of Arizona use for themselves the same universal term, in their language "hopi," and the Delaware Indians call themselves "men of men." Altogether the whites are not the only people who imagine that they are it. This is the second time any Ainos are known to have left Japan since four of these hairy men were wrecked upon the Chinese coast in 310 A.D. The other trip was to China, with a Japanese embassy, in the year of our Lord 610. Their general desire, for many thousand years, has been to stay at home and be left in peace. The present rise of the yellow race brings this perspective view on the history of their early domination over whites into thoughtful focus.

NOTES FROM  
HISTORY

THE DRINK PROBLEM IS ONE on which we have no confident platitudes to emit. In the controversy which has been raging for weeks in the secular and religious press, over Bishop POTTER'S opening of a so-called model saloon in New York, we are not able to take part. The Bishop acted boldly, but whether he acted with wisdom or the opposite our mind is too finite to conclude. The question, as a correspondent lucidly points out, is manifestly divisible into two distinct elements. It is one thing to provide an orderly and well-conducted saloon for those who drink already. It is another matter to advertise such a saloon, as a refined resort, to many who would not otherwise think of drinking. The bulk of religious opinion seems to have been against the Bishop, on the ground that he was taking away effectiveness from the Church's opposition to the drinking habit. Lay opinion has been divided and inclined to sympathetic scepticism, to a waiting attitude, which says, "Our good wishes are with you, but we fear, young man, that you have undertaken something rather large for even your abilities." The drink habit is a greater evil in England, where it is practiced with Anglo-Saxon violence, and it seems to be increasing among the poor while it decreases among the rich. The well-to-do are giving up champagne and claret in favor of diluted whiskey, partly from economy and partly from the gout. The poor consume apparently as much strong and impure liquor as they did before the Government effort to check the evil. This country presents no such clear case as England, because our population contains so many temperate drinkers—Germans with their beer and Italians with their wine. As brewers we have just passed Germany, where the consumption of beer is apparently growing less, while it increases here. The solution of the exceptionally many-sided problem of regulating man's taste for alcohol has been brought no nearer by legislation. The brightest side of it is the check given to drink by industrial advance. As labor becomes more skilled and better organized drunkenness is diminished. Employer and employee understand that the chances favor the sober.

AN UNSOLVED  
QUESTION





## TOGO OFF PORT ARTHUR

Collier's War Correspondent on Board the Japanese Official Steamship "Manshu Maru"

In the early part of the war, was fitted out by the Japanese Government to convey a party of newspaper correspondents to various points of interest in Japan as well as to the theatre of war. I was invited by Mr. Bartlett in Collier's for August 6. The "Manshu Maru" then sailed for the Elliot and attaches and correspondents were received by Admiral Togo on board the flagship "Mikasa"

On the 17th we steamed down the coast in the direction of Port Arthur, and, after reaching the great Bay of Japan, turned once more south, making for the straits, where Admiral Togo was due to meet us. On board the *Manshu Maru* and hold a reception on board his flagship, of course, the Russians did not intend to do so in the afternoon we reached the rendezvous found the *Mikasa* and *Asahi* already at anchor. Launches were sent to convey us with the attaches and correspondents to the flagship.

### On Board the Flagship

On board the flagship we were received by the officers and invited all present to accompany them to the ward room to wait for Admiral Togo, who would be expected to receive us a little later. The ward room is devoid of any ornamentation of any kind; the only tables and ordinary wicker chairs are the only ones. The Japanese naval officer allows himself no service. Round these tables the officers, attaches and correspondents gathered and discussed the war while awaiting the arrival of the

Admiral. But not a single officer or man among those whom I saw showed the slightest sign of fatigue or sickness; all appeared to be in perfect condition and in the best of spirits, looking forward with the greatest anxiety to the exit of the Russian squadron and the prospect of a general engagement between the two fleets. Naturally the officers of the battleships do not wish the war to end without some great engagement which will go down in history, and which will be ever associated with their names. The lieutenant who showed me round the *Mikasa* declared that it had only been necessary for that ship to use her turret guns on two occasions, so these are still practically new and ready for more hard fighting. It has been the policy of Admiral Togo all through to save his battleships as far as possible and to destroy the enemy by his torpedo flotilla. In this he has been eminently successful, to the disappointment perhaps of the officers and crews of the large vessels; but there can be no doubt as to the wisdom of the course which he has adopted, for it is still within the range of possibility that the Baltic squadron may yet be sent out, and then the fighting will undoubtedly be decided by the side which is stronger in battleships, for it is not expected that the torpedo attacks in the open sea will meet with the same success as around Port Arthur. Vice-Admiral Shimamura, Admiral Togo's Chief of Staff, who is universally regarded as the future Admiral-in-Chief of the Japanese Navy, said to me that when any expedition of particular danger or importance was on hand, and it was necessary to leave some ships behind, this was considered a great hardship by the crews of the ships there left, and always gave rise to a great deal of grumbling. You can not satisfy the liking of the Japanese sailor and soldier for hard work and a chance of meeting face to face the enemies of his country. When asked about the action of June 23, and the torpedo attack on the Russian fleet in which the *Peresviet* was reported to have been sunk, Admiral Shimamura replied with a grim smile, "Well, we shall count them the next time they come out."

### Enter Admiral Togo!

After we had been in the ward room for some time Captain Takarabe, the Commander of the *Manshu Maru*, entered and announced, "Gentlemen, Admiral Togo." Every one sprang to his feet and fixed his eyes on a little officer, small even for a Japanese, standing in the doorway. There stood the Admiral of the fleet, a calm, determined-looking man, about fifty-six years of age, with coal-black hair standing straight up from his head, expressionless eyes, prominent cheekbones, and a powerful jaw relieved by an imperial. Calmness is a great characteristic of Admiral Togo. He gazed on the scene before him without any sign of interest or emotion. It was not by any means an unkindly look, but simply the look of a man whose body was present but whose mind was elsewhere. Just that same look Nelson might have had during one of those lonely vigils before Brest or Toulon a century ago. Togo is a man of few words, but of iron determination. I never saw any one who impressed me so much with a sense of real greatness, something above the ordinary run of men. I shall never forget the picture he made as he stood in the ward room of the *Mikasa*, surrounded by his staff and the representatives of the powers. Shorter in stature than any present, he nevertheless, like the mighty Corsican, stood out before all, and was the cynosure of all eyes. The representatives of every nationality, some of them actually hostile to the Japanese cause, felt directly as they came into the presence of the fighting Admiral the spell of his fascination, and, sinking all differences, crowded round this little man in a mad endeavor to shake him by the hand. At the same time you could hear words of adulation and congratulation uttered in English, French, German, Italian, Austrian, and Japanese. As for Togo, he gazed on the scene before him unchanged as he had gazed unchanged ten years before on the sinking of the *Kowshing*, and the sending of two thousand human beings to a watery grave, an event

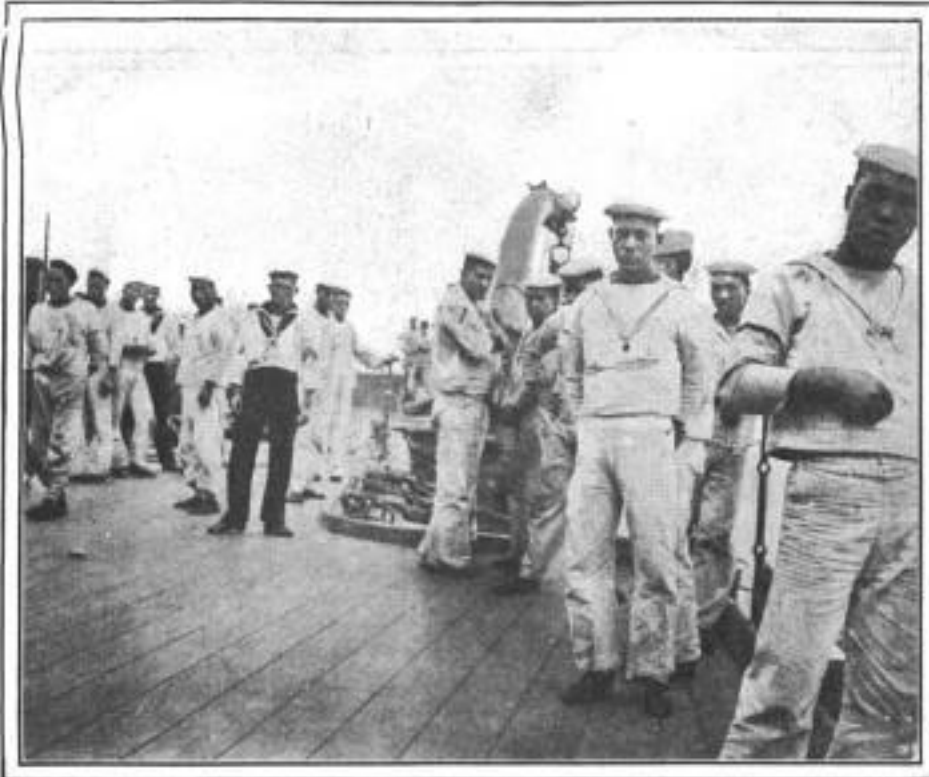


ADMIRAL TOGO

Admiral Togo on the deck of the Japanese flagship "Mikasa" at the blockading station off Port Arthur

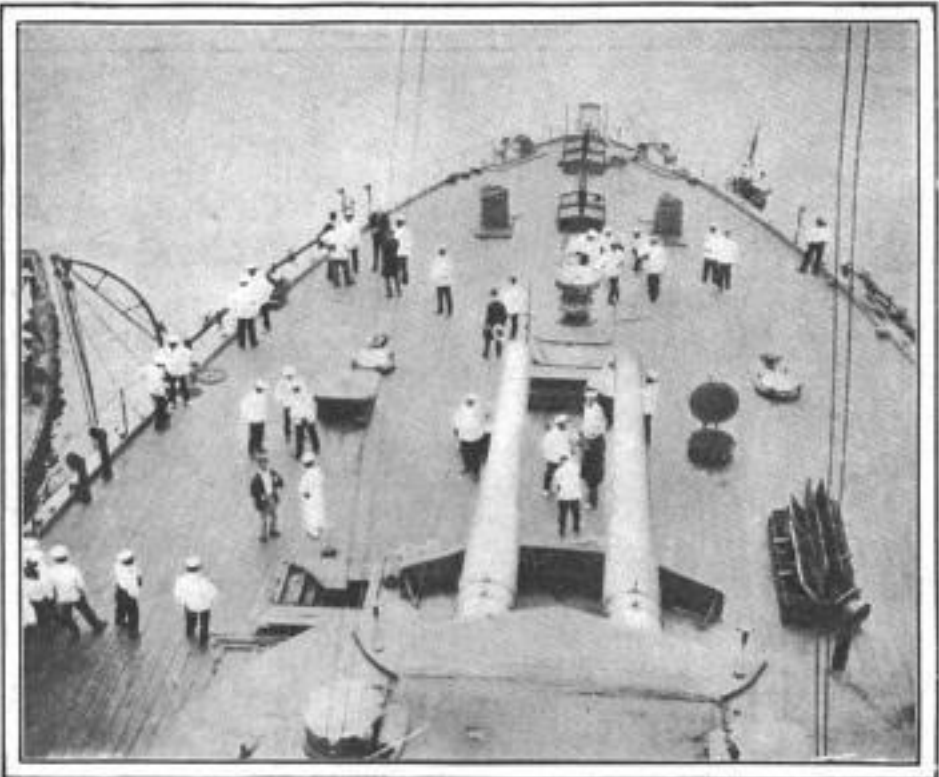
himself. On a sideboard the only ornament, a reception to the sombre bareness, was displayed. On board since the commencement of the war, the action of February 9 a shell struck the *Mikasa*, and burst without injuring anyone, but it cut out a large piece of the thigh of a standing on the bridge, and it is the remains of which are displayed in the officers' rooms. Interesting to examine and see what effect this of strenuous active service had had on the crew of the flagship. Naturally the *Mikasa* and cruisers have not felt the strain in the neck as the torpedo-boats and destroyers, but





SAILORS OF THE JAPANESE FLAGSHIP

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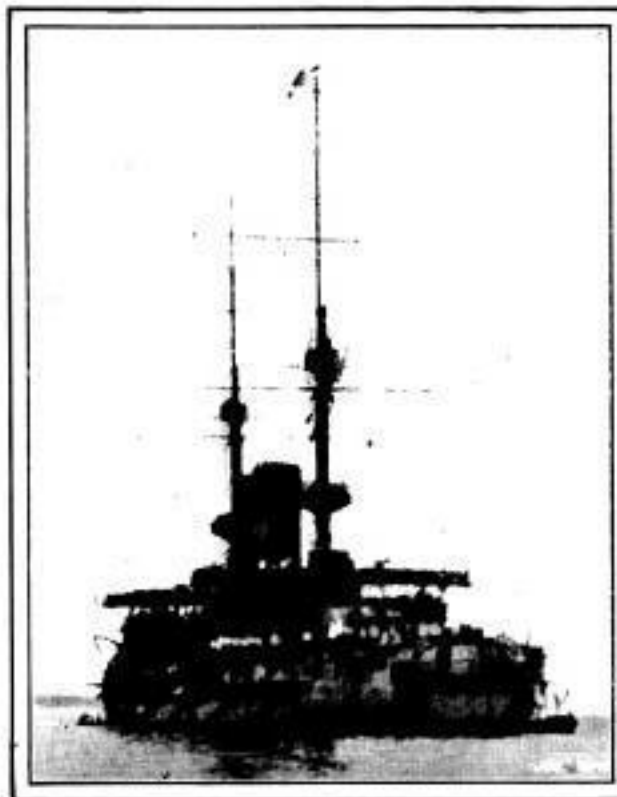


FOREDECK OF THE "MIKASA," FROM THE FIGHTING-TOP

which awoke the world to the rising of a new star in the Far East. We drank the health of the Admiral in champagne, and he so far unbended as to just touch the glass in return to the compliment. This was no sign of ungraciousness. It simply meant the mind of the man was centred elsewhere, on the fortress forty miles away, and the message which might come at any moment that the enemy had put to sea. After remaining for a short time in the ward room the Admiral arose, bowed to all present, and departed as suddenly as he had come. We gave him three mighty shouts of "Banzai" as he left the room, which caused him to turn and bow once again without moving a muscle of his face. Then he quietly disappeared into his own cabin. One of the most remarkable characteristics of Togo is his power of remaining perfectly still for hours without moving a muscle or saying a word. It is said that his habit of musing with nothing but his pipe as a companion has stuck to the Admiral all through his career, and that it is during these moments that he makes his plans for the destruction of an enemy, or the improvement of his own fleet.

#### No Photograph of Sleeping Japs

After his departure we were allowed to go all over the *Mikasa*, and examine every part, from the fighting-tops to the ammunition room. From her appearance she might have just come out of dry-dock. Round the six-inch guns the crews lay asleep, and I saw an interesting little incident showing the curious innate pride of the Japanese character. A correspondent endeavored to take a time-exposure photograph of the men asleep, when suddenly one of them awoke, and seeing what was taking place sprang in front of the camera, at the same time arousing his companions. What did this action on his part mean? It simply meant that no



ADMIRAL TOGO'S FLAGSHIP "MIKASA"

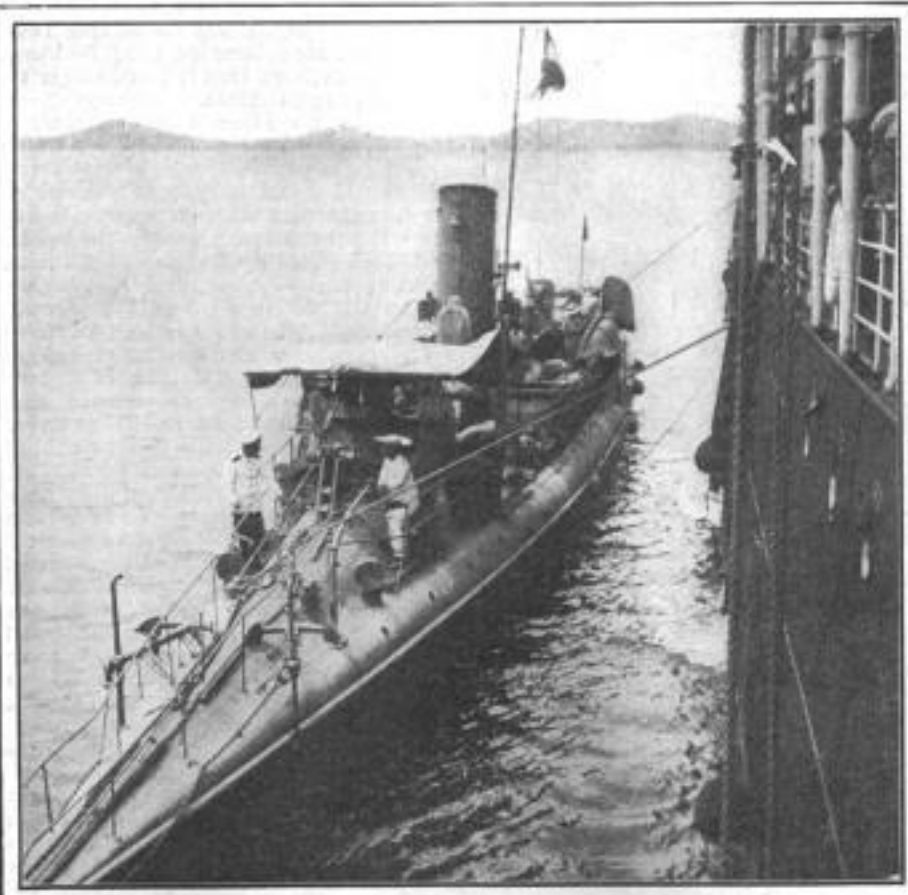
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sailor in the Mikado's navy was going to allow himself to be photographed while earning his legitimate repose; he must only be taken in an attitude of permanent alertness. The deck of the *Mikasa* presented a gay scene on this bright July afternoon. "Our first holiday," said Admiral Shimamura, "since the war commenced." The white uniforms of the officers, of the attachés and correspondents, the gay tunes played by the band, seemed in strange contrast to the existence of a state of war. Yet right above our heads were the grim muzzles of the turret guns pointing toward Port Arthur, forty miles away, ever ready to remind those present that this hour of levity must soon be curtailed, and that the morrow might see a very different scene. Admiral Togo himself appeared on deck and talked to his staff and such of his guests as were introduced to him.

#### Togo Confident of Ultimate Success

I had this honor, and ventured to congratulate the Admiral on the splendid work done by the Japanese fleet and to wish him every success in the future. The Admiral replied that he was confident of a successful issue of the war. But now the time had come for both ships to drop trivialities and return to realities. A bugle was sounded for the decks to be cleared and for all to take their departure. A farewell shake of the hand, a last wish for success and immunity from danger, a parting cheer from the crew of the *Manchu Maru*, answered by the *Mikasa* and *Asahi*, and we steamed away for Japan, while the great battleships faded gradually from view, to return once more to their grim work of destruction. As I saw for the last time this mighty ship and their mighty Admiral, I could not help recalling the words written by a great poet upon a great sailor:

"Thy country loves thee well, thou famous man,  
The greatest sailor since the world began."



TORPEDO BOAT NO. 45, WHICH HAS SEEN MUCH FIGHTING

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VICE-ADMIRAL SHIMAMURA (ON THE LEFT), CHIEF OF STAFF

## ON BOARD ADMIRAL TOGO'S FLAGSHIP OFF PORT ARTHUR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS ARNHEIM BARTLETT, COLLIER'S WAR CORRESPONDENT ON BOARD THE JAPANESE OFFICIAL STEAMSHIP "MANCHU MARU"



Will Cato and Paul Reed, who were burned at the stake



P. L. De Courcy

Dus Young

Lemuel Cooper

A. J. Grimes

Ben Peckham

## D IN THE STATESBORO COURT-HOUSE PRIOR TO THE TRIAL OF CATO AND REED

ag, thirteen negroes were arrested at a picnic to which the sheriff's posse was led by bloodhounds. Ten of the prisoners Cato and Paul Reed, chained together, were tried and convicted of the murders, and subsequently burned at the stake by custody, as members of an association called "Before the Day Club," the object of which was to kill or injure white people the lynching these negroes were released by order of the Court. Subsequently Andy Bell was found shot to death about Talbert and Grimes, are preachers (the latter, too, being the alleged leader of the "Club"), have escaped from the neighborhood

## GAINST CIVILIZATION

spect for law existing in that community. He was scarcely done congratulating the people of Statesboro on "their splendid regard for the law under very trying conditions," when a mob of fifteen hundred men charged an outpost of militia beyond the Court-house, and discovered that their rifles were unloaded and some of the guard without ammunition. Captain R. M. Hitch was in command of this detail from the First Regiment

of Savannah. He was seized from behind, his arms pinioned, and his pistol and sword taken from him. His men had bayonets fixed, but made only a perfunctory resistance.

The mob swept up-stairs to the court-room where Judge Daly was about to sentence a prisoner for some small misdemeanor. Pouring through the halls, they found the prison-room, to which the condemned men had been removed, and swept over the guard of four militiamen and a sergeant, and other details of soldiers who were supposed to guard all entrances to the building.

Again the troops made ineffective resistance, and the mob bundled them recklessly out of the way, now that it was known that their guns were harmless.

There was no attempt at concealment among those who headed the lynching party. The negro Cato was dragged from beside his wife and baby, and a noose put about his neck without a struggle. Reed, a powerfully muscled man, fought for his life, and with manacled hands beat back his captors through several moments. As they were hurried down the steps Judge Daly faced the mob and implored them to listen to reason. His efforts were aided by the clergyman, brother of the crime's victim, who prayed with tear-stained face that violence might be banished from the hearts of these people. He was shouted down with the cry that the mob wanted blood and not religion.

Within five minutes after breaking into the guard-room, the prisoners were being forced along the main street of the town toward the pine woods close at hand. Cato was stoical, but Reed made a rambling confession of his atrocities, and begged to be shot or hanged. Half-way to the stake, the negroes were allowed to halt while they prayed. The march was resumed to a tall pine stump already prepared, where fagots and fat pine kindling were piled in readiness.

The two men were backed against the tree, and a heavy chain bound them fast to it. Kerosene oil to the amount of twenty gallons was drenched over them, and they were also coated with tar. After the match was applied Reed made little outcry and died soon. Cato cried aloud and besought sudden death. One of the crowd mercifully smote him on the head, after which he was silent. Both negroes were almost wholly consumed.

Thirteen suspects were left in the county jail, and many of the mob were eager to return and lynch them all, "finishing the job." The majority thought that enough had been done for one day, and the throng dispersed.



CATO AND REED CHAINED TO THE STAKE AND ABOUT TO BE BURNED



The following night, however, spread a reign of terror among the negroes of the country. Not satisfied with burning Cato and Reed, a white mob killed two more negroes near Statesboro, wounded two in another part of the county, and severely whipped others scattered over twenty miles of the back country. One of these victims, Handy Bell, had been discharged from court after being held as a suspect in the Hodges case. He was shot dead on his way home. The two wounded were mistaken for other suspects.

When it became possible to sift the facts of the stake burning, it was learned that one hundred and eighteen

privates and officers of the Georgia militia had been on duty in and around the Court-house, a sufficient force to have protected the prisoners, if the several commands had been doing their sworn duty. In his report to the Adjutant-General of the State, Captain Hitch assumed all responsibility for the non-resistance of his troops. Many of the disgraced soldiers have resigned from their companies on the ground that in obeying orders not to load their rifles, they betrayed the trust the State had rested in them, and that by resignation they show their disapproval of such orders as made them pitifully ineffective. Despite the swift and sure process of justice in these trials, every detail of the

lynching was arranged before the verdicts were known. Captain Hitch asked for reinforcements from Savannah, and a battalion of the First Regiment was sent to his aid. The troops arrived too late to prevent the lynching, because the mob leaders knew the military plans in advance, and interference was guarded against by hurrying the negroes to the stake before the extra troop train could reach Statesboro. This and other evidence showed that the "mob" was, in fact, a carefully organized body acting with forethought and deliberation, determined to burn these prisoners at the stake wholly regardless of the result of the trial according to the laws of the commonwealth.

## THE VOICE OF THE SOUTH

*The recent outbreaks of mob law in Georgia and Alabama have reawakened public condemnation for such outrages against law and order, and it is due to the South, and particularly to the States in which these barbarous and savage outbreaks have occurred, that its representative papers be quoted showing how general is their reprobation of the crime and their abhorrence of unreasoning violence*

### From the "Landmark," Norfolk, Va.

Another burning of negro murderers in Georgia! This is bad for the State of Georgia and for the whole country. Lynching of any kind is questionable, but no matter what the provocation, the burning of the criminal at the stake is inexcusable and brutalizing. Why should the troops have been ordered to leave their guns unloaded? That was wrong, in the first place. The ugliest feature of the fearful affair, however, is the charge of the troops that the sheriff's deputies and other local officers of the law were in actual collusion with the lynchers. Every time the law is wantonly overpowered by the mob the community and the nation suffer.

### From the "Ledger," Birmingham, Ala.

Again there has been a lynching in Alabama and in Georgia. It is distressing that crime should provoke crime. In the Georgia case there was murder of the basest kind, and the confession of a conspiracy to murder and rob many people. It was enough to disturb any community. But it was as certain as fate that the criminals would be punished by the law. There was no justification of the lynching. It was done in hot blood, and the hot blood was natural and proper enough, but when there is certainty of legal punishment there is no excuse for lawless punishment. In Alabama a negro was shot to death by a mob in Marengo County. He attempted the crime for which so many of his race have suffered death, and he deserved his punishment, but there was not any necessity for this lynching. The case was clear, and there was not the least doubt of prompt punishment by the regular course of law. These lynchings can not be justified, and when they are committed at such a time as this they are harmful to the State, as well as debasing to the men who participate in them. It is an awful thing to have to kill a human being at any time and under any circumstances, and it is a shame to any community to have to suffer for the wrong-doing of a few men who are always ready to lynch a criminal.

### From the "Herald," Augusta, Ga.

The affair at Statesboro has brought into strong relief the fact that the Judge of the court, the Sheriff of the county, the Governor of the State, and the State Volunteer Troops were absolutely powerless; that they were swept aside as so much chaff by the mob. This is a feature of all such cases that can not but cause the most serious and sober thought among our people. For these things to continue is to court and to encourage the mob spirit to such an extent that the very foundations of civic government and popular democratic institutions are undermined.

### From the "Journal," Atlanta, Ga.

The horrible story which comes up from Statesboro is another of those dreadful chapters of crime and lawlessness which may well cause humanity to shudder. It may be said that lynching is unjustifiable under any conditions. It is said by many that burning at the

stake is barbarous, cruel, and inhuman. Measured by the standards of law and morality, it is true, and yet there are crimes which go far beyond the law and punishments which the law is utterly incapable of administering adequately. Such a case is the murder of the Hodges family at Statesboro. The act was committed by two negroes who were very devils incarnate. Murder in its ordinary acceptation does not begin to tell the crime of these creatures. It is a pity that the laws are not sufficiently strong and the courts too imperfect to

man crimes did not consider the ordinary punishment sufficient. They felt that an example—a fearful example—was needed for the protection of innocent ones living.

### From the "News and Courier," Charleston, S. C.

In the presence of such a spirit of lawless violence every good citizen must be appalled. If the crime of the negroes was past human understanding, what is to be said of the crime of their self-constituted executioners? If the deed that demanded the vengeance of the court outrages civilization, what is to be said of the deed that meted out to it a punishment the retributive force of which is lost in contemplation of its barbarity? If the negroes, Reed and Cato, were enemies of society because they had no regard for law and were lost to the primal instinct of humanity, what is to be said of the men who could storm a court-house in their mad lawlessness and could deliberately burn to death men whom the law had already condemned to die?

### From the "News," Birmingham, Ala.

The lynching of a negro in Marengo County, this State, while fortunately unattended by the atrocities perpetrated by the Statesboro, Georgia, mob, is nevertheless a blot upon the State. Justice will not be satisfied until the members of the mob are prosecuted and punished. Alabama in the last two years has made an enviable record for maintaining the majesty of the law. There must be no receding from the altogether admirable position assumed.

### From the "Times-Despatch," Richmond, Va.

It has ever been our boast that this paper is intensely Southern in all its views. We understand the negro question in the South. We know how brutal some negroes are, and we can understand how Southern whites may be wrought up to the pitch of fury by negro outrages. But we will not stand for such savagery as that which the people of this Georgia settlement have indulged in, nor will the white men of the South generally stand for it. It will be denounced by all decent men and newspapers, and the South should not be held responsible for it, nor be made to suffer for it.

### From the "Press," Savannah, Ga.

A calm and deliberate inquiry will bring out all the facts and show how far the double crimes of arson and murder were the results of a plot, and how far the results of a hasty plan to rob the household. A lynching at this time would seal the lips of probably the principals in the crime and prevent the discovery of all the men and motives in the offence. So that in every view of this unfortunate matter it would be far better to let the law take its course, to bring the men to trial, as they are being tried, before the courts of Bulloch County, than to condemn them by lynch law and strangle or shoot them to death. As a deterrent against future lawlessness, the majesty of the law is more effective than the fierce and fitful methods of the mob.



The charred stump where the negroes were burned to death.

deal with such criminals. Unfortunately, our courts are human institutions and our laws are weak at best. Admitting all that can be said in regard to lynch law and the enormity of the crimes committed under its name, where is the man who can wholly condemn those who on yesterday avenged the cruel murder of the Hodges family? True, the criminals confessed the crime, and their death by the usual method of hanging was thereby rendered certain, but a thousand neighbors and friends of the innocent victims of these inhu-



THE COURT-ROOM AT STATESBORO, GEORGIA, GUARDED BY MILITIA





SAMUEL A. COOK

But 129 out of the 1065 delegates that composed the regular Republican Convention were pledged to support Mr. Cook for Governor. He was nominated over Judge Beansch by the bolting minority, who held an irregular convention in a building not legally specified as the convention hall, and set up what they called "The Scalwart Republican" ticket.



JOSEPH W. BABCOCK

Chairman of National Republican Congressional Committee. Member of Congress from the Third Wisconsin District. Delegate-at-Large to the National Republican Convention, who was seated by the Credentials Committee of that Convention with the other "Stalwart" delegates. Mr. Babcock is a shrewd politician of the modern type rather than a statesman.

## THE CAN ISSUE IN WISCONSIN

BY ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, Governor of Wisconsin

*Mr. La Follette has directed the attention of the people of his State to the legislative corruption arising out of the present regime. Under this regime, he holds that the railroads of the State, operated by the Rockefellers, Van-Combination, have taken a direct part in the legislation of the commonwealth, and assess their own persistent purpose has been to obtain legislation by which the people may appoint, by direct nomination, shall serve the State; thus killing machine rule and placing the people in absolute control of the laws. Should the people of Wisconsin succeed in establishing what they consider to be so great and much States would be of greater importance to the country at large than the outcome of the national election.*

go to the people at the coming general election for final action at their hands.

It provides for the nomination of all candidates of all parties, from United States Senator, Congressman, and State officers, down to coroner, township and ward-committee men, upon the same day, by direct vote under the Australian ballot, in the same polling place, in the same manner, and with the same safeguards as at the general election. If approved by the people, it will go upon the statute books the most comprehensive and thorough primary election law yet enacted.

The law provides for the placing the names of all candidates on the official ballot six weeks in advance of the primary election, by filing nomination papers signed by a certain percentage of the voters of the party. It provides also for publishing the names of all candidates six weeks in advance of the primary election, thus giving the voter ample time to consider the fitness of such candidates for office.

Although popular election of United States Senators



GOVERNOR ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

is impossible without an amendment to the Constitution, the proposed Wisconsin law, in giving the people the right to nominate party candidates to the United States Senate, practically places their election in the hands of the people; for the Legislature is certain to register the will of the people, expressed at the ballot-box, in the primary election respecting United States Senators, exactly as Presidential electors now do in electing the President of the United States.

The law provides that candidates for State and Legislative offices shall, after nomination, meet and formulate the party platform. Under such a provision candidates for nomination will not secure the support of the voters without announcing their position upon questions that are before the people. Thus, in the selection of their candidates, the voters will support the men who are in favor of the principles demanded by the voters in their party platform. A platform so made will be doubly binding upon the officials who are to execute it through legislation and administration.

Contrast this primary election plan with the cumbersome, unsatisfactory method of nominating candidates under the caucus and convention system, where a protracted session of caucuses and conventions is pending in every county in the State throughout the entire summer season preceding the general election; the voter more or less uncertain as to time and place, and subject to all the deception and chicanery so easily practiced under this loose and unguarded system.

The right to make the ballot is as sacred as the right to cast it. They constitute co-equal and inseparable elements in suffrage, and should be alike protected in every way to secure the direct will of the citizen without the intervention of any other agency. The caucus and convention system invites to manipulation by bosses, big and little, in combination with the political agents of the public-service corporations. Furthermore, it should never be forgotten that not only the character of the men nominated, but the influences to which they owe their nominations, determines the character of Government. Make all men nominated and elected to office directly accountable and responsible to the people, by direct nomination under the Australian ballot, and they will serve the people.

Still another advantage was gained when, as a result of years of agitation, and three successive platform pledges, there was passed, at the close of the session of the last Legislature, the Railroad Tax bill, providing for the assessment of railroad property at full value, and for its taxation at the same rate as the other taxable property of the State. For fifty years the railroads of Wisconsin have been taxed a certain per cent on their reported gross earnings in lieu of all other taxes. This system amounted to a self-assessment. An investigation of the books and accounts of the Wisconsin railroads, conducted under the present State Administration, discloses that they have fraudulently withheld from their reported earnings over five millions of dollars (\$5,000,000) within the short period of five years, which, under the statute, the State was entitled to have returned for taxation.



The tax commission, which has just completed the first assessment under the new law, reports that it will increase the taxation of railroads six hundred and fifty nine thousand dollars (\$659,000) over the amount paid for the present year under the old law.

In addition to commending the primary election measure to all fair-minded citizens for their approval at the polls, and approving the law passed for *ad valorem* taxation of the railroads, the platform recently adopted by the regular Republican Convention for 1904 pledges the party to another most important proposition, viz., to enact and faithfully administer a law creating a State Railway Commission, empowered to fix and enforce reasonable transportation charges so far as they are subject to State control.

In the contest for equal taxation it was early understood by the advocates of reform in Wisconsin that no law increasing railway taxation would be finally effective unless supplemented by a law controlling railway transportation. Otherwise, the railroads would increase the freight rates enough to make the people pay an amount sufficient to reimburse the railroads for their increased taxes. Although a rate commission bill and a bill forbidding increase in freight rates were both defeated in the last session, the obstructing minority were impelled by the accumulated responsibility to concede the *ad valorem* tax bill and the primary election with the referendum.

Never in the history of any political party, since platforms were first framed to present party principles, have there been clearer, better-defined obligations than those pledged by the Republican platforms of Wisconsin in 1898, 1900, and 1902. It can not be maintained for one moment that the principles embodied in these platforms were unimportant. Equal and just taxation is an elementary principle in a republican form of government. The selection of the candidates, who are to enact legislation and administer the government, by a method which will give direct expression to the will of the majority, such as must follow a direct vote of the people, under the Australian ballot, is the very foundation of a republican form of government. It can not be claimed that these pledges were not understood. The issues were discussed throughout the State in every precinct again and again, year after year, by the press, by pamphlets, speeches, and addresses. And yet the will of the majority has been overthrown. The promises made in 1898, in 1900, and in 1902 have been violated or only partially fulfilled. For years a powerful lobby, representing public-service corporations, joined with the minority, representing the old political machine which ruled Wisconsin legislation for a generation, have succeeded in defeating pledges made in good faith by the party in convention and approved in full faith by the people at the polls. A constant warfare has been made upon a Republican Administration which has committed no crime, been guilty of no wrong, unless it be wrong to endeavor to keep the promises made by the Republican Conventions and ratified by the overwhelming majority of the people in the elections.

Upon what pretext has the obstructing minority pursued its course?

Recreant members of the first Legislature offered at the first session the remarkable defence that bossism and dictatorship in the executive office furnished excuse for violating platform pledges. But, neither from the time the Republican platform was adopted in 1900, nor throughout the long campaign following its adoption, nor after the people had declared by over a hundred thousand majority for its principles, was there a word printed by the press of the State, or any intimation given by any Republican candidate for any office, that the platform pledges were not to be carried out in letter and spirit. Not until the morning following the organization of the Legislature was the purpose made known. Then for the first time it was published in a section of the press of the State, that the Senate was in the hands of the minority wing of the party and that it would defeat the Republican platform pledges.

Up to this time it can not be claimed that there was any one in the executive office attempting to coerce, intimidate, or dictate to members of the Legislature. The only excuse or defence made by the minority through that session, therefore, fails. It becomes plain that at the time of the adoption of the platform there was, on the part of the minority, a well-matured plan to accomplish the defeat of that legislation. At that time men were being brought forward in many Assembly and Senatorial Districts of the State, secretly pledged to violate the promises of the party, yet taking nominations and going through a campaign, either silently acquiescing in the platform upon which they stood, or openly declaring for it, and, in either event, defrauding their constituents who voted for them as the candidates of the party pledged to that legislation.

From that time down to the present, the minority opposition to the platform pledges have pursued the same course. Realizing full well that in open contest on the real issues at stake they have no shadow of a chance of winning out with the people, they have pursued a uniform policy of misrepresentation and deceit before the election. After the election they have organized a daring and unscrupulous lobby to obstruct and defeat the legislation.

#### Misrepresentation Before Election

It is due to the party and to the independent citizens of the State that the voters of Wisconsin be protected, in so far as possible, against further betrayals of trust. And the Republican platform of 1904 adopted a resolution, passed at the birth of the party in Wisconsin fifty years ago, which declares that no candidate for member of the Legislature, or for any State office, shall receive the support of the party organization unless he declares for the party principles and unless his character has been such as to give verity to his declarations.

The recent pre-convention contest for the Republican nomination in Wisconsin was bitter. The railroad companies, many large manufacturers, and favored shippers boldly and openly coerced their employees into voting at the caucuses and into active campaign service against the administration.

As a conspiracy was laid for the defeat of the plat-

form pledges in 1900, so, apparently, one was formed in 1904 for securing control of the convention, regardless of the majority. Contests were put up in counties without any pretext of right, and false claims were adhered to with a persistency that showed deliberate intention to secure control at any cost.

The Republican State Convention was regularly called by the State Central Committee to meet in the University Gymnasium at Madison, Wisconsin, on May 18, 1904. No question about the regularity of the call has ever been raised. After the delegates were all elected, and two days prior to the assembling of the convention, the State Central Committee, in strict conformity with precedent and practice for more than ten years, met pursuant to notice to hear and determine any contests, perfect the temporary roll of the convention, and recommend its temporary officers.

#### Contests Fairly Decided

The total number of delegates in the convention as called was 1,065. The temporary roll consisted of 957 uncontested delegates and 108 contested delegates. Of the uncontested delegates 515½ were indisputably favorable to the State administration and voted for the renomination of the present State officers, and for the adoption of the platform.

The State Central Committee was composed of sixteen administration supporters and six members opposed to the administration. Several of the contests heard by the committee were settled by unanimous vote, notably the contests from the First District in Eau Claire County—9 votes—and in the First District in Grant County—11 votes. These contests were



JOHN C. SPOONER

Senior United States Senator from Wisconsin, and one of the nation's ablest statesmen. For years he has been a railroad attorney and the idol of the Badger State Republicans. He opposed the party split, but was told by the friends who had helped to make him that he must go with the bolters or fight his own battles thereafter. He left the convention with the bolters. It is now reported that both he and Mr. Cook, the nominee for Governor, will abandon the "Stalwarts" if the Supreme Court refuses to allow their names to appear on the ballot under the head of "Republicans."

settled in favor of the administration by unanimous vote of the committee—six of the members of which were then, and now are, pronounced opponents of the administration.

That the other contests were fairly decided is easily demonstrated, but, fortunately, it is unnecessary to go back of this undisputed and recorded evidence to prove a majority.

Out of the 103 contested delegates given seats in the temporary organization by the State Central Committee, and seated by the convention upon its review of the action of the committee—separate votes being taken in the convention upon each contest, and no delegation being permitted to vote upon its own case—59½ were favorable to the administration, 43½ to the opposition, and 5 were excluded altogether for gross fraud. This determination of the contested cases in itself bears testimony to the fact that no high-handed methods were adopted by the State Central Committee, or the convention, and is *prima facie* evidence of what is really the fact—that the majority of the committee conceded to the minority, in a spirit of fairness, contested delegations that might have been justifiably counted for the majority.

The 43 contested Stalwart delegates, seated by the State Central Committee, as well as the 441 uncontested Stalwart delegates, attended and participated in the proceedings of the convention—voting upon the review of all the contested cases, and upon all other questions—up to the time when a motion was made to "make the temporary organization permanent." At this point, and near the close of the first day's convention, a Stalwart member of the convention arose and made the following announcement:

"The anti-third term delegates in the convention are requested to meet in CAUCUS at the Fuller Opera House at eight o'clock to-night."

Thereupon many delegates, notably the supporters of Mr. Beansch, whom the majority of the Stalwart delegates were elected to support for Governor, left the hall. That portion of the Stalwart forces that had been

elected to support Mr. Cook for Governor, comprising 129 votes, remained, voted upon the motion to make the temporary organization permanent, and, also, upon a motion to adjourn until the next day. The leader of this element, in the course of a speech, made after the Stalwart announcement for the evening caucus above noted, explaining their position, declared that the supporters of Mr. Cook "would not bolt." However, when the regular convention reassembled at the Gymnasium the next morning, pursuant to adjournment, no anti-administration delegates were present. The convention proceeded to adopt a platform, nominate a State ticket, and transact the usual business of a convention.

Five hundred and eighty-five votes were cast upon all questions. There was a roll-call upon, and a record made, of every vote taken in the convention.

The Opera House meeting on the same day also adopted a platform and nominated a State ticket. Mr. Cook was nominated for Governor, although nearly three-fourths of the Stalwart delegates had been elected for Beansch. There is no explanation for the selection of Mr. Cook, except that his followers "would not bolt" unless their candidate for Governor was placed at the head of the ticket. This required the defeat of Mr. Beansch, the Stalwart candidate having 355 delegates in the Stalwart "Caucus" and the selection of Mr. Cook, with only 129 delegates, as the Stalwart candidate in order to get his delegation into the "caucus" hall. It was quite necessary to annex these 129 votes; otherwise they would not have had even a fair-sized bolting minority. This proceeding offers a good example of the way the caucus and convention system of nominating candidates serves to express the will of the people.

Indeed, one could hardly have devised a more striking exemplification of the iniquity of the caucus and convention system of nominating candidates, and of the need of a primary election law which will place the nomination of candidates directly in the hands of the people, as elections now are, than is afforded by the Wisconsin situation of to-day. Imagine substituting the caucus and convention system for our existing plan of elections—and yet it is no more faulty in system for elections than for nominations. Consider for a moment the anomaly of this bolting minority, who have so long defeated the will of the people in securing a primary election law, resting their case before the National Committee and in the court on the flaws and technical errors they claim exist in the credentials of a large number of delegates elected under our loose, cumbersome system of caucuses and conventions. In order to make a showing on this basis, they attack the credentials from districts practically unanimous in sentiment, where they could scarcely get a vote to support their contention. Those who have examined the original credentials critically know that the administration had a clear majority even on the bolters' basis of perfectly credentialed delegates. But where does political history afford a like parallel of the need of fundamental reform in nominating systems?

This Opera House meeting, the only notice of which was the mere verbal announcement of a single delegate, above stated, for "a caucus of anti-third termers"—more than one-fourth of the delegates of which did not join until after they had participated in the permanent organization of the regular convention, and then only when they had been apparently persuaded by the promise of the gubernatorial nomination—this Opera House meeting, the "majority" of which was made up by including all the contested delegates, upon whose credentials no authorized committee had passed, including even those which their own representatives on the State Central Committee had unanimously agreed were not entitled to seats as delegates in any convention—this meeting, which refused to admit—because they did not belong to their faction—regularly credentialed delegates who applied for admission in order to test the intent and purpose of the meeting—this meeting, in which there was no authenticated roll-call, doubtless for the reason that a number of contested and a number of bolting delegates returned to their homes, and did not participate in the meeting at all—of which fact there is abundant sworn evidence—this meeting, so constituted, nominated a State ticket, and is by its representatives in the Supreme Court of Wisconsin demanding that this ticket be recognized as the regular Republican ticket. The strongest reason urged in support of the claim is that the National Committee at Chicago admitted as the delegates-at-large from Wisconsin the men elected in this meeting, holding it to be the regular convention, mainly on the ground of flaws and technical errors in the credentials of delegates elected from all over the State, according to local custom and procedure, without legal counsel or any very specific legal instructions.

#### "The Work of a Railroad Aggregation"

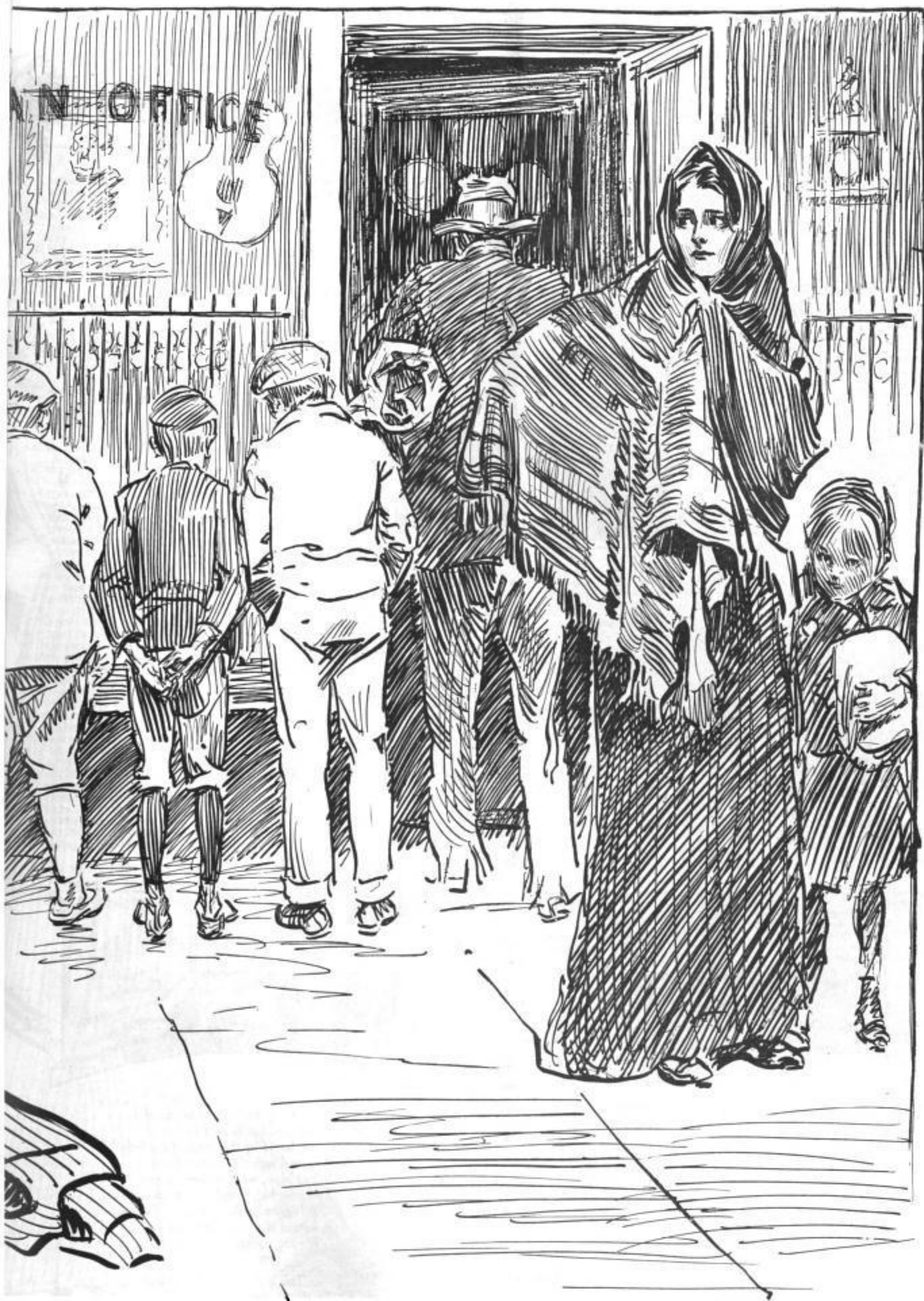
The National Committee seated the gentlemen sent as delegates-at-large by the bolters' meeting. This they did upon an oral argument, in which all the material statements made by the one side were disputed by the other. To determine the issue of fact thus raised, it would have been necessary to examine the original records, credentials, and evidence, in the possession of the State Central Committee, which was, at the conclusion of the argument, offered by the regularly elected delegates to the National Committee for their inspection. So indecent were they in their haste to render a verdict, which was manifestly ready-made, that they not only did not wait to make a pretence of examining records, credentials, or evidence, but swiftly rendered their decision before the attendants could hustle the attorneys and principals out of the room. Walter Wellman, in the Chicago "Record-Herald," described this action of the National Committee as the work of a railroad aggregation responding to the demands of railroad presidents over the country, who had rushed to the relief of the presidents of the Wisconsin roads. One scarcely needed the presence of high railroad officials and their lobby agents in and about the rooms of the National Committee and the Stalwart headquarters in Chicago, to find abundant proof of this.

The conduct of the National Committee exposed the







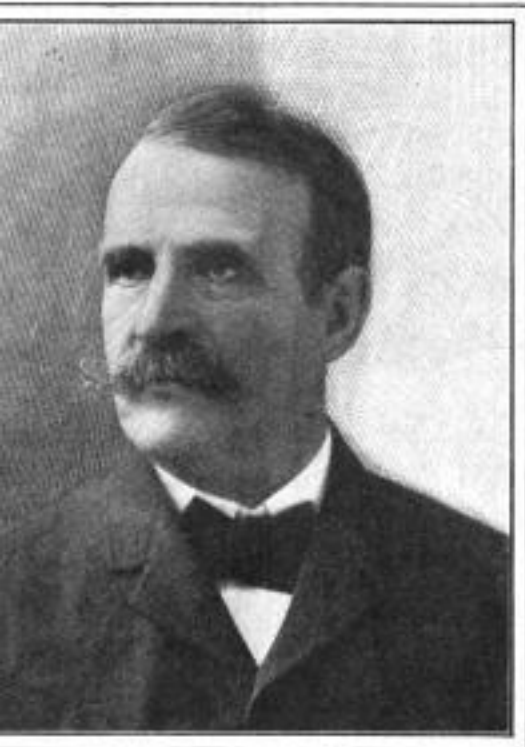


# TRICAL SEASON

ANA GIBSON



to allow their names to be printed on the ticket by the Stalwarts at the Opera House meeting could be clearer or more emphatic. Section 35 of the Revised Statutes of Wisconsin contains the following provision: "In case of a nomination in any particular party and a claim by two or more factions thereof to the same party name, the officials to whom the certificates of nomination are required to be filed, shall, in certifying such nominations upon the respective ballots, give preference of name to the nomination or caucuses thereof held pursuant to the action of the regularly constituted party authorities." It is to be hoped that the court will make an early decision of the matter. These issues have been



HENRY E. PAYNE

the Railroad Magnate of Milwaukee, and Postmaster-General of the United States, under whose administration the Government has been found to be honeycombed with dishonesty and corruption. He is a so-called "regular" politician, a skillful and experienced State lobbyist, and a worker in the "Stalwart" camp.

the people now for many years, and a deep conviction has taken hold of the public mind with reference to them. While I do not believe, therefore, that the decision of the court will affect many votes, it is desirable in the conduct of the campaign that the lines of the issue be settled promptly. The action was brought last year with the last hope that if, on some technical ground, a decision could be secured, some voters might be influenced by it. It was to catch such voters that the "bolter" ticket was put in the field; for it is not reasonable to suppose that the active Stalwarts will vote for, or encourage voting for, their ticket. A plurality of the people and old-time politicians well understand that the only way to accomplish the defeat of the regular Republican ticket is to vote the Democratic ticket as they did ten years and four years ago.

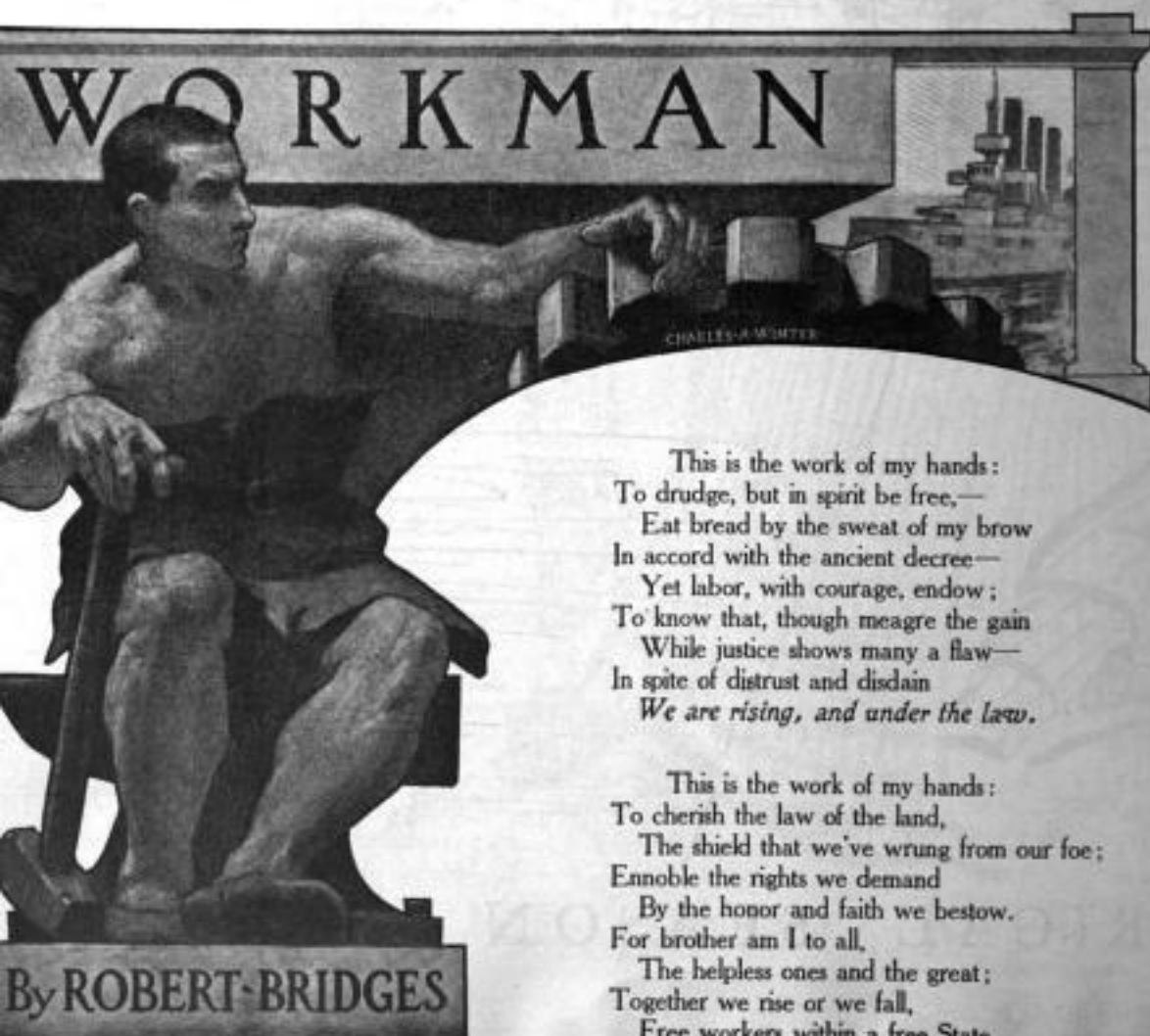
It is likewise hoped by the railway corporations that on some technical ground, the Supreme Court

should declare the bolters' ticket to be the regular ticket, then by following up the decision with a strong appeal to party feeling, in the heat of a Presidential campaign, enough votes might be drawn to the bolters to defeat the regular ticket, and with it the reforms which are now so nearly consummated.

The individuals named as the parties to this action are, of course, interested in it. The men named upon the respective tickets have their personal interests and ambitions at stake. But the real parties to this Supreme Court case are the railroads upon one side and the people of the State upon the other. If the bolters, backed from the beginning by the railroads, win, it will naturally lead the corporations to hope for the defeat of the administration, and with it the repeal or nullification of the new railway tax law, which makes an increase of upward of seven hundred thousand dollars in their taxes. The defeat of the administration ticket would ensure the defeat of all legislation to establish a railway commission with power to reduce their transportation charges in Wisconsin to a reasonable rate, chopping off at least twenty-five per cent of excess charges now made to Wisconsin shippers over the amount paid for like shipments in Illinois and Iowa, where they are complaining of excessive rates. The defeat of the administration ticket would mean the surrender of the State's claim for the collection of hundreds of thousands of dollars in past-due taxes, out of which the companies have defrauded the State year after year, under the old license fee law for the taxation of railroads, by regularly withholding from the reports of their gross earnings in round numbers a million dollars a year. This has been disclosed under an investigation of railroad books and accounts, prosecuted by this administration, extending back over a period of only five years, in which over five millions of dollars of gross earnings not reported for taxation have been discovered. Verily, the railroads are the real parties in interest behind the case now pending in the Supreme Court.

Upon the other side the real parties in interest are the people. Except for the railroad lobby, in combination with the old-time political bosses of the State, there would have been no defeat of the legislation three times pledged. The railroads would have paid several million dollars additional taxes as a just increase, a rate commission for two years would have greatly reduced transportation charges for all producers and consumers, and a primary election law, under the Australian ballot, would have placed the selection of candidates directly in the hands of the people. There would have been no war upon a Republican administration by a minority faction. There would have been no third term and no anti-third term campaign. There would have been no division in the party.

Any decision adverse to the administration ticket could only be based on technical grounds. It could not affect the essential fact that the ticket was nominated by a majority of the Republican party. It could not affect the supreme importance of the great issues. For let it be understood that no proceedings in court, whether quickly terminated or prolonged, will be permitted to prejudice the great cause of the people in this State. This is the paramount issue in Wisconsin. It will be subordinated to no other, until platform pledges are redeemed and the will of the majority prevails. The essential fact in this controversy is that the administration ticket was nominated by the majority of the Republican party of the State of Wisconsin, and the issues between the regular Republicans and the bolters in this State are clearly defined and of supreme importance. They will never be settled in Wisconsin until they are settled right. The platform pledges of the Republican party will be redeemed and the will of the majority shall prevail. The people will restore representative government in Wisconsin.



This is the work of my hands:  
To drudge, but in spirit be free,—  
Eat bread by the sweat of my brow  
In accord with the ancient decree—  
Yet labor, with courage, endow;  
To know that, though meagre the gain  
While justice shows many a flaw—  
In spite of distrust and disdain  
*We are rising, and under the law.*

This is the work of my hands:  
To cherish the law of the land,  
The shield that we've wrung from our foe;  
Ennoble the rights we demand  
By the honor and faith we bestow.  
For brother am I to all,  
The helpless ones and the great;  
Together we rise or we fall,  
Free workers within a free State.

By ROBERT BRIDGES



# THE MEASURE OF A MAN

*The Story of a Young Authoress who Discovers the Proverbial Relation between Fiction and Fact*



By BEATRIX DEMAREST LLOYD, Author of "The Pastime of Eternity" : Illustrated by EMLIN McCONNELL

MR. PENNIMAN pulled up—with no great difficulty, it must be chronicled—his worthless gray horse at the station, and clambered down from the extraordinarily blue farm cart which gave no more encouragement than its mere shafts to his descent. The evening train was just pulling out with a leisureliness resultant from its unimportance. One person only had left the train at Northport, and this person claimed Mr. Penniman's heavy attention.

"Guess you're the party that wrote, ain't you? I'm H. Penniman."

"And my name is Chartress," was the reply. "I am the—the person who wrote you, and I'm very glad you came to meet me. This suit-case is very heavy—and, moreover, you see I had no idea where you live."

Mr. Penniman came forward at the suggestion and took the bag from her hand.

"There ain't no cars runnin' to my house yet," he said, very facetiously. "This cart ain't quite the kind of vehicle you city people are 'customed to, but if you're spry enough to get on to the shaft the rest's easy."

It wasn't, however, for the hardest part of the farmer's hard life was to beat the mare into sensibility. "Tain't far," he said encouragingly, as the horse started off almost imperceptibly.

"Too dark t' see much of the place," said her host, who was easily persuaded to talk. "And 'tain't much to see in the light either." He laughed at this as one who might more reasonably have wept.

Genevra Chartress was almost too weary to sympathize, but she murmured something lost in the noise of the cart as it thumped, springless, over the road.

"Nothin' but sand and what little green we struggle for. Every blade o' grass is known by name and address down here." He laughed again. "Whut anybody ever comes here for, that don't have to!"

There was a very competent suggestion in the speech, but he made it clearer.

"What might your object be in comin'?" he asked her—"society?"

She thought this one of his humorous fancies and laughed brokenly over the joltings.

"I came to be away from everything that keeps me from my work," she explained. "I am going to do a lot of writing at your house."

"Humph," said Mr. Penniman. "Well, here's the house, so you can go right in and commence."

Mrs. Penniman, whose beauty had gradually become distorted by drooping curves, greeted her at the door, a small, smoking kerosene lamp in her hand. There were no halls in the house, and the room was close and stuffy.

"Will you have something to eat, miss? Your room's in the front upstairs, and you'll have to go round out-doors to the front door, as my mother-in-law is sick, and we'd have to go through her room to get t' the stairs."

"I think I don't care for anything to eat, thank you. I had my dinner on the train. But I will go right to my room if I may."

H. Penniman came in with her suit-case.

"Going to bed, eh? Thought you city folks sat up all night."

"I shall stay up to-morrow night late enough to confirm you in that belief, probably," she said good-naturedly, and yet with a distinct consciousness of preparing them for the worst. "I do my writing at night and sleep late in the morning."

"Well, I should never think of doing my plowing at night, but I

often think of sleeping late mornings. That's about as near as I ever get to it."

Mr. Penniman substituted his laugh again.

"I'll carry your bag around," he added, pushing open the screen door. "I'm going to put a cover over this porch so's my wife can set and get bit by mosquitoes."

The "porch" was four feet square and about ten inches from the ground. Mrs. Penniman brought the flaring smelling lamp with her, and surveyed the promised refuge from monotony.

"It gets tiresome setting in the house all day," she said, as she followed them.

Mr. Penniman unlocked the rarely used front door and let them into a tiny box-like vestibule, which was dignified by the name of parlor-hall. The stairs went upward at a ladder angle, and debouched directly into her bedroom.

Mr. Penniman gave her the key and left her suit-case at the foot of the bed. Every inch of woodwork and furniture in the room was of the same blue as the cart, but the curtains were clean and there was fresh matting on the floor. Underneath, she knew the floor was blue.

Mrs. Penniman contributed the little dingy lamp and left with a genial good-night.

"She said," remarked Mrs. Penniman as she joined her husband after a tour of the house from without—"she said she didn't need the lamp, had brought her own candles. Ain't that queer? And said she never wanted breakfast, but would make her tea in her room."

"She's one of these eccentric people, you can see," said Mr. Penniman, pulling off his boots. "She's a writer—is going to do a lot of work here, she says. Well—most people do, I notice. If ideas come as hard

here as potatoes do, she'll do more work than she calculates, that's all."

The next noon, when Genevra came hazardingly down the stairs, and out into the barren yard, she found H. Penniman hanging a string hammock between the only two trees in the inclosure of his side yard.

"Morning—I suppose you call it. I thought you might care to set out in this and get bit." It seemed, apparently, quite inexplicable that one should by preference sit outdoors. "You're up pretty early," he added, and laughed.

"You'll never see me any earlier," she said, laughing with him. "I suppose you've been up for hours."

"Since five o'clock," the man assented. "I'm home for dinner."

"Home?" she queried.

"From the hay fields. Some days I farm, some days I fish, and some days I sit around and wonder if gun-powder would make my hens lay. There's your hammock, miss. Will you have dinner now with me and my wife or—"

"Certainly, I'll dine with you now," said Genevra quickly.

"I shouldn't have expected to see you in calico," H. Penniman made comment as they went into the house.

"Lord, H. P.," said Mrs. Penniman wearily. "Good-morning, miss. I'm afraid you ain't 'customed to—"

"Oh, yes, I am. I think dinner in the middle of the day is very sensible," said Genevra, taking her place. "I am quite hungry in your salty air."

Mr. Penniman had an alarming way of using the carving-knife as a personal weapon in his warfare with the viands, and with great success, for they went down like grain before the scythe.

Despite the white potatoes and the rhubarb, Genevra could eat little, having begun with a daring and prohibitive bite of steamed bread, and she was glad afterward to get out into the cool air and the ease of the hammock.

And then the sea and the barren dunes beckoned and she started away to join them.

Mrs. Penniman called to her from behind the prisoning screen door. "You ain't going to walk in this heat?"

Genevra nodded bravely. "It isn't nearly so warm out here."

"Better wait and let H. P. drive you over," Mrs. Penniman suggested.

"Oh, no, I like to walk."

"Like to walk!" echoes the other. "Well, Lord, you are a queer one," under her breath.

Genevra made a second start for the gate. That, too, was painted blue. She could see a dry drinking-trough far up the road, and a barn and a cart in a nearby field. They were painted with the same dreadful brush.

"Where you goin'?" called Mrs. Penniman, with her nose against the wire door.

"I don't know. Is there anywhere to go besides the sea?"

"Lord, yes. There's the life-saving station and the store and the settlement."

"Settlement of what?" asked the girl, stopping in surprise. "Fishermen?"

"No, indeed, millionaires," replied Mrs. Penniman, as if the alternative were quite a common one.

"Millionaires?" gasped Genevra, in amazement. "Here! A settlement of them! And I thought that here at least—"

"Well, they won't worry you much," retorted her hostess, feeling that the stranger had failed to appreciate one of the place's chief attractions. "They live away over there on Kinnicut Lake, and there's a big pine woods between."

"Pine woods sound very alluring," Genevra was trying to make up for her unfortunate dismay. "Where are the woods?"

"Over there, down the road," replied the woman, adding to herself, as the girl nodded and smiled, and turned away in the direction indicated: "She wouldn't mind meeting up with one, I'll wager." With which reflection on her guest's mercenary spirit, she went back to her uncomfortable kitchen.

The pine woods were wonderful. A thick mass of brown needles covered the ground, and little Japanese glimpses of the lake and sky were visible far off between the trunks and boughs of the pointed trees. In the very joy of it, and pride in knowing herself a part



She started up to assume the conventionalities of a tiresome life



"Over there," she replied, pointing vaguely toward the straggling line of farms. "Good-day."

"Won't you tell me your name before you go? I am Carton Carragher, and very much in your debt."

He might veraciously have added many others to his list of creditors, and he thought of this and smiled.

She was silent.

"Won't you tell me your name, my girl?"

"I think not," she said with judicial deliberateness.

"Not even your own real name?" He refused to be offended, and was treating her as if she were a mere shy child.

"I think not," she repeated. "Your friend is waiting."

And then with a bow and an amused smile he turned and went back into the darker woods, switching at the pine needles underfoot with his stick, and looking downward at the havoc that he made.

That night Geneva fulfilled the expectations of Mr. Penniman by going to her room about nine o'clock to write. He had put up for her during the day an immense shelf to be used as a desk, and at her request, having planed it off, forbore to paint it blue. On this she had put her seven-branch brass candlestick, which

After a little she began to read—almost with a feeling of reading something quite new to her. And it occurred to her that the man of whom she had written and was reading was like this Carton Carragher, a man of town ways, with no ambitions, no beliefs, no hopes, content with enough to eat and too much to drink, with artificiality in almost every form of expression—light, flowers, love, and complexion. She had heard his name in connection with these things as a leader of the men of these things, and she had seen how well he was qualified to bear the position by his attitude toward her at their meeting.

And then, pondering the thing, she came to doubt her own work. The men in the page beneath her finger had been worthy of better things, had found a later desire to accomplish better things, and had in a dignified, quiet way gone about to achieve them. Could a man like Carton Carragher be worthy of better things? She had in a fleeting moment thought so. If she could put him and her other man to the test together?

The idea was an alluring one—it seemed dangerous, exhilarating, and profitable. She looked away at the idle sky and thought about it gladly and fearfully.

Some few minutes later the familiar sound of a stick beating impatiently at the pine needles brought her back to more specific things.

Carton Carragher was coming toward her over the brown earth.

"Are you lost again?" she inquired, rising and gathering up her books into the embrace of her arm.

He stopped and bowed. "Oddly enough, not wholly so."

"I then am of no assistance. I was about to leave and will bequeath you the woods."

He looked at her curiously, unconsciously reminding her that she was not playing the rôle she had assumed.

"I'm goin' home," she added simply enough.

"But you are of inestimable importance just where you are. You have been reading? Tell me, you were not educated here."

"No, I wasn't. But I suppose I would have been taught to read here, just the same."

She assumed the injured tone of a native.

"Oh, undoubtedly. But they taught you more than to read, didn't they?"

"Oh, fractions." She could not resist it, nor the smile.

"I mean they taught you that you are charming and pretty and quite too good for Northport?"

"They taught me not to be silly," she replied with a fine imitation of bucolic sarcasm, by which he was completely deceived.

"What are you reading?"

She handed him one of the books she was holding without any comment.

"It's a new book, and your name isn't written in it. Why don't you wish me to know your name?"

"My name is Laura," she replied, not wishing to seem to be coquetting with him; and, indeed, it was though used only once in her life at her baptism.

"Laura," he repeated, and his accent had never softened his voice to better advantage. "Laura—it is a beautiful name."

"You say it well—I like to hear you say it," very unthinkingly and unwisely she said it. And then regretting bitterly the involuntary appreciation she let down all her barriers of reserve, she looked at him an instant and saw something like pleasure and triumph in his smile.

She turned quickly away, her self-reproach growing bitter within her.

"I have never read this book," he said easily, his very voice taking her by the shoulders and turning her around. "And I've read nearly everything at Court-nay's. Will you be so courteous as to lend me this?"

She nodded, not quite so courteously as she might have, and he slipped the book into his pocket.

"I will return it, of course, very soon. Where do you live, quite definitely?"

"Penniman's," she replied, with an irritating knowledge that she had reason to be angry more with herself than with him.

"Penniman," he said, as if to fix it in his memory. And coming quite near her, he added with many tones in his voice and many looks in his eyes: "When we meet again I shall ask you why you like to hear me call you Laura."

And in his leaving that for their last word she knew with how great an artist she had to deal.

And, "Oh, bother," she said aloud to the empty woods a moment later, "he has taken the wrong book—it should have been this one."

But this one was turned over to H. Penniman that night and he marveled at its beauty. "Them gold letters, now," he said, holding it off where his wife and he could both look at it, "look like dandelions in green grass—something," with a dubious qualification. "And bound up so stiff and smooth."

"It's the inside I want you to care for," said Geneva, at the door.

"And don't it seem queer," said the man, without replying directly to her, "that here's something that nobody can eat, nor wear, nor use, and yet you probably get considerable money for making it, a-setting it there easy at your candlestick, while I work out into cold of winter and heat of summer, get up early every morning, have breakfast, dinner, and supper early so I can get up early again the next day, toil all a day, enough to live on so's I'll be well enough to toil the next, and there ain't any money in it nor been neither?"



"Them gold letters, now," he said, "look like dandelions in green grass."

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had helped to make the suit-case so heavy, and a box which held her manuscript was opened for her by her host, quite secretly impressed.

"That's a deal of writing," he said, as he handed her up the clear-cut stacks of paper. "And here's a lot all blank and white, ready for tragedy or comedy or washing-lists."

"Oh, Mr. Penniman!" Her eyes danced. "How splendid of you!"

He but vaguely understood her.

"That's likely your religion, ain't it?" he said hesitatingly as he reached the door.

"Yes, it is," Geneva laid her hand reverently on the white paper.

"I knowed—knew by the candlestick. You couldn't do that kind of work by a oil lamp, could you? I'd like to read something you'd wrote some day. Some of your religion. Fishin' is my time for praying, something the same," he said.

"I'll send to town for my books. I've written two," she said, "and you shall read them."

"Thank you, miss—" he was almost too pleased.

He went down four or five of the immediate stairs before he could close the door.

"How long do you suppose it will take them books to get here?" he asked childishly.

The books had arrived three days later, when Geneva was herself inquiring for mail at the office. She went into the pine woods on her way back to read her letters, and remembered the woman in the garden-party costume and the man whose name was not unknown to her, and was glad they were not there.

Her friend the editor had sent a little reminder that the manuscript ought to reach him within a week, and she reflected comfortably that she could easily finish all the alterations they had agreed upon within that time. There were letters from her friends, all redirected by her woman at home, and all calling upon her to return and to abandon her eccentricities. "I would if you'd let me alone when I got there," she said, slipping them into her pocket. And then, as she looked away at the patches of blue that were either lake or sky, and one could not tell which, her hand fell on the packet of books, and she lifted it into her lap, and untied the strings patiently. The thick paper wrappers opened like jaws and disclosed her two books, and their old Morris letters shone gold on their green sides. She opened the first and greeted it. Within were dear and well-known people, friends that she had lived with for a long time, friends that made her evenings wonderful by their presence, and her days dreamlike with visions and memories. That they were creatures of her own making seemed so preposterous that she put the idea away unthought. Here and there on the pages she found passages that she could scarcely remember having written. How could she make these people think and say things that it would never occur to her to do for herself?



"I think there's a great deal of beauty in it," said Geneva. "Come here."

He came and stood beside her, and as she held the door open for him, so it seemed she held wide another door shut between him and the beauty of life and work that brought the undisfigured face of Nature near to one.

"Yes, yes," he sighed. "Yet it took me four years to grow that grass for the moon to shine on."

"Is it any the less precious for that?" she asked softly. And when she slipped away, he still stood there with the book forgotten in his big worn hand.

Two more days of the week slipped by. Geneva had begun to dread the thought of leaving, and had laid plans with overburdened Mrs. Penniman and her heavily laden husband to come to them for a longer visit later in the year.

H. Penniman stopped to look at her in her hammock as he started off to the hayfields with a newly emptied wagon.

"Finished the book last night," he said loudly. "Don't it beat all? I never knew a author before. Never expected to see one lyin' in that there fishnet cradle. Gosh, but you gave it to that beau fellow. Made him light out about his business—eh? I tell you what, it stirred me up so, could scarcely sleep a wink. I kept fancying it were all real, and I wanted to go and take his hand and say, 'You're all right, you are!' Don't it beat all how you could think up things like that? Ever know a man like that?"

"No," said Geneva, with a stiffness about the throat. "Oh, no."

"Well, he was a corker—pretty rotten all through the first part. Shows what a blessing hard work is, eh?" He laughed his mournful laugh and started the horse heroically. "I want the other one to begin on to-night," he called back over his shoulder as the cart lumbered away.

Geneva swung the hammock lightly with her foot, and with her hands clasped under her head lay looking up into the fog that had clung heavily all morning to the treetops, and she was smiling. For the honest praise of the man had been much to her, critically valueless as it might be.

Carton Carragher came upon her unexpectedly, as indeed he always did, and when she sat up more formally in the hammock, he was quite beside her.

"I have brought you the book," he said, "and have come to ask you a question."

The assurance of conquest was in his eyes, and her blood smarted indignantly in her veins.

"Did you like it?" she asked as coolly as her trembling voice would let her. "I s'pose you've read a lot and are up about literature."

"I have read a great deal. I think my love of books—good books, for I can't endure the trashy ones—is my one virtue. And I did like this book. It's a little immature. I suppose this"—he turned the book over to look at the gilt letters—"this Geneva Chartress is rather new at the business. I don't think I ever heard of her before. Have you?"

She was a little at a loss for her lie, but managed to evade it by saying in the pessimistic manner of her disguise, "How should I ever hear of any one?"

"Then how, may I ask, did you come by the book?"

"It was sent to Mr. Penniman." "Penniman? Isn't he your father?"

"No, he ain't." The word was an effort, but her tone was final.

Carragher felt himself distinctly at a disadvantage, standing before her as she sat at ease in the hammock. He sat down on the thin grass, taking his knees into his embrace, and after a quick scrutiny of the tree behind him leaned his back against it. Miss Chartress sniffed. "Mighty particular about your clothes," she said.

He refused to find her disagreeable. "I have to be," he answered with a laugh. "For I owe my tailor so much now it's very possible he will refuse to trust me any more."

"Why don't you pay him?" she asked with a flatness. "Oh, there are so many more interesting things to spend my money on," said Carragher.

Miss Chartress looked at him steadily. She was wondering at his extraordinary mental likeness to the man in the story. The sharp doubt of the reality of the character came to her again. She must know, she must test herself. She perceived when her absorption faded that Carragher was smiling at her. The teasing expression of his face came to her suddenly, as one looks at the surface of a lake only at length to see the picture mirrored there.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked.

"You," she replied readily.

He pushed his hat back from his brow. "I like it," said Carragher triumphantly.

"Perhaps you wouldn't if you knew what I was thinking."

"Oh, don't be cross," he said disarmingly. "I'm in so jolly a mood, so awfully contented with myself and you."

She looked down at the book lying on her knees and turned a few pages. "You've read it?" he asked.

"Yes, I've got another of her books indoors."

"Then she is not so new at it as I supposed."

"This may have been her first."

"Of course," he said. "Did I bring it back in good condition?"

She saw what was coming, but knowing "Laura" would not, merely nodded, waiting. "Then you will lend me the other, I am sure!" he begged.

She trembled a little. Here was the moment come. Suppose she had been wrong? Suppose the whole long story on which she worked so hard should prove quite worthless? Then she pulled herself together almost angrily. There was nothing final surely in this test.

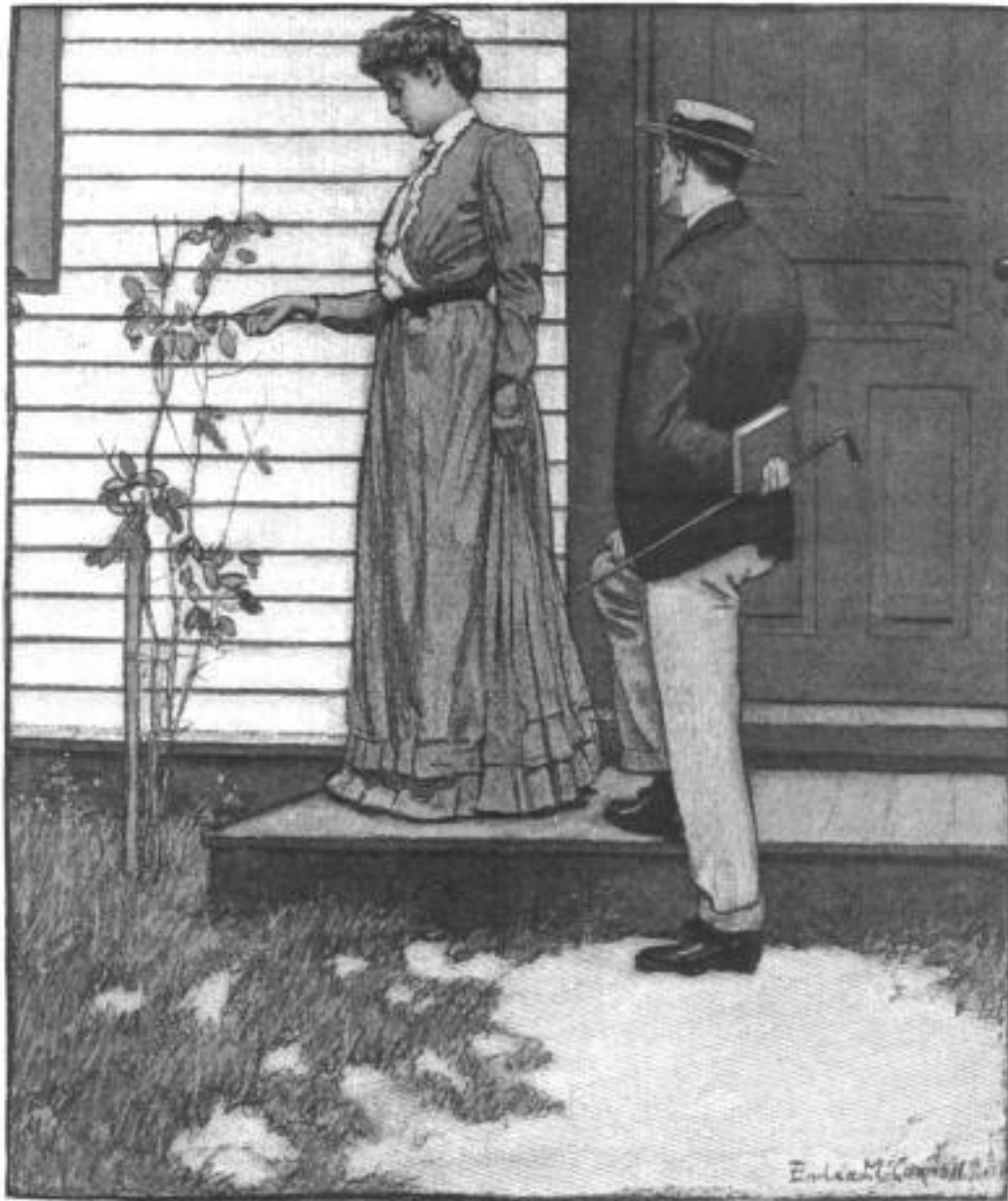
"I will, of course," she rose.

"You are very good to me," he said, getting promptly to his feet. She faced him for a moment, helplessly admiring. And then she turned a little. "I think," she made answer somewhat slowly, "I think everybody has been always, haven't they, rather too good to you?"

"I say!"

It brought her back quite quickly to her part. The speech was rather out of character, and yet, as she swiftly considered, it might pass for an unconsciously sophisticated thrust.

"I'll get you the book," she said with an assumed awkwardness, and went into the house. The voice of Mrs. Penniman, issuing from her mother's room, gave Geneva a kind of satisfaction. There were no windows in that front room on the side toward the hammock. She did not know quite why it was a relief to think they would not see her visitor, but she did confess it was. She took the volume from its proud position in the centre of the table, and, standing with it in her hands, looked out at him. He was swinging his stick languidly to and fro, and smiling just a little.



He came a little nearer and paused effectively

Yes, it was very evident that he was so awfully contented with himself and her!

She went out to him, with her guarded intentions more alert than they had proved a moment earlier. She must play her part more carefully.

As she put the book into his hands, he started slowly toward the gate, still, however, walking beside her as he opened the covers aimlessly. "Thank you, indeed," he said. "I know it is going to interest me deeply, that is, if it's as good a story as the other."

"I think it is," she ventured.

"Better perhaps?"

"Oh, I'm no judge of literature," she said, quite in the way that seemed indigenous to the soil. He smiled down at her patronizingly. "You don't have to be," he said, and his eyes were somewhat bold.

She stopped at the gate as if to bid him good-by, and although he pretended to ignore it so serenely, deep in a page or two of the novel, hoping perhaps to lure her into a walk with him, she so definitely had stopped that he was forced to recognize it.

"You won't stroll down to the pines?" he asked.

"I thank you, no," she said.

"Then I must walk back to the house with you," he responded, turning. She laughed a little.

"It's not really necessary," she said, glancing back over the short distance they had traversed.

"Oh, yes, it is," he quietly insisted as she turned

with him. "You know I have a question to ask you."

"A question?" she repeated, wondering in a kind of panic if she had betrayed herself. There was but one chance of his actually knowing, that he had seen her name upon the wrappings of the books the day they came. And yet instantly she reassured herself, remembering how carefully she had held it close to her.

"Yes, a question," said Carragher, his voice taking on an earnest, lowered vibrance. It was superbly done, she had to acknowledge even in the midst of her wondering. They had quite reached the house again, and she without embarrassment pulled toward her a ragged branch of the forever blossomless rose-tree that stood—one could not say it grew—close to the door.

Carragher's voice was still soft, almost intimate. In spite of her knowledge of its artificial feeling, it did thrill her, it did please her sense.

"How can I ask you when you turn your shoulder to me coldly?"

She loosed the branch of thorns and turned to him. "Why not?" she said.

"I want to see your face, your eyes," he answered, "when I talk to you."

She felt somehow disgraced to have to own his charm. "Well?" she said, lifting them with a fearless candor to his scrutiny. "What is your question?"

He came a little nearer and paused effectively. It cost her an effort to look him quite so steadily, so carelessly, in the eyes. "Why do you like to hear me speak your name, Laura?" he said at last. He made the name a very real caress. She stepped back almost as if he had touched her, and, her foot slipping from the edge of the platform, lost her balance. He caught her with a tenderness, and then with a sudden ardor lifted her to his face and kissed her. An instant after he had a vision in her empty place still of her white, proud look, her angry, scornful mouth, and wide, sharp eyes.

She had gone breathless into the house, and, to the amazement of her hostess and the invalid, rushed through the silent room that separated her from her own outer hall.

Up the steep stairs she stumbled, fell across her threshold, and flung herself down upon the bed.

He had gone slowly, thoughtlessly away into the pine woods. And there he sat himself down in the place where he had found her sleeping. After a long idle while, living over again the moment of the kiss, now with a smile, now with a frown, he took the book again into his hands and opened it. It was the story of the worthless man who took his measure and forsook himself.

When H. Penniman came back at the end of a long day in the hayfields, it was with the feeling that something unusually pleasant awaited him. He went into the kitchen first, where supper was in the last stages of completion, and tidied himself to an unwonted degree, even putting a jacket over his suspended back. He brushed carefully what hair he had—of late years it had evinced a regrettable tendency to recede from his forehead and chin and hang back and front over his ears in a double festoon.

Mrs. Penniman observed him stolidly. "No need of prinkin' up like that," she told him when he had of course completed all his perfection. "She ain't coming down to supper."

"Ain't comin' down?" he echoed, with a disappointment in his face and voice that would have pleased her. "What be the matter? Is she sick?"

"Dunno, I'm sure," replied the woman, lifting the lid of the pot to see if the maltreated tea were boiling. "She came dashing through ma's room out of the settin'-room as if somethin' wuz chasing her, left both doors standing open and went sprawling up the stairs."

"Must hev hed an inspiration," said Penniman, solemnly. "I've always heard it takes 'em kind o' curious, somethin' like a fit."

"I thought I heard her crying," said his wife.

"Maybe it takes her so," he said. "I hope she ain't got nuthin' troublin' her. Wonder, now, if she left the other book of hers for me."

"It's on the settin'-room table," replied Mrs. Penniman over his shoulder as he started for the door. "I found it in the hammock when I tuk it in. Don't for the land sake start to read it now, for here's your supper, and the Lordee knows there'll be no feedin' you or puttin' you to bed once you begin."

He waited, faithful to her wishes.

"Seein' she ain't comin' down, and don't want nothin' to eat, we might jes' as well eat here right handy to the stove."

"It's mighty hot," he said, and yielded. "Comfort don't seem to enter into our programme, do it?—we just worry along getting things done, no matter how. 'N' yet eating is classed among the pleasures, ain't it?"

"How much hay did ye git?" asked Mrs. Penniman, who could not follow her husband's philosophic turns.

"Jest 'bout 'nuff to feed the mare," said Penniman. "I tell you what, Mary, when the Lord made Cape Cod, he made it outen remnants and pieces, and he used up all the scraps. The scraps is charming, no doubt about it. She showed me that even my straggling lawn was





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It was an hour later, when Mr. Penniman was deep in the "other book," that Geneva stole softly down from her room and went unnoticed out into the night. She had a longing for the clean night air, so wet with fog. It seemed as if it might quench the fire of her lips, where the unwelcome kiss still burned, and perhaps the fire of her heart, so indignantly ablaze. She went across the wet grass to the wall, and swung herself up by a tree to sit there. Far out across the sandy stretch of monotony she could see the faint dark sea, with here and there the lights of cabins near the shore. The long sea grass which grew so willingly up to the very road, and would have grown up to the doorstep, had not her host waged so untiring a war on its advance and encouraged the timid army of alien and reluctant blades that held the contested ground, waved with hypnotic rhythm in the damp sea breeze, and showed a tarnished silver in the foggy moonlight.

Geneva had been right. The night was soothing, full of faint tenderness and cooling touches. The world seemed very big, with its oceans and prairies of waving grass, and it seemed so largely capable of bearing her and all her troubles that she gave herself wholly to it like a tired child. She let its great still equilibrium engulf her, she let it loose her nervous tension, let it calm her straining rage. Very slowly she became part of the quiet night, part of the far dim mystery of sea. So thoroughly did the sense of poise fill all her veins that when she saw a man she would an hour earlier have shunned in an agonized shame coming nearer and nearer, she simply watched him come, and when he turned in at the gate as if to seek her at the house, she spoke to him quite easily. "I am here," she said.

He started, lifting his somewhat hanging head, and, led by the echoes of her voice, was soon beside her. He came quite near, on the inward side of the wall, and then he leaned his arms upon the stones and looked as she looked toward the sea.

They stayed so silently, she wondering vaguely why she would not have him go. At last he began to speak, as she somehow knew he would, drawing a long, heavy breath, as if it were a draught of a new life.

"I have come back to you," he said, "a different man. If you were just a little older, you would laugh at that. I'm glad you don't, because I have come to tell you what I could tell to no one who would laugh. I've led a wretched life, silly, bizarre, aimless, and profitless, and yet because there is something in me that wanted better things, I have had moods of self-recrimination, and have paved many miles of hell with good intentions. I am rather glad, now, that I have, since they have taught me this is not a mood, not an evanescent struggling of my better self for recognition. I think I can talk to you because you will not understand. I'm glad you can't. I want to tell you what I've done. The day I saw you in the woods I thought you pretty. Then, because you held aloft from me, I found you interesting and attractive. Then, because of these two things, I saw a possibility in you. I am telling you the dreadful, wrenching truth. I wanted to make you love me. I didn't mean you any harm, before my God, I did not. Since I am telling you so bald a truth you may believe my every word. I was a faded, weary man, and I found in you the infinite variety that I had thought exhausted. I thought that I would try Arcadian romance, love you a little, woo you well, make you love me as best I could, and leave you to regret me all your life. I had a fancy to manufacture for myself one little dainty memory. I thought it would be vaguely sweet to think that you were sitting in this distant little place, dreaming of me, believing me. I thought you might find happiness enough in knowing what it was to be wooed as none of your shepherd friends in Arcady will ever woo you, to outweigh the loneliness of living on with merely memories of love.

"And so I sought you out, and tried to please you—until that one mad moment by the door when I was prompted to be overbold because the weight of you was in my arms.

"Since then the world has changed for me. I went away into the woods, half glad, half sorry for the kiss, and I have come back wholly sorry. Sorry, my God! Sorry not just for that, but for the whole of what it stands for in my life. And this is not a mood. I have been made to see!

"What was I—yesterday? A silly fool, an indolent, careless, self-contented fool. I was the same to-day, until I read this book.

"The man that lives in here," he touched the volume that he carried still, "is I. I read the pages with a growing sense of wonderment. It was like looking in a glass to see my own face, cruelly portrayed. I saw my shallowness, my worthlessness. Thank God, you can not understand the things I say to you, for I could not confess to you if you were wiser. And I must confess. Thank God, too, that I haven't utterly transgressed against the spirit that is in me, have not too utterly destroyed the still small voice—no longer still, no longer small indeed! What this man did, that I will do; what this man could, that I can do. I must, I must.

"A great disgust of all my days sprang up in me. I have been lying in the dark there on the ground, planning, remembering, starting afresh. Oh, indeed, indeed I mean it. How well I mean it my own self knows, though no one else could understand. I have set myself a goal, and I will work toward it faithfully. The woman who has done this book—she is my goal. When I am worthy of her knowledge, I shall go to her and ask her for her friendship. She may be old, she may be young, or near or far, or maid or wife—but I have shined her in my heart, and I shall work for her, shall work to her, until,

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like her own story, I am worthy the reward of asking her to be my friend.

"I am going away to-morrow to begin my task. I want before I go to know that you forgive me. I have told you all the truth. And I am sorry with a sorrow that should provoke your gentleness to pity me."

The woman near him kept her eyes away. "I do forgive you utterly," she said.

"And wish me well?"

"And wish you well." There was a silence.

"How shall you find her?"

"That, in itself, is easy. But I shall not try until my days have made a man of me. I dream of her somehow as young—as if a young girl could have done this work! I dream of her as free, I dream of her—I dream of her. If she were young, and she could understand, if she could be touched in her great heart by my desire, if she could love me at the end—" His voice ceased faintly, and the woman stirred.

"Perhaps she will," she said.

He roused a little at her voice and stood erect. "She may be married, and she may be old, you know," he said more lightly. "But she is my dear saint just the same, and howsoever I find her she is mine in that."

He turned a little from her and came back. "You're good to listen, little girl," he said.

"You'll let me keep the book?"

"Oh, yes," she said.

She watched him as he went away into the mist.

### UNINTERESTING PEOPLE

By MAURICE BROWN KIRBY

THEY live in a quiet sort of a way

In a quiet sort of a street,

They don't meet a great many people, nor

Impress the people they meet.

The newspapers never mention their names,

The world doesn't care what they do,

They never go in for anything much,

And their intimate friends are few.

He never has had a favorite club,

Though somebody said he might,

For a flat little nose on the window pane

Awaits him every night;

And eight little fingers and two little thumbs

Undo all the work of the comb,

As he sits in the quietest sort of a way

In his quietest sort of a home.

She doesn't belong to a Woman's Club,

She hasn't a single fad,

She spends her time with a blue-eyed lass

And a mischievous little lad.

She never unraveled a Problem of Life,

She doesn't know lots of things,

She plays with the "kids" and works all day,

And most of the time she sings.

He isn't like most other husbands at all,

She isn't like most other wives,

And they never attempt to make a change

In the course of their quiet lives;

But once in a while they dress the "kids,"

And go to spend the day

In a nice little quiet country spot

In a nice little quiet way.

### The Triennial Conclave of the Order of Knights Templar

SEVEN hundred and eighty-six years ago, so the records run, the order of Knights Templar was founded. For nearly ninety years the grand encampment, the governing body of the order in America, has met in triennial session, this year assembling in the city of San Francisco during the week of September 5.

This order, a branch of Masonry, is not only one of the oldest in the world, but it has preserved through the centuries a high personnel, so that the great gathering in San Francisco will be made up of a fine representative body of men. About twenty-five thousand Knights will be present, coming on many special trains from all quarters of the country. They will represent forty-three grand jurisdictions, each jurisdiction usually comprising a State. The total membership is, in round numbers, 150,000.

Twenty-one years ago the grand encampment of the order met in San Francisco, but the San Francisco of to-day, now crowding fast on to a half-million of people, is quite a different city. These Californians do things with a lavish hand. Their generosity is of the ample type—it has the breadth of their sea, the sweep of their mountains, the plenteousness of their glorious sunshine. Think of five trainloads of flowers, ten cars to a train, to be used for decorations and for the bouquets for the wives of the members of the order; of the distribution of some twenty thousand cartons of raisins; of barrels, literally barrels, of cream and carloads of strawberries, replenished every day and distributed free of all charge to all who will come; of the spending of some eighty thousand dollars in public street decoration, to say nothing of many other thousands of dollars to be spent in a private street and house adornment. For weeks the choicest flower growths of half a dozen counties surrounding San Francisco will be held in readiness to supply the flowers for the decorations.

The Knights Templar are just the sort of stuff out of which to make a splendid parade, and a parade is the central public feature of



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HENRY BATES STODDARD  
Grand Master of the Order of Knights Templar  
for the past three years

every triennial meeting. Fully twelve thousand uniformed men will be in line on September 6, some on foot representing the crack drill corps of the country, some on horseback in brilliant uniforms. Over seven thousand coal-black horses will be used and forty bands of music are to enliven the parade.

Thirty acres of floor space in a huge building called the Mechanics' Pavilion are set apart for the uses of the order and for the displaying of the riches of the State. The competitive drill, one of the distinguishing events in every conclave, is to be held in a vast open space in Golden Gate Park, one of the show places of the city. Many thousands of dollars have been set apart to provide trophies for the contestants. Some of these trophies are to be quite elaborate and beautiful.

Electricity perhaps will never have been put to a severer test for illumination than in the preparations for the street lighting by night. More than one hundred and fifty thousand electric lamps will be used, together with many thousands of Chinese and Japanese lanterns, while designs symbolical of the order are to be everywhere displayed outlined in brilliant colors. A beautiful park in the centre of the downtown portion of the city is allotted as the focal point of the illumination. By means of colonnades of pillars it is to be converted into a court of honor; the whole will present a striking appearance. In the centre of the park stands a lofty monument to commemorate the victory of Admiral Dewey at Manila. The first shovelful of earth for the foundation was thrown by President McKinley, and the monument was dedicated by President Roosevelt.

#### A Book for King Edward

The business meetings of the conclave will be held in Golden Gate Hall, while the general headquarters will be at the Palace Hotel, which is being handsomely decorated for the occasion.

An interesting feature of the occasion is to be the participation of a number of representatives of the Sir Knights of England, who are specially commissioned by King Edward, the head of the order in Great Britain. They are to appear in behalf of the Great Priory of England and Wales. In recognition of their presence and of the head of the order in England, they will be given a record of the proceedings of the conclave for presentation to King Edward. It is to be a massive book printed on vellum, the cover of hand-wrought silver bearing a knight in gold with a cross in crimson. The reverse cover to bear a border of silver studded by silver nails, and in the centre the seal of California.

By virtue of the right of succession the deputy grand master, Sir George M. Moulton of Chicago, Illinois, is to become grand master, the head of the order for the following three years; Sir Henry W. Rugg of Providence, Rhode Island, will succeed to the office of deputy grand master, and Sir William B. Melish of Cincinnati, Ohio, will become grand generalissimo.



GEORGE M. MOULTON  
Grand Master of the Order of Knights Templar  
for 1904-1907  
Photograph by Bertrand & Packicker



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"Finally at the request of a friend I left off coffee and began the use of Postum and against my convictions I gradually improved in health until for the past 6 or 8 months I have been entirely free from nervousness and those terrible sinking, weakening spells of heart trouble."  
"My troubles all came from the use of coffee which I had drunk from childhood and yet they disappeared when I quit coffee and took up the use of Postum. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich."  
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## The Manassas Maneuvres

By CAPT. JAMES A. MOSS, U.S.A.

THERE will be in the vicinity of Manassas the first week of September five thousand regular and twenty-one thousand State troops, forming the largest military camp ever established in this country in time of peace. But it is not intended that this large body of men shall be merely a display. The encampment and maneuvers are arranged by the Government to provide for the hardest and most necessary kind of work known in the education of the soldier—the getting out into the field and there putting into practice the theories of the classroom under the simulated conditions of actual war. For two weeks the regular troops will have the opportunity of acting together in bodies larger than the companies and battalions of the army posts; the officers will be given an opportunity to handle the larger bodies.

We have had many hard lessons to learn that an army on paper and an army in the field are two separate things. Even far more than any other profession, that of the military is one which can not be taught in theory, and it was for that that the General Staff arranged the scheme of annual maneuvers: to teach men by experience how to take care of themselves in the field, and to teach officers how to handle and care for large bodies of men on large and diversified areas, not by telling them about it in lectures and with books, but by giving them the men to handle and to take care of, thus acquainting them with the possibilities and difficulties of actual war. Aside from the line officers, to whom the experience will be of inestimable value in this way, each staff corps—the quartermaster's, which moves and clothes the army; the commissary, which feeds it, and the other staff departments—will have the opportunity to learn by experience the labor attending the care, transportation, and supply of large bodies of troops.

### Regulars and Militia

Since the Spanish War it has been decided by all who have taken an interest in studying the remedy for an obvious defect that the militia of the States were not in proper shape to fit in as a second line of the national defense. The Dick Militia Act was designed to produce the remedy. Under its provisions the militia are organized and armed just like the regulars. Their participation in the annual maneuvers is a second step in the creation of a second line of defense.

In order to produce as far as possible the actual conditions which would prevail in time of hostilities, the regulars and the militia, all under the command of Major-General H. C. Corbin, are to be divided into two hostile divisions. General Fred. D. Grant, who is a son of the great Civil War leader, is to command the division near Manassas, and General J. Franklin Bell the other, which will be camped twelve miles away, near Thoroughfare. The territory in between is about ninety square miles.

The first few days will be devoted to reconnaissance, patrolling, and regimental and brigade drills, after which outposts will be established and maintained without interruption, day or night, until the termination of the maneuvers. The last four days of the maneuvers will be devoted to the solution of two tactical problems, each of which will take two days. The essential feature of each is, of course, so arranging the conditions that the nature of the attack will call for maneuvering within the limits of the leased land. With this end in view the "Blue" army, which is General Grant's, will, in the first problem, be called upon to defend Washington from the attack of a "Brown" army, of which General Bell's force at Thoroughfare is the advance guard, and the remainder of which is supposed to be marching up the Shenandoah.

### War of the "Blue" and the "Brown"

The main body of the "Blue" army is supposed to be at Fairfax Court House, while General Bell's supports are theoretically at Front Royal and Strasburg. General Grant will try to attack and destroy Bell before his supports can come to his aid. The second problem transfers the initiative to the "Brown" army, which has by this time a heavy support at Salem. The "Blue" army has a base at Annandale.

This is the first year in which maneuvers have been attempted upon so large a scale, and the site in Northern Virginia is eminently suitable for the most liberal practical test the maneuver theory has had. The site upon which two battles and a dozen skirmishes were fought during the Civil War forms almost an exact rectangle, twelve by eight miles, with the long side running east and west. The western side lies in the Bull Run Mountains, and the middle of it is nicked by Thoroughfare Gap, through which General Jackson made his famous march to outflank Pope in 1862. Gainesville, near where both battles of Bull Run took place, is in almost the exact center of the rectangle, and it is where General Corbin will have his headquarters. Manassas Station is in the southeastern corner, and the stream of Bull Run cuts the northeastern corner. The Warrenton turnpike, which was the road to fame of so many of the great soldiers of the Civil War, forms the northeast and southwest diagonal of the site.

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Also fine canvas case as illustrated; two sets of strings; two picks; one mandolin tuner (set of four pipes). Outfit sold and shipped by us with the distinct understanding and agreement that after examining and trying it, if you do not find it satisfactory in every respect, you can ship it back to us at our expense and your money will be refunded.

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### TAKE THE CENTRAL



## FACTS AND FANCIES

### The Proper Reply

Jack: "What did your father say, darling, when you told him my love was like a broad and rushing river?"

Mabel: "He said, 'Dam it.'"

□ □

### Doctor's Advice

"Is my husband's case serious, doctor?"

"It is very grave, madam. I have left an opiate."

"How often shall I give it to him?"

"He needs absolute rest and quiet. Don't give it to him. Take it yourself."

□ □

### Feminine Affection

Miss Passy: "When he proposed to me I tried not to let him see any encouragement in my face. But he did."

Miss Pepper: "Read between the lines, I suppose."

□ □

### A Fateful Hiatus

"YES—" He had been waiting for that little word and his heart beat faster as it trembled on the rosy lips.

"Yes—"

How he longed to take her in his arms, but she spoke as though there was more she wished to say.

"Yes—" she continued, "terday, I promised to be another's."

□ □

## SHIPWRECKED

By Margaret Jewett

A MAN stood on a lonely isle,

A shipwrecked sailor he,

While all about him roared and crashed

The angry, restless sea.

The waves dashed high, as rose the tide

With deafening, maddening glee—

"Alas!" exclaimed the shipwrecked man,

"I guess it's up to me."

□ □

### A Good Book

"THERE goes a man with a very interesting history," remarked the bookseller

reminiscently, as he watched a picturesque-looking old bookworm leave the shop.

"Indeed," put in a casual customer. "How do you know that his history is so interesting?"

"I just sold it to him—'Macaulay's.'"

□ □

### The Honest Barber

"I HAVE yet to hear of a more candid man than one in business in a little town along the Hudson River," said Senator Chauncey M. Depew recently.

"Painted on the front of his place of business is the sign: 'W. E. Barber, Hacks, Etc.' In my time I have encountered many barbers who conducted hack establishments; but this is the only instance where I have found the fact acknowledged."

□ □

## Too Good for the Nine

First Baseball Fan: "Did you hear that Swipes McGinness got fired?"

Second Baseball Fan: "Is that so. Why, he was the best fielder of high balls in the business."

First b. b. f.: "That's what got him fired."

Second b. b. f.: "What?"

First b. b. f.: "High balls."

□ □

### There's Much in a Name

A CLOWN in one of the "railroad shows" was known as "Zizi." The employees of this circus were paid alphabetically, that is, by the order of their names; and in the grand disbursement at the end of the season Zizi was left out.

The following year he turned up for re-employment with a new specialty. "Why, how do do, Zizi?" said the manager. "Glad to see you." The clown eyed him for a minute. "Zizi, nothing," said he. "I'm Adolph."

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1904

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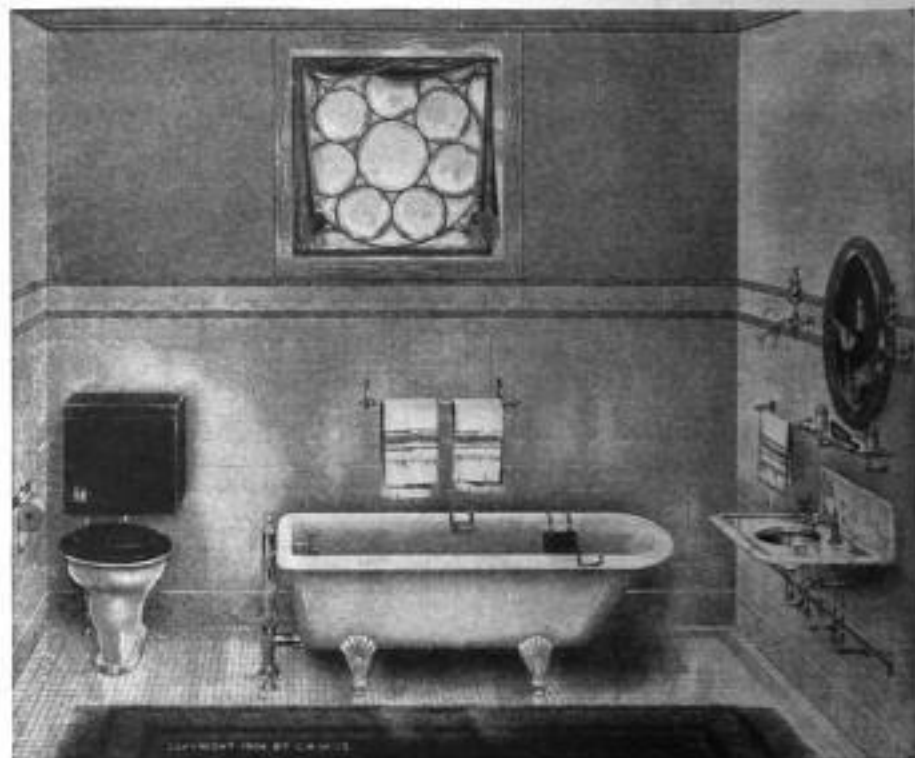
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## SEPTEMBER

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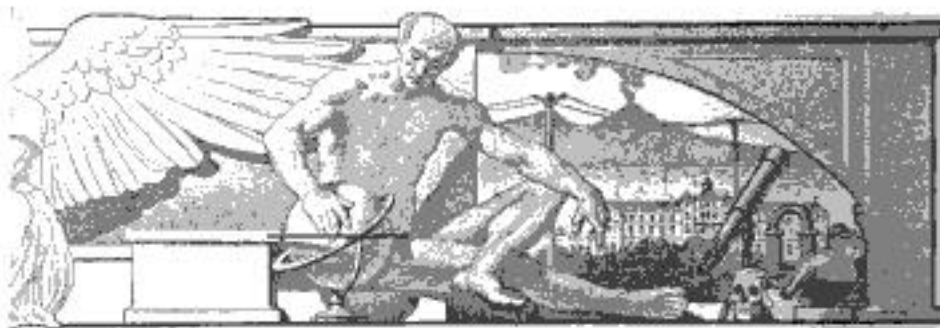
SEPTEMBER FICTION NUMBER



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND THE BISHOP OF NEW YORK

The Primate of the Church of England has come to America to attend the great Episcopalian Conclave at Boston, early in October, and to lend his influence to the movement calling for a closer unity of the various branches and factions of the Episcopal Church in the United States and Canada.





he were President the outcome might be the same. Much would depend upon the men by whom he was surrounded. Particularly welcome, therefore, is Mr. HILL's announcement, as well as any statements from Judge PARKER about the relation of the unscrupulous class of politicians to the welfare of the country. It would have been even better had Mr. Hill named an earlier date than January for the cessation of his influence.

ONE THING INTERESTS US which some might deem of trifling importance. "There are exceptions to the rule," says Judge PARKER, "but they tend to prove it, as exceptions usually do." Now, when we are taking the intellectual measure of a man, the solemn emission of a phrase utterly void of sense is not without significance. Mr. ROOSEVELT has made many empty, commonplace, and noisy allegations. We do not happen to remember any which were purely unintelligible. The Judge's sentences, as a rule, are like those of GROVER CLEVELAND, ponderous but possible to comprehend. We are very far from judging a politician by his style, especially just now, while we are haunted by the fear, in view of some of JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS's recent lucubrations, that his culture may have led us to overestimate his size. Style, however, is not the point in this quotation. It is a question of thought. If it were not presumptuous we should ask Judge PARKER if he could find in that sentence one scintilla of meaning. Would he go so far as to say that the greater the number of exceptions the sounder the rule? "Brown never steals." How many exceptions are needed to fortify BROWN's rule of conduct? Never was a more vacuous phrase. Judge PARKER, being a lawyer, should know how such a sentence ever got into common speech. We repeat the explanation for his benefit. In the Scotch law "exceptio probat regulam" means "the lawyer's exception tests the judge's ruling." "Proves" was frequently used in the sense of tests, and hence there was nothing unnatural in the English form. What is the fair inference from such foggy thinking? The explanation would give us satisfaction.

ABOUT CLEAR  
THINKING

THE MOST FAMOUS DIATRIBES in history were penned by the most emphatic of historians. There have been Philippics as intense as some of MACAULAY's condemnations, but CICERO's oration against CATILINE, for example, would hardly fit neatly into the heading diatribe. When Mr. ROOSEVELT was on the Police Board in New York nothing short of MACAULAY at his most ferocious was capable of expressing the ardor of his emotions at the way his efforts were distorted in yellow newspapers. Among passages which Mr. ROOSEVELT quoted was this notorious allegation against BARÈRE: "In him the qualities which are the proper objects of hatred and the qualities which are the proper objects of contempt preserve an exquisite and absolute harmony. As soon as he ceases to write trifles, he begins to write lies, and such lies! A man who has never been in the tropics does not know what a thunderstorm means; a man who has never looked on Niagara has a faint idea of a cataract, and he who has not read BARÈRE's 'Memoirs' may be said not to know what it is to lie." The Police Commissioner then proceeds to apply his quotation thus: "Of course, when MACAULAY wrote thus of BARÈRE's pre-eminence in his class, Mr. PULITZER had not been born." That dear old style of rhetoric languishes in the present campaign. Only personalities or great issues make us sufficiently hot. There are no issues of importance, and Mr. ROOSEVELT's silence and Judge PARKER's neutral tints diminish the temptations to excitement. Some of us wish it were possible for both sides to be defeated, one side because it needs discipline and the other because it stands for nothing. By Mr. ROOSEVELT some of us are irritated only less, or more, than we are bored by Judge PARKER; but we don't wish to vote on a choice between ennui and annoyance. It is the dullest campaign in many years, but not the less useful for all that. Indeed, the dullness is an excellent infliction. It forces us to substitute reflection for diversion, and to vote judicially instead of in a pet.

WHY IT IS  
SO DULL

DEVICES FOR ENJOYING VEGETABLES, and for disguising them as meat, have increased greatly of recent years, and since beef prices have been so high there has been a perfect swarm of arguments against carnivorous diet. It is now alleged that meat causes appendicitis. Japanese efficiency is traced to rice, but so is beri-beri. The merits of vegetables and the faults of flesh have been exaggerated, but to an end which is reasonable. The fox in the fable has been harshly dealt with. Treating the grapes as





sour was the wisest course that an ordinary fox or man could take. It would be magnificent to admit that the grapes were good, and to smile at the fate which put them out of reach, but so high a kind of thought is rare in any animal. As to meat, there is some authority in history and literature for treating it with contempt. The poor man's freedom from melancholy has been ascribed to the fact that he "all the year eats neither partridge nor quail,

THE FOX AND  
THE GRAPES

but sets up his rest and makes up his feast, with a crust of brown bread and a pot of good ale." And

PLINY says that "this huddling of many meats one upon another is pestiferous." Meat used often to be called choleric, and the saints seldom ate it. These things we remember while the cost of Chicago beef remains an outrage. In happier days, when beef trusts and strikes are obsolete, we shall read history and life from a different angle. Like BYRON, we shall hold that "man is a carnivorous production," whose "anatomical construction bears vegetables in a grumbling way." Most of all, our sympathy will go out to BURNS, when he sings:

"Some hae meat and canna eat,  
And some wad eat that want it;  
But we hae meat, and we can eat;  
Sae let the Lord be thankit."

**T**HERE ARE PEOPLES IN THE WORLD who have come in contact with various strong races for several thousand years, and remain unchanged. Such are the gypsies, and the Fellaheen of Egypt. Facts like these make us pause in the natural belief that the world, with its increasing communication, will reach a uniform civilization. When we read that the Japanese have a longer infancy than we, that the growth of their brain is slower, that the weight of the adult brain is greater in proportion to the body, we remember that some differences lie beyond association and influence. Japanese women do not have the nervous troubles of ours. Is it due to their habits of life, mode of thought, or something deeper in the stock from which they spring? Considerations which were filling the press of European nations half a dozen years ago with essays on Anglo-Saxon superiority are now upon us from a new point in the horizon. Will Western

DIFFERENCES  
IN RACE

nations be able to apply in practice what they are learning from the Japanese military efficiency? The

Duke of WELLINGTON thought that armies should be composed of ruffians. His principles hold, to a certain extent, in England to-day; the bulk of the soldiers come from the slums. Japan's population is agricultural and her best citizens are soldiers. Comparing her performances with British records in South Africa is unflattering either to the British system or the British stock. Military countries all over the world will give very serious consideration to certain striking characteristics of the Japanese system, such as its extreme democracy, and its freedom from every kind of graft and pull. It will be necessary to decide what results are due to intelligent methods and what are due to the national enthusiasm of a fighting race. Methods we can copy. Possibly greater racial fitness for war, or other struggles in the future, is one of those bogies that are thus far sufficiently remote and vague to furnish agreeable occupation to the contemplative mind.

**O**NE LESSON CAN HARDLY FAIL to be drawn from the present war, and it is one that will affect favorably all departments of the countries in which it is taken to heart. Disinterested attention to efficiency, without regard to the privileges and spoils of classes and individuals, will be increased, and when purity is taken seriously in one department of life it will easily spread to others. The spirit of Japan, in all departments of her public service, has an amusing contrast in her neighbor, China, where grafting has become so excessive that the Emperor has

THE WORTH  
OF PURITY

lately promulgated an edict against it. He states that the money raised for him for public purposes never reaches him, but is appropriated by the nobles in transit. Everybody is ordered to reform, and to practice the necessary conditions of reform, such as frugality and economy. "Let the Princes and Ministers set aside feelings of social friendship and cease entertaining; let them rid themselves of officers with sinecures, in order that their savings may increase." Reform in China, however, is an idea which contributes little except gayety to the world. China, from the point of view of integrity in the public service, is at one extreme, while Japan is at the other. Our war with Spain brought out the extent to which the power of our opponent had been wasted by cor-

ruption, and when more is known about the present combat Russian jobbery is likely to seem a conspicuous element of weakness. In the war against the Boers Lord KITCHENER seemed an exception among Englishmen because he did not look upon the army as a piece of public pie. It is impossible for English society to treat civil office as a dish of plums without applying the same method to military positions. King EDWARD's abolition of the fee system for honors is an important step ahead. Our trouble, here at home, is most conspicuous in city, State, and national politics; but it is all one thing, and it is just as essential to our lasting strength and welfare to care for the strictness of our standards and the purity of our ideals in choosing aldermen as in promoting soldiers. The mean dishonesty which Pennsylvania politicians have exhibited, in turning the State's agricultural exhibit at St. Louis into a case of private "graft," is something which would not happen in a national exposition in Japan.

**T**HE TRADE OF KINGSHIP, antiquated at the best, to the verge of ridicule, is baneful and malign as well when the incumbent happens to be a miscreant like LEOPOLD of Belgium. That monarch's maltreatment of the Congo "Free" State, which he conceived and the powers sanctioned, is not only a disgrace to royalty and to him, but also a reproach to the countries whose own troubles make them timorous of intervention. A GLADSTONE in England to-day—a man of spiritual enthusiasm and hatred of oppression joined to great gifts for leadership—would be likely to make LEOPOLD halt in the cruel exploitation which he is indulging against the provisions of a treaty by which he is bound. As we are a party to that treaty, Mr. HAY may some day see the psychological moment for one of his safe and daring interpositions. The author of "Castilian Days" made, by the way, four-and-thirty years ago, some of the justest, warmest, and most graceful comments on the rôle of kings. "Although he was an impotent and shivering idiot, although he could not sleep without a friar in his bed to keep the devils away, for thirty-five years this scarecrow ruled over Spain, and dying made a will whose accomplishment bathed the Peninsula in blood. It must be confessed this institution of monarchy is a luxury that must be paid for." Mr. HAY gives the inspiring contrast: "A glance at the booby face of PHILIP III on his round-bellied charger in the centre of the square will remind us that this place was built at the same time the *Mayflower's* passengers were laying the massive foundations of the great Republic." Modern constitutional monarchy is another story; it is no worse than ludicrous, even if it be more absurd than other human trappings; but a ferocious criminal like LEOPOLD, ravening with absolute power upon his throne, slaying and enslaving thousands in order to fill his pockets with money for dissipated frivolity, is a picture to stir anger in any being for whom justice has a meaning.

ROYAL  
ROBBERY

**M**R. BALFOUR'S CONTROL of the Conservative majority in England has continued as calmly characteristic of the man as if the American press had not so often explained the necessity for his downfall. Mr. BALFOUR would be capable of risking everything for a principle, if need were, but he knows that tariff questions are mere empirical devices—expedients rather than principles—which can not be reduced to convincing dogmas either by economists or by statesmen. He is an "opportunist" in such a situation as the present fiscal controversy in England, because he is not so built that he has to be dogmatic on a subject in regard to which certainty is difficult for open minds. Mr. BALFOUR, as he develops, becomes more and more like his uncle, in the cool but sure manner in which he keeps step with events. He is more democratic than Lord SALISBURY—more responsive to changes in the spirit of the age. He is not a Conservative after the granite model of his uncle. He is a Conservative only in the sense that he wishes either strong pressure or strong evidence before he takes a step. Even on such a matter as the education law, the quintessence of Tory prejudice, it is probable that the Prime Minister would be glad to take a more liberal position if a favorable opportunity were offered. Even CECILS change, and Mr. BALFOUR is a much less bigoted CECIL than Lord HUGH, Lord SALISBURY's son. This openness of mind, combined with the ample courage which he has, makes him a worthy leader for a great people; and it is not against his leadership that in the CHAMBERLAIN tariff controversy he holds himself with some reserve until the opposing extremists have measured strength.

FEELING  
HIS WAY





showing the valley along which the Japanese drove the Russians. The line of reserves in the foreground have been firing over the enemy on the opposite hills. The battle was in progress when this photograph was taken by James H. Hare, Collier's war photographer

## JAPANESE KEPT THE PASS

DERICK PALMER, Collier's War Correspondent accompanying the Japanese First Army

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*The first assault on Motienting appeared in Collier's of August 27. This account of the second assault is peculiarly why the Japanese infantry are able to repulse and pursue superior numbers. The Lord seems no longer attentions, but rather of intelligent units and masterly organization and tactics such as the Japanese possess*

MURIA, July 17—Work is nearly so sprang from the charge and the hot sun as is in his ears, laggard from aim stop while

t of weariness beaten giant, through the ise, now drag-as left behind of a superior

flowed toward the front. Except staff officers and orderlies, we passed no one going in the opposite direction until we met a small body of infantrymen coming leisurely back. Each showed somewhere about his upper extremities a patch of white bandage. This man had a hole through his trigger hand; that one a slash in the head where the hair-breadth's variation of a bullet's course would have meant death. In the first general marshaling of casualties the slightly wounded had been dressed and tagged, and sent to the base hospital on their own feet. They had seen the Russians run, they had the honor of a wound, and they might take their time.

When we reached the pass it was deserted and silent. The firing still sounded two or three miles away.

Around the first slope and then up another slope, and then into a valley, and then up another slope we went, and there on the road we saw little sprays of empty cartridge cases gleaming under our horses' feet. These said that the line had gone on; they spoke of victory. A blanket roll which its owner had dropped in his flight told us, too, that the Russians had come at least this far.

Breaking through the underbrush above the road, we tethered our horses. From this eminence we could see a Japanese line on a hill a mile or more away. This we recognized by the glint of the officers' swords. In this clash of modern arms all that we could distinguish faintly—and that through powerful glasses—were some men hugging a hill as if they were trying to keep out of the rain. Their rifles were invisible; there was no smoke, of course. Only by the crackle that came from their direction did we know that they were firing.

At the new temple of Kwantai at the base of the slope were groups of officers of brigade and division staffs; some signal corps men were carrying still another wire across the field from this nerve centre of action.

"To see! To see, and not get killed, and have something worth while for this article!" that was as much the central thought of the correspondent as driving the enemy back had been the central thought of every Japanese from general down, when dawn developed a hostile force in front of the pass.

More firing seemed to come from the left than the right. To our left was the grove surrounding the old temple. So we made in that direction. The blood of a dead Fuchs on whom I passed in the open was already black and dry. In the woods the blood was still wet and red. Running as fast as the Russians had when they fled, Captain March of our army, Captain Vincent of the British, and myself kept on past the temple and followed a path which brought us into the open where we found some protection from the few bullets that came our way.

Above us a company of Japanese in a trench were as industriously at work as the ladies of a sewing circle. At first I could not see their objective, from which probably they had never lifted their sight from the moment they had begun the pursuit; then on a bushy knob I made out the dark gray figures of the mark—not more than a thousand yards away. Below us on the valley road was the deserted limber of some Russian battery which had had no time to spare when the knitting machine in the trench caught men and horses with a plunging fire.

Above the sound of the rifle-fire



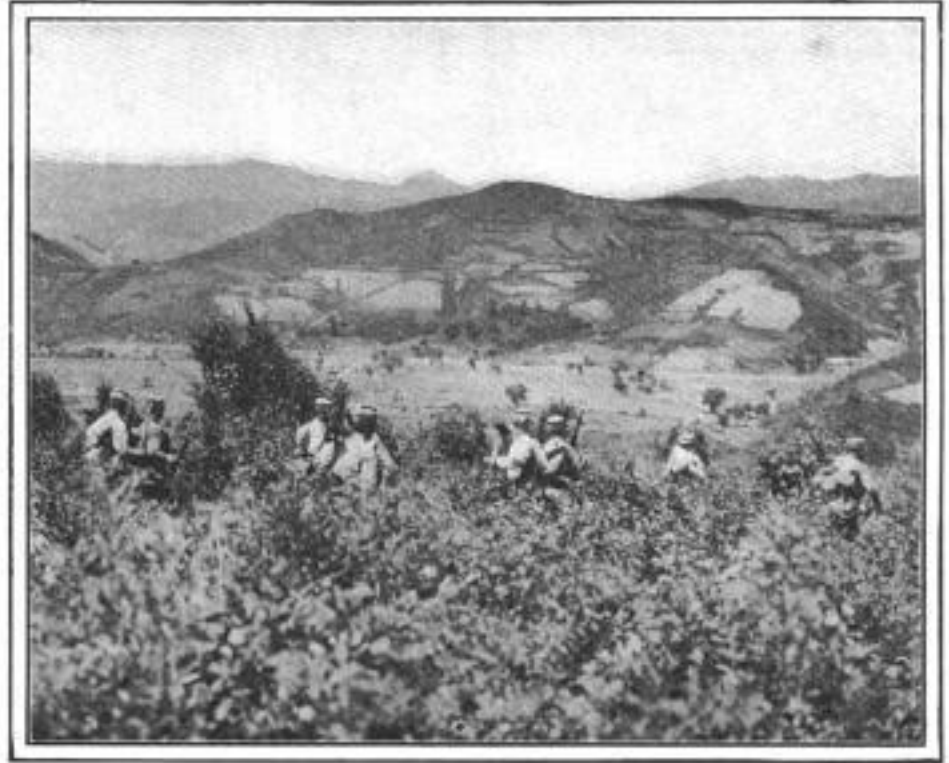
EVIDENCE OF RUSSIAN ATROCITIES

This Japanese soldier, after being shot through the heart, was mutilated by Russian soldiers. Among those who were sent to observe the Russian advance on the occasion of the second attack against Motienting Pass were Lieutenant Seina Yanagesawa and five soldiers of the 30th Regiment. They made contact with the Russians in the woods near the old Kwantai Temple. Two of the soldiers, Fukusho Yaesawa and Tokichi Nakasawa, were instantly killed by the Russian rifle-fire. Subsequently the Russian line passed over the place where they fell. Later the Japanese recovered this ground. When the bodies of Fukusho and Tokichi were found their heads had been laid open by an axe or an intrenching tool, and the brain matter was falling out. Tokichi had been shot through the aorta and Fukusho through the heart, both dying instantly. These bullet wounds had bled freely. There was no blood from the brain matter, thereby indicating that the blows had been struck after death





RESERVES COMING UP TO REINFORCE THE FIGHTING LINE



JAPANESE MOVING THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH IN OPEN ORDER



GUARDING THE REGIMENTAL FLAG

In the event of a repulse, it is the duty of this trooper to save the colors from capture by the enemy. This stolid trooper was so earnest in the performance of his duty that he did not look up when being photographed



GIVING WATER TO A WOUNDED RUSSIAN

There is no mercy like water to the parched lips of the feverish wounded on the battlefield. On the day of the battle at Motienling Pass the heat was intense and there was little shade to protect those stricken on the field



A PRISONER FROM EUROPEAN RUSSIA

These big fellows had scoffed at the Japs, calling them "Makaki," or dwarfs; but, after meeting them in battle and fleeing before them, they said they were like devils who never wearied of pursuit



SLIGHTLY WOUNDED SOLDIERS ON THE WAY TO THE REAR



THE FIELD HOSPITAL: A WOUNDED SOLDIER ON THE OPERATING TABLE

## ON THE BATTLEFIELD AT MOTIENLING PASS





RETREATING TO THE JAPANESE SOLDIERS IN THE TRENCHES

At the Motienling Pass, while the troops were actually under fire from the Russians and firing at their enemy

of ammunition, and march as fast as the next. When Ivan Ivanovitch—he of the boots, the sloppy trousers, the big blanket roll, and a bucket for a pannikin—lies to take cover, and when he rises to advance it is the effort of a camel with all his equipment hampering him. A hill is a ball under the Japanese gymnast's feet. To the Russian it is a creation of pitfalls and surprises.

Watching the side of the ridge occupied by the Russians we saw the Japanese slowly taking position under cover of the furrow at the edge of a field of plowed ground. The flag was not with them. In the old days of shock tactics the troops of a unit guided on their colors. Modern armies may not have this any more than the beating of drums to inspire them. To-day the flag is useful only to fling to the breeze as a signal of the occupation of an enemy's position—a signal to the general and to the gunners. At other times, unless you want to draw fire, it is best tied up in its oilcloth case. The color-bearer, who had shaken out his precious emblem a little below the crest of the hill when it had been taken, now rolled it up and started to follow the advance through the gully to the ridge beyond.

Our little veterans in the trench over our heads had ceased firing. As we passed them in search of higher ground for our citadel of observation, they were sitting about as comfortably as they would on their mats at home, eating their rice, their dried fish, and their tinned meat out of their pannikins. Their wounded had been carried away. Their rifles, which lay on the parapet among the piles of empty cartridge cases, looked inno-

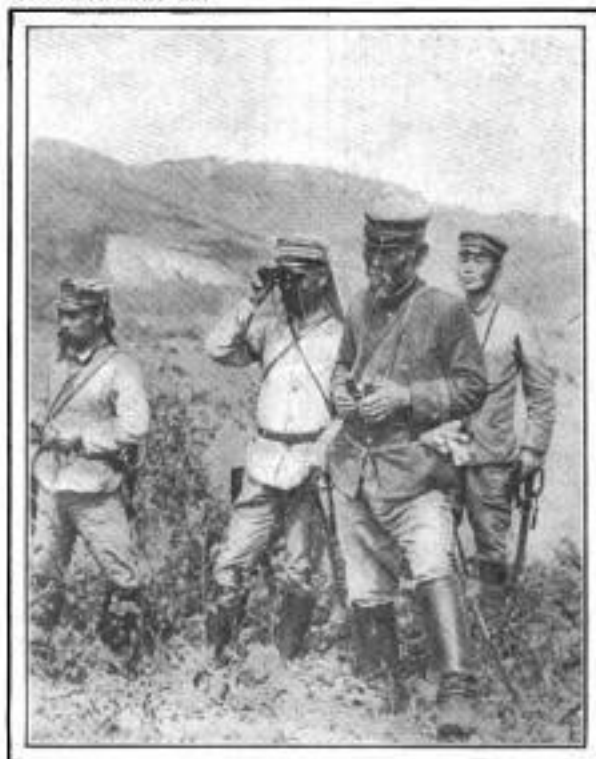
cent of the mortal stings, carrying two thousand five hundred yards, which each holds in its venom chamber.

This trench is worth noting. Twice the Russians have had it and twice the Japanese have sent them back neck and crop. At the edge of the temple grove, where the road takes the slope, it commands the long valley of Toman as the western steps of the Capitol command Pennsylvania Avenue. But the trench was of value only on the Japanese side. For the Russians it looked into the edge of the woods. On both occasions the Japanese had only a picket and an outpost beyond the old temple. The trench was built for use when the reserves should come up to the assistance of the outpost. This time, as before, the Japanese pursuit tumbled into its lap and swept with their fire the enemy's flight before them. Our little men seemed well pleased with their morning's work. They had a good appetite for their wholesome meal.

Now, as I have written in my account of the action of July 4, the Peking Road, after leaving the pass of Motien proper, winds over the shelving hills till it descends in front of the grove of the old temple to the valley of Toman, precisely the kind of valley which would be illustrated in a physical geography. It is a trough between hills. To the north of the trench—on the other side of the apron-like entrance to the valley—is a conical hill, which is a better place to see from than to fight from. Here we looked down upon the finish of the morning's fray; here, at noon, we saw the Russian saving what he could out of the wreck of the morning's hazard.

On the road at our feet stood the abandoned limber. Beside it I now noticed a dead horse, which was explanatory. No living thing had yet approached that spot where the drivers and gunners had cut their ammunition adrift in order to save their piece. Further on was the carcass of another dead horse—perhaps from the same team. While the hills teemed with human ants, that road was a brown, dusty, abandoned streak. To appear on it was to be seen by thousands of riflemen. The beaten highway in a mountainous country had become the one place that everybody avoided. It was the street (with spectators on either side) swept clean before the procession came along—only the passing hero here would have been pelted with something harder than rose petals.

On our right of the road, on the side of a high and gradual slope of plowed ground, were two Russian companies in retreat. They moved in two groups—their intervals those of tired men who want air on a hot day. They might have been a leg-weary party of excursionists leisurely climbing a height to get a view of a town who were already fervently wishing that they were back at their hotel. They were not turning to fire, they were simply getting away—getting away in flocks, watched by their shepherds, the officers, in the days of long-range rifles and smokeless powder. They did not go fast in order to economize human life; that would not have been brave. Also, that might have demoralized these grown-up children of the Czar, who would have kept on running each for himself. Their gray blanket rolls, their black breeches, made them as fair marks as black ducks on a pond. While the Russian support was on the crest of the ridge above the retreating groups, on the first crest this way were the Japanese. You recognized their position still by the twinkle of the officers' swords in the sunlight. That sword is the Japanese officer's weakness; he will carry it; he comes of a race of swordsmen. (Continued on page 21.)



Colonel Baba of the 30th Regiment, and officers of his staff, watching his men in pursuit of the Russians. Both in the attack of July 4 and that of July 17, Colonel Baba's regiment was on guard at the Pass





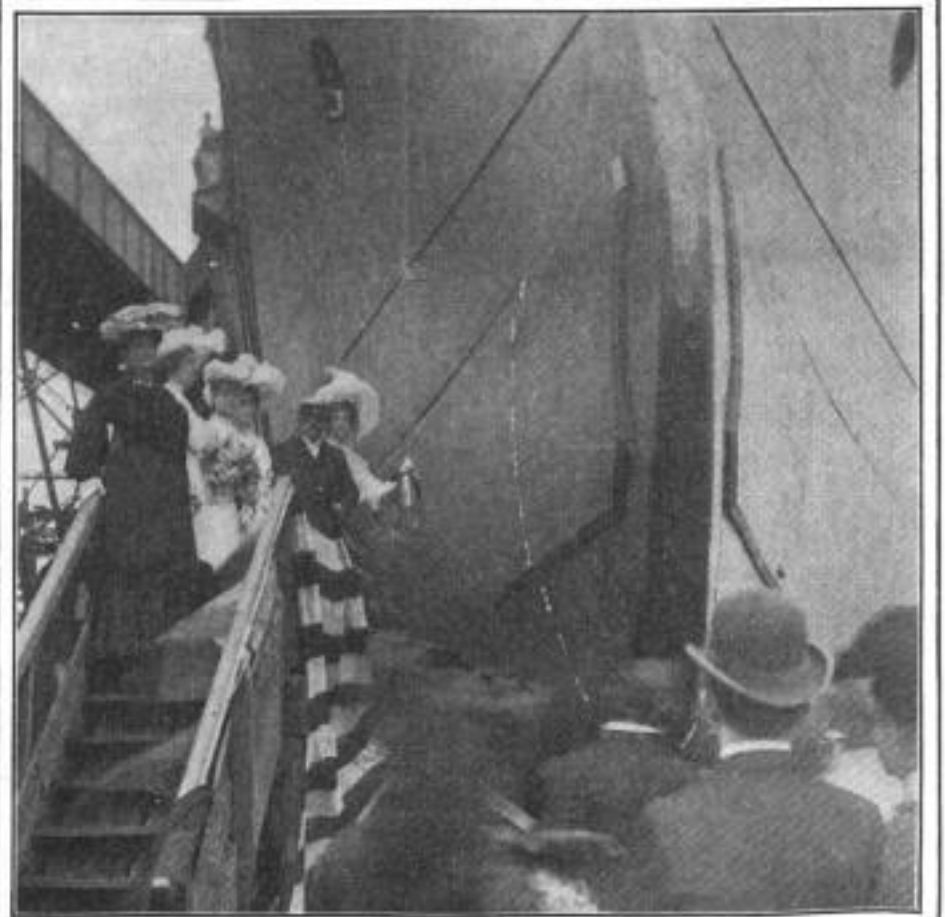
#### THE WRECKED MISSISSIPPI RIVER BRIDGE AT ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

On August 30, a terrific wind storm swept the central eastern part of the State of Minnesota, destroying forests, shattering houses, and killing cattle. At St. Paul the wind reached such a fury as to completely wreck a slender steel-construction bridge spanning the Mississippi River



#### HANS, THE GREAT HORSE PRODIGY OF GERMANY

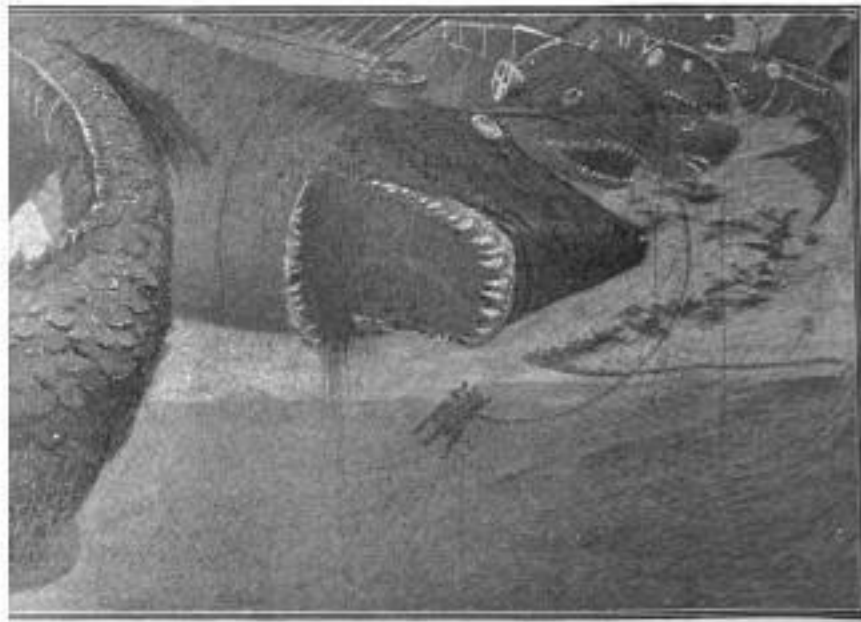
German scientists of repute have declared that this remarkable animal is a marvel without precedent and a rational thinking creature. — See Page 34



#### CHRISTENING THE U. S. BATTLESHIP "LOUISIANA"

This is the largest battleship afloat, and was successfully launched at Newport News on August 27, Miss LaLande acting as the ship's sponsor





hung limply; others beat at them with their hands, and could not draw away again

# ie Deep

*st of Sea Monsters which rise up out  
empt to annihilate the Human Race*

OLIVER

Etc. : : Illustrated by F. M. DuMond

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far. On the third day the man found a wheelbarrow  
and took her off in it. We never thought to ask their  
names.

On the 10th August we met a wild-eyed man running  
in the Mall. He would hardly stop to speak to us. He  
had come from Wimbledon, he said, and the air was  
thick with the sea-devils there. A woman who came  
on a horse told him that they were breaking open every  
house systematically, and gathering up the people and  
cattle. They seized her father just as he had placed  
her on the horse. Elsie and I decided to go inland on  
foot the next morning. We had found money in some  
of the empty houses, and we thought that with that  
and a bag of provisions we could live on the road.

We slept at the Army and Navy Club that night, as  
we had done for two days previously. There were five  
old officers there, but they were hospitable, and placed  
two rooms at our disposal. They'd never run away  
from anything yet, they said, and they were too old to  
learn sense. Four of them played bridge all day, while  
the fifth, in turn, kept guard at the front door with a  
revolver to stop the three club servants who remained  
from flight.

Elsie woke me by banging at my door at about seven  
o'clock.

"They're coming," she cried. "They're coming—  
Fred!"

"Run," I shouted. "Don't wait for me. Go up  
Shaftesbury Avenue. I'll catch you."

When I had dressed, however, I found her waiting  
outside the door, and when I reproached her she smiled  
and tucked her arm in mine.

"I thought we'd make a better dish together," she  
said with a little laugh—and a little shudder.

The veterans were growling in the front hall because  
the cook had escaped out of a window. We advised  
them to fly, but they said they might as well be eaten  
if they would get nothing decent to eat, and they were  
going to stop and have a final hand of bridge. So we  
left them.

We had intended going north, but there were black  
objects in the sky in that direction. So we made for  
Charing Cross. The morning was exceedingly dull. It  
was probably raining, but I do not remember.

When we came to Trafalgar Square we found that  
the black things were converging upon it from every  
point of the compass, and driving in the remnants of  
humanity from the outskirts of London. There were  
more left than I thought, perhaps five thousand in all.  
A shrieking mob was rushing up Whitehall, and an-  
other along Northumberland Avenue, and another  
down the Strand, and another down St. Martin's Lane.  
In the air behind each crowd and from every other  
direction came troops of the sea-devils. The foremost  
were so near that we could hear their breathing-wheels  
and distinguish a white line of teeth in their heads.  
We stood still and gazed helplessly at them.

"It is the end," Elsie said. "You—you have been  
good to me, Fred." She touched my shoulder softly  
with the side of her head. It is strange, the power of  
little things—an old phrase—a glance—the breath of a  
woman's hair. If she had not done that I should have  
stood rooted there till we were taken. As it was, I  
caught her by the arm and pulled her along.

"The National Gallery," I cried. "They may want  
to preserve it as a memorial of our art—who knows—"  
I chuckled a metallic chuckle. "Run!"

We knew that a lower door was open, as we had been  
in there the day before. We reached it just as the fore-  
runners of the crowds came to the Square. There was  
a dark shadow over the doorway—the shadow of an  
overhanging monster. Its wings were making a slow,  
flapping clatter as it descended, and the whirr of its



breathing-wheels was loud in our ears. Elsie gasped and staggered. I seized her in one arm and carried her to the door and fumbled at it. It was perhaps two seconds before I turned the handle the right way. It seemed hours. My teeth chattered, and my hands trembled so that I could scarcely fasten the door.

We wandered aimlessly through the galleries and tried to talk about the pictures, but our words broke off in the middle. At last we stood still, holding one another's hands. Elsie's face was ashy white, and I felt cold and moist and sick.

"We'd better hide in a cellar," I suggested. "They mightn't find us there."

"Anything is better than waiting like this," she said suddenly. "Let's look out and see what they are doing."

We found a room at the end of the water-colors, looking into the Square, and, standing in the corner behind a screen, peered round it. Sometimes when I am in the middle of a jest the scene comes back to me and I am struck dumb. Sometimes Elsie will pause in her laughter as she plays with her baby and put her face in her hands, and it is years ago now.

The crowd had huddled together in the Square and the empty basins of the fountains—a sea of white, up-turned faces with the statues in between. A few—very few—were screaming. A few were laughing insanely. Others were contorting their faces horribly. Some had fainted, but still kept their feet, wedged in by the crowd. Most of the women had their heads on men's shoulders. Some held children in their arms.

A guard of the sea-devils had settled on the roadways round the Square. A countless multitude were poised in the air overhead. It was proved afterward that there were some twenty varieties, but they all looked of one devilish pattern—fishes about ninety feet long, with disproportionately large heads and disproportionately short, broad tails. They were covered with blackish-green scales that looked like armor. They had light-green phosphorescent eyes, about twice the bigness of a liner's porthole, and terrible mouths, ten or twelve feet wide, shaped like a shark's, and showing immense jagged teeth. Their scales crackled and rustled as they moved.

The front half of their bodies was girt with a framework of black-gray metal, since called *marium*. It extended along their backs toward the tail, like a skeleton deck. This deck carried three pairs of wings with *marium* ribs, and an inky-black membrane stretched between. The front of the framework supported the breathing-wheels, or artificial gills, as they are accepted to have been. These were composed of concentric circles of a substance now termed *pelagium*, which scientists say is neither metal nor non-metal, but a new class of element. Each circle revolved upon that within it, so that the velocity of the outer circle was enormous. The outermost layer was a soft leathery material which has been named *philoxon*, from its extraordinary powers of drawing the oxygen from the air. The few remains of this, however, were so charred by combustion that nothing definite can be said about it. The "fishing-line" was a thin, flexible, *marium* rod, which operated from the front of the "deck" and was coiled there when not in use. It was about two hundred feet long, and the thickness of a very stout clothesline.

How this machinery was controlled or how it had been made by those creatures, who had no members like our hands, capable of graduated pressure and contact, remains unknown. Most people, however, accept the conjecture of the learned Von Raben, that they manipulated matter by means of what he termed "piscian magnetism"—a force generated by the fishes themselves and which they were able to graduate and control to the finest degree. The experiments upon the scales of the monsters (which ended with his unfortunate death) proved that when electrically stimulated in a certain manner some portions of a scale would attract and others repel, and so work a wire or a thin plate of metal into various shapes—portions being held firmly, while the neighboring parts were driven away; so that each scale was virtually a many-fingered hand.

As we watched the monsters, the long fishing-rods came slowly forth, wavered in the air, dipped among the crowd, that ceased to sway as if fascinated. There was a shriek—shriek upon shriek. Men, women, and children were lifted up in the air as if they were bound to the fishing-lines, though there was no visible means of attachment. Some of them hung limply; others beat at it with their hands—and could not draw them away again. Then it carried them to the sharklike mouth.

Elsie buried her face under my jacket and we shrank behind the screen. The shrieks grew fewer and fewer. Presently they ceased. Then a series of crashes began. I laid Elsie down (she had fainted) and peeped round the screen again. The long metallic lines were tearing out the windows and sides of the houses across the Square by adhering to them and pulling them outward and searching the premises. Now and then one brought out a man or a woman. They would fish for us, I thought, next.

I lifted Elsie up and staggered away to the galleries, till I came to the end room of the Dutch-Flemish school. I pulled a big screen covered with small pictures close to the wall and sat huddled on the floor behind it, with her head on my knee. We were just under a man's portrait by Rembrandt, with a painting of a fish and poultry shop beside it. I have forgotten the name of the painter and I would not care for worlds go there again to look. I listened with my ear against the wall for the approach of a clinging line, but I heard nothing. Possibly they wished to preserve some specimens of our art, for throughout the country they did very little damage to churches, museums, or galleries.

A lean, half-starved cat came round the screen and mewed piteously. I screamed aloud at the sound. Then I held my breath, wondering if *they* had heard. A spider made its way slowly down a cobweb and

dropped on the floor. I could hear it drop, everything was so still. I shook Elsie to try and rouse her, to hear her voice. I half rose to fetch some water to restore her, but sat down again. Her unconsciousness was so merciful! I stroked her face gently. She had been so cheerful and so contented and so kind. Poor little Elsie! There was a sound of distant thunder outside, and a flash of light invaded the darkness. I saw the cat standing there with its back arched. I called to it, "Puss, puss!" There was another flash and rumble. Elsie sighed—turned her face a little closer against my hand—looked up.

"Are—we—dead?" she asked in an awed, halting whisper. "Dead?"

I told her briefly what had happened. She was silent till another flash startled her.

"I thought they were coming," she whispered. "If they took us it would be over. I must look what they are doing. I must!"

"Very well," I agreed dully. It did not much matter, I thought. Nothing mattered. I lifted her on her feet and half carried her to the stairs that led down to the Turner water-colors. There was a good view of the Square from there, and we stood some way back, a few steps down the stairs.

It was thundering heavily now, and jagged streaks of lightning were darting across the yellow sky. The rain was pouring down in streams. The sea-devils were bellowing to one another—I could not tell whether in pleasure or fright. Some were marshaling the rest, and those on the ground were rising into the air. One stared in at our window as he passed, but he did not pause. His eyes looked like great green



We climbed by holding on to the metal framework.

lamps. The bellowing grew louder and more urgent, and the rain became so heavy that one could scarcely see through it. Then a sea of light covered the place and a hurricane thundered. The windows shivered in fragments, and the wet air rushed in. Nelson's Column tottered—I was blinded and deafened for a few moments. When I could see again, the Column was down and the monsters were falling headlong on the Square and the houses. In a few seconds the place was heaped with their mangled remains. I thought I was mad or dreaming, because I heard no sound as they fell, but when I did not hear my own laugh, I knew that I was still deaf. We stood staring at the ruins—staring—staring!

"God has delivered us," Elsie said at last—her voice sounded faint and a long way off. "God!"

"God!" I echoed—He had been only a name to me before.

We stood looking out of the window in silence for a long time. The yellow fog melted away and the sun came out and the sky was blue. Then Elsie borrowed my handkerchief and wiped her eyes. "If only we could forget," she said. "If only we could forget!"

We went back to the galleries. A dozen dead and mutilated monsters lay in them. The glass roofs were broken where they fell in, and most of them had crashed partially through the flooring. It shook as we walked over it, but we had been too frightened to fear any more. We found some biscuits and tinned meat and brandy and water in a room below, and ate and drank and washed. Then we slept for a couple of hours, till Elsie woke and woke me.

"They are all dead everywhere," she said confidently. "Let us go."

She tidied her hair with a brush and comb that she always carried, and put her hat straight before a glass. There was a pink bow at her neck and she retied it

carefully. I laughed suddenly—a jarring, unmirthful laugh.

"I thought the whole world was altered," I said, "but you are still a woman."

She drew a slow, deep breath.

"I suppose it is foolish," she said, "but I don't like you to see me look as if—as if I didn't care how I looked to you."

I took her hand and we went out. We found every way blocked with the corpses of the sea-devils. After several attempts to find a passage through, we decided to climb over them. It was then that we learned that the scales were not armor, but tough hide, like that of a hippopotamus. We climbed by holding on to the metal framework, and finding footholds in the crinkly hides. I mounted first and pulled Elsie after me, and lowered her down before me.

The air was full of a fishy odor and we felt faint. We thought at the time that this was due to the smell, but now I believe it was owing to the partial exhaustion of the oxygen of the air by the breathing-wheels. A few that were not broken or hampered still revolved slowly, and one or two of the monsters were breathing feebly. Their hides rose and fell a foot or so as we walked over them. Some of the "fishing-lines" were dangling in the air. One of them touched Elsie's dress, and I had to cut a piece out with my penknife to get her away. She pinned the skirt carefully together to hide the rent. The green eyes were all open and some blinked at us helplessly, malevolently. The journey across the Square was a waking nightmare of three hours, from one till four. In Pall Mall East we had to climb over several more dead monsters that lay across the road. Dozens of the monsters were lying in St. James's Square. So many had fallen on the War Office that it was crushed like an egg-shell. The front of the club was broken out and none of our friends was left. The cards were scattered over the card table, and on the floor there were a couple of cigar-cases. One of them bore the silver monogram C. V. of General Vine, the courteous, bent old warrior who had invited us in as we wandered by.

We found food and drink in the basement and lay down and slept. We did not wake till early in the morning. I put on some clean clothes that were lying in a dressing-room, and Elsie found a new dress in a house in Pall Mall. Her hat did not match it, she said with a sigh. We took some money, in case there was still use for money in any part of the world. Also we took a big bag of food. We could get water anywhere.

Then we wandered to St. James's Park. Dead monsters lay all over it. Their breathing-wheels were all still now, and smoking as if they burned. The oxygen had doubtless set up combustion when the creatures no longer assimilated it.

Buckingham Palace was a heap of bricks, and most of the houses down Buckingham Palace Road were ruins. We reached Victoria Station without meeting a soul. Elsie gripped my arm suddenly with both hands.

"Suppose," she cried, "there is no one left but you and me?—It is the end of the world!"

"The end of the world!" I echoed with a groan.

"There *must* be some one left," she said after a pause of frenzied silence. "There *must*. We will find them. Come."

We went into the S. E. & C. Station. The roof was smashed in and the whole station badly damaged. There was a heap of luggage on the platform and a guard's cap. A little further on there was a child's ball and doll. Elsie picked up the doll and kissed it. I did not look at her, but walked away down the long main-line platform.

About fifty yards beyond the platform there stood a solitary engine and tender. I walked out to them and inspected them while I waited for Elsie. The boiler, I saw from the gauge, was full of water, and the furnace was laid. I lighted it, and we stood on the platform till there was enough pressure to start. Then I turned the steam on cautiously and we went forward at six or eight miles an hour. Luckily the points were set to a clear road out of the station. We passed slowly over the bridge (the river was full of the bodies of the sea-devils) through Battersea, Clapham, and Brixton. There was no sign of life anywhere, not even a dog, or a cat, or a bird. There were holes in the houses where the monsters had drawn out their prey.

"There is no one left," Elsie said. "No one—I used to think people uninteresting, and now—and now—"

"We shall find them presently," I assured her, but I doubted it.

We passed Herne Hill and came to the long-gardened houses of Dulwich. There was a tent and a table laid with an unfinished meal in one. In another a bicycle was turned upside down for cleaning. The cloth and brushes lay beside it. In another the grass was half mown. The lawn mower was there and a man's cap some way off. I pictured it falling from his head as he was carried away. The windows were broken and the walls riddled.

"That is Thurlow Park Road," I said, "where the station is. I used to know a man that lived there."

"Call to him," she suggested. "The people are only hiding."

I stopped the train and shouted. Elsie cried out at the sound of my voice. We had spoken under our breath for the last two days. There was no answer, only a faint, mocking echo.

"Call again," she implored. "Call again!"

I shouted wildly; but there was only the echo in reply. Then she called in her clear, high voice.

"People! Dear people! The monsters are dead—dead. We are friends—friends to every one in the world— They are all gone— And they lived and loved—Fred! We are all alone!"

"Perhaps—" I began, but she looked at me, and the

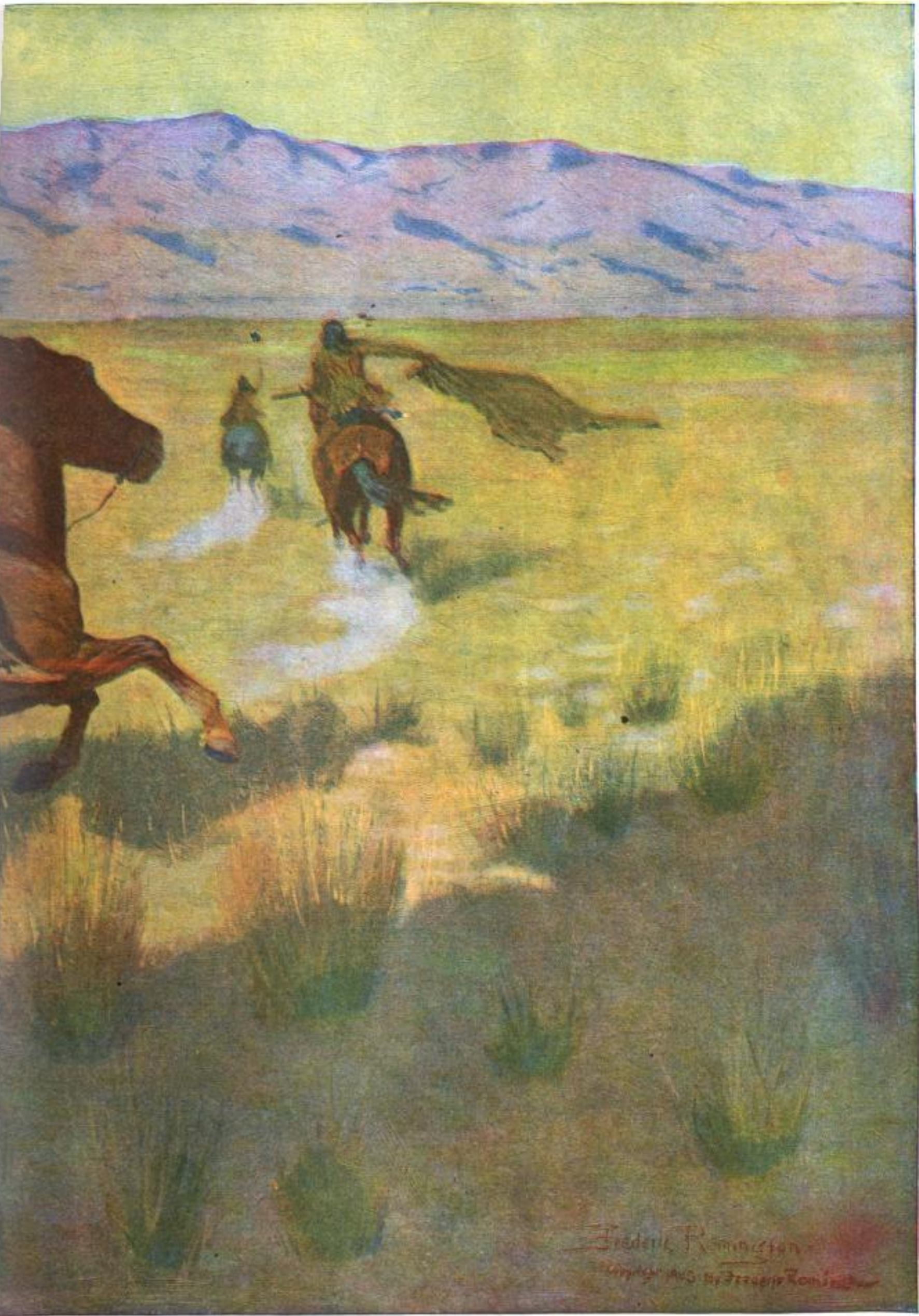




This is the seventh of a series of twelve paintings, made especially for Collier's by Frederic Remington, illustrative of the Louisiana Purchase Period. These pictures will appear, one every month, in the Fiction Numbers.

IT WAS A FREQUENT OCCURRENCE IN THE EARLY PIONEER DAYS  
BLANKETS, THUS FRIGHTENING THE HORSES, WHO WOULD BREAK





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STAMPEDE

INDIANS TO RUSH A CORRAL OR THE CAMP OF AN EMIGRANT TRAIN, SHOUTING WILDLY AND WAVING THEIR  
ARMS AND GALLOP IN MAD FLIGHT ACROSS THE PRAIRIES, TO BE CAPTURED ULTIMATELY BY THE INDIANS

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON



he ground and buried her it up and put it on her. "I said, 'You are all I ow.'" "Ily, and we went out to hall mirror she glanced at d, "and—you'll like me to I told her. There was a a moist, tremulous light in wn eyes. country and saw two birds. ng rooks, but we watched as sweet and the sky was k. ck to the town by way of in the houses, and a long the shafts had been broken, horses—made us depressed. Maidstone Road into the the right. We went as far no one. Then we turned aid a few shops, and I but she would not have it. wore now, she said. urther down the line," I d," she said. "Life will be be different—no one will one will care how any one ould find a few people to latched my arm suddenly. heard the sound of a man's ay step forward. Then we e another. It was a man's warned her. "We do not they are. There is no law, e in a state of nature." to me. "We must be care- y be good."

I shook my head. "In the state of nature," I told her, "life is solitary, nasty, brutish, and poor. Every one takes what he wants, and keeps what he can." She clung to me still more tightly. "Fred!" she whispered. "You won't let them take—me!" I smiled grimly and drew a revolver from my pocket. I had taken it from a shop in town some days before. "Not while I live," I vowed fiercely. "What I have is mine." "Yes," she said quietly. "I am yours." That was our love-making and our betrothal. We walked stealthily down the street, keeping close under the houses, till we came in view of the courtyard outside the town hall. About two dozen people—men, women, and children—were standing there. They looked hungry and travel-worn and fierce. A tall, gaunt clergyman was preaching to them. "The Lord," he said, "has taken much, but He has left us one another. The Lord has swept away the past, but He gives us the future. The Lord has given us sorrow, but He gives us work. Dear friends, our work is to comfort and help one another. Let us begin— And now to God the Father—" We came out from the shadow and stood with the others for the benediction. When it was finished the clergyman held out his hand to us. "Dear friends," he asked, "what can I do for you?" "Marry us," I said. And we knelt down in the square and were married there and then, and when we rose and would have joined in the day's labors, the others pushed us laughingly away. We should not work on our wedding day, they vowed, and they would make ready a house for us. And we went and stood on the bridge and looked up the river and down the river—on the ruins and the black monsters turning in the tide— And we smiled—and smiled. To-day, though there are so few of us on earth—handfuls of men, and women, and children (and our children among them), toiling in the ruins of town and country—we have still a smile. For here on earth we have one another, and afterward there is God!

# F S U C C E S S T F L O W E R

thful "inside" picture of the game of politics as it is being ed States. The characters are drawn with great fidelity. after first fighting the "machine" in the Legislature. told with both force and humor. There are six stories appeared in Collier's Fiction Numbers for May, June, o Craig's Awakening," will be published next month

## C A L D E F E A T

doesn't. A few years ago he t view of the thing, but she atation as a woman of sense, xecutive ability. It can not ne a great deal of good in lines, and he has come to trustee of the State Univer- a fitting recognition of her hat he wishes her to have. to offend John, but I don't. se for the Board of Trustees ng there once in a while." importance," returned Wade. last man to create any dis- oll. It is your plan to nom- of the State Supreme Court, ne devil of a row over that. e. He hasn't the kind of a judges trust him, for the e custody of decisions and n that can be used advanta- There will be a great roar that nothing but the pres- the same ticket will keep

Trumbull's mouth shut. He will hesitate to be very aggressive when success depends so largely on you." "You have a great head, Wade," Carroll asserted admiringly. So Helen R. Trumbull became a trustee of the State University and Tim Mather became Clerk of the State Supreme Court, but in both cases there was dissatisfaction. The outcry against Mather was long and loud, but Trumbull's voice was not heard in public, although privately he was very bitter. As he was a lawyer, he had a deeper interest in the matter than many others who did not hesitate to make themselves heard. "Why don't you speak out?" some one asked him during the campaign. "What's the use?" he replied weakly, "the nomination is made. Of course, I shall vote against him." "Will you authorize me to make that fact public?" "No-o. It wouldn't do any good. He'll run behind the ticket, but he can't fail to be elected." In the case of Mrs. Trumbull, there could be no doubt of the dissatisfaction of Carroll. He permitted her to be nominated as a matter of political expediency, but the permission was not given graciously. He was not a successful dissembler, even when he saw the wisdom of trying to dissemble, and he was in no sense a ladies' man. In his effort to hide the fact that he was not at ease in the society of ladies he was brusque almost to the point of discourtesy, thinking that he thereby gave an impression of independence and strength. Mrs. Trumbull saw little of him, and she was not favorably impressed by the little she saw. There was nothing personal in his ill-concealed feeling of antagonism, for she had heard him excuse another's affront to a woman then serving on the board by asking roughly, "Well, what's she doing in politics, anyway?" By nature and training he was opposed to the whole idea, but he had to be quiescent. Trustees were elected for a term of six years, a third of the full board of nine being named at each biennial election, and a precedent had been established for putting up one woman and two men each time. Carroll felt that this "fool precedent," as he termed it, robbed him of some of the fruits of political success, but Wade had made it



resents the principal," she asserted



plain that Mrs. Trumbull would have to be accepted in this instance. So Carroll remained passive, although his resentment was not unobserved by those most interested.

Wade, on the other hand, made the best of the situation. He also preferred men to women in politics, and he also feared that Mrs. Trumbull would prove a very difficult proposition, but the office was politically unimportant, and there was no reason to believe that any of his plans ever would depend upon her influence or vote. The custody and investment of the funds of the university involved some business favors that it was within the power of the board to grant or withhold, and there was a trifling amount of patronage connected with the business administration of the institution, but for the practical politician there was little to be expected. So, when Wade discovered that John Trumbull was ambitious for his wife, he readily saw that greater advantage lay in championing her cause than in opposing it. The nomination would be a popular one—so popular, in fact, that it would require considerable work to defeat it, and the man responsible for defeat would incur the enmity of many women, and of at least one man with influence. While Wade was opposed to woman in politics, he knew the advantage of having the championship of the woman who passes her sentiments to her husband with his breakfast coffee. She does not care much about voting, but whenever she feels deeply her views are very likely to be reflected by some one who does vote. Wade wanted to stand well in her estimation, and he wanted to stand well in the estimation of John Trumbull. He saw the course events were taking some time before he had his conversation with Carroll, and he straightway made arrangements to be the first at the goal. In other words, having learned how Mr. Trumbull felt about it before any definite plans were made, he hastened to suggest Mrs. Trumbull's candidacy.

"To be a trustee of the State University," he told Trumbull, "is an honor of which any woman may well be proud. There has been some incidental mention of your wife in that connection, but nothing definite as yet."

"I believe there has been some talk of it at the Woman's Club," admitted Trumbull, beaming with gratification.

"An indorsement by the Woman's Club would be an excellent thing," returned Wade, "but it isn't really necessary. Your wife is so widely and favorably known as a result of her charitable work that she practically has the indorsement of the whole public. If I have your assurance that she will accept the nomination, I think that I can promise you positively that it will be given to her. At any rate, I shall be glad to interest myself actively in the matter, for I am one of her sincere admirers."

With years of training Carroll would not have been equal to this bit of diplomacy, and Wade had not deemed it necessary to tell him about it when explaining why the nomination would have to be made. There were other and better ways of inducing Carroll to take the right view of the matter. But Wade had made his point; he had earned the gratitude of a valuable man simply by making the best of an unsatisfactory situation, and he followed this up by making a favorable impression upon the valuable man's wife. It was a comparatively small matter; there were other nominations in which both he and Carroll had a much deeper interest; but Wade had gained many advantages by giving attention to the minor details of a campaign. So far as outward bearing went, he was a gentleman. The exigencies of practical politics might lead him to do a great many ungentlemanly things, but he knew how to be deferential and courteous, and he exerted himself to the utmost to be "clever" to Mrs. Trumbull in the little intercourse he had with her during and after the campaign. He made helpful suggestions, he exerted himself to be obliging, he was the first to congratulate her on her nomination and the first to send her definite news of her election, he adjourned a committee meeting when he learned that she was waiting to see him, he arranged for an informal conference with other members of the Board of Trustees.

"I have heard such disagreeable things about him," she told her husband, "that it is a delightful surprise to find him so much of a gentleman. He is totally unlike that uncouth Carroll."

But Mrs. Trumbull could be gracious without being weak. She showed her appreciation of courtesies extended without being blind to the duties of her position. She had been elected to office to use her own judgment, and she would not accept any one's assurance that "it's all right." She wanted to know for herself the reason for this or that action; she had to be convinced, and she was not easy to convince. Those who had dealings with the board found her as coldly practical as a man, and she had the vantage of being able to give her whole time to her duties, while the men had other interests to claim the greater share of their attention. They did not think they were careless, but they were, for they did not seek to remedy the unbusinesslike conditions that they found to exist. Why should they? No one was complaining, and it was much easier to accept things as they were.

To attempt any radical change would be a thankless task, calling for time and labor on the part of some individual member of the board, and there was no feeling of individual responsibility. An impersonal board was responsible. An impersonal board can follow the methods of other impersonal boards when an individual would not dare to do so. And some members of this board had been slightly inoculated with the germ of politics.

But Mrs. Trumbull cared nothing at all about politics, and she did care about investigating everything that was to be investigated. The university trusteeship was no minor consideration with her; it was all-important. She worried the men.

"I would like to know more about the finances of the institution," she announced one day.

"We have the treasurer's report," explained one of the other trustees.

"The treasurer is a private banker," she returned. "He is supposed to have in his possession valuable negotiable securities belonging to the university. Has he got them?"

"Why, of course."

"I'd like to see them." Some of the other trustees looked disgusted and weary.

"As near as I can make out," Mrs. Trumbull went on, "the auditing of the treasurer's reports has been no more than a formality for several years. We are informed that he has made certain investments, that he holds various securities, but what proof is there of it?"

"Interest and dividends have been paid promptly."

"Well, I'd like to see something that represents the principal," she asserted.

"I have no doubt," said Trustee Atkinson sarcas-



"Are you representing Mr. Hackley?" she asked

tically, "that if Mrs. Trumbull will go to Mr. Hackley at his Chicago bank he will be pleased to give her all the evidence necessary to reassure her. But I am willing to rely on his business reputation, backed by his bond as treasurer."

Mrs. Trumbull looked to see whether she had the support of any other trustee, but one only was nodding gravely and thoughtfully, and even he did not speak.

"Very well," she said at last. "I shall object to accepting the treasurer's report until this board knows of its own knowledge that the securities are where they are supposed to be, and I shall make public the reasons for my action."

There was a mild sensation when a rumor of what had happened at the university reached Chicago. Action on the treasurer's report had been deferred for two weeks, and an effort was made to hush the matter up temporarily, but a hint was given to some of those interested. Wade only laughed, but Carroll swore. Carroll received his first information from Treasurer Hackley, and Treasurer Hackley was very excited.

"It will bust the bank," he said.

"What!" cried Carroll, "haven't you got those securities?"

"Not all of them," replied Hackley, "but I'll have them within sixty days. I used them to secure a claim that was making trouble for me—just to tide over, you know. It's been a pretty hard time for the small banks, and I had some losses, but I'm coming out all right now. Just keep her away for sixty days. You can do it."

"Not for me!" retorted Carroll. "You don't catch me in any banking scandals. It's risky enough for me in politics."

"You're on my bond, Carroll," suggested Hackley.

"I'd like to break your neck!" roared Carroll.

"I gave you a little stock for your good offices in that and some other matters," persisted Hackley. "If I go up now, you're caught two ways—as a stockholder in the bank and as one of my bondsmen. You'd better see what you can do."

Carroll said many harsh things, but he went to the bank with Hackley and investigated the situation. He didn't know much about banking, but there seemed to be a fair chance for Hackley to pull through, and Carroll promised to see what could be done. A little delay, he told himself, might enable him to get rid of his interest in the bank, and possibly would give him a chance to get off the bond. But it would not do for him to appear in the matter personally.

Carroll went to Wade first, for he fully appreciated the fact that Wade was the strategist and possessed the ingenious resourcefulness necessary in such a situation. He stated frankly that he wanted the proposed investigation postponed. Wade did not ask why; he could make a good guess, and it occurred to him that his time had come to speak out plainly. He knew inferentially that what was asked of him was not honest, but he could easily console what was left of his conscience with the thought that it might save the bank and the bank's depositors. Besides, he was ready to sacrifice something in playing for a big stake.

"There are three ways that it might be done, but none of them is sure," he said.

"What are they?" asked Carroll. "I can think of only one."

Wade waited a moment, and then asked, "What do I get out of it, Carroll?"

"You know you can count on me for anything," replied Carroll.

"I know that I can count on you for anything that

you can't dodge," retorted Wade. "I haven't forgotten how you tried to turn me down in that Craig matter."

"Ancient history," asserted Carroll. "What do you want?"

"I want to be United States Senator," said Wade deliberately. "You know that."

"I've seen some indications of it," admitted Carroll. "A fellow who's watching politics gets to know things without being told. But that's for the next Legislature to settle."

"No, it isn't," returned Wade. "It's for you and me to settle right now. I've got things pretty well framed up, Carroll—better than you know—and I think I can make it. But I want you to take off your coat and work for me; I want your men in the next Legislature to be my men."

Carroll scowled and hesitated, for certain of his personal plans were affected.

"I'm pretty friendly to the man who wants to succeed himself," he said finally.

"No, you're not," retorted Wade decisively.

"You're pretty friendly to Ben Carroll, and you don't want to commit yourself until you see where you can make the best deal. You think it's a little early to tie yourself up, Carroll, but you've got to do it."

The two men looked at each other as if each would penetrate the inmost thoughts of the other. Perhaps they did. At any rate, the moment of silence seemed to clear the situation.

"Fix this thing up," said Carroll, "and I'll be with you. What are the three ways?"

"First, get a majority of the board on your side," explained Wade. "Most of the members are satisfied and do not want to be bothered, but the easiest way to settle a disagreeable matter is to agree with Mrs. Trumbull. Still, if one of them suggested a specific date for an annual examination of the finances of the institution, it may not be difficult to compromise on that basis, and the date could be put far enough ahead to suit your purpose. Second, discourage Mrs. Trumbull. If she should drop the matter, no one else would press it. Third, get Hackley out of the way before any demand can be made on him. The third is a last resort, for it would create disagreeable comment, but it would be temporarily effective. The securities and accounts are in his personal custody and not in the custody of the bank."

"I don't like that plan," said Carroll, for he feared that, although there was no suspicion as yet, Hackley's absence might create one. Besides, Hackley's presence might be necessary to adjust matters at his bank. "How would you discourage Mrs. Trumbull?"

"She is more interested in her charities than in anything else," said Wade. Then he added significantly, "A county board member was complaining the other day of the number of waifs the Home for Women has been delivering to the county. The Home for Women has a children's ward that is overcrowded, but the county has nothing to do with that. The doorstep of the Home for Women seems to be a favorite place for those who wish to desert babies. Why should the county take them? Mrs. Trumbull would do almost anything rather than have her pet institution and the babies suffer."

"That ought to bring her to time, if she understood it," admitted Carroll, "and she could be made to understand it through her husband. Higbie could see to that. And she can't expect us to be clever to her if she makes trouble for us. But—well, I'd rather do it some other way."

"I'm advising nothing," said Wade. "It's an ugly situation for you, and I'm telling you what can be done. The better way, of course, is to work it through the Board of Trustees, for I can help you personally in that plan."

As a result of the details Wade then gave various things happened. Carroll had an unsatisfactory talk with Trustee Atkinson.

"It's foolishness, of course," said Atkinson, "but she has made such a rumpus about it that I don't care to take the lead in any plan to postpone an investigation, but you can count on my vote."

Higbie, acting under Carroll's instructions, had even less success with Trustee Jarvis, the man who had given Mrs. Trumbull slight encouragement by the grave and thoughtful way he had listened to her at the previous meeting of the board.

"Mrs. Trumbull asked me," said Jarvis, "if I would be satisfied with such methods in my own business, and I had to admit that I would not. In view of the circumstances I have decided that I will vote for an immediate and thorough auditing by the full board. It is a good idea to make it an annual affair, but I shall be with Mrs. Trumbull in her present demand."

Higbie also went to see Mr. Trumbull, but the latter seemed to be only amused.

"If you think my wife is acting under my advice," he said, "you are mistaken. I have given her certain information in relation to business methods, when she has asked for it, but that is all. She is running this thing herself, and she's a pretty smart woman. I may say that I admire her myself," and Mr. Trumbull chuckled pleasantly. It was a good joke to him, but not to the others.

"Good Lord!" cried Carroll, "is one woman better and stronger than three men? Doesn't our experience count for anything? Are we to be crowded off the political earth by a bunch of petticoats that doesn't know a ward meeting from a charity board? Well, it's up to you, Wade."

So Wade went to see his country legislative friend, Azro Craig, who happened to be very close to Trustee Breen. But Craig had become suspicious.

"You're all right, Jack," he said, "but you got your fingers in too many pies. Why don't you let folks look after their own business?"

Wade made a feeble explanation to the effect that Mrs. Trumbull was unreasonable and that she would



on't see why this matter should t, if the dignity of my masculine demands it, I will let the matter provided Mr. Hackley gives a new mediate."

ction faded quickly from Wade's of this statement, and he hastily matter with the bond.

nough," replied Mrs. Trumbull, sed when the funds and securities far less than they are now. And h, either. No bank or trust com- t for half the amount, for it would to collect on it. The only surety hing is Carroll, and he's too tricky now about that bond; I asked my ions, and then I had it looked up." ere will be any trouble about the

Wade knew enough to say no more than that. It would do no good, and he had no wish to lose Mrs. Trumbull's friendship. But he told Carroll and Hagbie that three experienced politicians were dangerously near to defeat by one comparatively inexperienced woman.

"I'd rather tackle six men than one woman," he said.

"Make it twenty men," growled Carroll. "Why, just look at it. On that board there are six men and three women. One of the women takes the bit in her teeth, and the six men can't hold her. There are three more men right here, and they can't hold her. Enough influences have been at work to swing a Legislature, and she's dragging the whole bunch like so much tissue paper. No one wants to do what she says, but every one is going to do it—except the other women, perhaps. We ought to have got after the other women, Wade. We tried all the men that we dared."

"Well, it's too late now," returned Wade.

"How about the waifs?"

"That's fixed," replied Carroll. "She'll have enough to worry her pretty soon so that she may be willing to forget about Hackley."

In truth, Mrs. Trumbull did have her hands full the next day. Before she had finished breakfast she had a telephone call from the Home for Women, and was informed that the county had refused to accept a waif that had been left on the doorstep the preceding evening.

"What do you suppose is the reason of that?" she asked her husband.

"It looks to me like a bit of practical politics," he replied. "I believe you've been rather unaccommodating, haven't you?"

"Are they mean enough to retaliate on the babies?" she cried.

"They may take the view that they are letting the fate of the babies rest on you," he suggested.

"Oh, they are!" she cried with flashing eyes. "Well, it's a despicable, mean, cowardly thing to do, and I won't stand it for a minute!"

"Don't," he advised, laughing; for her aggressive resourcefulness was a source of both amusement and pride to him. His best advice was always at her service, but he insisted upon taking a facetious view of most of her problems. "Go after them!" he added. "My but I'd hate to be the President of the County Board to-day!"

Mrs. Trumbull went straight to the Home for Women, where she learned that the police, to whom it was customary to deliver waifs thus left, had refused to take this one. Then, accompanied by various other members of the board, she went to the police station, where she was informed that the police had no place for them and the county would no longer take them. The police were thereupon absolved from all blame. They were willing to send for them whenever the county would take them.

There were many indignant women at the conference that followed, but none was more indignant than Mrs. Trumbull, the chairman of the Board of Directors of the Home for Women, for she felt a sense of personal responsibility. (Continued on page 25)



ndling to you as the representative of the county"

ade. "You might suggest it at the next trustees, and no doubt it will be easily se other matter is dropped."

ull turned suddenly on Wade, presenting Mr. Hackley?" she asked.

"he answered, "I merely thought that experience in public matters might be of you."

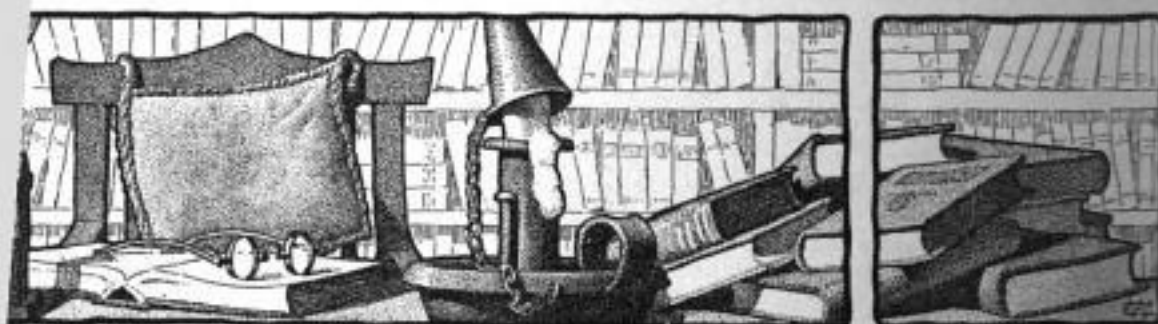
said, "and I am grateful to you for your ough I don't understand the reason for But this thing is sure: Mr. Hackley will sh a new and larger bond at the next meet- uestees, or I shall stick to my original de- ill see that he is notified of my intention ave the bond ready. I don't like some this at all, Mr. Wade."

ame you," replied Wade promptly. "It big thing out of a trifle in which you are ight but diplomatically wrong."

he insisted upon taking a facetious view of most of her problems. "Go after them!" he added. "My but I'd hate to be the President of the County Board to-day!"

Mrs. Trumbull went straight to the Home for Women, where she learned that the police, to whom it was customary to deliver waifs thus left, had refused to take this one. Then, accompanied by various other members of the board, she went to the police station, where she was informed that the police had no place for them and the county would no longer take them. The police were thereupon absolved from all blame. They were willing to send for them whenever the county would take them.

There were many indignant women at the conference that followed, but none was more indignant than Mrs. Trumbull, the chairman of the Board of Directors of the Home for Women, for she felt a sense of personal responsibility. (Continued on page 25)



## WE A CHANCE? : By Robert Bridges

minds. If all poets are mad, this is a case of s like. Mr. Chesterton believes that poetry is antidote for the stress of commercialism; that can be truly great and well-balanced in prac- ices without developing his poetic side. There a great deal of truth in this. The conception road across a continent, a tunnel through the steel trust or a bank of banks is essentially a of the imagination. No poet's dream was ever psy-turvy than the building of skyscrapers from downward. The engineer who first thought of s a poet. The invalid engineer Roebling who w the Brooklyn Bridge after its completion and ned "It is just as I imagined it would look!" blind Herreshoff with his boats are of the stuff ts. Andrew Carnegie once said, "All my life I en a dreamer of dreams, a builder of air castles," added slyly, "I have seen more of them realized e and steel than most people." It was the poet rew who made him buy the old castle at Dun- e and its grounds (out of which he had been as a boy) and present it to the town for a public Who can tell what a good course of poetry in ight have accomplished for Mr. Schwab or Mr. It takes imagination to spend money discreetly end it at all.

ouble with poetry in the past decade is that it has n poetry. The audience is not at fault. So long g men dream dreams and old men see visions, ill be an appreciation of real poetic feeling. The t is the end of all progress. But the strong im- ve minds have been diverted into other channels, nder the sea or through the air, to talk through

space, to see through flesh and bone, to make light out of darkness, to harness Niagaras, to make wax speak and pictures move—these have been the deeds of the poets of our generation. The things that were dreamed of in the "Arabian Nights" have become realities—and yet they say this is a prosaic age! It is seething with romance; young men talk the impossible on street corners and across little tables—and then *make* it come true. The spirit of achievement is the spirit of imagination and hope. These men delight to live, delight to plan, and dream, and hammer out results. Nothing staggers them—and failure or success is greeted with a smiling face.

While this is the prevailing spirit in America, what have the poets been giving it? They have been feeding it the shadow and not the substance of poetry; to men who know that great things can be done, they have sung songs of little failures; to those who do things by looking for the best in other men, they have prattled of universal depravity; to the builders of huge industries they have whined about the increasing poverty of man. If the poets are not read it is because they are poor-spirited and weak, pessimistic and flabby of thought. In a world that is gay and hopeful, they have hung their harps on the willows and moaned over them.

There has never been any difficulty in selling the verses of Riley and Field to the great West;—though they are not great poets, they are never doleful ones. When a poet comes who shall give voice to the significant, moving, uplifting spirit of this energetic and noisy, but in all things romantic, age, he will have all the hearers he wants, and a great many that he will be glad to get rid of.





## A MUTUAL MISTAKE

LITTLE WILLIE told his mother that a lion was on the front porch, but when an investigation was made, it was found to be the Newfoundland dog which had been newly sheared.

"Now, Willie," said his mother, "you have told a very naughty story, and you must go up to your room and pray for forgiveness and remain there until the Lord does forgive you."

Willie promptly obeyed, but he was gone only a few minutes before he came tripping back.

"Did the Lord forgive you?" asked his mother.

"Yes," was the reply, "and He said He didn't blame me much either, 'cause when He first saw it He sorter thought it was a lion himself."

## A SOURCE OF BEAUTY

Mabel: "Where does Madge get her good looks from, her father or her mother?"

Edythe: "From her father. He keeps a drug store."

## ADE ON COINS

A FRIEND of George Ade, of "Fables in Slang" fame, tells of an amusing reply once made by Mr. Ade when he was conducting an "Answers to Correspondents" column of a country newspaper in Iowa.

It appears that some subscriber had written to Mr. Ade inquiring with reference to the value of a certain coin. Mr. Ade's answer was as follows:

"The editor of this column has no knowledge of the value of coins."

## MODERN SHORT STORIES

By TOM MASSON

## OUR OLD FRIEND THE SEA STORY

WE were deep in muck, gloom, and fog somewhere off Gloucester, with the sea below murking from inky green to absinthe, and our trim little craft was bucking down to it, digging her way down into the seas, and anon pointing skyward. We had of course the hatches battened down, all the staysails and topsails clewed up, a new coat of tar on the rigging, the belayin' pins set and all the lights out; for, spite of being in track of the liners, we couldn't afford to give away the Company's business in the offing.

Sandy McRamsgate was at the helm, and as the seas broke over him picturesquely he squinted at me from his weather eye.

"I'm thinking," said Sandy, "that I smell the sand dunes to looward."

We hove the lead and sounded for eight fathoms, and then the lookout, who was sitting in an easy-chair on the end of the jibboom, sung out there was a vessel on the port bow, bearing three points down and laboring much.

"Ken you her odor?" asked Sandy, while I waited in

breathless suspense, knowing that no fish had come into port for over two weeks, and realizing that if we were the first one in it meant a fortune to the Company and glory enough for all. While, if we were beat, some one else would have smuggins of coin slithered up in their teapots afore the weather broke again.

"It's Raftery's smell," says the lookout; and then we knew the worst, for the Matilda Pratt Smith of Gloucester was our sooperior in more ways than one, and Raftery was mean enough for anything.

"What's adoooin', Sandy?" I says; but Sandy made no reply for some time, for he was ever a man of few words.

Then I saw a look of determination come into his face, and I knew that Raftery would never beat us in.

"Here, mon," said Sandy, "take your trick at the wheel, while I go ashore for a tug."

I gazed at him in amazement. But his face was ever imperturbable. "A tug," I shouted, sweeping away the fog atween us so that he could hear.

"Man alive, but you can't swim in such a seaway. Think of the ground swells that's on and the slithering gale blowin'."

But Sandy only smiled. "The Company ne'er would forgee me," he said, "and there be no help for it, but I must go ashore and get a tug, and then, mon, we'll be towed into port under Raftery's nose."

And before I had the keen sense to stop him, he was



The lookout was sitting in an easy-chair on the end of the jibboom

overboard, oilskins and souwester, breasting the heavy seas—off toward Gloucester where the Company's clerks sat before warm fires.

And so I took the helm an' waited with Raftery looming up two points to looward, and me keeping her up in the eye of the gale laboring and pounding as she was.

The night wore on apace, and the hail came down, with icebergs forming all around us. I thought of the stiff cargo of fish beneath my feet, and if I ever prayed, I done so that night, with the scent of the sand dunes mingling with Raftery's.

Toward morning the sky broke somewhat, and, thinks I, Sandy must have missed his footing and failed somehow to make his way into the harbor. And I thought of the trim wife and childer waiting for him in the little low cottage just beyond the meetin'-house.

And then I looked up and saw a light bobbing through the mist, and it was but a moment more afore the tug was alongside, with Sandy throwing us the hawser. Then he jumped aboard, and as we steamed down close by Raftery, emotionless as my temperament is and stiff as my arms were, what with holdin' the wheel fourteen hours, I clasped Sandy to my breast.

"You were a long time a-sea, Sandy," I said, with the hot tears a-freezin' in my eyes.

"Aweel," said Sandy, "you ken, mon, I had to stop several times to light me poipe."

And that's how the Company's honor was saved off Gloucester on that dark night in February.

## MAN AND WOMAN

By W. D. NESBIT

MAN tells his fishing tales; and he  
Is prone to let his fancies stray,  
Until he almost makes us see  
The mammoth ones that got away.

And woman, reminiscent, too,  
Will often shake her pretty head,  
And tell of how they came to woo—  
The countless men she did not wed.

## A TERRIBLE REVENGE

ORPHEUS was boasting that he could make the rocks sing to his music.

"Perhaps," retorted Æolus, "but I'll bet you can't make the furnace draw!"

Smarting under the insult, the god of music invented the cornet-player by way of retaliation.

## MORE HASTE

Briggs: "I see that while young Fiddleback was eloping with Miss Redbud her father overtook them."

Griggs: "Didn't he use his automobile?"

Briggs: "Oh, yes. But the old man could walk faster."

## THE MOON ROUTE

REPRESENTATIVE John Sharp Williams, leader of the minority in the House, tells of a civil service examination in a Southern town for the purpose of selecting a mail courier.

Among the applicants was a rather confident young dandy of considerable education. At first his progress was excellent, but the candidate was nonplused when the question was put to him:

"State the distance from the earth to the moon."

"You'll please excuse me, gentlemen," remarked the negro, as he put on his hat and made for the door, "I don't want the job if you're goin' to put me on that route!"

## BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

Patient: "You say there will be considerable cutting to this operation?"

Doctor: "Yes."

Patient: "Well, you'd better draw up a set of plans and furnish me with an estimate."

## A SURE THING

A CROWD standing around one of the bookmakers at Overland Park, Denver, one day during the races, was given an opportunity to have a little joke on that self-important person, who was interrupted in his talk to the men by a well-dressed man who forced his way to him and said something excitedly.

The bookmaker beat on the railing before him and called for attention. "Gentlemen!" he shouted, "I have been asked to say that a pocketbook containing \$500 has been lost by or stolen from a gentleman here who says he will give a reward of \$50 for it."

"\$75!" yelled some wag on the outskirts of the crowd.

"\$90!" came from some one else instantly.

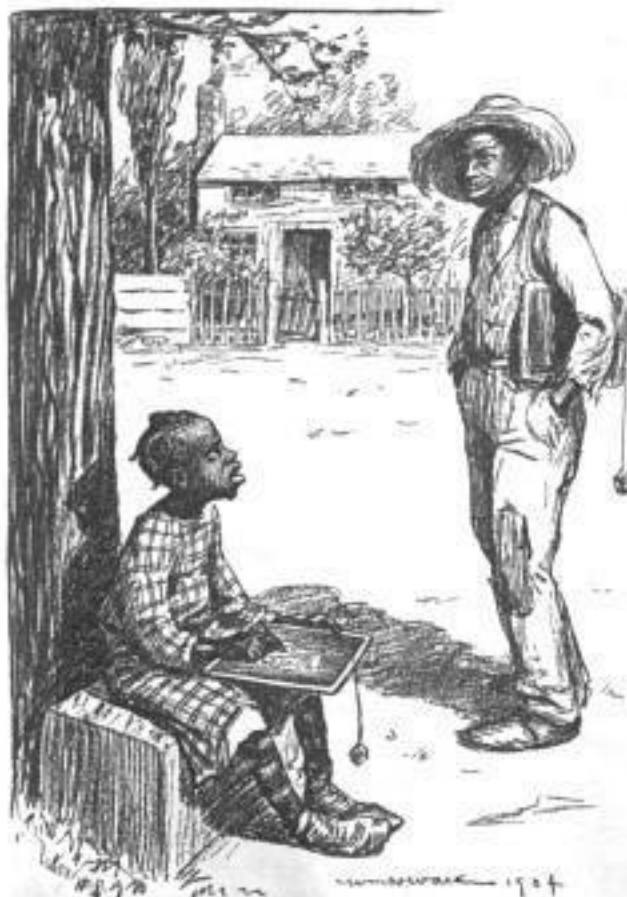
"\$100!" "\$125!" "\$150!"

In a moment the enthusiastic bids for the lost purse caused its owner to retreat to the grandstand and the bookmaker to say things which were drowned in the laughter of his audience.

## SUBTLE ATTRACTION

"PARDON me, leddy," said the masked man as he stepped from the shadows of the alley. "I had intended robbing you, but something inside of me tells me to spare you. I fear it is my hitherto unused conscience, but, on the other hand, you possess a peculiarly sympathetic influence over me. In consideration of my not molesting you, would you kindly tell me who you are?"

"Oh, thank you, sir," answered the maiden. "I am Imogene Stokwotter. My father is head of the baled-hay trust, my uncle is head of the pickle trust, my brother Henry is head of the egg trust, and all my relatives are ruling officers in different combinations. . . I



"How's you gettin' on wid youah 'rithmetic, Lou?"  
"I done learned to add up de oahs, but de figgers bodder me."



History sometimes repeats itself



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you see," he continued, "I have just had them  
barred." He indicated the rear door. "That  
door," he said calmly, "is double locked and  
the key is in my pocket. Woman, I've got you  
just where I want you." The woman wrung  
her hands fiercely as she heard the whistle of  
an approaching train. "You villain!" she  
cried. But the man only smiled. "Villain  
or no villain," he replied, "you'll stay until  
Monday morning anyway. I've got friends  
coming out to spend Sunday with me, and I  
didn't bring you all the way from that ser-  
vant's agency for nothing."

#### IDLE THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE THINKER

**P**OVERTY is the father of economy, and  
economy is the mother of wealth, but  
wealth soon forgets its grandfather.

In the eyes of the world the fellow who  
fails is nobody and  
the one who suc-  
ceeds has a pull.

Hardship is a  
rough nurse, but  
she raises sturdy  
children.

Contentment is  
the bird we see but  
never can trap.

A single man an-  
ticipates, a married  
man reflects.

Too many people  
take respiration for  
inspiration.

A man's honor and  
a woman's love are  
always above par on  
the stock exchange  
of life.

Don't expect too  
much and you won't  
be disappointed.

Some cent people  
try to live like a  
double eagle.

When a woman  
says she wouldn't  
marry the best man  
alive she speaks the  
truth—she couldn't  
get him.

"To-morrow" is  
the reef that has  
cost the life of  
many a business  
man.

If every woman's  
face was her for-  
tune there would be  
a run on the veil  
market.

Wild oats are not  
sown in straight  
furrows.

The great craze  
our American girls have over automobiles  
only goes to show another example of man  
being displaced by machinery.

Justice might take your part, but injustice  
takes your all.

Too many irons in the fire eat up much ex-  
pensive coal.

A good many self-made men look as if they  
ought to have had some help.

The most remarkable thing about a trust is  
that it does not trust.

Don't take a polite acknowledgment for an  
encore.

The man who jumps at conclusions usually  
falls with them.

Curiosity oftentimes hides behind the mask  
of solicitude.

Everything comes to him who waits, ex-  
cept the waiter.

When you are arguing with a fool just re-  
member the fool is doing the same thing.

#### PROVING HIS RIGHTS

**A** PROVISION in the will of Stephen Girard,  
founder of the college in Philadelphia that  
bears his name, stipulated that no clergymen  
should be allowed to enter that institution.

"One day," says Senator Penrose, "the  
late State Senator Sessions of New York was  
about to enter the building when he was  
stopped by the watchman at the entrance.

"Now, as Mr. Sessions was an extremely  
clerical-looking man, always wearing an im-  
maculate white tie, his appearance was such  
as to impress the watchman with the idea  
that the visitor came within the proscribed  
class. So he said to Senator Sessions: 'You  
can't enter this building, sir.'

"The hell I can't!" exclaimed the New  
York statesman, kicking open the door with  
his foot.

"Oh, beg pardon, sir," replied the watch-  
man, 'Step right in, sir!'

#### WEATHER PERMITTING

*Bookkeeper:* "My grandmother is dead, sir."  
*Head of Firm:* "Um! When is the funeral?"  
"It's called at 3.30."

#### WAR NEWS

"My dear, did you know that  
war?"  
all excitement; "No, indeed,  
ad it. Just tell me all about  
words. Did the Japs whip the  
s, and what are the terms of  
peace? Does Japan get Korea  
uria get Russia? And where  
me in? Why don't you answer  
ow how much interest I have  
var."  
"I can't answer all your ques-  
ir. All I know is that the war is  
achuria, Korea, and a few other  
the: "You mean thing."

#### NOT ALWAYS

you think that perfumes have a  
deal to do with making one feel  
don't know. When I proposed to  
e were sailing in a naphtha launch."

#### DESPERATE EXPEDIENT

are my prisoner!" It was a beauti-  
summer's day in the suburbs. The  
ze stirred musically the leaves of the  
es. The well-kept lawns spread out  
the view like huge green rugs. The  
ays glistened in between the shadows.  
side was calm and peaceful. But in  
ir of a trim house a desperate and de-  
ed man faced a defenceless woman.  
is of no use," he muttered, "you can not  
e me." He pointed to the windows. "As

#### JIMMY JOY'S NEW BUBBLE : By Dorothy Ficken

**T**HERE was a boy named Jimmie Joy,  
Who had a nice new bubble;  
It ran away one summer day,  
And caused no end of trouble.

"I've not the art to run this cart,"  
Said Jim, "the way I ought to,  
For well I know it is not so  
An auto ought to auto."



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a great success. In 36 years, over 38,000  
Wing Pianos have been manufactured and  
sold. They are recommended by seven Gov-  
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schools; by prominent orchestra leaders; ma-  
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other charges in advance. If the piano  
is not satisfactory after twenty days'  
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nothing and are under no more obliga-  
tions to keep the piano than if you were  
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absolutely no risk or expense to you.  
Old instruments taken in exchange.

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follows:

"Built up" wrest plank construction; "dove-  
tail" top and bottom frame construction;  
overstrung concert grand scale with extra  
long strings and largest sounding board area,  
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stan" regulating device; "non-twisting" ham-  
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throughout, double veneered with choicest  
Circassian walnut, figured mahogany and  
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We refer to any bank in Kalamazoo, any Commercial Agency, or to the Editor of this Publication.

## AND THE JAPANESE KEPT THE PASS

(Continued from page 10)

An occasional Russian dropping showed that these two companies were under fire. Therefore naturally the thing for them to do seemed to be to take advantage of a diagonal gully which cut the slope. This they did finally, still in a mass, still plodding nonchalantly on, still being brave—and stupid. An intelligent force under the same conditions would have scrambled up the hill in half the time as units, which would have instantly and automatically come together under the cover of the other side of the crest. But the Russian must be kept in the flock. Elasticity he has not. He thinks for himself no more than the horses that draw the guns. Yes, the difference between Nippon Denji and Ivan Ivanovitch is that of more than height and weight; it spans the difference between the Middle Ages and common intelligence.

The ridge which the Russians occupied was high, running out into the valley, with a precipitous descent like a promontory into a sound. On the other side the valley widened into a small plain, and here the road was occupied—with the procession of defeat. The habit of the Russian makes him take to the highway and to level places. Such is his plainsman's instinct that he will tramp under fire over even ground rather than advance under cover over the rough. When fire rakes the even ground, for a while he will march back—bravely and slowly back—rather than try the other way.

On this little plain we saw the Russians doing the kind of thing which is impressive at the Russian grand maneuvers. The ravine at the other side of the ridge was the natural funnel of retreat for all the scattered and beaten cohorts on the north (right) of the valley. Into this, galloping hospital wagons coming by the valley road from Toman disappeared. Out of it came in close order a battalion formed from the beaten ranks. Stretched across a cornfield on the left of the road, in the broad part of the valley, was a battery of guns, which had taken no advantage of the natural cover of the ground. The Russians seem to like a position where they can be seen and can not see. They must still be infatuated by the heresy that the sheer "look" of them will frighten the Japanese.

The gunners were back under the shade of a grove of trees with their horses. A battalion of fresh reserves, coming out of the grove, deployed into skirmish line and support for the guns with European drill-ground intervals. Back of them the valley is closed by the slopes rising to the heights of Yantzu Pass, which the failure of the morning made again the Russian line of defence. Beyond it there is no other equally suitable ground for a stand until we reach Liao-Yang.

From the white pagoda tower on the first rise above the village of Toman, at the end of the valley, the Russian General saw the action of July 4. The conduct of his troops was very brave, he reports. Two battalions advanced in close order and were repulsed and pursued by four companies. If the General is there now he may say that his retreat at this point is orderly and that his troops maneuvered beautifully. He may even apply this to the company which now advances at the base of the promontory. The idea, presumably, is to "creep up" and catch some of the Japanese infantry on the flank. They "creep up" in line on the river bed, which silhouettes their dark uniforms. For just such Japanese tactical sagacity is prepared. The man, the squad, the section, the company is each a thinking unit; yet connected with delicate, quickly responsive nerves to the whole. If a squad can not cover this or that spur, a section joins it. If a section is not enough, a company comes. Some unit posted for the purpose grasped the opportunity now vouchsafed. By the tremor of that line you knew the moment the fire came. And the fire was too hot. The line closed up like a camera. Then individuals returned and picked up the wounded.

Meanwhile we had hoped to see that Russian battery in action. The hill where we sat was not more than 4,000 yards away—a fair mark. Possibly this fact led to the General calling us back; and when the General calls you have to go, even though the drama is at the dénouement. As we drew away the guns were still without their gunners, and the retreat along the road continued.

Having seen what we could of the finish of the fight, we now faced toward the ground, where the struggle had taken place while we waited at headquarters and while we rode to the front. To the east the new temple of Kwantai stood out boldly on the slope. This was erected to the gods of the old temple of Kwantai (in the grove nearer the enemy) because the power of the mountain deity was supposed to have prevented the Japanese from crossing the pass in the war of '94-'95. (They went by another road.) This morning the temple was for a minute in the middle of the Russian line. Three shells were landed in its brick walls, but the big blue and white josses were not hit—which, according to Chinese logic, may justify a third sanctuary in their honor.

The pass itself was hidden by other slopes, but our point of view lay directly in line with it and the Peking Road. Why the Russians should now strive in two assaults to recover Motien, which they abandoned three weeks ago, is a strategic mystery which may possibly be explained by the fact that by the precepts of this war it was characteristically Russian. If Kuropatkin is withdrawing to Mukden, we threaten his line of retreat; if he means to make a stand at Liao-Yang, we threaten his line of communications

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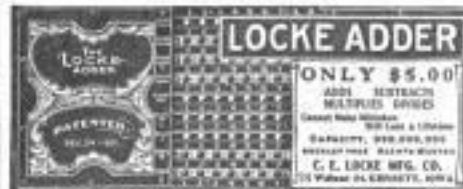
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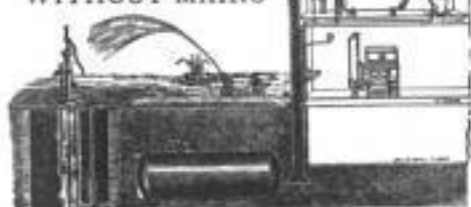
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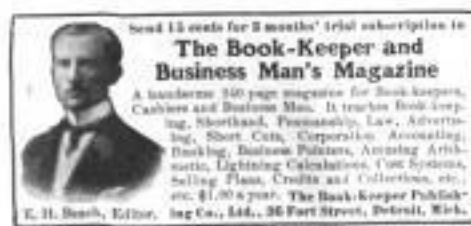
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—his ever-precious railroad. We hold the ascent; thenceforth it is downhill for Kuroki. To recover Motien would be a decisive blow against us. Kuropatkin's attempt was vital, and made under every augury of success that superstitious Russia of the Middle Ages could command.

The 17th of July is the Sabbath, which blesses every undertaking to the mind of the Greek Church. It is also the anniversary of the taking of Shipka Pass, the event of the Russo-Turkish War which most appeals to the Slavonic imagination. Twenty-seven years later the gallant success against one Oriental race was to be repeated against another; the landmark of Russian courage in the Near East was to have its counterpart in the Far East. This Sabbath was also a Saint's Day, bespeaking the power of the Church against the heathen of the little islands. Moreover, for the first time regular Russian troops from Europe proper were put in the field against Kuroki's fight-seasoned, march-seasoned veterans.

It was a task to the taste of the hero of Shipka, and Kuropatkin first won place as Skobelev's adjutant. In order to show his men what had marksmen the Turks were, Skobelev used to walk along the parapet of the Russian trenches before Plevna. He was the beau-ideal of the days of shock tactics; he was the one for daylight surprises in mass and as swift marches as hero-worship and priestly incitement could bring out of the Moujiks. He could live high on six days in the week and charge splendidly on the seventh. Kuropatkin has carried the traditions of his old chief into the days of smokeless powder. Well may the Commander-in-Chief, himself, wonder why, when he did as Skobelev did, his legions, instead of placing the flag on the heights, were driven back in tumult and confusion.

The famous pass, as I have said, is merely a cut worn by traffic in the long range of hills at the summit of the divide. These hills rather than Motien—a name—form the strategic position which Kuropatkin tried to wrest from Kuroki. His plan was to engage the front at Motien while a lodgement was made on the flank at Gebatow, seven miles away. Behind Gebatow is another pass. The Russian advance was made in the darkness by two great columns; one by the Peking Road toward Motien, and the other by the road leading to Gebatow. The total force consisted of seven regiments, or in all about 25,000 men. The Japanese were first apprised of the movement of the Gebatow column at about 12:30, of that of the other column two hours later. A single Japanese company received the shock of the Gebatow column. Here, indeed, occurred, first and last, the crux of the battle, which no foreign observer saw. That company held its ground. Before the reserves had come to its assistance it had 20 men killed and 36 wounded.

Equally as well as he knows that his ammunition is good, a Japanese general knows that any force, however small, will stay where it is placed—stay, alive or dead. One company is as much like another as peas in a pod. No special units; no Rough Riders; no King's Own; no stiffening of weak regiments with regiments of volunteers or regulars. There is an approximate level of courage and skill. A commander may choose the unit at hand as a mechanic takes down any one of a number of equally tempered tools from a rack. If you want a Horatius at the Bridge, take the nearest first sergeant. The Russians came to the attack with a splendid confidence—a childish, mob-like confidence. All the way across the Siberian steppes in their troop trains they had been begetting this. "When they see us big burly fellows the leather-skinned Makaki (dwarfs) will run fast enough. They will find that we are no colonists and reserves—we are the Little Father's chosen." But the Makaki know a mark when they see one; and they like to fire at a column in close order.

Nature as well as church and historical auguries were on the side of the Russians this morning; the Japanese had only skill and courage on theirs. Dawn broke into a thick fog. At six o'clock you could not see a man two hundred yards away. Pushing aside all outposts, the Russians gained the slope facing the ridges of the pass itself, and there in the mist they began intrenching themselves—to hold the front engaged according to plan. They did not seem to know that the Japanese had guns on the pass—information they had on authoritative sources as soon as the gunners could see them. It is demoralizing to be under shell-fire when no big voices speak on your side—that is an old, old military saying which has lost none of its sapience with the improved deadliness and precision of artillery.

Besides those in front, on the Russian right came the sound of more guns. The Japanese division on that side had sent out a demonstration on the flank. The gunners could see little, but the thunders they invoked were a mighty warning. On the Russian left at Gebatow that Japanese regiment had gripped its hill with a steady outpour of lead, and Russian numbers could not be boded. Thus the centre alone was in its place, numbed with the fear that it was flanked. The position desired by the Russians had been reversed at the outset; the Japanese centre was containing the Russian centre, while the Russian flanks were pressed back. The rapier of his strategy had bent back on the fencer. Church and anniversary and cover of night and mist would not avail him when his steel was poor.

As the mist cleared the Japanese gunners saw in the valleys into which the two roads had poured their reserves black masses for their target. Destruction was as simple as bursting a bomb in a room full of men. Shrapnel rained until the very road was clogged with the dead and wounded. No Russian guns spoke in reassuring tones above the confusion. If the Russian artill-

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lery came up at the gallop more frequently there would be less need of the hospital wagons coming up at the gallop.

An attack with seven divisions without support from batteries! What can this indicate, unless Japanese formidability has driven the Russians to timidity in risking their guns, lest they should lose them as they did at Hamtan? This slaughter-pen, where no blow could be returned, was a terrible introduction of the flower of Kuropatkin's army to "The Real Makaki," as you would write the title for a magazine article. Without guns to support them, flanked by more than the demonstration from the other division—by the force of the brigade holding the pass (a brigade never for a moment in doubt of its abilities) that had crawled over the high ascents to the south, which evidently had not appealed to the Russians as a quantity in the game—the Russian line that had entrenched in the front fell back upon a scene of carnage in place of a reserve.

From that moment the attack became a chase. The Japanese force pursued twice its numbers over the ridges. Reaching a summit, Nippon Denji hugged it closely, pouring in a steady fire upon the fleeing figures under the sight of his rifle barrel. When the Russians answered it was always in volleys, usually spiteful and ragged. To fire at will (which is the only killing way, except when demoralization of a column caught within the range is sought) seems to be without the pale of the Russian private's sense of individuality and intelligence. He must fire as he marches—in a flock. (No doubt, in grand maneuvers his volleys are quite "beautiful," as the admiring princes might say.) He aims in the general direction of the enemy, with the result that he fires into the sky. When a line of Russian riflemen on one ridge are protecting the retreat of their brethren below from a line of Japanese riflemen on the next ridge, they disturb the Japanese comparatively little. And when all the pursued are either hit or under cover on the other side of the Russian ridge, the Japanese begin to advance according to their own system of tactics. Rake the ridges and then charge them is the way—the way that 15,000 men sent 25,000 back to Toman.

Following the road back, after leaving the conical hill, I saw a dead Russian lying by the same bush where I had seen one on the 4th. He was of the same regiment as the other, and the coincidence was startling. (From the valley where the slaughter of the reserves from the shell-fire had occurred we were warned away by our chaplain of the staff. Our course lay over that taken by the Russian advance line which faced the pass.) Prisoners were still being picked up in the underbrush. One Russian who had been found prostrate had been examined in vain for any wound. Yet it was with difficulty that he was got to walking. Apparently he had been scared stiff by his baptism of fire. When another unwounded man was asked how he happened to be taken prisoner he replied: "I wanted to be." When a contemptuous comment was translated to him he said: "I have no interest in this war. I don't propose to be sacrificed." Coming from Moscow, he may have read Tolstoi.

The Russians had come up in heavy marching order just as they did on the 4th. The field was scattered with pieces of equipment. To a private who lightened his load the discarded blanket or intrenching tool might mean the difference between supping in the Russian lines or going to Tokio as a prisoner. In one knapsack was a Jewish text. I wondered if the owner of the text, thinking of Kishineff, took any particular interest in Russian success in Manchuria. Among the pile of spoil at brigade headquarters, now so familiar a sight with this army, were three drums. Jewish texts and drums! A polyglot army of enforced loyalty against a homogeneous people with a common breath of patriotism! Drums in the advance line of a morning attack, at a period when next to the art of not being seen is that of not being heard!

In the temple were some of the Russians who had been wounded by shell-fire. Their groans mingled in a low agonizing chorus. Among them were men too stunned to know that death was near; men who were smiling to think that their wounds were light and they might smoke cigarettes and live. A giant, blue-eyed, blond-haired fellow, while he groaned, tugged at the coat-sleeve of a neighbor, who looked at him in the puzzled scowl of poor brute humanity not yet ushered out of the Middle Ages. The neighbor, indeed, had a face of such hard unintelligence as to make comprehensible the outrage proved in this day's fighting against the soldiers of that Czar who was the author of The Hague Peace Conference. Hitherto, we have heard of Russian outrages; some of them unnamable here. I had been slow to repeat these reports. Mutilation of the bodies of a brave adversary by soldiers of a supposed civilized nation seems incredible.

Among those who were sent to observe the Russian advance was Lieutenant Seinal Yanagisawa and five soldiers of the 30th Regiment. They made contact with the Russian in the woods by the old temple. Two of the soldiers, Fukusho Yaesawa and Tokichi Nakasawa, were killed. The Russian line passed over the place where they fell. Afterward the Japanese recovered this ground. When the bodies of Fukusho and Tokichi were found, their heads—! and all that follows represents surgical investigation and affidavits—had been laid open by an axe or an intrenching tool, with the brain matter falling out. Tokichi had been shot through the aorta and died instantly. Fukusho had been shot through the heart and died instantly. Both these bullet wounds had bled

\* The Japanese buried over 200 dead; and the total Russian casualties were estimated at 1,500. The Japanese total was 350.

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freely. There was no blood from the brain matter, plainly indicating that the blows on the head had been struck after death. In other words, wanton, butcher-like brutality had wreaked its vengeance on the bodies. Now I must accept the unmentionable outrages (which were supposed to be exclusively Turkish and Abyssinian) as also true.

The General in charge of the Japanese division which had done this splendid morning's work—Nishi, who listens and listens and gives few worded orders—upon our return to the new temple, we found seated on a grassy slope smoking a cigarette. He had not even got up a perspiration on this hot day. His strenuousness is delegated, and that is the art of command. Some infantry reserves nearby were fanning themselves. To a Russian who had not tasted their fire these "Makaki" might have seemed quite effeminate. The fans which the little men use to cool themselves on the march are presents from the Emperor. On them is inscribed, in the handwriting of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, Marquis Oyama, the words: "Do your best for your country!" On a hot day a fan may beat up a breeze in front of a soldier's nose which will save him from succumbing. The general whom we see in paintings—the general of the old days of shock tactics—used to swing his sword and charge. The brigade commander, Okasawa, was at this time watching the fight from the conical hill. Across the space of the valley was the white tower, where no doubt the Russian general in command looked on. And by the work of the armies that lay between them you may know the two. Our Japanese generals know their ground and their men; and instead of becoming intent on any one piece they follow the game as a whole. They make generalship as simple as a good approach from the green. Not until you see the sweaty effort of wasted energy on the part of a bad player do you realize the skill of the good one. Let dashing heroes who place themselves with their point take note; let general staffs whose machine is not ready sue for peace before war begins.

Could the Russian general have seen the smiling Nishi, that undemonstrative head and front of efficiency (whose work on this day was to make him the first division commander in the war to be congratulated by the Emperor), it would have been the last blow to his humiliation. Well might the Russian complain:

"Oh! If he did not make such easy work of it!"

□ □

## Hans, the Horse that Thinks

WHEN report first spread that a horse, "Hans" by name, was exhibiting such mental powers as hitherto have been monopolized by mankind, the story was set down as a "hot weather" or "silly season" yarn. Hans was vouched for, however, by German scientists of ponderous dignity and reputation, and the public became seriously interested. It was out of the question that German scientists should spring a hoax of this sort and sign their names to it, and it is equally impossible to imagine this remarkable equine Hans "giving a horse laugh" in face of such credentials as have made him famous the world over.

Professor Moebius, director of the Zoological Museum of Berlin, one of the foremost authorities in this field of investigation, has prepared an exhaustive treatise for the "National Zeitung," in which he affirms that Hans is a rational being whose mental processes include the capacity "to distinguish clearly impressions received by the eyes and ears, to keep them permanently in his memory, and to express them exactly." In other words this four-footed prodigy is not merely a "trained horse," whose tricks are taught him, as a dog is trained to repeat mechanically those movements impressed upon him by motives of fear or hope of reward.

Hans was, indeed, no more than a remarkably intelligent trained horse, until he began to improve upon the simple feats in which he was drilled, and displayed initiative which could be explained only on the ground of reasoning and computation. Berlin scientific circles began to investigate Hans, and in a few weeks he was the sensation of the hour. He showed ability to perform simple sums in arithmetic, expressing the answers by stamping a hoof on the ground. Before a committee of indisputable veracity, he counted up to one hundred, developed an eye for colors by watching them without mistake, and proved that he had an ear for music by showing signs of angry disapproval over discords. The committee found that Hans could spell words of one syllable, and that he added to his vocabulary with as much speed as that shown by an average child in the primary grades. In brief, Hans used his mind and his memory to learn his lessons, and then "put two and two together."

Professor Moebius capped these astonishing phenomena by declaring that he asked the horse how many sevenths, added to five-sevenths, would make a whole number. *The horse stamped his foot twice.* This was no mere coincidence, for Professor and Herr Director Moebius gave Hans other sums in fractions to do, and received correct answers. The interested scientists of Berlin make no attempt to explain these events. They say that in this horse there is something beyond all precedent and transcending explanation.

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## NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Plant foods may now be easily obtained from the air by means of the electric spark

ALL living animals demand a constant supply of nitrogenous food. The amount of nitrogen required by a man is variously estimated—probably it lies between one-third and one-half of an ounce per day; this nitrogen must be supplied to man and other animals in the form of proteids, compounds which make up the greater part of the dry weight of animal tissues. These proteids come directly or indirectly from plants. The chemical compounds containing the nitrogen daily thrown out from the animal body undergo various changes in the soil until, in the form of nitrates, the nitrogen is again available for the use of plants. One of the chief reasons for fertilizing the soil is to supply the nitrogen necessary for the growth of crops. With the exception of the order of plants to which clover, peas, and beans belong, no plants are able to use the nitrogen of the air as a food material. This group of plants has this power of utilizing the atmospheric nitrogen by virtue of the association of colonies of certain bacteria with their roots. This is about the only way in which the available supply of nitrogenous compounds, which is constantly circulating from plants to animals and from animals back to plants again, can be increased; the great beds of Chili saltpetre having been derived from the decay of the remains of living organisms.

Of late years several investigators have been working on the problem of changing the inert nitrogen of the atmosphere into compounds available for plant nutrition by means of the electric current. It has been known for some time that the electric spark in passing through the air causes the oxidation of a little atmospheric nitrogen. Some of the latest work has shown that the very high temperatures supposed to be necessary for the process are really not needed, and that maximum yields of the oxides of nitrogen may be obtained by the action of an electric spark of small length at a moderate temperature, e.g. 150° F.

It is possible that radium may prove capable of changing yellow diamonds to a purer color

WHEN diamonds are exposed to the emanations from radium they phosphoresce in a marked manner. If the action of the radium is sufficiently strong, a blackening of the diamond takes place. Experiment has shown that this blackening is superficial, and that it may be removed by polishing with diamond dust. The black coating is graphite, another of the forms of carbon.

Sir William Crookes exposed one of two small yellow "off color" diamonds to the action of radium bromide until it was slightly darkened by a coat of graphite; the other was kept as a control. On dissolving off the graphite with the oxidizing mixture mentioned above, the diamond was once more brilliant and transparent, but instead of being yellow it was pale-blue green. The color change in the main body of the gem shows that the radium must have had a more profound influence than that causing the superficial formation of graphite. This point is further emphasized by the fact that this diamond, even after its ten days' bath in the oxidizing mixture, and after being kept twenty-five days in a glass tube, was found to be strongly radio-active. A practical suggestion is to be found in the change in color of the yellow diamond to a blue-green stone. If this color proves to be permanent, the potential value of a yellow diamond will be greatly increased.

The application of water power to the production of marble in the Vermont quarries

ONE of the leading industries of Vermont is the quarrying of marble. From south-western Vermont more marble is obtained than from all the other sources in America combined. Examinations of the region have shown that the supply of marble is practically inexhaustible, and the varieties found supply every demand. One corporation in this region turns out about seventy thousand tons of marble per year, ranging from rough blocks for building purposes to finished monuments and works of art. In the August number of "Cassier's Magazine," Mr. D. A. Willey describes the machinery used in turning out this great product. From an engineering point of view great interest attaches to the power used, and its applications in cutting out the marble blocks and in the finer work of polishing and finishing.

The power is obtained almost entirely from the Otter Creek, which has a fall of 165 feet in six miles. Part of the power from this source is used direct, and part is converted into electricity and carried to the various plants. Blasting is used but very little; the marble is cut out from the deposits by means of special machinery driven by electricity, compressed air, and steam. When the rough blocks obtained in this way are to be worked up into finished articles, machinery is still used and most of the polishing, and even the sculpturing is done by power-driven tools instead of the old hand implements.

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# SLAVES OF SUCCESS

V.—A Strategical Defeat

(Continued from page 15)

She could not get rid of the idea of "retaliation," although she could not see just what influences were at work. She thought she knew, but she could not trace the connection. She was full of determination, however; she positively would not be defeated by any such trifling trick. When Mrs. Trumbull was full of determination she was capable of strikingly original and effective action, and the other women laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks when she outlined her plan.

The County Board had a meeting that afternoon. It had just been called to order when word was brought in that some ladies wished to see the President. Would they come in? No; there were a number of them, and they would consider it a favor if he would step to the door. He went, followed by various curious members, and found a group of women in the corridor, but he did not see that they cleverly concealed a nurse with a baby.

"Have you refused to accept any more foundlings from the Home for Women?" asked Mrs. Trumbull.

"Yes," he replied.

"Why?"

"Well, the county institutions are already pretty full."

"But it is the duty of the county to take charge of the waifs."

He laughed uneasily.

"Theoretically, that may be true," he admitted, "but I do not see why we should take them from such an institution as yours."

"We have very limited accommodations for babies and children," she explained. "It is a private charity that does the very best it can, but there are five times as many foundlings left there as we can possibly provide for."

"Well," he said, "if the county won't take them, I don't see what you are going to do about it."

Mrs. Trumbull turned, took the baby from the nurse and handed it to the President of the County Board. The action was so sudden that he had the little one in his arms before he realized what had happened.

"We deliver that foundling to you as the representative of the county," she said.

He tried to give it back, but every woman had her hands behind her. And the men laughed.

"Take it," he pleaded. "I don't know what to do with it."

"The county does," said Mrs. Trumbull.

"But what can I do with it now?" he argued plaintively.

"That's your affair," Mrs. Trumbull replied, and the women turned to leave.

"Wait!" he cried, following them, while his colleagues almost collapsed with laughter and the child began to cry. "Take it—only take it now, and the county will send for it."

"How about others in the future?" demanded Mrs. Trumbull.

"The county will take them all, every one," he promised. "We'll send chariots for them, if you say so."

The nurse took the baby at a sign from Mrs. Trumbull, and the women retired, but the news of their exploit traveled rapidly. Wade simply had to laugh when the story came to him, although he appreciated the gravity of the situation. He was in conference with Carroll and Hackley at the time. Hackley should have left town the night before, but he had delayed, and in consequence Mrs. Trumbull's notice in relation to the demand for a new bond had reached him. It would never do to leave now.

"It's just as well anyway," he was saying bitterly. "I've got to stay here to avoid a wreck. I tell you, less than sixty days will make me all right, but I've got to manage things myself. I've got one investment that will pull me out as soon as the deal goes through. You know what it is, Carroll, for you—"

Then it was that Higbie entered with the news.

"When it comes to strategy," commented Wade, "give me a woman every time. You're beaten, Carroll."

"How about you?" demanded Carroll.

"Oh, my skirts are clear of scandal," replied Wade. "I'm not in the bank." But he knew he was hurt in another way.

Then Hackley pulled himself together and spoke almost fiercely.

"You've got to see me through, Carroll!" he said. "You're in the bank and you're on my bond. You'll be hit politically and financially if I go down. It isn't much of an interest that you have in the bank, but the books show that you got it without the payment of a cent of cash. A new bond is out of the question just now; I have got to produce the securities, and you have got to redeem them for me."

"Have I?" fumed Carroll.

"I think you have," put in Wade.

"Then I can resign with dignity," added Hackley. "You've got the cash or can raise it, Carroll, and you know on what I rely to pay—"

"A speculation!" interrupted Carroll. "It looks good, but—"

"But you've got to take the risk," interrupted Wade. "Hackley is quite right about that."

Carroll gave Wade an angry look, but he surrendered to the inevitable and the details were settled.

"Woman in politics is an expensive luxury," he growled when the matter had been arranged.

"She is," admitted Wade; for had not Wade lost a grip on some votes just when he thought he was sure of them?

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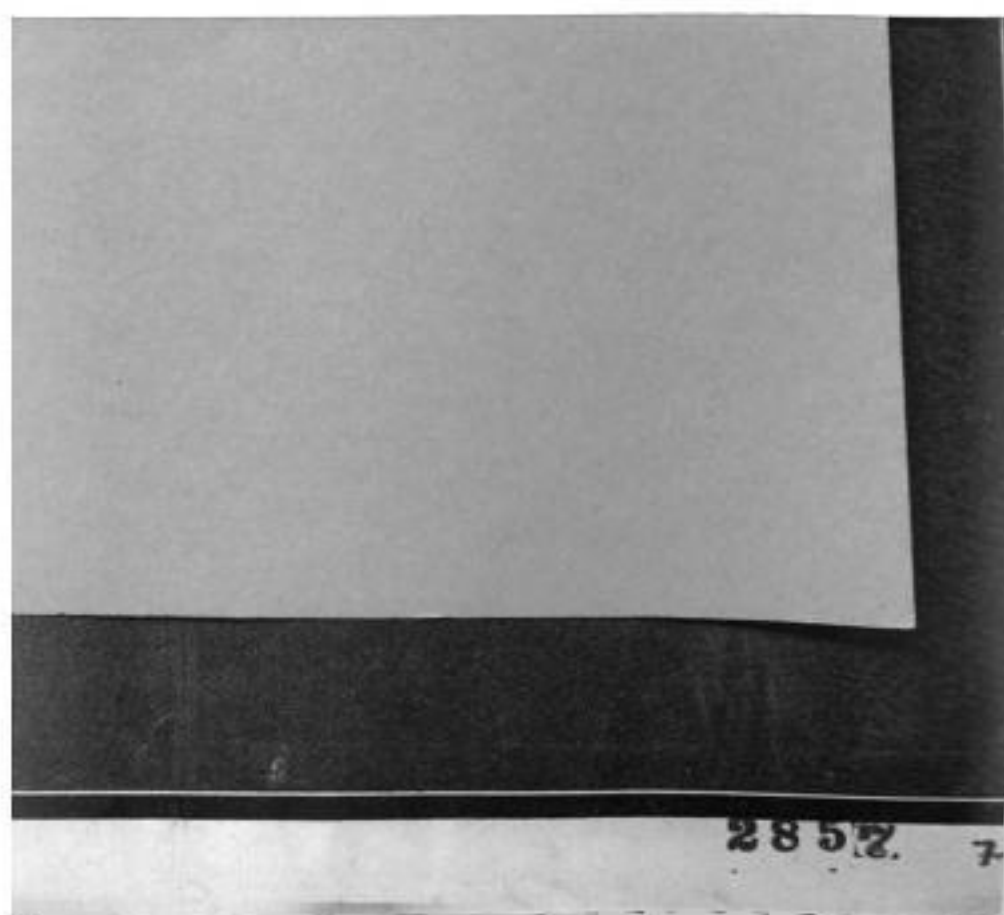


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